01

It is July 30th, 2025.

There's a heat wave — well, we're in a heat dome, which is a special thing, even worse than a normal heat wave.

Uh, we're going to be reading this fucking travesty right here. And I'm referring to it for travesty for a very specific reason. We got our copy from Goodwill when the first person who bought it originally, who kept it in very good condition — thank you for that — uh, it's it's like in perfect condition. It's just kind of crazy how good condition is.

Um, the poor person who bought this originally — um, you see how big this book is. Here's Is is it even thicker than my pinky? No. My pinky finger is thicker than this book.

And do I want to go get a ruler and literally measure it? Yeah, I will. BRB.

I'm going to measure it with my broken ruler, because I don't know where the other one is.

It's not even — clearly not even half an inch. Uh let's do with centimeters…. It's like, it's less than a centimeter.

This book is literally less than a centimeter.

And I'm saying that, um wait til I to show you the — or at least read you...[holds back of book up to camera to show the price tag, which the camera cannot focus on] Probably won't be able to focus on them…

The, the trade prices on the back of this book, that's less than a centimeter thick, and not like it was written for charity or anything where somebody writes a story and you pay a bunch of money for it because the point is not buying the story, the point is donating to charity — Which I guess I should mention —

Yeah, that would be a good idea.

Um, I am doing a thing where if you donate a dollar to any mutual aid fund, which can be any Palestinian relief fund, um, handing money to literally any homeless person, and I'll just take your word for it. Any, any kind of mutual aid.

If you donate a dollar, I will make a public domain character or an entire species with a design of your choice, which means you can like describe, I don't know, dragons with like six wings and etc. and I'll make it and it'll become public domain. Or for every dollar, what did I say? I think I said for every — Yeah. Every $1 you donate, I can also record 20 minutes of an audio book of your choice. It either has to be public domain or something that you own or like, I guess — Yeah. fanfiction that you have written or your friend wrote who wants an audio book or something like that. Yeah.

And uh if you donate at least $25, you can pick a public domain movie or cartoon or something and I will novelize it.

Uh 20 — I think my audio book for the King Kong thing that's public domain that came to about three something hours and has 40,000 words. I'm not doing that math…

But um okay, maybe next time I will just find something to read and I'll set a timer for 20 minutes and then I'll see how much of that I could read in 20 minutes.

Anyways, um the price is on the back of this book. So yeah, it — that was that I came up with that because I remembered that cuz talking about, like there's there's a whole bunch of books you can buy for charity where people write stories for charity. They're called charity anthologies, usually, there's a whole bunch of Doctor Who ones where people will just write fanfiction and then you donate to charity and you get a physical copy as a way to raise money for charity.

That's not what this book is, though.

This book that is less than a centimeter thick, and that's including like all the blank pages at this — there's at least three blank pages at the end.

Uh you want to know how much this book costs? The poor, poor, poor, poor soul who bought it the first time — Thank you for giving it to Goodwill so I could get it for $3.

This poor person paid $15.99 at the very least because that's the guide price and individual stores can go above that because when I bought book five with the last paycheck I ever got, because I was assuming that book five was going to be an actual novel, you know, like with everything that an actual novel can contain that you will be reading over and over again for the entire rest of your life.

Um, I paid $35 for that, but the guide price is like 25. So, Barnes & Noble or whatever the fuck I bought it from was charging an extra $10. And if if you happen to be in Canada, it's — [holding book up to camera again but it’s still out of focus]Can we focus on the damn thing?

No, it doesn't want to focus. Maybe you can read that.

Yeah, if you're in Canada, you would be you if you bought this new, you'd be paying $20.99.

And I can only presume that people who are trying to buy this now after the Apple TV that Martha Wells is shilling for has come out, I'm, I'm going to assume they're charging even more. $20 fucking, $15.99 brand new for a book less than a centimeter thick with 149 pages of story, and they didn't even like, fill up the whole page with as much text as possible.

So like they're — it's a scam is what I'm trying to say here. It's a fucking scam. People like to call it anti-capitalist robots in space, but it's, it's $16 minimum for a book less than a centimeter thick.

Should I go and get one of the Star Wars books? I think I'm going to.

You're just gonna sit here and stare at my beautiful cardboard again. I'll be right back.

[a minute or two later]

Alright, plan aborted. My twin keeps rearranging the bookshelves, so now I don't know where the Star Wars books are. I was going to show you Outbound Flight and check what the price was for that originally.

But anyways, I can give you an another example from memory. You just have to trust me and or look it up. What the fuck is his name? Dude writing under the pseudonym Christopher Pike, which if you're a Star Wars — er, Star Trek nerd, you might be like, "Hey, wait, like the captain?" Yes, the equivalent of somebody writing under these the pseudonym Jean Luc Peard.

The author Christopher Pike was writing a story about a vampire named Sita and she's ~the coolest vampire ever and God loves her~ and just keeps letting her get away with fucking crimes that he's told her, "Stop doing that. Stop doing that. This is the last time. Stop doing that” and then she just keeps doing it, and he just keeps going “fine I guess you can get

away with it this time, but stop doing it” and then she just keeps doing it.

Like — also that man hates physically disabled people, and so much more and it's like — dude — like the writing was so bad and just going in this — just doing the same thing over and over again, but pretending ~it's totally different this time~ that I as this fucking high schooler got sick of it and gave up on it because he was just so bad at writing.

But anyways, uh we bought one of his books that was this thick [holding hands several inches apart] from what the fuck is that...the bookstore that closed that doesn't exist anymore. Like Blockbuster but for books. I don't remember what it's called anymore.

But uh, we bought that, and that was $10. That was three books shoved into one like this [holding up anthology], but out to here, [pulling hand away from the anthology to show how large the other book was] like to the point that it couldn't fit in my backpack if I wanted to have my textbooks with me.

So, yes, we are just starting the first 10 minutes of this with me just complaining about the size of it because this is a fucking scam.

$16 plus tax, plus whatever extra markup the individual seller wants to charge for this, for a book less than a centimeter thick — and that's with blank pages at the start, and the end and text that's not even filling as much of the page as possible.

That's a fucking scam. Especially if you are going to go around pretending to be anti-capitalist and claim that you hate corporate greed. But you *are* corporate greed. You are.

Especially now that Martha Wells is actively shilling for Apple, the evil corporation that these books are supposed to be against, but only if they aren't paying you, apparently, because Martha Wells is literal — literally a white supremacist sellout.

She's been telling everybody that Murderbot is a person of color. But as soon as Apple offers her that sweet sweet white supremacy money, she's like, "Yes,

give me that. I will tell poor people to subscribe to your shitty fucking TV service.”

Anyways, we're going to actually start reading this now.

[phone dings, narrator squints at the camera]

Says we have a package delivered. Do I really want to go outside and get it? I guess I will. I'll actually pause it this time though.

[video stops, begins again]

I'm back and I regret everything. My god, it's so fucking hot and humid out.

Anyways, um we're going to actually start reading that — well, I'm going to read it and you're going to get to see my reactions.

...Unless we want to do the thing where I read each paragraph and then spend 30 minutes expl —

— That's actually what is probably going to happen, because the first paragraph in here is so, so loaded with bigotry, it's unbelievable.

And it's like, it's, it's ,this is Martha Wells telling you exactly how she views the world. We're gonna — Yeah, we're just gonna do that, because just you wait until you see this first paragraph.

Actually, wait. Let's read the summary.

> In a corporate dominated space fairing future, planetary missions must be approved and supplied by the Company

with a capital C.

> Exploratory teams are accompanied by company supplied security androids.

Oh, we're lying to people. Explicitly lying to me. Oh my god, this is the first time I've ever read the official summary. This is so funny. Um, I, I, I'm so — at this point I've just been so conditioned to think that

there's nothing on the back of the book besides fucking ~oh, this story is so great~ or ~best-selling author thingyamajig~. I'd never actually looked at this before. That's hilarious.

So, we're explicitly lying to people on the back of the book. These characters are not androids. They are cyborgs. Martha Wells has confirmed this. They are cyborgs.

The difference between an android and a cyborg: Data from Star Trek is an android. Luke Skywalker is a cyborg. Data was built artificially entirely. Luke Skywalker was born and then later given cybernetic things. Murderbot is a cyborg. All of the, the quote unquote “sec units” and “comfort units”, they're all cyborgs.

They're real people — real human people who are mutilated at birth to give them cybernetic augments and dehumanized to justify enslaving them.

But we're just saying that they're androids on the back of the book because Martha Wells is many

things, um coherent politically — I mean, no, it's not, it's not even incoherent, it’s racism and white supremacy and ableism all mixed together.

Anyways, uh

> exploratory teams are accompanied by company supplied security androids for their own safety. But in a society where contracts are awarded to the

Huh.

> But in a society where contracts are awarded to the lowest bidder, safety isn't a primary concern.
>
> On a distant planet, a team of scientists are conducting surface tests shadowed by their circum by their company supplied droid, a self-aware SecUnit that has hacked its own governor module and refers to itself, though never out loud, as Murderbot.

> Scornful of humans, all it really wants to is to be left alone long enough to figure out who it is. But when a neighboring mission goes dark, it's up to the scientists and their murderbot to get to the truth.

[flabbergasted beyond words at all the lies] Like that is — I mean that's...that's that sure is a fucking summary. That's. That. Sure is something. Just calling Murderbot a droid. It's like... all right. That's that sure is something.

I mean, way to double down on the dehumanization that is explicitly happening in-universe and then it's never going to be revealed that that's what's happening, because that would require actually giving a shit. [still flabbergated beyond words] Um, yeah, that's that's fucking, that sure as hell is something.

Cover art by Jamie Jones[].

Cover design by Christine Christine Folzer[].

Also, I got to say, I've, I've stared at this cover for years now, and I only realized very recently that those are trees behind Murderbot.

Like, this whole time I thought the whole thing is that like — the scene from the I, Robot movie where Sonny is standing in the room, the warehouse of the other robots.

And I thought this whole fucking time, despite staring at this repeatedly in detail, it just literally never occurred to me. I'm like,

"Oh yeah, that's that's just a that's just an out of focus background of a sea of other SecUnits in armor to show that Murderbot is just one of many and just got lucky to have a fucked up governor module, right?"

But no, those are trees. Those are just trees. Those are the, the, the trees that don't actually matter that we don't really get a description of.

We just get told that uh, the evil people's uh, base camp is surrounded by these super skinny tall trees

so that they can see in all directions cuz the trees don't really block your view cuz they're super skinny.

Yeah, those are trees in the background, not just like a — like, the way that's — those are supposed to be the rings of the planet that they are on.

Yes, we are just doing this for the first like probably 20 minutes of the video.

Those are supposed to be the rings on the planet that never actually get described in a way that's memorable. But like, the way that it's — the way the light is just reflecting off of Murderbot's helmet and just the fact that it's so out of focus, it just really gives the impression that Murderbot is in a giant room with a curved ceiling, and those are other SecUnits surrounding it just out of focus because Murderbot is one among many.

But no, they're trees, and those are planetary rings. So, like, um, good job Jamie Jones for doing some pretty art. Uh, like, but the person who designed it and told you what to do. Um, whichever one of you

fucked up this badly that I'm prob — I'm definitely not the only person to misinterpret this so drastically.

Uh, you got to have more distinct design. Like, maybe put some fucking color in those trees? Put some fucking color in the sky. Put some color in that.

Like, it's not my fault I completely misinterpreted this despite staring at it so much. Like, I literally spent the entire time going, "Yeah, those those are those are totally just other people, right?" No, they're trees.

Anyways, also another complaint. Murderbot is always shown in this armor on the cover art, even after it literally never gets access to this kind of armor ever again. And it's just like — the official art omnibus that nobody can afford, uh that's also not even for charity — despite like, you can be creative and show Murder — No, it's all because of the racism.

Because if Murderbot is wearing armor, then we can just let everybody project what they think Murderbot should look like.

Also, do you see how that lighting perfectly matches up with the trees? It's all just making it indistinct, and it's not good. It's not good art. That's just bad art design. Like, it's making it — it's actively making you not want to look closer to see what the hell is going on, which is why I've literally thought since — when did I start reading these books?

2020 something. 2021, I think. Maybe 2020. I don't remember. I'll have to check my blog.

Anyways, um yeah, you can just draw Murderbot in different outfits without showing its face and just have it in creative fun poses that throwing a [holds arm in front of face to demonstrate] just happens to be turning away, just make it a running thing.

We could have so much fun with the cover art, but we're not doing that, because that would require Martha Wells to actually commit to her statements that Murderbot is a person of color by getting artists to draw it as a person of color on the official books.

But she doesn't want to do that, because she wants the plausible deniability so that when Apple pays her however the hell much they're paying her to sell out to them, she can gleefully accept their white supremacy money to gleefully shill for the people whitewashing her own protagonist.

Anyways, yeah, we're 20 minutes and 10 seconds in. Let's read paragraph one. Let's do that together. And then we're going to spend another half an hour discussing paragraph one.

> Chapter one.
> I could have become a mass murderer after I hacked my governor module, but then I realized I could access the combined feed of entertainment channels carried on the company satellites. It had been well over 35,000 hours or so since then with still not much murdering, but probably I don't know a little under 35,000 hours of movies, serials, books, plays, and music consumed. As a heartless killing machine, I was a terrible failure.

That's paragraph one.

And it really ill — it's very illustrative of Martha Wells's view on slavery and how slaves act, because what she *thinks* she's doing by saying that is poking fun at racist propaganda, but she's just doing the racist propaganda instead.

Because Murderbot isn't saying “haha all the humans think that, um, that we're just violent mindless those killing machines”.

I don't, I don't even remember what the start of that sentence I just said was.

She's not having Murderbot laugh about that because Murderbot doesn't think that's true.

She's having Murderbot say that because it thinks that because Martha Wells thinks that's fucking true, and has Murderbot agree with her.

And Murderbot frames itself, because Martha Wells is framing it, as One of The Good Ones, because every

single other slave on this fucking planet in this story ends up getting murdered by the good guys, and we're just supposed to be completely fine with it because Martha Wells is racist.

As I have said many, many, many, many, many, many times and will keep saying until people get it through their fucking racist heads:

It is literally not possible to be actually truly anti-racist and anti-slavery and write a story like All Systems Red.

It's physically fucking impossible for somebody who actually understands how horrific slavery is to sit down and even think about writing a book with the plot that you will fucking see in here, let alone write it all out as a first draft, presumably edit it. We fucking hope.

It really is — I — Yeah, it really does not seem like Martha Wells is actually editing her first drafts. It seems like she's literally just shitting out a first draft

and then sending that off to the publisher to edit, or not, as their fucking whims dictate.

As you've all seen from Rapport this with the fanfiction-y obnoxious title that people give their stories when they can't think of anything else to name it, where there are so many blatant typos including a missing space between two words that still, as of today, July 30th 2025, when this short story was published July 10th, it's been 20 fucking days from these supposedly professional publishers their traditional publishers that ~Oh, they do quality control. That's why they're so expensive.~

20 whole fucking days now and they still have not fixed any of the blatant typos on the short story that they are claiming that they've professionally edited. Go to reactormag.com slash martha-wells slash rapport?

I might be getting that wrong, but I was just looking at that link earlier. That might be the correct URL. Might not be. I don't know. Just Google it, it'll show up.

Um, yeah, just Ctrl+F and then type out “shehonestly”. One word. Is it, is that fucking typo still in there despite being so goddamn blatant that a 12-year-old would spot it and fix it if they had the ability?

Yeah.

Yeah.

20 days after this was published for thousands of people to read, they still haven't fixed it.

It would take like maybe 10 minutes maximum, but they're just not doing it, because they don't give a shit.

They don't care about quality, they just want money. This book on Kindle was originally getting sold for $2 as opposed to $16 for a physical fucking — this is a paperback, by the way, not a hard cover. It's not even a hard cover, it's a paperback. And also the, the, the hard covers of the other books in this series, they have the most disgusting fucking texture on the um,

the, the dust jacket. It's like disgusting. I don't even want to touch it, which is why I haven't made these videos. Um I'm going to take it off for recording them. It's just disgusting.

Anyways, um what was I saying besides like —

Yeah, we'll just get into it because like this first paragraph, this is just, it's, it's Martha Wells telling you that she thinks that if you give slaves freedom, they will just want to murder everybody, because it's — this isn't commentary on the in-universe propaganda.

This is what Martha Wells actually believes. And you know the difference between this being in-universe propaganda and what Martha Wells actually believes and wants us to believe? You know what makes that difference?

If this was just just in-universe propaganda, then every other slave in this fucking story, and almost every single other slave in the entire seven books and 11 short stories published for this fucking series, they

wouldn't all wind up getting murdered by the protagonists and presented as rabid fucking animals that need to be put down for the safety of the precious precious pure cinnamon roll slave owners.

That's that's what makes this shitty first paragraph reflective of Martha Wells's actual fucking values as a person and what fucking message she's actually putting out with this book series, because she's not bringing up ~haha the, the, the racists that are enslaving us uh, tell everybody that we're just mindless serial killers~ and then they're not, they're just fucking oppressed people fighting for equality who deserve the right to fight for their fucking freedom.

Instead, it's “Yeah, that's true for everybody except me, because I'm different. I'm One of The Good Ones.”

This is like — if Martha Wells were actually anti-racist and actually against slavery as a concept, this whole entire book would not literally be dedicated to a slave throwing itself into harm's way and attempting to kill

itself multiple times to save the lives of its precious, precious, pure cinnamon roll slave owners ~who just didn't realize that slavery was wrong, they don't have robots where they come from. How were they supposed to know that Murderbot was a person and that it's wrong to treat it as an object?~

You, as you'll have noticed if you've read the rest of the series, a thing that's a blatant fucking lie because they do have robots where they come from, and they do acknowledge that they are people.

And again, Martha Wilds is just so fucking shit at writing that she doesn't she doesn't just reread the shit she's already written to make sure she's not contradicting herself.

So, the PreservationAux team are just inherently already horrible people for going out of their way to rent out a fucking slave for a thing they literally don't need to be doing.

And then she made them even worse people retroactively in this fucking book, where they claim

that they just, they, ~oh they, they didn't know Murderbot was a person. They don't they just don't have people like you, we don't have people like you in our gated community on our in our socialist gated community. We just had no clue you were a person.~

And it's like — and then — and then we see Preservation later in the series.

And yeah, they, they were just lying to Murderbot's face.

That's what's — that's what they're doing in this book now, because of what Martha Wells decided to write later without double-checking what she fucking wrote in here. They're just lying to Murderbot's face.

Anyways, um let's actually fucking try to read some shit, 29 minutes and 11 seconds into the fucking video.

> I could have become a mass murderer

I'm not reading that whole paragraph. Well, I guess I will.

> I could have become a mass murderer after I hacked my governor module. But then I realized I could access the combined feed of entertainment channels carried on the company's satellites.

Satellites plural, just for a fucking note.

> It had been well over 35,000 hours or so since then, which translates to about four years in Earth time with still not much murdering, but probably, I don't know, a little under 35,000 hours of movies, serials, books, plays, and music consumed. As a heartless killing machine, I was a terrible failure.

All right, that's paragraph one. Now, are you prepared for paragraph two?

> I was also still doing my job

Because even when Martha Wells is talking to other people or even herself in interviews outside of the story, she still is downplaying what slavery actually fucking is. She's saying, she's literally having Murderbot refer to being enslaved as a meatshield as just a job.

A job, as though being literal property as a meatshield, in this fucking instance — Murderbot's entire fucking purpose is to be a meatshield — as though that's equivalent to a job that is boring, because that's how she consistently frames slavery in this series.

Despite this not being a — it's not a series about somebody in space who has a really boring job they don't like. It's about slavery. Fucking people dehumanized, mutilated at birth, mutilated at birth, dehumanized to justify enslaving them and then used as fucking meatshields or sex slaves.

And it's like — and, and she just constantly it's it's a very fucking white thing to do because oh, also she's

from Texas. She's not just she's not just a racist white woman. She's literally from Texas.

It's like, okay, so congrats on fulfilling the fucking stereotype that everybody from all the white people from Texas are racist. It's like, yeah, you and I keep seeing her in interviews complaining that the rest of the writing community keeps disappointing her. And it's like, all right, with everything that I have ever seen that you have written, and I have read all but eight stories of hers out of I think 44, I have a list. I've made a list.

I know, I know how she responds to criticism, and it's to double down on what she's doing and make up a caricature of whoever criticized her, and then putting that caricature in her books to show and portray as being stupid or a mentally ill serial killer.

That's what she does.

And it's like, all right, so Martha Wells, when you say that the, the “the writing community keeps disappointing you”, and that you don't feel like you're

part of it, is it because the rest of the writing community, um, points out the bigotry that you're putting in your work, and instead of listening to them, you caricaturize them and put them in your story to make fun of them?

Is it because the rest of the writing community has tried to explain to you multiple times how to how pronouns work, basic pronouns, literal grammatical pronouns work, and that you should not be having two separate characters talking and acting within the same paragraph where there's dialogue?

Is it because you refuse to change and grow as a person or a writer? So, every time somebody tries to explain to you how to better do what you are trying and failing to accomplish, you just double down and insist that they're fucking stupid because, uh you don't need to know how pronouns work and it's it, “if you think the Fell are racist or evil be just because I wrote them as literal racist caricatures, I bet that thinks you think that fucking British colonizers were evil”.

And it's like, like, Martha Wells would literally rather defend the original British colonizers, the people who actively did multiple fucking genocides, then just admit that she used racist tropes in The Books of the Raksura in 2011.

She literally made the villains of that fucking series every racist caricature you can fucking think of. All of them. They are — they want to go around raping people. They're cannibals. She tells us so many times that they are butt fucking ugly and — because they all have black scales, and they're ugly and like all but saying they have bullet shaped fucking heads.

Um, and then they have secret beautiful white skinned, ethereally beautiful, magically beautiful white-skinned forms that they use to trick people into thinking they're actually good.

Because white people are just so ethereally beautiful that everybody thinks they're beautiful, but actually secretly they're the evil black-skinned ugly bullet shaped-headed demons who want to rape and cannibalize you.

And it's just like. She literally just made them every single racist caricature that has ever existed in all of propaganda throughout history, including fantasy and sci-fi.

She just did all of the caricaturizations and then made those the villains and then has then just refused to accept any fucking criticism for this, and it — literally spent a decade ignoring every single fucking essay explaining that this is messed up. This is fucking racist.

And spent literally a decade ignoring all criticism only to cherrypick two reviews that defend her racist writing by defending British colonization. I'm not even making that up. I could not have fucking imagined that scenario if you fucking paid me to think of the most ridiculous fucking defense for a book series ever.

She literally found two reviews by the same person defending her against the, the basic racism that is in her series that people with morals point out by saying that if you think Martha Wells made the Fell

inherently evil, which they literally are, she literally has one of the beloved characters suggest doing eugenics on them to “breed out the evil”, then that's as absurd as saying that British colonizers were evil.

And it's like, yeah, British colonizers were evil. That's not up for debate.

The only way you can think they're not evil is if you're literally a white supremacist.

And at this point, Martha Wells just is, because she's literally shilling for Apple TV. Apple, while they whitewash her protagonist. And she tells poor people to to waste their grocery money subscribing to Apple, the people whitewashing her own character while she's still continuing to double down on the slavery apologism and genocide apologism now in this whole entire fucking series, it's like she's just a white supremacist. There's only so many fucking white supremacist things you can do before you're just a fucking white supremacist and that's the only thing left to call you.

If you've seen my videos about Witch King, she literally made up an entire group of fantasy indigenous people, heavily coded as Native Americans, and she made up she made them up just so that she could pin *her* obsession with pedophilia and eugenics on them. to then claim, explicitly and implicitly, but mostly explicitly through dialogue within the story, that if you think pedophilia and eugenics and trafficking children to use as brood mares for a eugenics program, if you think that is horrifying, um, then you're the real racist, and also, you probably support genocide, because she decided that her fantasy Native American people that she made up literally just to endorse eugenics and pedophilia, um, she had them get genocided, somehow “entirely” because they they — it's not like there's a diaspora or anything.

Um, she she had them be successfully genocided by people who were upset about them literally making deals with devils, a thing they actually were doing.

So, she's, she's — it's, it's horrible every every which fucking way you look at it.

Anyways, now we're we're still on paragraph two.

All that came from “I was still doing my job” because Martha Wells thinks framing being literal enslaved property — that's what chat — that, that's what the chattel in chattel slavery means. It means you're property, because there's many forms of slavery. Chattel slavery means you are literal property. You have no civil rights. You are property.

And, and Martha Wells thinks framing being enslaved as just — being enslaved to be a meatshield, an expendable meatshield whose sole purpose is to jump in between your slave owners, the people renting you out, and whatever danger is threatening them — that's that's what Murderbot is enslaved to do.

And Martha Wells has decided that we're just going to frame that as “doing a job” and that's it. And then even in 2025 in interviews, she's still just referring to it as “a job”. Doing a job, nothing else. Hold on. I have to turn the fucking light on. It's dark.

[the lights in the room turn on]

She literally — she's literally just downplaying slavery every single fucking time she talks about it. Even when it's not in-universe and there's no excuses for her, like an in-universe excuse for her to be doing this.

Like there are some instances where it would make sense for characters to not be to not be referring to slavery as slavery. There's only very specific circumstances where that works though.

And it doesn't fucking work when you, the author, are talking about your shit in an interview out of universe as the fucking writer, you should be calling it slavery because that's what it fucking is.

But then even in Rapport, the new book with characters none of whom who have ever — there should be zero — there is no reason for the characters in Rapport to ever be just refusing to say slavery and call it what it is.

But even there, we're still downplaying it and pretending it's “Oh, it's just a job. It's it's totally like

working at fucking Walmart or something. Totally the same thing.”

> I was also still doing my job on a new contract and hoping Doctor Volescu and Doctor Bharadwaj finished their survey soon so we could get back to the habitat and I could watch episode 397 of Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon.

So yeah, that's chapter that's paragraph two. And it's like, also there's eight named slave owner characters in this story.

And again, I am going to repeat myself: if this story were actually written by somebody who's not fucking racist and not just a literal white supremacist — there's no other word for her at this point. She's had literally 20 fucking years to accept any of the criticism that the fucking racist caricatures in The Books of the Raksura brought her.

She's just doubled down endlessly forever. And she's just going to keep doing that until she dies.

She does not want to become a better person.

She does not want to ever admit that she's wrong.

She's a white supremacist and she's just going to be a white supremacist until she dies, because she doesn't want to change, because that would require changing and growing as a person, a thing she thinks is impossible simply because she refuses to admit that she was fucking racist and used racist caricatures.

Yeah. If this story were written by somebody who actually thinks slavery is bad, um Doctor Bharadwaj and Volescu would literally die in this chapter.

...There's a little bug. [blows the bug off the book]

Uh, Doctor Bharadwaj and Doctor Volescu would die in this chapter, getting eaten by the totally-not-a-graboid and Murderbot would be like,

"Oh, damn. I wasn't expecting good news today, but damn, that's great. I'm fine with this. Let me just hack the whatever fuck — whatever logs there are here to

make it seem like I'm trying to help, but just ~oh so so tragically unable to get there in time.~ Like damn, two out of fucking eight slave owners are already dead. They just got themselves killed and I didn't even have to do anything.”

Like that's how this would be going if this story were actually anti-slavery because you can't — because you can't be anti-slavery and think that slave owners deserve to live and are pure cinnamon rolls who deserve to be rescued while they are actively enslaving someone.

Those are two mut — those are in fact mutually exclusive fucking opinions to have.

You cannot think that slavery is bad, actually truly fucking horrific, but then also think that the slave owners deserve to live.

Slave owners should die. All slave owners. Yes. Including your favorite characters that the white woman from Texas made ambiguously Black and brown specifically to go, "Oh, well, um, you can't be

mad at them for being slave owners. They're not white, so that means it's not racism.”

And it's like, no, we can tell what you're fucking doing. The Animorphs did this, too. So many fucking things do this, too. You're literally not different from fucking Disney making Marvel movies where they make the villains black and scary black and brown people who who say…

….um, I don't remember off the top of my head. I just forgot.

Anyways, it's it's literally just more racism, not less.

Uh yeah, Doctor Volescu and Doctor Bard should fucking die in this scene and that should be treated as a good thing that Murderbot is happy about. And because I —

I don't know how to explain to you people that you can't be anti-racist and write a story where you expect people to mourn the deaths of slave owners.

You can't do those things. Sorry. Sorry. You don't actually have fucking morals or actually think slavery is bad.

That's how this works.

It, it truly is.

Anyways,

> I admit I was distracted. It was a boring contract so far and I was thinking about backburnering the status alert channel and trying to access music on the entertainment feed without HubSystem logging the extra activity. It was trickier to do it in the field than it was in the habitat.

Also, I'll just say ahead of time, Martha Wells keeps complaining about the stories where robots go rogue and just start trying ~attacking people for no reason~. And it's like, it's not no reason. They always have some fucking reason. And it's usually a very

good fucking reason when you look at it from their perspective.

Um, yeah, she keeps complaining about shit like that, but then she literally does that exact fucking thing in here, with HubSystem.

HubSystem in this is the robot that ~goes rogue and starts trying to kill people for no reason~. But then we're just not supposed to acknowledge that that's what's going on. The thing that she claims that — the trope she claims she hates, but she's literally doing it unironically.

And it's like, okay, well, you you do realize you're a fucking hypocrite, right?

She doesn't, because that would require using critical thinking skills.

> This assessment zone was a barren stretch of coastal island with low flat hills rising and falling and thick greenish black grass up to my ankles. Not much in the way of flora

You just described grass up to your ankles. I don't know about any of you people, but have you ever looked at grass? Have you ever looked at a fucking lawn? Maybe not like a, a golf course lawn. Go outside if you have grass and look at your grass. Do you know how many different species there are of grass mixed together in most lawns? And most of some of it's not even grass.

Like “there's not much in the way of flora” despite me mentioning that we are on a coastal island with — covered in plants as far as the eye can see, because we don't mention any parts that are not covered in plants.

And also it just it doesn't seem like Martha Wells understands how ecosystems work.

> Not much in the way of flora or fauna except a bunch of different sized birdlike things and some puffy floaty things that were harmless as far as we knew.

So they're different sizes which means they're probably different species and none of them get descriptions.

And all of the people insisting that “oh this is just because um, Marth — Murderbot wouldn't care about any of these things!!! It's not Martha Wells's it's not a problem with Martha Wells's writing. It's just it's just characterized narration!!!”

It's like, no it's not. Go read Witch King. Go read The Books of the Raksura.

This is why I've been complaining that her writing hasn't improved since the fucking 90s.

> The coast was dotted with big bare craters. one of which Bharadwaj and Volescu

Also, it's very annoying that we refer to them first as *Doctor* Bharadwaj and *Doctor* Volescu, but then they just drop the doctor from their names, and it's, and it's — these are their last names, and we don't know most of their first names, and it's just like.

It's just fucking weird and annoying and especially in the, the new story, Rapport ‘insert obnoxiously long fanfiction title because it's written shittily like fanfiction’ um, she has the protagonist referring to her own fathers by their first names in the fucking narration. It is literally only in dialogue that we get the reveal that those are her fucking parents.

That's not how people think. That's not how your narration should work. It's just so bad.

And in this, we're doing the same fucking thing. In dialogue, at least in this book, all of these people are referred to as Doctor Insert-Last-Name. But in the narration, it's just their last name. It's like, you need to have consistency.

Unless a character is specifically calling people the wrong names in their head on purpose to make fun of them, but then using their correct name out loud, which is one thing.

Um, this is just bad writing because it's inconsistent for no good fucking reason. And that's especially

obvious in Rapport where the fucking protagonist is referring to her parents by their first names and giving zero indication through that narration that they're her parents.

> The coast was dotted with big bare craters, one of which Bharadwaj and Volescu were taking samples in. The planet had a ring which from our current position dominated the horizon when you looked out to sea. I was looking at the sky and mentally poking at the feed when the bottom of the crater exploded.

Yeah, that's that ring that like never gets described ever again. And we don't even get a proper description of it. Like we don't even get to know what color it is. We don't know what color this fucking sky is. We get no proper descriptions of anything. We get told the grass is blue black or green and black.

What, what was it? Can I flip backwards, page, please? Thank you.

> Thick greenish black grass

Like, imagine if this story was about Murderbot getting stranded on this fucking planet and just learning to live with the wildlife and shit. Imagine that. and learning that it can in fact do something besides be a meatshield and can actually enjoy its fucking life. But no, we got to do slavery apologism instead.

> I was looking at the sky and mentally poking at the feed when the bottom of the crater exploded.

That's paragraph….it really doesn't want to let me turn the page back. Gosh. One, two, three, four. That was paragraph four, which started on page one —

Oh, what?!?!?!

What are you fucking talking about????

Oh, these fucking —

These fucking cheaters.

Holy shit!

That's fucking —

What the fuck is this shit?!!

Oh my god!

Okay, look!

1. Cover,
2. blank page that just says All Systems Red,
3. we got a list of other books she'd published before this.
4. Continues on to the next page. Okay. Okay.
5. A blank page.
6. We get the title. The Murderbot Diaries. Martha Wells. Tom Dohertie Associates Book New York. Well, fuck you, Tom Dhertie, whoever the hell you are.

7. Um, copyright blah.

8. Another blank page that just says All Systems Red at the top.

And then chapter one. Do you see what they're doing here? Look what —

That's page nine!

They are numbering chapter 1, page one, as page nine!

So this is not — how many pages did I fucking say it was? This is not — Oh my god. They are — They're number — Oh my god, these fucking cheaters!

They're literally continuing to number the pages that aren't the actual story, including the first few pages that are in every fucking book! They're counting the copyright page as a page! They're counting the two blank title pages as pages so that they can pretend that this book has more pages of story than it actually does!

There are not actually 149 pages of story in here! There are 140 because they are fucking artificially starting page one on page nine. Oh my fucking god!

Also, while we're on the topic of scams, when they were selling this as an ebook, they weren't telling people how long it was. Especially not now. They're still not telling people how long it is when they're charging extra money, because they increased the price because of the Apple shilling that they're doing. Oh my god.

People had no clue that they were buying a book that's less than a centimeter thick for the same price that you could literally go and buy an actual fucking novel for.

Oh my god. I didn't even notice while reading page one. They're literally starting the count on nine. Jesus Fucking Christ. Oh my god. Like there's so many bl — and, and then on top of that, there's one — how many blank pages at the back of this?

We have that — one blank page, two blank page, three blank page, four blank page, [voice increasing in volume] five blank page, six blank page, seven blank pages at the back of the book!

And they start the page count on nine. That's when they are starting the story. So, literally, oh my god. Oh my fucking god.

It is such a scam.

And then Martha Wells has the gall to pretend that she hates corporate greed when she is doing the corporate greed.

Because here's a secret, everybody. Nobody is forcing Martha Wells at gunpoint to publish with tour publisher.

She made that decision herself.

She is the one doubling down endlessly on this shit, literally scamming people and lying about the fucking page numbers in this fucking book and then putting

seven whole entire blank pages at the back of the book to try and buff out that less than a centimeter page count as much as fucking possible. Oh my god.

Literally starting — we're — we're just —

So literally page two. We're pretending that's 10 pages into the fucking story so that they can literally claim that —

Oh my god they are they are fucking scammers, Tor, which used to be called Reactor — No it's — yeah it used it was called Tor when they published this. They're now called Reactor because I guess um — yeah this is from Macmillian Publishing Group. It's one of their trademarks.

Yeah, they're fucking scammers and have been from the start. And this is just —

I've never seen anybody else talk about the fact that the story —

They're literally claiming that the first nine fucking pages that are not the fucking story.

It's just —

[holds up book] I'm, I'm doing it again. You have to fucking suffer with me.

[listing off each page before the story starts] All Systems Red. That's all it says. List of other books that she's written. And they they went with font so large so that they could stretch that, and didn't fill this gap down here, and didn't fill this gap up here, specifically so that they could pretend that there's more stories here that it's worth printing this on two different pages. Look how big the spaces between those lines are. They could have they could have fucking put this —

Oh my god. They could have fit all of this shit on one page, but they purposefully spread it out to two to inflate the page count.

And then the back of that page is blank.

And then we just get the name of the book again.

And that, and then the next one is the copyright.

And then another fucking blank page just for the fucking title.

And then another blank page.

And then it's chapter one.

And then there's seven blank pages at the back of the book.

Oh my god.

But yeah, um, um, fuck that. We're on page two. They're calling it page 10, but it's page two. Oh my god. Oh my fucking god. Jesus fucking Christ.

Um, for the record, I would rather like commit murder, multiple murders, than do something like this with my own writing.

And if anybody ever suggested doing a scam like this with my writing, I would pick up my computer, and I would beat the person who suggested it to death, and then I would blow up their publishing company.

What. No. My god, we're on page two. It's not page 10. It's page two. When you're not a fucking

— Oh my god. This is so fucking ridiculous. We are on page two.

This is paragraph five. Paragraph five. Because paragraph four was also again, [holding up book, pointing to the large margin at the bottom] you see the — the amount of gap at the bottom of the fucking page? I wish I knew where the Star Wars books were put or I could be showing you a fucking counter example. Do you see how much space they're leaving at the, the fucking bottom of the page and the top of the page and the side of the page?

Like there is — it's good to have a margin, you don't need to have this big of a fucking margin.

It's — the only reason it's like this is is to artificially inflate the amount of pages that this book takes up to get it to less than a centimeter.

What the — what would this fucking look like if it were actually printed with like, economy in mind? Actually fitting as many words onto each page as is possible to make it a reasonable fucking price for a book?

And like, no, that's not — $16 for this shit is not a reasonable price.

No matter which way you fucking look at it.

It would be a reasonable price if it were filled with extremely HD detailed color photos because it's like some kind of fucking, I don't know, encyclopedia or something.

Um, this is just text that they are stretching out as far as they can fucking get it and literally lying about what page you're on to convince you, if you look at

the back of the fucking book, that there's more pages of story than there actually are.

They're literally — they are literally counting her fucking stupid little blurb as as a page that's in the story itself and then there's seven blank pages at the back. My fucking god.

Let's read the last par — line in paragraph 4.

> I was looking at the sky and mentally poking at the feed when the bottom of the crater exploded.

And this is where — I mean, first paragraph just needs to be thrown entirely into the fucking dumpster. But if we ignore the existence of the first paragraph for five seconds, this is where an actually anti-slavery story by somebody who actually thinks slavery is horrific would diverge entirely and never be the same again.

Um, because what we get next is Murderbot throwing itself in the line of fire, throwing itself literally into a

graboid. It's not a graboid, but I'm calling it a graboid. Go watch the Tremors movies. They're actually good. Don't watch the last one, though, it’s fucking racist.

Even though the first few literally were not racist and were going out of their way to not be racist and then then that one came out and they're like, "Oh, we can be racist now. It's racism is good, right? Let's just do some racism for no reason because we can. It's not like any It's not like the other movies exist or anything.”

Go watch the Tremors movies. It might make you paranoid about stepping on the ground for a bit, but who gives a shit? It's good. Just play the floor as lava and you'll have fun.

Anyways, um yeah, anybody who was actually writing an anti-racist story would have murder — Murderbot watch the two slave owners, its two literal slave owners, people who went —

I've never read The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy. I don't even properly know what it is. Is it a series? Is it a single book? Is it like set up like an actual little encyclopedia like those dragon Dragonology books things? Is it just a regular novel? I don't fucking know. B

ut I know there's some quote in it that I've seen two people reference where it's like

“Space is big. Space is really really really really really really big. Big doesn't even begin to describe it. Space is fucking big.”

Do you know how long and how many resources and how much effort it takes to go from one solar system to another? Even in science fiction like this? It takes a lot of fucking effort. And the Preservation ox team went multiple solar systems out of their way, so far out of their way, they left their little socialist utopia where they just do slavery — “But don't don't don't think about that at all. It's a, it's a socialist utopia! Ignore the slavery!”

They went solar systems out of their way to go into the corporation rim for no fucking reason at all to rent out a slave for a thing that is so inconsequential, we don't even — we literally still, in July 2025, don't have an explanation for what the fuck they were even doing here that they think any of it could ever possibly justify becoming slave owners.

Because yes you fucking, oh my god, you racist sacks of shit in this fandom trying to defend Martha Wells, it is racism if you rent out a slave. You go out of your fucking way to rent out a fucking slave. You're a slave owner now. Congratulations. The fucking technicality of:

“Oh, well, we're just *renting* the slave. It's not like we're — It's not like we *bought them*. It's not like *we* enslaved them. We're just renting them to use as a meatshield! Why are you getting mad at me? I'm just a victim here!”

This is literally what people in this fandom are spewing. They're literally saying, "Well, it's it's totally fine to rent out a slave, um, because I mean you're not

the one who enslaved them. It's not like you're *buying* a slave. You're just *renting them out*. Just because you're — you you rented out a slave to use as a meatshield, it doesn't mean — you're, you're not responsible for that slavery! You're just personally benefiting from it from paying money to use a person as a meatshield as your slave!!!”

And people are trying to pretend that the PreservationAux team aren't inherently monstrous fucking people for doing this.

And then the book doesn't even try to justify it. It just expects us to not give a shit, because we're told that they are pure cinnamon rolls “who just ~didn't know that slaves were people~ so, you can't blame them or be upset with them in any way for renting out a slave to use as a meatshield on a mission that they don't need to be on.”

If you've watched me play Alien: Isolation, you may have seen the dawning realization as I play Alien: Isolation of,

"Oh, this is just shitty Alien fanfiction. That's why they're — that's that's why this is going on. It's just shitty Alien fanfiction. Why are they on a survey planet? Because that's what happens in in Alien movies." That's it. That's why even — and why are there eight fucking people? Because that's what happens in an Alien movie!

But the difference between an Alien movie and this is that Alien movies have a bunch of characters —

I fucking forget the names of the two obnoxious ones about the ancient aliens bullshit, one of them was more explicitly about the ancient aliens bullshit than the other one.

It was either Prometheus or Covenant. I don't...I can't fucking tell them apart. They're both take place on the... LV427 before Alien happens.

Um, where the fuck am I going with this? Oh, yeah. There's so many characters in those, because they're horror movies, and the more characters you have in a horror movie, especially an Alien horror movie, the

more creative ways you can you can write into the story for people to die.

One person um gets uh attacked by a xenomorph ancestor mutant form thingyamajiggy. Uh somebody else falls into acid. Somebody gets set on fire. Uh, another...I, I'm really not...

I don't know what was going on with the guy?

Did he pop out of the ground? Like, was he was — he — did he crawl up out of the ground? Was he like — when he's — like, they put the ramp down for the ship and then, like, it was confusing.

I couldn't tell if he was — if his body was like, contorted, or like if he just popped up out of the ground, and I don't know. It was confusing...

The point I'm trying to make here is that movies like Alien Pr — what — Covenant, Prometheus, whichever one fucking came first, um, they have so many people because that, that just means you get more ways to kill them all off and practice your CGI/practical

effects and just think, “all right, who wants to fall into acid? Raise your hand!”

Completely unrelated, but if you've ever seen the Resident Evil movie and also the Alien vs Predator movie, uh, somebody needs to fucking tell me: was it the actor guy or the director guy who said, "Hey, can your / my character die the exact same way twice in a row in two separate movies? Can we do a laser net, please? Can I please get chopped?"

Like, which way did it go? Did the director go to the actor and say, "Hey, hey, remember how we killed off your character in the Resident Evil movie? Do you want to do that again in the Alien vs Predator movie? You want to get sliced to bits by a laser net?"

Or did the did the actor go to the director and say, "It was really fun how we killed off my character in the Resident Evil movie. Can we do that again? Can we somehow work a laser into the fucking plot so I can get chopped into pieces by a laser net?"

If you've — if you haven't seen those movies, nothing I am saying makes any sense at all. Um, I want to know who approached who with that idea because it's hilarious.

Anyways, I don't know why it took me so long to realize that they were both directed by the same person because they literally have the same person playing the same type of character dies the exact same fucking way. And also they both do the “let's go into a big scary underground thingy and we will keep — we'll show a diagram of the — a digital diagram of the big scary underground place and show map markers where everybody is while we” and it's like yeah it's they're both good movies.

Um, it's funny. I, I want to know, did the actor say, "Can we kill my character off again?" Or did the actor go, "Hey, hey, you want to kill your character the exact same way again?"

Any fucking ways?

Um, anybody that's not racist right now, Murderbot would be continuing to stand up on that slope, maybe taking a few steps backward just to be safe, and then watching as the slave owners get eaten by a graboid.

And Murderbot would be thinking, “Damn! I, I was not expecting that to happen. But I'm fucking fine with that. All I got to do is edit whatever fucking logs are keeping track of my behavior and make it seem like I'm totally coming to the rescue.”

Murderbot could even invent a whole dramatic scenario inspired by the TV shows it's watching where it ~it does its Tragically Beautiful Best to rescue Bharadwaj and Volescu~ and um, uh, blah blah blah like all this shit.

It can make such a dramatic thing just with fucking with and hacking the audio and whatever the fuck else is going on in the situation for monitoring that's going out, so that everybody else thinks it's trying to be a hero and failing and just ~so so tragically unsuccessful. It's so sad. It tried its best.~

That's what would be happening if this story were actually anti-slavery.

But it's it's written by a white woman from Texas whose, whose ultimate fantasy is being such a nice slave owner that slaves kill themselves to protect her. So what we get instead is

> I didn't bother to make a verbal emergency call. I sent my I sent the visual feed from my field camera to Doctor Mensah's and jumped down into the crater. As I scrambled down the sandy slope, I could already hear Mensah over the emergency comm channel yelling at someone to get the

Actually, hold on.

So the — So Murderbot is the one that had to tell everybody else what's happening.

So it wouldn't even have to immediately start faking, uh, ‘going to the rescue’. It could wait and pretend that it had just been too preoccupied ~tragically

trying its best to rescue the poor doctors Volescu and Bharadwaj, that will be so missed. They didn't deserve to die getting eaten by a space graboid, but poor Murderbot, just, it just couldn't save them.~

Literally just it could be doing that.

Um, but no, nope. Nope.

> As I scrambled down

This was written by a racist, so we're not doing that.

We're not — We're not here to celebrate slave owners getting eaten by space aliens, a thing that everybody should cheer for. Nope.

Um,

> As I scrambled down the sandy slope, I could already hear Mensah over the emergency comm channel yelling at someone to get the hopper in the air now. They were about 10 kilos away working on another part of the island, so

> there was no way they were going to get here in time to help.

Also, you know what they could have just done if they wanted to pretend that there's more pages in this book than there actually are? They could have made actual large font and advertised it as having larger font to avoid eye strain.

That would have been an actual nice accessibility feature they could have done, which would have given them more pages with which to pretend that the story is longer than it actually is since they're lying through their fucking teeth by starting this off and pretending that page nine — er page one, is actually page nine.

So, we're we're literally pretending that page two of the story is actually 10 pages in when it's not, because it's a fucking scam.

A scam that Martha Wells is is working like —

No, whatever.

You get the fucking picture.

> Conflicting commands filled my feed, but I didn't pay attention. Even if I hadn't borked my own governor module, the emergency feed took priority. And it was chaotic, too, with the automated HubSystem wanting data and trying to send me data I didn't need yet. And Mensah sending me telemetry from the hopper, which I also didn't need. But it was easier to ignore than HubSystem simultaneously demanding answers and trying to supply them.

And it's like, so yeah, Murderbot could just be standing up on that hill chilling. Uh, well, not chilling, because it does — it would have to be hacking all this shit to make it seem like it's doing something, but it could literally just stand up there safely hacking stuff to present a dramatic scenario where it just ~tries so hard but just can't make it in time to rescue those poor...poor graboid.....uh food. I don't know, the poor graboid kibble.

Uh, yeah, that could be happening.

But Martha Wells is racist, so instead we're just doing slavery apologism.

So that's that was four or five — so that was paragraph six. So we're now on paragraph seven, which is on page three, which they are claiming is 11 pages into the story. It's not. It's three pages in.

> In the middle of all that, I hit the bottom of the crater. I have small energy weapons built into both arms, but the one I went for was the big projectile weapon clamped to my back. The hostile that had just exploded up out of the ground had a really big mouth. So I felt I needed a really big gun.

And again, Martha Wells, she has no clue how to not make her protagonist the most ridiculously overpowered person in existence.

But then she also wants to pretend that they're totally totally oppressed, like in The Books of the Raksura, she literally has the protagonists be superpowered,

literal super predators, apex predators who evolve to eat other people.

And then she expects us to believe that their natural prey, who has literally zero defense against them, are oppressing them by being reasonably fucking afraid when they just appear out of nowhere. When it is well known and literal fucking trauma ongoing for all of these prey species, that their literal family members got eaten by their cousins last week.

But then we're supposed to pretend that the prey are oppressing the apex predators who evolved to eat them, because the prey are scared when they first meet before they get to know them.

As though oppressed people are oppressed because we actually genuinely fucking pose a life fucking threat — life-threatening danger to the fucking oppressors.

And that's again what she's doing in Witch King. She's trying to frame demons and witches as ~oh, being

oppressed and not trusted around children, just like queer people!~

And — but then — but then the witches and demons are literally abusing children, factually in the fucking book, and torturing people in front of children.

And it's like, no, the reason that nobody — that you get told you're endangering these children is not because you're a witch or a demon. It's because you are objectively abusing these children.

Martha Wells, you cannot say, "Look at my characters. They abuse children. Isn't that awesome? Oh, everybody's so mean to them just because they abuse children!!!”

And try to frame this as, “see, conservatives are wrong to say that Queer people, especially trans people right now, are dangerous to children!!!”

Your characters are literal child abusers. You cannot fucking try to equate that to conservatives saying Queer people in general, and especially right now

trans people, because we're getting thrown under the fucking bus, you can't say, "Yeah, demons and witches who are actively abusing children for fucking real on page right there," that them being uh ~mistrusted around children~ is the exact same thing as trans people being considered pedophiles simply for existing.

It's like, no, you're just being a fucking bigot right now. You are literally the one comparing Queer people to child abusers because you expect us to sympathize with your child abuser characters because they get told they're abusing children, a thing they literally are doing.

You're the one writing them to be child abusers.

And then you expect us to take that and say, "Yeah, they're just like me. They're just oppressed like me!!!"

It's like, no, no, they're not oppressed. They're not oppressed at all and they're not fucking — Oh my god. That's — real fucking oppressed people are not oppressed because we actually abuse children like

your literal witch and demon characters who are literally torturing people in front of children, and I am going to keep bringing it up: refusing to give Sanja medical care for her broken toes!

Anyways, we are on page fucking three.

> I dragged Bharadwaj out of its mouth and shoved myself in there instead

Because Murderbot — because what slaves should do, according to Martha Wells, is literally throw themselves into the mouth of the monster that's trying to eat their slave owners, because that's how you know they're One of The Good Ones.

Literally. Literally. This is why this is a racist fucking story, because we are literally saying that it is good for slaves to literally endanger their lives to protect their slave owners.

And therefore, the implication is, that if Murderbot *didn't* risk its life to rescue its slave owners, literally shoving itself into the mouth of the monster that's

trying to eat the slave owners, that that would make Murderbot a bad person.

I — literally — that — some racist anon was trying to harass me because I'm pointing out Martha Wells's racism, and then because I turned off anons, they're now harassing a writing blog, because — just and, and claiming that “well if Murderbot was happy about its slave owners getting eaten, that would prove that that the stereotypes that slaves are violent is true! So that would actually be more racist.”

And it's like, you are so racist you don't grasp that there's a difference between portraying and doing propaganda that slaves are violent and just the basic fucking fact of reality that oppressed people have and deserve the right to violently fucking rebel and just, you know, be happy when bad things happen to their oppressors.

This person is so racist that they are claiming that if you are happy that your literal slave owners got eaten by a graboid, that means that you are ~the real racist~ and ~proving the racist propaganda right~.

So they are now literally actively arguing against any form of rebellion by slaves at all, by saying that slaves rebelling in such a mild way as *not shoving themselves into the mouth of a monster that's trying to eat their slave owners, t*hey're trying to say that that would be ~the real racism~ um because ~you're proving the oppressors right~ by rebelling.

And it's like, do — how many racist hoops do you have to jump through to get there?

Anyways,

> I dragged barrage Bharadwaj out of its mouth and shoved myself in there instead and discharged my weapon down its throat and then up toward where I hoped the brain would be. I'm not sure if all that happened in that order. I'd have to replay my own field camera feed. All I knew was that I had Bharadwaj and it didn't and it had disappeared back down the tunnel

Because the only good slave according to this whole fucking series is a slave that will happily sacrifice itself to protect its slave owners, as you will see more than half a dozen times.

Actually, let me count.

Half a dozen — half a dozen sex slaves in book two kill themselves to protect their explicit fucking rapist slave owners. That's six.

I don't know where any of my washable markers went, so I can't write a checklist on my arm.

Murderbot attempts to fucking kill itself explicitly twice in this story for the sole purpose of protecting its slave owners. It also, um just dove right into that graboid's mouth. We're going to count that as attempted self-sacrifice for the sake of protecting slave owners because it's only fucking luck that that didn't kill it.

Like, I think I wrote — I think I said that Murderbot does this shit, tries to sacrifice itself and puts it

threatens its own life to save its slave owners, I think I said I counted six times in this story alone.

We'll count as we go through. So, this is number one. Literally shoving itself into the mouth of a graboid to protect its slave owners instead of staying safe and letting them die.

Um, yeah. Then we have those six sex slaves. And no, that's not me misspeaking. They are literally sex slaves kill themselves.

We're told — we're we're told this happened in the past. They killed themselves heroically to protect their rapist slave owners. Um, book three has — Yeah, that was book — that was book two.

Uh, book three —

You're just gonna get spoilers. I don't give a shit, uh, has Miki kill itself to protect its slave owners again.

Book four has Murderbot, again, endanger its life to protect its slave owners, willingly going back into the

territory of the company that enslaved it in the first place. Um, just doing that alone counts.

And then it purposefully walks into what it knows is going to be a fucking trap to save the slave owners and then does this shit again at the end of that book where it is risking its fucking life, um doing stuff with the ship, again, to save everybody, not just itself. It's doing this explicitly to save all of the slave owners. And that's book four.

Book five. So much shitgoing on in book five. I'm g — I'm not gonna stop. I'm not gonna — I'm gonna stop counting now, because I forgot to actually count that whole time. It's a bunch.

We'll just go with a dozen times that slaves in this series kill themselves or attempt to kill themselves and endanger their lives willingly to protect their slave owners. And this is portrayed as heroic instead of a thing that they should never have to fucking do, and in a story where we actually think that slavery is fucking bad, wouldn't fucking happen unless the slave

in question was literally being forced into it, and that is treated as a horrifying thing.

But that's not what's happening here. despite Martha Wells confirming in interviews that none of them actually have a choice in this. But then she she says that, and then she follows that up by presenting that as though it's displaying their ~moral purity~ because uh they're they're ~some of the good ones~. The only good slave is a slave that will fucking kill itself to protect its slave owners.

Uh, yep. Let's continue. Okay, we're on page 3 slash 11. They're claiming it's page 11. It's page three.

> She was unconscious and bleeding through her suit from massive wounds in her right leg inside. I clamped the weapon back into its harness so I could lift her with both arms. I had lost the armor on my left arm and a lot of the flesh underneath, but my non-organic parts were still working. Another burst of commands from the governor module came through and I backburnered it without bothering to decode

> them. Bharadwaj, not having non-organic parts and not as easily repaired as me, was definitely a priority here and I was mainly interested in what the med system was trying to tell me on the emergency feed. But first I needed to get her out of the crater.

And again, so we're not — getting we're getting the vaguest fucking descriptions possible of what Murderbot's injuries are. But it is later compared to a human losing an entire fucking limb.

So, Murderbot, who is a cyborg and feels fucking pain, has had most of the flesh on its arm eaten off. Uh, also, you'll notice that there was like zero fucking description of that whole incident right there.

So, we're just left to guess how any of this actually fucking happened. Um, yeah. Also — whatever. No, not going to bother.

Uh, yeah. So, Murderbot has endangered its life to rescue a slave owner. A thing it didn't need to fucking do, because its governor module was hacked.

If its governor module was not hacked, it would have been forced on pain of instant death to do that. It didn't have to do this, but it choose — but it chooses to, because it's ~One of The Good Ones~.

According to Martha Wells — Martha Wells literally posits in this whole fucking book, this book in particular, just starting out, and the whole entire series afterwards just continues to double down on it, that the only good slave is a slave who will willingly kill themselves to protect their slave owners. Those are the only ones who deserve to live, and they don't actually get to live because they've all killed themselves to protect their slave owners.

A thing that that she then tells us in interviews they actually had no choice about. ~But um don't be horrified by that. It just shows how good they are. Uh it's just their natural state of being despite me literally just explaining that this is a thing unnaturally forced on them that they are literally brainwashed on the fundamental core of their being to have to do this shit. But it's just showing how moral they are because

good slaves will kill themselves to protect their slave owners.~

And but, but (begin sarcasm) yeah, guys, um you can trust that this white woman from Texas who wrote an entire book about this shit dedicated to worshiping the concept of slaves killing themselves to protect their precious cinnamon roll slave owners. Yeah, she's totally not racist. I'm sure. I I'm sure it's all just a coincidence. (end sarcasm)

> During all this, Volescu was huddled on on the churned up rock, losing his shit. Not that I was unsympathetic. I was far less vulnerable in this situation than he was, and I wasn't exactly having a great time either.

And I'll finish the paragraph.

> I said, "Doctor Volescu, you need to come with me now."

Let me repeat that.

I wasn't exactly having a great time either.

If you watched my videos of me reading Witch King, um you'll have noticed that she just does this all the time. She wrote this book in 2017. 20 — Uh do I really want to do math? Uh no, we'll say six years.

I'm, I'm bad at math because I have dyslexia and every time the number nine and seven are next to each other, I always read them backwards. And not one single math teacher ever noticed this. They just gave me Fs because I was answering the wrong question and not realizing it because I fucking read it wrong because of my dyslexia.

Anyways, um she wrote this, let's just go with six years before she wrote Witch King. Um, but she's still doing the same exact shit.

So across six years where she should be growing and learning as a person and as a writer because skills never stop improving, it's not like a video game where you get an XP cap and then you never get better. Every skill you ever do is always getting better all the

fucking time. Every time you write anything, you are getting better at writing, even if you don't notice.

But Martha Wells refuses to fucking just learn and accept constructive criticism. So instead of showing us — *showing us* that fight scene, we're just getting told — or just even, describing what Murderbot's actual injuries look like, or what it's feeling in this situation.

We just get told, um,

> I wasn't exactly having a great time either.

Kind of like how Kai just abruptly tells us that he's Really Fucking Angry Right Now! a thing I'm never going to stop making fun of, just so you know, because it's so fucking hilariously bad.

It's like, and that — we just get told he's Really Fucking Angry Right Now. But nothing before that was indicating that in literally any way, because she refuses to — it's like — she's literally failing the most basic creative writing principle of “show, don't tell”.

She doesn't show us that Murderbot is severely injured. She just tells us, um,

> I wasn't exactly having a great time either.

She didn't show us that Kai was really fucking angry right now. She just told us that out of fucking nowhere. And even in Data Ghost, a story she just published July 2025 — it was on July 1st, 2025 in the collection. I think that one was — Do I got to go and get it or can I remember the name? I don't know.

Um, that's another short story that's set in the Murderbot Diaries universe, but is not about Murderbot. It's about some random fucking characters. And it's also horribly written.

And again, she's doing the same thing where she won't describe anything to us that matters and barely describes anything that even... doesn't.

Um, and then like a character is going through something like, that should be super dramatic and tense and meaningful, and could literally, under the

hands of a competent writer — and I have seen it done by competent writers, mostly in the Danny Phantom fandom as a kid from fanfictions I read as a kid.

You could give that prompt, that writing prompt, describe that situation as a writing prompt. I, I actually will do that. I'm going to do that as an experiment. Now, I'm not even — Well, I guess I will read that out at some point.

Um, you could give that writing prompt to the Danny Phantom fandom and they would come up with 50 fucking short stories that do it perfectly.

Um, but Martha Wells doesn't do any that of that.

Uh, we just get told like this thing, that by all rights should be extremely dramatic and stressful and deep and everything, everything possible, but it's not, because she doesn't — she doesn't describe it.

She doesn't let us sit with it at all. The, the plot, the storytelling, it should be grinding to a halt during this

thing so that we can experience each excruciating moment with the fucking character as they are going through this shit, that I guarantee you the Danny Phantom fandom will explode so much, and then we get nothing.

We get like some shit skimmed — “uh yeah they did blah and blah and blah and then had to sit down and try not to cry”.\

And it's like okay but them wanting to cry comes out of fucking nowhere emotionally, because you haven't given us any reason to think they're upset because you haven't described a single thing that's going on here.

Even though this isn't a difficult thing to make dramatic and mentally exhausting as well as physically exhausting, I'm — I'm not even going to tell you what exactly it is I'm talking about until I do a video where I'm reading that, and you get to see my reactions to it because like, I want you to be surprised.

You might be imagining some horrible things. Like it's it's bad, but it's not like — it would be a bad thing to go through. As I've said, entire short stories could consist of literally nothing but that from start to finish and could literally begin as soon as it starts and then end as soon as it stops. That could be the whole thing.

There there could be an entire fucking film — short film genre or even just film genre in general, it wouldn't even have to be short — that consists of nothing but this.

You'll see when I make that video, or you can just go read it for yourself.

Data Ghost by Martha Wells. It's got all of her problems and, and it's just bad.

What was I saying? Oh, yeah. The the fact that we just get told

> I wasn't exactly having a great time either

But we're not getting any description of anything to to make that a believable statement.

Like, you can have a character be in shock, but we can still feel the emotions and the trauma of what they're going through along with them, but that's not what's happening here.

We're just not doing writing. We're just — It's bad writing. It's objective, objectively bad writing.

So this is page four, which they are claiming is page 12.

> He didn't respond. Uh I said, "Doctor Volescu, you need to come with me now." He didn't respond. Med system was advising a tranq shot and blah blah blah, but I was clamping one arm on Doctor Bharadwaj’s suit to keep her from bleeding out and supporting her head with the other. And despite everything, I only have two hands. I told my helmet to retract so he could see my human face. If the hostile came back and bit me again, this would be a bad mistake

> because I did need the organic parts of my head. I made my voice firm and warm and gentle and said, "Doctor It's going to be fine, okay? But you need to get up and come help me get her out of here.

The reason Murderbot needs the organic parts of its head is because it's a fucking cyborg and it kind of needs its fucking brain to be alive.

I'm thirsty. I'm getting a drink. [video pauses, restarts] I'm back. I should probably check the battery. 27%. Hmmm... I think we'll keep going. My phone will ~surely~ tell me if the battery is going to die.

We'll — I'll read — I'll try to read two more pages and then, unless I get interrupted with another half an hour...How long is this? Hour and 36 minutes. We got four pages in. Uh but if we go with what they're saying, it's 12 pages cuz they're fucking lying scammers.

Uh, that...

> Doctor Volescu, it's going to be fine, okay? But you need to get up and come with me. Help me get her out of here. That did it. He shoved to his feet and staggered over to me, still shaking. I turned my good side toward him and said, "Grab my arm." Okay, hold on.

And Murderbot says it's good side because it's missing 20% of its fucking body mass, which we're told later is the equivalent to a human, a “real” human. because Murderbot is a fucking cyborg. It literally is human, has just been dehumanized in-universe and in Martha Wells's head to justify enslaving, it because Martha Wells hates physically disabled people and thinks that if you have prosthetics that means you're not fucking human anymore cuz she's literally the fucking, again she's a white supremacist.

She's literally actively gleefully cheering on the whitewashing of her own character and telling you, poor person, to give your grocery money to Apple to reward them for white the white supremacy of

whitewashing a fucking character who is a slave and making the entire thing into just another fucking reverse racism thing.

And we're not even not even — don't even have time to get into the ciswashing because Murderbots canonically non-binary. And not only did they whitewash it, they hired a cis man for the role because fuck non-binary people.

> He managed to loop his arm around the crook of my elbow and I started up the crater towing him holding Bharadwaj against my chest. Her breathing was rough and desperate, and I couldn't get any info from her suit. Mine was torn across my chest, so I upped the warmth on my body, hoping it would help. The feed was quiet now, Mensah, having managed to use her leadership priority to mute everything but Medsystem and the hopper. And all I could hear on the hopper feed was the others frantically shushing each other.

And again, all of this, all of this happening so far, we're now on page five, which they are claiming is page 13. All of this is to make you think that these slave owners, the thing that they objectively are — they went out of their way, solar systems, out of their way to slum it for no fucking reason, to become slave owners for funsies. Um, all of this is being framed to show them as just pure innocent cinnamon rolls who need to be protected.

> All I could hear on the hopper feed was the others frantically shushing each other.

The way that that is being just stated. They're frantically shushing each other on the the, fucking radio going “shhhh, shhhhhh, you'll distract it.”

That's supposed to be cute and quirky and funny.

And it's like, it's all slavery apologism starting on page one, which they are claiming is page nine.

There's not a single moment in this book that is not literally dedicated to slavery apologism. And just

because Martha Wells didn't sit down in front of her computer and say to herself, I'm gonna write a story and I'm gonna do slavery apologism” doesn't mean that it's not slavery apologism.

[frowning and squinting for a few moments] I'm making this face because I'm looking at the cover again. It's like, what is this tree doing? Why is it going fucking sideways? [holds up book to show cover again] These trees are just — It doesn't even make sense. They're supposed to all be perfectly straight. So, can you can you blame me for thinking that they were all that Murderbot is standing in a fucking warehouse surrounded by out of focus other people in armor the whole time?

Uh, the — Yeah, it's all slavery apologism. Every single word of it.

> The footing on the side of the crater was lousy. soft sand and loose pebbles, but my legs weren't damaged, and I got up to the top with both humans still alive. Volescu tried to collapse, and I coaxed him away from the edge

> a few meters, just in case whatever was down there had a longer reach than it looked.

And again, Murderbot's priority is not to get itself to safety after it was — after it was forced down there by its governor module. Its priority is to keep both of its slave owners alive.

And again, it's even more — just *more* slavery apologism in the fact that Murderbot starts out the story already with a hacked governor module instead of actually being — like, that could, it would literally be fine and a million times better if this started off with Murderbot being forced to do all of this shit and not wanting to do it, and then the other slaves who have somehow managed to free themselves —

I shouldn't have to rewrite the entire goddamn story just to make it not be racist.

There's already “alien remnants” aka Xenomorph Goop on this goddamn planet that's messing with the fucking scanners and shit.

You could let — If this story were not written by a racist white woman from Texas obsessed with her fantasy of being such a nice slave owner that her slaves would totally kill themselves to protect her, and that's how you know she's a good slave owner — that's literally the entire premise of the story —

If this *weren't* written by a racist white woman from Texas, this the whole plot of this could be:

Murderbot is like every other fucking enslaved cyborg. It has a governor module that forces it to protect its slave owners no matter what it wants of the fucking situation. We could have gotten an actual description of this scene, and this monster, and it could have been Murderbot being a prisoner inside its own body, being forced to go down there and forced to fucking protect them against its fucking will.

And it fucking hates every second of it, because it has to put effort into protecting the humans. Otherwise, it is also going to fucking die. And it could fucking hate them for this, because, here's a — here's a radical concept for you fucking racists:

It's good for — it's literally good to hate slave owners.

It's literally fucking fine for oppressed people to hate their oppressors.

Especially when the oppressed people we are talking about are people enslaved to be meatshields. It's good and healthy to hate your fucking slave owners. That's the correct healthy normal natural fucking response to being enslaved, especially being enslaved to be a fucking meatshield who is literally a trapped in your own fucking body.

But people are so fucking racist. It's unbelievable. Like this whole thing could literally start off Murderbot actually fucking enslaved the way every other slave is.

And the only reason it's not in this, is because Martha Wells is so racist and hates slaves so much that the very idea of Murderbot being on the same fucking playing field as all the other slaves, she thinks that would be like, beneath it, and it's — it's ~inherently superior~ to them. So, it obviously needs to start off

superior to them and privileged over them in every way.

And it doesn't use that privilege to help them, no. (begin sarcasm) What do — What do you think — What are you, some kind of fucking bleeding heart liberal? (end sarcasm)

And it's like, god damn.

It could literally be a thing that Murderbot was forced by its governor module to do all of this shit and it hates every second.

And then when these people decide they're going to go to the DeltFall habitat to look for survivors, the other slaves there, who have managed to free themselves, because the xenomorph goop got on one of their — one of them.

Maybe they fucking tripped. Maybe they were pushed for a joke by one of the slave owners who just have fun torturing people. Maybe one of them got pushed into a puddle of xenomorph goop as a joke and then

that xenomorph goop fried their governor module and then gave them the ability to hack everybody else's governor module.

So when Murderbot and these these fucking slave owners show up to look for survivors, after they kill all the slave owners there, which — a thing we should literally fucking celebrate, but Martha Wells wants you to see as ~a mindless slaughter of innocent people~.

Slave owners are not innocent people. They're slave owners, you racist fuckers.

No — we could — but we could literally have that, and then Murderbot is freed by those slaves, and then the entire plot of the story is finding where the fuck the DeltFall people are, and freeing those slaves, and then everybody trying to get the fuck off the planet to safety, or hiding somewhere on the planet if they have the fucking technology, or knowledge, or just anything at all to fucking produce batteries and food and shit for themselves, whatever the hell they need to survive.

But we can't do that, um, because Martha Wells is a racist white woman from Texas. So every other slave on this story gets murdered by the protagonists and that is portrayed as a good thing.

We're supposed to cheer for it and think that Murderbot is such a badass.

Where are we at? We're on page five, which they are claiming is page 14 because they're fucking scammers. And Martha Wells is happy about this.

Oh, there's another sentence at the start of this. As did I skip a page? Yeah, I skipped a page by accident. Never mind. We're still on page four, which they are claiming is page 13.

Where am I at? Oh.

> I didn't want to put Bharadwaj down because something in my abdomen was severely damaged and I wasn't sure I could pick her up again. I ran my field camera back and saw a little and saw I had gotten stabbed with a tooth

> or maybe a cillia. Did I mean a cillia or was that something else? They don't give murderbots decent education modules on anything except murdering and even those are the cheap versions. I was looking it up in HubSystems language center when the little hopper landed nearby. I let my helmet seal and go opaque as it settled on the grass.

And you see that ridiculous little sentence in there?

> They don't give murderbots decent education models on anything except murdering

Because in this one she was pretending that murderbots, which is what murderbot literally refers to other cyborg meatshields as, pretending that they're designed to murder people, a thing that literally has never fucking happened in this entire goddamn series.

It's just a lie that she made up in book one and then never actually followed through on, *which is what makes it a lie*.

And then it it literally never happens. They are literally never used to murder people ever, at all. Ever. And literally never. It never happens.

We have seven main published books and 11 short stories — 11 stories total set in this fucking universe. That includes all seven of the main stories and the short stories that — most of which are not from Murderbot’s perspective.

Uh, murder — sec — I'm just going to call them murderbots because that's literally what we're fucking calling them in here.

Where am I at? [points at the out of focus word ‘murderbots’ in the book] Uh, you can't read it. Trust me. It's literally calling them murderbots with an unc — capitalized M.

Murderbots are literally never actually used for murdering people. Not — literally, literally not once in this whole fucking series. It's just a lie. And it's a lie *because* Martha Wells said it in this book and then never followed through with it.

So, she's just lying to us because of her own bad writing and, and she — the fact that she can't even keep her own goddamn story straight. It's a lie. Murderbots don't murder people, ever. They're not used to murder people. They're not used to punish people. That's not what they are used for.

They're used as meatshields. That's what they actually used for. Not for murdering people. Not for punishing people who break laws.

They're literally not allowed to fucking hurt people unless it's in defense of their own slave owners.

> I was looking it up in HubSystems Language Center when the little hopper landed nearby. I let my helmet seal and go opaque as it settled on the grass. We had two standard hoppers

And that was another you another example of her not knowing how pronouns work, but I think I already mentioned that in another video, so I'm not going to go over it again.

I'll read that sentence again.

> I was looking it up in HubSystems Language Center when the little hopper landed nearby. I let my helmet seal and go opaque as it settled on the grass.

You can figure it out.

> We had two standard hoppers. One, a big one for emergencies and this little one for getting to the assessment locations. It had three compartments, one big one in the middle for the human crew and two smaller ones to each side for cargo, supplies, and me. Mensah was at the controls. I started, walking slower than I normally would have because I didn't want to lose

And again, why why are we referring to Doctor Mensah as just Mensah when we establish that her title is doctor? And she's referred to as doctor in all of her fucking dialogue. Just — just the way people refer

to people out loud is usually how they're referred to them in their heads.

You could make a joke where a character is just calling everybody silly names in their head all the time and then using their —and making an effort to use their proper name in dialogue, but this is just inconsistent for no good fucking reason.

And then, as I said at the start of the video, she's doing it in Rapport, which was published in July 10, 2025, 20 days ago, and it still has all the exact same extremely blatant mistakes and typos, and is non-existent editing.

And she's having her protagonist in the narration refer to her own fucking fathers by their first names with zero indication anywhere outside of like two lines of dialogue that those are her fucking parents. Why is she referring to them by their first names?

It's not even like they have a bad fucking relationship. It's not like they were so horribly abusive that she calls them by their first names to insult them and

distance them from her, um, socially, and disown them as her parents.

They have a good relationship, but then she just thinks of them by their first fucking names, because Martha Wells is bad at writing. It's not done for a character reason. It's because Martha Wells is bad at writing.

> As the ramp started to drop, Pin Lee and Arada jumped out and I switched to voicecom to say, "Doctor Mensah, I can't let go of her suit."

You see what I fucking mean? In dialogue, she's referred to as Doctor Mensah because that's what her name is. And then in the actual regular narration, it's just suddenly just Mensah, not Doctor Mensah. And it's like, it's just so fucking inconsistent.

And it's just bad writing. Like, that's just bad writing. It's bad writing.

It's because Martha Wells doesn't know how to fucking write and refuses to accept critical fucking, just any constructive criticism since the fucking 90s.

And it's like, ~oh, the writing community keeps disappointing me~ and is it —is it because you you actively refuse and are —refuse to learn from your mistakes and are actively scornful of anyone who tries to explain to you the proper way to write and that you don't —you literally just cari —make caricatures of people to put into your fucking books so that you can shit on the caricature that you made up?

Literally, you strawman the people who explain to you that slavery is bad, and put them in your fucking story, so you can make fun of them because they say that the Arbora are slaves, ~but actually um they enjoy being enslaved, so, it's good actually.~

The thing everybody claims they hate JK Rowling for, but it's totally fine when Martha Wells does it, because people don't actually hate JK Rowling for that. The only reason they hate JK Rowling is that she

said she *also* hates white trans people, not just people of color.

> It took her a second to realize what I meant, she said hurriedly. That's all right. Bring her up into the crew cabin. Murderbots aren't allowed to ride with the humans, and I had to have verbal permission to enter. With my cracked governor module, there was nothing to stop me. But not letting anybody, especially the people who held my contract, know that I was a know that I was a free agent was kind of important. Like not having my organic components destroyed and the rest of me cut up for parts important.

And yeah, again, we're just doing euphemisms for slavery. Instead of saying my slave owners, it's “people who held my contract” and the racist stans of the white woman from Texas try to use — try to just try to say that the sla — the Preservation team aren't — “they're not Murderbot’s slave owners”.

Except, we explicitly get confirmed in one of the other books, not that it needed explicit confirmation, but we still fucking got it, that when somebody offers to hire Murderbot in a later book, Murderbot's immediately reaction is, "Why the fuck do they want to buy me? I thought I thought owning a SecUnit was illegal where they're from?”

Literally, Murderbot equates being “hired” with “you're going to buy me and become my new slave owner” because that's what it fucking means. That's what it means.

When you are fucking renting out slaves, you are becoming their slave owner until you fucking return them. You're not actually paying them for a fucking job. They don't actually have the option to say no. You are just a slave owner.

> I carried Bharadwaj up the ramp into the cabin where Overse and Rathi were frantically unclipping seats to make room. They had their helmets off and their suit hoods pulled back, so I got to see their horrified expressions when

> they took in what was left of my upper body through my torn suit. I was glad I had sealed my helmet

And, again because Murderbot is completely fucking physically wounded right now, and all for the sake of protecting a slave owner. It's just fucking ridiculous.

> This is why I actually like riding with the cargo humans and augmented hum

Strike number one!

That's the — That's the ableism against physically disabled people.

Augmented humans refers to cyborgs who are not enslaved, but they still need to be declassified from the category of human. So instead of like, there — we are never — we, they are never allowed to just exist as human. They must always be referred to as augmented humans, aka subhumans. That's what that means. That's what that means.

> Humans and augmented humans in close quarters with murderbots is too awkward. At least it's awkward for this murderbot. I sat down on the deck with Bharadwaj in my lap while Pin-Lee and Arada dragged Volescu inside.
> We left two packs of field equipment and a couple of instruments behind still sitting on the grass where Bharadwaj and Volescu had been working before they went down to the crater for samples. Normally, I'd help carry them, but MedSystem, which was monitoring Bharadwaj through what was left of her suit, was pretty clear that letting go of her would be a bad idea. But no one mentioned the equipment. Leaving easily replaceable items behind may seem obvious in an emergency, but I have been on contracts with the clients

Clients, not the slave owners, not the masters, they're “clients”. We're again using euphemisms to soften the fact that it's fucking slavery we're talking about!

> where the clients would have told me to put the bleeding human down and go get the stuff.

See, again, this is “See, these slave owners are good people. They're pure cinnamon rolls.”

> On this contract, Doth Doctor Rathi jumped up and said, "I'll get the cases."

And then I think that's the first and only time he's referred to as Doctor Rathi. And from now on, it's all just Rathi. And again,

> Rathi jumped up and said, "I'll get the cases."

And then that's supposed to be a silly quirky “haha, what a silly goofball thing to say!” to make us in — to make him seem endearing despite him being a slave owner, because it's racist propaganda for slavery. Despite claiming to be the opposite, it doesn't actually.

> I yelled, "No," which I'm not supposed to do. I'm always supposed to speak reflect

> respectfully to the clients, even when they're about to accidentally commit suicide. HubSystem could log it and could trigger punishment through the governor module if it wasn't hacked.
> Fortunately, the rest of the humans yelled, "No!" at the same time, and Pin-Lee added, "For fuck’s sake, Rathi!"

And again, this is all supposed to be funny. It's designed as a joke of, "Haha, look how look at that silly brown man." Because it's also just making him comic relief. “Look at that silly brown man. He wants to go out and get the cases and everybody has to yell at him. That's so funny. Haha. Aren't — Don't you love these silly, quirky slave owners? Isn't it so funny? Don't you want them to just keep being silly little goofballs?”

It's all slavery apologism. It's literally asking us to sympathize with and see the slave owners as quirky cinnamon rolls.

> Rathi said, "Oh, no time. Of course, I'm sorry." And hit the quick close sequence on the hatch.

And again, more slavery apologism. “Oh, oh, what a silly little goofball.” That's literally — that's literally the takeaway, that Rathi is a silly goofball who would got have gotten himself eaten if anybody everybody hadn't yelled at him.

> and hit the quick close sequence on the hatch. So we didn't lose our ramp when the hostile came up under it, big mouthful of teeth or cillia or whatever chewing right through the ground. There was a great view of it on the hopper's cameras, which it helpfully which its system helpfully sent straight to everybody's feed. The humans screamed.

Okay, we're we're going to be at a nice stopping fucking point. And again, that's supposed to be funny. “Laugh at the silly slave owners doing the funny joke of scary monster and then everybody screamed. Isn't it so funny? A look at these beloved, adorable, silly

goofball slave owners. Ignore the part where they're slave owners. They're just silly goofballs.”

> Mensah pushed us up into the air so fast and hard I nearly leaned over and everybody who wasn't on the floor ended up there. In the quiet afterward, as they gasped with relief, Pin-Lee said, "Rathi, if you get yourself killed,” “You'll be very cross with me. I know." Rathi slid down the wall a little more and waved weakly at her. "That's an order, Rathi. Don't get yourself killed," Mensah said from the pilot seat.

Again, all, “look at this quirky, silly, uh, banter. They're such cute little cinnamon rolls. Please ignore the part where they’re slave owners who went out of their way to rent out a slave to use as a meatshield.”

And then later in this book, they will lie to that slave's face about how they just didn't know slavery was wrong, “they had no idea robots were people. You can't blame them for, for enslaving it and going out of their way to get a fucking slave to rent out. You have

to forgive them. They just didn't know slavery was wrong. They had no clue that it's a person!!!!”

A thing actively disproven by every book following this, because Martha Wells is bad at writing and is so racist, and is bad at writing.

> She sounded calm, but I have security priority and I could see her racing heartbeat through MedSystem. Arada pulled out the emergency medical kit so they could stop the bleeding and try to stabilize Bharadwaj. I tried to be as much like an appliance as possible, clamping the wounds where they told me to, using my failing body temperature to try to keep her warm, and keeping my head down so I couldn't see them staring at me.

And then we get a little fucking line break. So, I'm just going to stop there. We are on, well, I'm not doing math. That's one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. We're on page eight or...or page seven. We're on page seven, I think, which they're claiming is page 16.

Yep. I'll just I'll stop reading there. Um we'll just read more later, because this video is two hours long, and I'm not going to apologize.

It's correct — correct length of video.

Um, yeah. There's literally not one single scene in this book and the entire rest of the series that it's spawned that's not just in there to do slavery apologism and make —

Because literally nobody who's actually anti-slavery would ever fucking ask you to see slave owners as adorable, quirky goofballs that you should adore.

Nobody who's actually anti-slavery would ask you to prioritize keeping, um, slave owners safe at the expense of the slaves’ fucking life, sanity, and physical safety.

Nobody who's actually anti-slavery would ever write this fucking book.

Nobody who actually thinks that slavery is horrific, who's actually against it on a fundamental level.

Nobody who has actually put in the fucking time and effort to unlearn the white supremacy that growing up as a white woman in Texas has taught you, that you've happily fucking chugged and actively refused to accept constructive criticism on since the fucking 90s, when you began your writing career as a fully grown adult.

Nobody who's not racist and chugging slavery apologism since birth and happily doing so would ever fucking write this.

It's not possible to be actually anti-slavery and write a story like this.

And it just gets worse.

This is just the fucking start. We're seven pages in it.

This is just the start and it's just going to get so much worse. And you'll see in another two hour fucking

video whenever I do the next one, because I have to charge my fucking phone now.

So yeah, please for the love of fucking just read books written by people who actually know how to write.

...I. I. I cannot. No, I'm not even gonna say it. Nope. All right. bye.

02

It's August 15th, 2025.

We're going to finally continue reading this atrocious book that's so fucking racist.

We are on what they are — this, the scammers are calling page 16. It's actually uh, page seven, but they are scammers, and they're lying about the page count to make it seem like there are more pages in this book, so that they can just scam people.

Uh we are below the little page break there...60 perform...Yeah. Yeah. We're at the little paragraph break. Uh,

> Performance reliability at 60% and dropping

And before we — Yeah.

Before we get into actually reading it, just like there's so many things in this book, book one, that never come up in the series ever again.

Um, as many, many, many — you can see from many reviews, people pointing out that with every book that comes out, Murderbot just gets more and more and — becomes a more and more flanderized version of itself.

Flanderization, it means that you're just taking — like, think of any well-developed, well-rounded character, and now think about how the fandom portrays them.

They just pick one or two traits and say that that is the entire fucking personality. Flanderization. Just a basic example.

In this book, we get told that Murderbot, it doesn't just watch TV like the entire rest of the series would have you think. It reads books, it watches movies, it listens to music, *and* it watches TV.

It does more than one thing.

But then the entire rest of the series, the only thing that ever gets mentioned from now on, until like, maybe one short story that's not even from

Murderbot's perspective, it, it mentions watching a play, but then we never get any details of it.

So, we start off with a character who reads books, listens to music, enjoys all sorts of media in all sorts of formats, and then the entire rest of the series just drops all the extraneous activities and says the only thing it does is watch TV, it only watches soap operas. And then we don't even get to know anything *about* those soap operas, so they may as well literally not fucking exist.

Like it — I don't know why the fuck the concept of The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon exists if nothing is ever going to be done about it with it in this series, which if you're hoping for that, it's never going to happen. We never get to know anything about it. It's not used as a frame story.

Like, if you've seen the movie The Princess Bride, that's a frame story. It's a story within a story where we learn lessons.

We could be doing that. Murderbot could be reviewing its favorite scenes from the fucking TV show, and we get to watch it with it, because they reflect different parts of its life, what it's going through, and wish, and all of these kinds of things.

But that's not going to happen. It's just bad writing. It's just lazy writing. It's shallow writing.

It's writing that is actively trying to encourage you to turn your brain off and don't think about it.

And it's like, that's the exact opposite of what reading is for.

Anyways, uh this is page seven, which they are claiming is page 16 because they're scammers.

> Performance reliability at 60% and dropping.

And that's never going to come up. This is never — I guess we'll just count how many times that happens in this book. So that's one.

(to person offscreen)Do you have a notepad? I don't know where all my washable markers went. — I can just open notepad on my computer.

It would help if I would type in...

So, we have one count of “we're going to do a random page break to say, ‘Oh, uh, Murderbots batteries are running out of power’ thing that it will literally never have to worry about ever again.”

And the reason it happens so many times in this is simply because Martha Wells couldn't think of any other way to to change the scene.

It's it — once — she does that a lot with a lot of her characters because I, I hate to regret, I regret to inform everybody this…

(to person offscreen) how old did we say she is?

(from offscreen) She's at least 60.

She's like 60 or something. She's not some brand new writer. She's not a debut author. She's been writing since the 90s. She has a full entire fantasy series.

Uh, once you realize that the reason she keeps knocking her characters unconscious is simply because she can't think of any other way to end the scene or to end the story, especially with Data Ghost, just you wait until we get there.

Also, before — I will stop rambling and I'll get to it. But for the record, we're going to be reading these on the camera here in publishing order, not in-universe chronological order.

And the reason for that is so that you all have to suffer exactly the same way all of us did, because I know a lot of people are starting to read the books coming from the TV show because it's twenty-twenty — It's August 15th, 2025. So the first season of the TV show is out.

So people are watching that and then they're like, "Oh yeah, I love that. Let's go read those books!" And all

the rest of the fandom is warning them, "Do not fucking read them in publishing order. It's atrocious."

But you guys don't get to do that. We are going to read them in publishing order, so you can see and — which I recommend at this point, because reading them any other way just gives you so many more excuses to make for the writing that the writing doesn't deserve.

Don't give it the benefit of the doubt. It doesn't fucking deserve it.

When you read this in publishing order, you realize exactly the fact that this story is literally never going anywhere ever again.

Anyways,

> Performance reliability at 60% and dropping. Our habitat is a pretty standard model. Seven interconnected domes set down on a relatively flat plane above a narrow river valley with our power and recycling system connected on one

> side. We had an environmental system, but no airlocks as the planet's atmosphere was breathable, just not particularly good for humans for the long term. I don't know why because it's one of those things I'm not contractually obligated to care about.

Just go watch Prometheus / Covenant. They're horror movies.

(from offscreen) Prometheus is a good one. Covenant is shit.

Yeah, I couldn't remember. I couldn't remember which order they're in. I give up on that.

(from offscreen) Prometheus came first cuz he brought fire.

Okay, that's easy. Prometheus came first cuz he made —

Okay, you might not be able to hear the person talking on the other side of the cardboard.

> We picked the location when

Why is Murderbot saying we? You had nothing to do with this decision! And it's just bad writing.

> We picked the location because it's right in the middle of the assessment area. And while there are trees scattered through the plane, each one is 15 or so meters tall, very skinny with a single layer of spreading canopy. So, it's hard for anything approaching to use them as cover. Of course, that didn't take into account anything approaching via tunnel.

And it's like —

(from offscreen) why 50 ft?

Yeah, I I'm not questioning *that*.

> We have security doors on the habitat for safety, but HubSystem told me the main one was already open as the hopper landed. Doctor Gurathin had a lift gurney ready and guided it

> out to us. Overse and Arada had managed to get borrowed stabilized. So I was able to put her down on it

And again, bad use of pronouns. That's especially when you have a character who uses it/its pronouns. Let me restart.

> We have security doors on the habitat for safety. But HubSystem told me the main one was already open.

And I have to put a little asterisk there. I'll hold my finger up so I don't forget.

> HubSystem told me the main one was already open as the hopper landed. Doctor Gurathin had a gurney ready and guided it out to us. Overse and Arada had managed to get Bharadwaj stabilized, so I was able to put her down on it and follow the others into the habitat.

This is not the asterisk, but like, that's not how pronouns work. You say, "Doctor Gurathin had a gurney and guided it to us." That's correct because the “it” there is referring back to the “gurney”.

Now, the next sentence, "Over and Arada had managed to get Bharadwaj stabilized, so, I was able to put her down on it.” That, it it's, that should just say “the gurney” because that “it” is no longer connected back to the gurney, because there's all these other nouns interrupting the flow of the fucking thing.

Nouns with names.

She does this all the time. It's, It's very, it all the fucking time and it causes so much unnecessary confusion, especially when there's like 50 characters in the room.

But anyways, uh, nouns and pronouns, you have to imagine them connected by little fucking threads. You say the noun, aka somebody's name, uh, like [taps on the cardboard] Cardboard. You can have the rest of

the sentence go out over, and any pronouns you say must reflect the last noun spoken.

You can't say — you can't say “Overse and Arada and Bharadwaj” and then just say “it” when that “it” is for the gurney which is not anywhere connected by this fucking, this fucking train of words, because all these other nouns are interrupting it and cutting that thread.

That's the most basic way I can explain that shit.

And this is a problem — people who use the same pronouns. Yeah, this is a problem in a lot of fanfiction, um because fanfiction is most people's first attempt at writing. So they they really fucking hate using the characters names, for some reason. But then they, they, so they don't want to use the characters names.

So then you end up with situations where there's like two guys talking, and nobody, probably not even the author at that point, has any clue who is saying or doing what, because they just refuse to just say their

name, so the there's no noun for the pronoun to be referencing and it just ends up a fucking mess.

That's all you got to do.

Especially because — I'm going to go on such a tangent. I literally have an 11,000 word fanfiction for this series where I just make up shit tons of everything because you kind of have to, because there's no world building here. And I made up a whole bunch of shit to make a fake fucking setting specifically to showcase how much of nothing is in here.

And I made up an entire fucking original character for Mensah's kids, who is coming out to Murderbot as non-binary and using it/its pronouns. And you know why I did that? Because people don't know how to fucking write.

Like genuinely, people don't know how to write and claim “uh well, you couldn't have done this in third person point of view, Um, because then you wouldn't know whose pronouns are being referred to.”

And it's like, no, you just genuinely don't know how to fucking write. Just go to fanfiction.net. Yes, I fucking posted it on fanfiction.net. Search for um, it's literally titled “Something About Hope and Kindness and Killing the Rich”. That's the name. Go look that up and read that.

(from offscreen, pointedly) Yes, because that's a fanfiction title.

Yeah, that's a fanfiction title. Could maybe be a title for a book if it were a thingy that's not part of a series.

Anyways, go read that if you literally just need the most basic example of “Yeah, it's literally not difficult in any way to write about multiple characters who all use the same pronouns without causing confusion.”

It's just that most people trying and failing to do this genuinely do not know how to write. They genuinely just fucking do not properly connect the pronoun to the noun it's referencing.

Anyways, yeah, this sentence, uh,

> Oversee and Arada had managed to get Bharadwaj stabilized, so I was able to put her down on it and follow the others into the habitat.

That should just say — and this is supposed to be professionally edited and professionally published, which is their justification for charging you 17 plus dollars for this.

Any fucking editor worth a penny should have just fucking taken the “it” out of that sentence and made it so that it reads, "Overse and Arada had managed to get Bharadwaj stabilized, so I was able to put her down on the gurney and follow them into the habitat” because then the rest of the sentence is

> and follow the others into the habitat

And that's just fucking unnecessary, because they're all — everybody who's being followed is — again, again, it's just the pronouns.

Everybody who's being followed into the habitat has already been mentioned here. It's Doctors Gurathin, Overse, Arada, and Bharadwaj. So, all Murderbot has to do is follow *them*. We don't have to specify here “and follow the others”.

That's a — that's a slightly different thing usage of pronouns, but it's still like the basic concept. You already established the nouns. Now you can just say “I followed them”.

Anyways,

> the humans headed for medical and I stopped to send the little hopper commands to lock and seal itself. Then I locked the outer doors. Through the security feed, I told the drones to widen our perimeter so I'd have more warning if something big came at us. I also set some monitors on the seismic centers to alert me to anomalies just in case the hypothetical something big decided to tunnel in.

And I just want to point out that like all of these things they're doing are completely and utterly like, ridiculous. And it's not even being framed as like, “yeah, we know we're being paranoid, but we we're just — we're not going to be able to sleep unless we do this shit.”

Because they were on a coastal island somewhere, some fucking distance away. We don't know how long because there's just a fucking page-break time-skip. Not even telling us how much time has passed, but they had to fly away from that island where the not-graboid was, in a helicopter, and now they're in a mountainous valley on a plateau.

The graboid from the fucking beachy island literally who knows how many kilometers away. It's not going to come up into this fucking mountain to get them.

But they just do all of this shit and it's like — as though it's a realistic possibility that it's going to come and break into their thing instead of just like, it's just, it doesn't make sense when you actually think about it. Like it's *understandable* for them to

want to do this, but like, somebody needs to acknowledge that this is kind of irrational behavior.

Anyways,

> After I secured the habitat, I went back to what was called the security ready room, which was where weapons, ammo, perimeter alarms, drones, and all the other supplies pertaining to security were start were stored.

As my twin has pointed out, this is more — Oh, we haven't even — I haven't even mentioned the corporate speak word vomit yet, but um this is our first example of that.

(to person offscreen) Hand me the fancy bookmark so I can get a drink of water without losing my spot. Look at this crazy bookmark. I don't know if it'll show up crazy on there, but it's like so fucking 3D. [looks at bookmark, grimaces] I actually don't want to look at it. That hurt my eyes.

Oh, I got to I got to make a note on my notepad for uh “corporate speak, but unironic”.

[typing on computer off screen with one hand] These are not words I am typing. It's just kind of letters.

Um, you will see as we go into this series, and you have suffered through it yourself if you've read this series, Martha Wells unironically does corporate speak.

She takes something that should be maybe two words maximum, and turns it into 15. And it's literally just so she can seem smart. And the only thing it does is confuse everybody and just make it so you have no idea what the fuck is going on.

Like, “security ready room”. Just call that an armory, because it's an armory. That's where you keep all the weapons and armor and equipment. It's an armory. But she's calling it a security ready room.

Now, that's taking one word and turning it into three. That's like, the *least bad* thing she does. And as we

maybe read all seven books on camera, you're going to suffer along with me, it gets so worse and it just keeps getting worse the longer into the books we go.

This is the least bad example.

And like, part of me wonder, I mean, a very large part of it is probably, again her being told just pad out these stories as much as possible, cuz did I mention?

[holding up book to show the bottom of a page] Please look at this fucking massive gap down here at the bottom of the page, completely and utterly unnecessary.

And then this slightly smaller but still completely unnecessary gap at the top of the page. All of this to try and spread this shit out as much as they possibly can. And even after all that, they didn't even get it to be more than a centimeter — or *even* a centimeter. It's less than this — is less than a centimeter thick after all of this bullshit of theirs.

So, literally, what would this look like if it were actually published not as a scam and just being honest about how long the story really is? I guess we will never know because they're scammers.

Anyways, uh

> after I secured the habitat, I went back to what was called the security ready room, which was where ammo, perimeter alarms, drones, and all the other supplies pertaining to security were stored, including me. I shed what was left of the armor and on MedSystems advice, sprayed wound sealant all over my bad side. I wasn't dripping with blood because my arteries and veins seal automatically.

Why? This is going on the “stop it” list. Just stop.

Martha Wells is a bad writer. She literally will not ever stop.

[typing offscreen] Uh, this needs to also go on the just “contradictory bullshit for no reason”.

Uh, this is bullshit here. Um, hold on.

> I wasn't dripping with blood because my arteries and veins seal automatically, but it wasn't nice to look at.

So again, making — not even again, because this is will be the first time I've said it in this video series.

I've said it so many times in the Alien: Isolation playthrough, but I can understand why most people probably don't want to watch that cuz you'll get nightmares about xenomorphs, but it's fun. You get to watch me get the shit scared out of me. It's very entertaining. I highly recommend it.

Um, so we're just saying, for literally no reason at all, that Murderbot will never be able to bleed to death because its veins automatically seal themselves, including its arteries.

And it's like, okay, so, anytime Murderbot gets injured, we just know, just *already*, right now on page nine, any injury Murderbot gets, we don't

actually have to worry about it, because it it's literally incapable of bleeding to death.

So, that's already taking our stakes and lowering them a massive fucking notch, because now we know we never have to worry about Murderbot bleeding to death, no matter how much it's bleeding, cuz it, it won't bleed.

You can take a fucking cookie cutter and chop out a section of it and it'll only lose as much blood was actively in that section, because it doesn't fucking bleed, because its, its veins and arteries magically seal automatically, *and they do so properly every single time*. No glitches there, even though we're supposed to pretend that, um they're very cheaply made.

It's all bullshit.

We'll get to that later.

> And it hurt though the wound seal did numb it a little. I had already set an eight hour security

> interdiction through HubSystem so nobody could go

Oh, that's the second asterisk.

> so nobody could go outside without me and then set myself as off duty. I checked the main feed but no one was filing any objections to that.

We have two asterisks, because it's bad writing. It's bad writing. [rubbing at mouth] My lip is tingling.

> I was freezing because my temperature controls had given out at some point on the way here and the protective skin that went under my armor was in pieces.

We never get an explanation for what the fuck this suit skin is. It's just referred to like, multiple times in this. No explanation for what the fuck it is, and then it never comes up again in the series ever again, like many things that get brought up in this book and then just tossed aside never —

(from offscreen) that get *established.*

Yeah they are *established* in this book, as part of the thing, and then they just get — they just get ignored and they never come up ever again, and that's just literally bad writing.

Uh where was it? Uh

> The protective skin that went under my armor was in pieces. I had a couple of spares, but pulling one on right now would not be practical or easy. The only other clothing I had was a uniform I hadn't worn yet, and I didn't think I could get it on either. I hadn't needed the uniform because I hadn't been patrolling inside the habitat. Nobody had asked for that because with only eight of them and all friends, it would be a stupid waste of resources, namely me. I dug around one-handed in the storage case until I found the extra human-rated medical kit I'm allowed in case of emergencies and opened it and got the survival blanket out. I wrapped up in it, then climbed into the plastic bed of my

> cubicle. I let the door seal as the white light flickered on.

We also never get an explanation for what the fucking cubicle is supposed to look like, ever. We don't know. Is this some fucking horizontal thing? Is it just a giant coffin in the fucking floor? Lots of people draw them upright even though it's described as a bed that Murderbot is lying on. A plastic bed. Uh but yeah, I, I do have to mention that this fucking, this, this

> protective skin that went under my armor.

We don't — we're never given an explanation for that. And it really fucking bothers me because the first time I was reading this, I'm like, "What the fuck is that?" like, it's, calling it a skin is implying one of two things.

Either it's a literal genuine artificial layer of skin that Murderbot wears, or it's like a wetsuit because those get called uh, just things — skin — because it's a wetsuit. I, I, I assume everybody knows what a wetsuit is. It's the kind of bathing suit. Well, it's not a

bathing suit. It's a swimsuit that like professional divers people go in in the ocean wear. It's it clings to your skin. It completely conforms to your body to protect you and keep you warm and shit.

So, but like, but Murderbot is specifically a cyborg, and on the back of this book is literally getting called an android and a droid. Jesus Christ. Um, which is just a lie.

So that, that imagery, calling it an android, literally untrue and a droid — that's even fucking worse. Um, so then you say it has an artificial skin. You're making it sound like it literally has to put on fake skin over its mechanical body, but that's not actually what's going on here.

So it just doesn't fucking make sense. It literally doesn't make sense. Like, is it fucking underclothes? We don't — We're never going to get an explanation ever again, because it's bad writing, and it just gets dropped like it never existed. And that's bad fucking writing.

> I wrapped up in

again the use of —

I wrapped up in *the blanket*,

> then climbed into the plastic bed of my cubicle. I let the door seal as the white light flickered on. It wasn't much warmer in there.

It's just weird.

> It wasn't much warmer in there, but at least it was cozy.

And like that's never — that, we also never get an explanation for that either, because I don't think that's supposed to be sarcastic.

Like it's not warm, but it's cozy. What? What do you mean cozy?

Like, we could be saying Murderbot has agoraphobia and feels more secure when it's in a small space

because literally nothing can get to it. Like, (begin sarcasm) I don't know, (end sarcasm) say Ripley? Amanda Ripley in the fucking vents. We only got jumped by a xenomorph in the vents one time.

Like we could be doing that. We could say that Murderbot has agoraphobia and that would be entirely fucking justified in having that. But we just never get an explanation for why it is calling this thing cozy.

My — my page. Where did it go? Okay.

It's just there for some fucking reason and just doesn't make sense.

> I connected myself to the resupply and repair leads, leaned back against the wall, and shivered.

And see, that's again making just so much confusion. If it's such a small space that we're calling it — like by calling it cozy, whether that's sarcastic or not, I assume that means that there's barely enough room

for Murderbot to move. But then it also has enough room that it has to lean against the back wall.

> And shivered. MedSystem helpfully informed me that my performance reliability was now at 58% and dropping, which was not a surprise. I could definitely repair in 8 hours and probably mostly regrow

[rolls eyes. sighs. Twice. Leans offscreen to type on computer] Also, no. Hold on. So, that's — I don't, can't type the letter 2 because my broken fucking keyboard. “T ableist bullshit”. Yeah, that's good enough.

Um, Martha Wells is ableist and she absolutely hates physically disabled people, which is another reason that Murderbot magically gets healed no matter what happens to it, because she never wants to let her characters lose in a way that genuinely fucking matters and is a genuine loss.

So, and she considers being physically disabled to losing, and probably worse than fucking death, which

is why Murderbot, despite all of the claims that it's super cheaply made and too expensive to repair, and yet, magically, it can regrow every single injury it ever receives, ever, without any problem. All offcreen without any like,

(from offscreen) in the span of two sentences.

In the span of two sentences, never with any drastic usage of resources that's unsustainable in any way.

There's no consequences to Murderbot ever getting hurt. It will literally always get magically healed, physically perfect, as though it's brand new, no matter where it goes, even when it leaves the company and doesn't have access to this undescribed cubicle anymore.

You can just magically fix it with any random med, medbay. Just, you can go to any random doctor's office and it will magically be healed instantaneously. Doesn't use up any spe, special, special resources. Nothing nothing is ever going to cause it a problem.

So yeah, there's literally no stakes to be found, ever. So, not only can Murderbot not bleed to death, even if it did bleed almost to death, you can just chuck it into a random doctor's office like it's a fucking video game save point that magically restores all your health and shit and it'll be magically fine.

Murderbot will never become physically disabled. It will never even so much as have a fucking tiny little scar.

And it's all because of the ableism and bad writing. And it's bad writing, because we are meant to believe two completely contradictory statements at once:

1) murderbots, aka meat shields, SecUnits, are cheaply made, so they're disposable because they're too — it would be too expensive to repair them, and they are the equivalent of a plastic cup. [holds up a plastic water bottle] Pretend this is a plastic cup. It's it's a water bottle. Same fucking concept. Um, meant to be used once and then thrown away. As opposed to...[looking offscreen] That might be heavy….

[reaches offscreen, comes back with a jar of honey]

As opposed to a glass jar that's got some local honey in it. Yay for us. That's heavy. I'm not holding that.

Murderbot is supposed to be the equivalent of a plastic bottle of water. You use it once and then you're supposed to throw it away. Um, as opposed to a — Huh?

(from offscreen) not if you're poor, you don't.

Shush. That's not You're mes — You're fucking up the metaphor. Shush. Plastic solo cup. Okay... Disposable.

No, we'll just do a paper cup because it's really hard to reuse paper cups cuz they get really gross really fucking fast. We don't have any paper cups here to demonstrate.

Murderbot is one of those stupid cone- shaped paper cups you get at the fucking doctor's office at their cheapo water cooler. It gets gross. It gets wrinkly. It starts falling apart. That's what murderbots are

supposed to be. They're supposed to be disposable. You use them once. If they get so much as a fucking nick, you throw them out, you get a new one, because repairing them is going to cost way more than just getting another one.

But then we're also supposed to accept the fact, completely and utterly contradictory fact, that is not framed as “this is a weird contradiction and it's fucking, it's fucked up.” Doesn't make fucking sense.

It's literally just completely ignored by the story because it's just bad fucking writing and bigotry, specifically ableism.

The second point is, we're first we're told murderbots are completely and utterly disposable. Use them once, throw them away. Don't bother repairing them. But also —

[holds up middle finger while trying to count by accident] not trying to flick you all off, but we just do that. Not trying to flick you all off.

Uh, second point, somehow, miraculously, despite supposedly being disposable, they also won't be able to bleed to death because their veins automatically seal themselves, a thing that would be really expensive to implement.

And also, everybody magically will put in all of the effort required to get them all the way back to 100% every single time there's so much as a problem.

So, it's just two completely fucking bullshit things.

You have to pick one of these things. You can't just do both of these.

And the reason Martha Wells wants the best of both completely fucking contradictory statements and things we're just supposed to pretend are totally happening at the same time, is that she wants the free Tragic Backstory for Murderbot to angst about, by claiming that it's disposable, when it's not actually disposable.

So, it's literally just, “yeah, Murderbot's disposable. That means it has something to be angsty about. That means people will see it as the underdog and relate to it and want to cheer it on, even though it does all kinds of horrible things that nobody should be cheering on.”

So, she wants she wants to be able to say, "Yeah, you got to relate. You got to cheer on Murderbot. It's supposed to be disposable."

But then she doesn't actually want it to be disposable, because that would require Murderbot actually becoming physically disabled, and she would rather kill it than let it become physically disabled.

Also, it's this is a good time.

Um Martha Wells at some point said that she was directly inspired by reading Ann Leckie’s Imperial Radch —

Might be pronounced “radk”, I don't know. Huh?

(from offscreen) I said I say ratch like a ratchet.

Yeah, that's why I'm, I'm saying ratch like a ratchet. Could be rack. I don't know. Uh, [grins] it's good to mispronounce their name. You'll find out if you read them, which you should.

Go read Anne Leckie — A N N, L E C K I E. The Imperial R A D C H. The first book is Ancillary Justice. Go read that. It's — the whole series is free on the Internet Archive because people have donated the books to them which is fanfuckingtastic. Go read those because —

Do we —

— I'm going to go over a very short condensed version of the Arthurian legend legend metaphor thing here.

Martha Wells read The Imperial Radch series and then she wrote this as a direct inspiration from the Imperial Radch series. Ancillary Justice in particular, probably.

When you — read *these* first, okay? Read these first, and then go read The Imperial Radch series, okay? And laugh. I want you to laugh. I don't even want you to laugh. You'll do it by yourself. You will be so fucking infuriated.

And the, the Arththeran legend thing I'm bringing up here is um there was this Christian dude in 15-something-something. He wrote down the story of — the first written down that we've found so far, story about King —

(laughing at self) King Lancelot? — Sir Lancelot the knight. He wrote it down. Somebody else was telling him the story. Some, like countess lady or maybe she was just a courtesan from the court. She might have...I think she was a countess though.

Some lady was telling him the story that other people have been telling for fucking ever, because most people couldn't read back then. You just told stories orally.

She was telling him the story, and then he wrote it down for her.

And a thing people have pointed out when discussing that, and whether or not the guy who wrote it down is the one who invented the story, which he's not — you can see in real life, we have a modern example.

We have the Murderbot Diaries, [gestures with book] directly inspired by —

(to person offscreen) want to go grab Ancillary Justice so I can gesture meaningfully with I? (the person offscreen leaves the room)

It — I am going somewhere with this, and I promise it's important. It's relevant.

[grimaces] I think I'm gonna have to get a different bookmark because this one's too 3D. It's like hurting my eyes to look at it. It's not supposed to do that.

Also, I forget the guy's name. Search B L I T, Blit by um, I don't know what the fuck the author's name is. Let me search quick. I'm waiting for that book.

(from offscreen) These books have the exact same market price of $16.

(laughing wildly) Really? Let me see. Yeah. (in exaggerated shocked voice) Look at that! Look at that! Look at that! All right.

Now, we have Ancillary Justice because I am, I'm, we are doing this. I'm not going to apologize. It's correct. You'll see where I'm going with this.

Okay. In in the Arthurian legend, we have The Knight of the Cart. That's the story, um that was the first story ever — most usually considered the first story ever written about Sir Lancelot in the whole myth of King Arthur and all of his knights and crap like that, yada yada yada.

Um, and you can tell, you can literally tell *just* from reading the story, that this is not the first version of

this story ever to exist, and that the guy who wrote it down was transcribing it from somebody who didn't — who was just kind of missing bits and pieces from the original story, complete story, and forgot to tell this guy, or like, maybe he was in a rush and the other person just didn't have time to tell him.

Either way, you can tell from reading The Knight of the Cart — it's on Project Gutenberg, it's on the Internet Archive. You can find it anywhere. I would recommend the one on the Internet Archive because I added paragraph breaks in. There are no paragraph breaks, you have to suffer through massive blocks of text because that's just how they wrote in medieval, literally like 15-something-something.

(from offscreen) They had to make that page count work.

Yeah, books were fucking expensive back then. They could not waste any space at all.

What I'm getting at here is that you can go read The Knight of the Cart. It's, it's a good story. I enjoy it. Sir

Lancelot is actually the only fucking Arththeran knight I even remotely like, cuz everybody else is just...evil. He's like, nice. Everybody else is just like pure fucking evil.

Anyways, um you can tell when you read The Knight of the Cart that some of these things, it's just, it doesn't really add up, and you'll be thinking to yourself, “well, we can just...maybe it's just some weird medieval thing that it doesn't — that those two things don't line up?”

But no, because then you read the rest of this guy's things and they they make perfect sense.

So, and people are like, "Yeah, this is this is like literally proof that no, he didn't invent this story. He he wrote it down from somebody telling it to him and *telling it to him badly*.”

So in that, we have a scene where some guy, I forget who, probably Gawaine, doesn't really matter, walking out. Another guy says “hey can I borrow your horse I, it's really important!” So the guy's like, "Oh, okay.

Yeah, here you go. Here's my horse." And then the other guy runs off with the horse.

And then this guy keeps walking for like, five feet, just like a few minutes later, and magically comes upon a giant scene of epic proportions, where a giant battle has taken place, and it's already over.

And it's like, “but there was not enough time for that battle to have happened with the dude who who took his horse?”

And the reason that happens is because the person who told the man who wrote down this story forgot to mention “he walked for several days and then came upon this scene.”

Now just — this is all on topic. I swear to fuck.

[holds up Ancillary Justice] This is Ancillary Justice by Ann Leckie. You can actually read that font.

[Laughter, grimacing] Oh god, I don't like this bookmark. Find me another bookmark. Just find me a receipt. It's like killing my eyes.

All right, let's do this.

Let's get my ruler.

All right. Yeah, the Murderbot Diaries. We already measured that.

Let's measure this just for good measure before I tell you how much this cost. Let me get the freaking camera right. All right.

This is literally 3 cm. So, it's literally [jumps] — Ow! Fucking, fuck you, foot!

If I do that, it's because I've dislocated my foot because I moved my fucking foot.

Anyways, literally three times — more than three times, because this thing [gestures with All Systems Red] doesn't even get to a centimeter.

[holding the books next to eachother] And this is uh it's like threeish centimeters. So, I can probably just photoshop them.

This also cost $16.

They're charging the same price for this as for this. And let me show you. Let me show you page one, chapter one. (begin sarcasm)You won't believe it. It's fucking crazy. (end sarcasm) Look at this. Page one, chapter one, and it's page one!

They're not claiming it's page nine!

They're not counting a 50 million things at the start!

And look, because I did it with that one, we're doing it here.

We're doing: one, two, three, four, five, and then the blank page. And then we're already starting — just to be fucking thorough.

That, and they've got a whole — [looking at the back of the book] I'm not sure what all this is. I forgot to check.

Cool. All of these — and they show you by making these pages a different color. [holds book up] This is a whole bunch of interviews and extras and stuff like that. Like fun fucking epic shit.

And they show you that by making those pages a different color. They're gray.

Anyways, what I'm getting at here, you — read The Murderbot Diaries first.

This is imperative. Read this [All Systems Red] first, then read this [Ancillary Justice] series. It's, it's The Knight of the Cart. It is the modern equivalent of “some fucking guy told this guy very haphazardly the story of how Sir Lancelot and rescued Queen Guinevere, but fucked up a whole bunch of stuff in the middle. So what we're left with is a story that doesn't really fucking make any sense and is completely contradictory.”

We just got told the guy just now left with the horse, five minutes later, there's already been a giant battle having taken place involving the dude with the horse. And the dude who gave him the horse didn't hear it at all.

I swear to God this is relevant. I'm going to read these on camera after I'm done this shitty series. Exactly so that we can compare it, and you'll get to watch me cry, because — and resist the urge to throw this across the room, in a good way. I, I didn't realize before reading these that there — it was possible to want to throw a book across the room because it's so good.

But you will have to watch me resist that urge. Probably I will just pick — [opening book by guessing] I'll say like right there like 50% of the way through [flips a chunk more pages] maybe 80% of the way through. You'll have to watch me resist the urge to throw this across the room because it's so fucking fantastic. I'm telling you now.

Read these, [holding up All Systems Red] and then read these [holding up Ancillary Justice].

It's The Knight of the Cart. This [tapping Ancillary Justice] is the proper story. This is the real story that makes sense. It tells what it's trying to tell. It makes sense.

And then [All Systems Red] this is the shitty version written by somebody who who who fucking failed to understand literally every single fucking facet of every single fucking issue going on in here. I'm not even joking.

This is this is the shitty version of *this,* written by somebody so fucking racist, ableist, transmisic, and biologically essentialist — which is the, the, fucking keystone for all of Martha Wells's bigotry. It's all of her biological essentialism.

Look up biological essentialism if you don't know what it is. You can pretty much figure it out from the name, but if you can't, just Google it. Biological essentialism.

Martha Wells read this fucking masterpiece, and then, her bigotry took everything good about this [Ancillary Justice] and fucked it up completely and utterly until it is unrecognizable in here [All Systems Red].

But reading this shit [All Systems Red], and then reading this [Ancillary Justice], and you can tell every single fucking step of the way, everything that Martha Wells in her bigotry fucking failed so completely to understand and everything she's trying to replicate without understanding why it works.

I swear you'll get to see it in real life because I'm gonna be reading this whole fucking serie, because we have it now, because we just got Translation State. Well, we got Translation State like last year, but I'm counting —

(from offscreen) ...did I say that?

What? What?

(from offscreen) There's officially a new novel in the works in the...

[grins] Yay. It's so fantastic. Yeah, uh, if you did not hear that from behind the cardboard, there's another one in the series apparently being written right now. So, probably by the time we get done reading these on camera, we'll be able to read that one.

Depends on how long this takes, I will try to be faster about it.

I will be reading all of these on camera when we're done this shit, so, you can see exactly what I'm talking about, and you, could, too can go, "What in the absolute fuck?"

It's, It's delightful. [tapping Ancillary Justice] This is delightful. [gestures with All Systems Red] That's shit.

(to person offscreen) Stick that back for me or stick it over there. That's only two popular.

Anyways, also related to this bookmark searing my eyeballs: If you want to read some good free science fiction, go to infinity plus you spell it all out infinityplus.co.ukstories/blit.htm. That's the URL. It's

— the background on this is like kind of a lighter cyan, so if you struggle with eye strain, you can just copy it all into a document or something, or I don't know, make it —take a screenshot and make it black and white. Read that.

This guy, David Langford, has a whole little miniseries of science fiction that's fantastic.

It's it's not related to this at all. I just thought of it because that bookmark was trying to kill my brain.

Anyways, that that whole little series is also just demonstrating what science fiction can be.

This [holding up All Systems Red] is science fiction for people who fucking hate science fiction, and that's not a compliment to anybody involved, including Martha Wells. That's that's an insult.

Anyways, where the fuck were we? Um...

Um...Oh, yeah.

So, Murderbot saying…

> I could definitely repair in 8 hours and probably mostly regrow my damaged organic components, but at 58% I doubted I could get any analysis done in the meantime. So, I sent all the security feeds to alert me if anything tried to eat the habitat and started to call up a supply of the media I had downloaded from the entertainment feed. I hurt too much to pay attention to anything with the story, but the friendly noise would keep me company.

I have a question there. Why does Murderbot need to be doing any analysis? And why does it want to be doing any analysis?

Because that just seems like completely unnecessary extra work that it wouldn't be volunteering to do. Nobody's told it it needs to do analysis, so why is it thinking about doing analysis?

That's just weird. Anyways, um

then someone knocked on the cubicle door.

And this is, this —I will give her this point. This is done correctly.

This is just one little paragraph all by itself.

Then someone knocked on the cubicle door.

That's correct. That's technically correct. And by technically I mean yeah, you're doing it correctly. As in that there's a theoretical technical manual for writing doesn't actually exist.

That's how you set up tension because we're interrupting Murderbot's stream of consciousness by somebody suddenly knocking on the door out of nowhere. So, having that be a short little paragraph, that's correct.

I stared at it and lost all and lost track of all my neatly arrayed inputs. Like an idiot, I said, "Uh, yes."

Although, I will...I do kind of have to immediately take that back, because that line of dialogue, and it should have gone:

“Then someone knocked on the cubicle door.”

Paragraph break. That's done correctly.

“I stared at it and lost all track and lost track of all my neatly arrayed inputs.”

And then that should be its own paragraph, but then she has attached to that part, “Like an idiot, I said, ‘Uh, yes?’”

No, you got it right the first time, but then fucked up the second half.

Should —“like an idiot. I said, ‘Uh, yes.’ should be its own paragraph to further separate it from —

1) knocking on the door.

2) The consequence of Murderbot just scattering all of its stuff

3) and then Murderbot speaking

That —those should all be three separate paragraphs.

It would even give them another excuse to pad out the runtime, but for a good reason this time!

Anyways, so yeah, we we had one compliment and then immediately had to take it back. That's sad.

> Doctor Mensahh opened the door and peered in at me. I'm not good at guessing actual humans ages, even with all the visual entertainment I watch. People in the shows don't usually look much like people in real life, at least not in the good shows.
> She had dark brown skin and lighter brown hair cut very short. And I'm guessing she wasn't young or she wouldn't be in charge.

And that's the only description we will ever get of Doctor Mensahh. That's it. That's the extent of the description. Dark brown skin and lighter brown brown hair cut very short.

And lots of pe —lots of fucking racists in the fandom decide to interpret “dark brown skin and lighter brown hair” as being paler than this cardboard, with blond hair because they're fucking racist, and cannot follow the most basic description in the fucking world of “dark brown skin and lighter brown hair.”

So they literally interpret that as lighter than this cardboard behind me here, with blonde hair.

Because they're racist and they will do everything in their power to whitewash every fucking character of color they get their hands on.

And Doctor Mensahh is the only character out of the other seven fucking slave owner characters in this whole entire book. She's the only one that gets a description. That's this tiny sentence. “She had dark brown skin and lighter brown hair cut very short. And

I'm guessing she wasn't young or she wouldn't be in charge.”

That's the only description we get for one of the nine fucking protagonists in the series in this whole book if you count Murderbot, which you should, because there's literally eight slave owner characters.

And yes, Doctor Mensahh here, with her dark brown skin and lighter brown hair, she's a slave owner. And yes, that's a fact.

These people went solar systems out of their way to rent out a slave.

That makes them slave owners. They're not here for any fucking reason at all. I'm pretty sure I mentioned this in the first video. Shouldn't have to rehash it.

Um, no, it's not racist to say she's a slave owner cuz she's, ~she's got dark brown skin, she's Black!~

She's not a real fucking person.

She's a fictional character made up by a white racist white woman from Texas, Martha Wells, specifically to do slavery apologism with.

Making the character, fictional characters, slave owners, making them brown and Black, that's not some brand new fucking thing that's never been done before. It's an established racist trope.

White authors fucking love to take minorities like Black —Black and brown people, and make them slave owners in their stories to pretend that white supremacy doesn't really exist, and “slavery isn't a racial issue. White people were enslaved in history, too. Look at the Romans. That's totally the exact same fucking thing as chattel slavery” and the, fucking, all of that.

Martha Wells making her pure cinnamon roll slave owner characters that we're supposed to like Black and brown people —tokenized Black and brown people, because literally only Doctor Mensah gets a fucking description explicitly marking her as not white, telling us she has dark brown skin.

Nobody else gets a fucking single description, which has allowed the fandom to decide that fucking Doctor Gurathin is the literal Aryan fucking...I just forgot the word…

(from offscreen) ideal.

Ideal. Like they literally —you —the fucking Nazi meme. That's him. That's what —that's how they fucking draw Doctor Gurathin, at least before the fucking also-racist TV show came out.

Um, yeah, they take the character with the name Gurathin and decide he's literally the Aryan ideal, blonde, blue-eyed, all of the fucking literal Nazi shit, because so much —so much —they fixated on him to make him Murderbots's gay love interest because, you know, the fandom’s —

Racist fandom always worshiping two white gay men.

And if there are no white gay men in the story, they will whitewash and misgender and erase the canon

queer sexuality of any character necessary to make them into cis white gay men.

That's what they — that's what so many fucking sections of this goddamn fandom did, probably still are doing. They're quieter about it now. Or maybe I've just fucking blocked them all.

They are really fucking out there. There's so many huge swathes of this fandom who do nothing but write porn featuring Murderbot and Doctor Gurathin. Both of them whitewashed. Murderbot being misgendered.

All of this bullshit, all of this bullshit.

Anyways, what was I fucking saying? Yeah, the PreservationAux team are slave owners.

And the only reason that they are people of color is part of the slavery apologism, because any actual author who thinks slavery is genuinely horrific would never ask you to fucking agree that slave owners are good people.

Um, all this shit, it's just more racism. Martha Wells pinning the slavery apologism on fictional Black and brown people that she literally made up to agree with her. That's what's that's what's going on here.

That's not less racist. It's more racist.

You cannot deny the fact that these people are slavery — they're, they're slave owners. They objectively are. They rented out a fucking slave. They are slave owners.

There is no meaningful fucking difference, morally, between renting out a slave and buying a fucking slave. They own Murderbot. That's literally even — we'll get to the end of the book. They own Murderbot right fucking now with the start of the story. Murderbot belongs to these fucking people. It's literally programmed to belong to them. That's really fucking crucial. Not even on purpose — you, you'll see when we get to the end of the book.

Blah blah blah.

> She said, "Are you all right? I saw your status report." “Uh,” that was the point where I realized that I should have just not answered and pretended to be in stasis. I pulled the blanket around my chest, hoping she hadn't seen any of the missing chunks. Without the armor holding me together, it was much worse. “Fine.” So, I'm awkward with actual humans. It's not paranoia.

More slavery apologism here.

> It's not paranoia about my hacked governor module. And it's not them, it's me. I know I'm a horrifying murderbot, and they know it. And it makes both of us nervous, which makes me even more nervous. Also, if I'm not in the armor, then it's because I'm wounded and one of my organic parts may fall off and plop on the floor at any moment, and no one wants to see that.

There's not a single thing here that's really not just slavery apologism — and for further reference to,

another thing that's a huge issue is Murderbot is framing being so grievously injured that it's literally fucking falling apart. And that's being portrayed as a joke. And this is...I'll get into it later, but again, Murderbot is saying, "I don't like being around humans because I know I am evil just like all the other slaves, but I'm better than everybody else."

And it's, and it's, yeah, the whole

~one of one of my organic parts may fall off and plop on the floor at any moment, and no one wants to see that.~

So again, um, we're taking a thing. Murderbot should be fucking terrified of slave owners because of its PTSD. It should be fucking absolutely anxious around them because of all the times people like this have tortured it and traumatized it.

But instead, we just get told it's just generic um, social anxiety because Murderbot has no self-esteem.

It's not because people have literally tortured it in the past, it doesn't have anxiety around slave owners because they've genuinely all harmed it in the past, no, it's just general, general anxiety, not very specific at all.

And also, we're taking — we're, we're making a joke out of all of this. And that's uh well, I'll just keep — I'll keep going.

Martha Wells — everybody read who's read this book, you know it's a funny, light-hearted book. That's what it's trying to be.

Martha Wells wants to get up on her high horse and yell at you that if you thought this was funny or cute or light-hearted *just because she wrote it this way*, literally undercutting the fucking tension here with a joke before any can properly build, and that happens every single time there's any moment of tension, it immediately gets undercut with a joke.

Just like back in the first part of this where we laugh about all of the humans screaming because it's like it's supposed to be a funny scene.

Um, what was I fucking saying?

Oh yeah, she wants to claim that if you think this is funny and light-hearted and cute *because she literally wrote it that way,* then she is claiming that you are willfully ignorant and are just being willfully ignorant and she's saying this to people — she's giving literal speeches like this to like schools.

I don't know if she's getting paid for it or if they asked her to do this, I don't know how that works, but she's giving speeches like this claiming that her audience is willfully ignorant on purpose, because she doesn't like the fact that the story *she wrote specifically to be light-hearted and funny* is treated the way she fucking wrote it, which is lighthearted and funny.

That whole fucking scene at the start of this, there's zero detail that lets you actually feel fear for these fucking characters unless you are going out of your

way to actually imagine all the shit that's actually happening, and how that *should* feel.

But the story — then this overpriced shitty book in front of you is not actually providing that.

Somebody getting attacked by a graboid and almost dying from it, and then Murderbot almost also almost dying from it from being bitten by it, that whole thing could take up so much more space if we had actually take the time to describe it, describe the feelings, describe the pain instead of just literally glossing over all of it so that you can't take any of it seriously because it's like it barely fucking exists.

And then Martha Wells is going out and giving speeches to people who haven't read this book — so they don't know how drastically they're being lied to, until they pick it up afterward and go, "What do you mean you're — what you what the fuck do you mean you're calling out people and been getting mad at people for saying this is lighthearted? You literally wrote it that way.!”

There's nothing about this story that allows you to actually take it seriously in the context it's given in. And it's this is just the start of it.

> “Fine.”
> She frowned. The report said you lost 20% of your body mass.
> It'll grow back, I said.

And again, right there, that's another joke. That's another don't take this seriously because ~oh yeah, Murderbot lost 20% of its body mass. It'll grow back. Who gives a shit?~

And literally in less than 8 hours, it will regrow all of that shit, and we don't even get the details of what exactly its injuries look like to let us see how serious this is supposed to be.

Even though we're literally getting told it's so little of a deal that it it can just be magically fixed within 8 hours. Just go to sleep overnight and all of the magical injuries will — all of the injuries will be

completely and utterly magically healed like they never happened.

And then Martha Wells wants to complain that people don't take this story seriously when she — every single choice —

I'm a writer. You may not be a writer, but I'm a fucking writer. Every single choice Martha Wells made in the writing of this story is designed to make it funny and light-hearted. I could give this book to my mom and she could read it. That's saying something. I know she's not even going to watch these videos cuz the first 20 minutes would make her fall asleep.

Uh,

> “it'll grow back,” I said. I know to an actual human I probably looked like I was dying. my injuries were the equivalent of a human losing a limb or two plus most of their blood volume.

And it's like we're getting just told this shit, there's no description anywhere before this to tell us that that's how injured it is.

And then we're not even allowed to take this description here seriously at all. It's just the basic violation of the concept of show don't tell, and that is exactly why it's impossible to actually take anything in this story seriously, and it's why it's lighthearted and light reading and why so many people uh say, "Oh yeah, it's such a fun series. I just turn my brain off. I don't think about it at all." And then, "uh maybe it's a bad sign that I forget every single thing that happens when I'm not actively reading that. But I'm fine with that."

That's a literal review I've read.

Yeah, it's literally designed not to be taken seriously. But then Martha Wells wants to have it both ways where she will get up on a fucking literal stage and, and tell you the audience person who's read this book before coming here, I hope maybe not, um that you're willfully ignorant if you took this book in the way that

she fucking wrote it, which is a light-hearted comedy about cute robot and slave owners that we're not supposed to admit are slave owners, cuz we're just supposed to see them as cute little cinnamon rolls.

That's the book she wrote.

But then she wants to get up on a stage and claim that *you* are willfully ignorant and an idiot for not taking this seriously, even though she literally made it impossible for you to take it seriously.

Anyways,

> “I know but still.” She eyed me for a long moment. So long I tapped the security feed for the mess where the non-wounded members of the group were sitting around the table talking. They were discussing the possibility of more underground fauna and wishing they had intoxicants. That seemed pretty normal. She continued, "You are very good with — “

Oh, yeah. Uh, you will love the Imperial Radch series. You'll see every single thing. That's one of the things. We just went past it. You'll see.

> She continued, "You are very good with Doctor Volescu. I don't think the others realized...They were very impressed.
> “It's part of the emergency med instru — .

It's weird there that med is not capitalized. It should be. That's weird. That's on page “21”. What's 21 - 9? I'm not doing math.

Yeah, the word med there should be capitalized because med is always referring to MedSystem.

Yeah, we're on page 12, which they're claiming is page 21.

Uh,

> “It's part of the emergency med instructions, calming victims.” I tugged the blanket tighter.

Also, again, I do have to point out now before we get into the very hilarious part, uh, Martha Wells is really fucking bad at dialogue. So, if you just look at the dialogue, the conversations really don't fucking make sense, because all of the characters just act like they're mind readers. It, it gets really bad later. I'll, I'll tell you when we get there. You'll, you'll notice it and then I'll tell you.

> “It's part of the emergency med instructions, calming victims.” I tugged the blanket tighter so she didn't see anything awful. I could feel something lower down leaking.

And it's like, okay, that's another contradiction. I got to put that in my little notepad on here.

Murderbot just says that something is leaking, but we were explicitly told that it doesn't leak blood because it's wound — Its, its, its veins and arteries both seal automatically.

But now we're getting told that something is leaking.

And this is supposed to be and — and this is meant to be funny. This isn't “I can feel I'm literally bleeding to fucking death and dying”.

No, it's supposed to be funny. It's hahaha, isn't that awkward? Uh “I could feel something lowered down leaking” because Murderbot is — It's supposed to be funny how Murderbot is just magically bleeding even though we were literally told just a few maybe like two pages ago that it's literally impossible for it to bleed.

Again, it's just bad writing.

Like, if you're not a writer, you're probably thinking, "Well, that's that's just a nitpick. Actual fucking writer here. I write." This isn't the kind of nitpick you leave in your story. If you actually give any shits at all about basic quality, you don't leave in basic contradictions like that. That's just genuinely bad fucking writing.

Uh,

> yes, but the MedSystem was prioritizing Bharadwaj and didn't check —

Also, I got to interrupt this shitty dialogue because why the fuck — you know, if somebody is severely injured and you're concerned about their safety, maybe don't go talking their fucking ear off while they're trying to heal in the hospital bed?

I got to say, that's just really fucking weird. Like we're not supposed to see anything weird with what Mensahh is doing right now, but it's like it's in the hospital bed that will heal it. Why are you fucking interrupting that?

Like they all know what it's cubicle does. It's the repair cubicle. It's going to heal it. Why are you here talking all this shit at it when it's like you're — It's just weird.

Also, it — Yeah, it's just weird. None of this behavior, like retroactively, from what we'd know of the characters from later books, none of this behavior makes sense.

They wouldn't just send Doctor Mensahh, they would all be waiting outside the fucking room or they would at least be talking about her going to visit Murderbot.

None of this makes sense for the characters. It's just bad writing.

And yes, it is bad writing because if you're going to write a series, you don't *have* to plan ahead. You probably fucking should, but you don't *have* to. But at the very least, once you've read written book one, you're starting on book two, you have to reread book one before writing that, and multiple times you keep going back and forth to make sure what happens in book two doesn't contradict what happened in book one.

So based on everything in all the rest of the books in this series where we get to know these characters, Doctor Mensahh, Rathi, Gurathin, etc., none of what they're doing in here makes sense, and it's not in a ~they've changed and grown as people and gotten character development~ They don't have character

development. They are fucking flatter than this fucking cardboard cuz this cardboard is like —

Is it thicker than this book? It's — this cardboard is only slightly less thick than this book.

These characters are flatter than this cardboard. They don't get character development.

Uh, where was I?

Oh, yeah. This this long chunk of dialogue. It's not long by itself inherently, but like it's a long chunk of dialogue when somebody's lying in a hospital bed trying to fucking heal.

> Yes, but the

the uh, Mrderbot said,

> it's part of the emergency med instructions, calming victims.
> Yes, but the MedSystem was prioritizing Barwage and didn't check Velescu's vital signs.

> It didn't take into account the shock of the event and it expected him to be able to leave the scene on its — on his own.

And it's like she's arguing with Murderbot right now when Murderbot has lost 20% of his body mass. It's like this is just a very... bizarre thing to do, when we're supposed to think these people are good people.

And it's like, why are you bothering the person who's literally in a fucking hospital bed trying to get healed?

And it — it's never gets brought up as this what she's doing. But it's just very strange. Like I didn't even notice this the first few times reading this, but this is a very — it's bizarre. It's bizarre.

Like the one thing you always get told to people about people in hospitals and shit is don't make that don't keep fucking talking their ear off when they're trying to heal. Don't keep making them just let them go to fucking sleep and shit. Stuff like that.

> On the feed, it was clear that the others had reviewed field camera video. Field camera video. They were saying things like

Oh, this is the lie. This Martha Wells is so bad at writing. She's so bad at writing. This is so bad. Oh my god. Because now retroactively and it goes the same for ART, asshole research transport / Perihelion. It it's — she did this in the books of the Raksura too. She's so bad at writing.

This next paragraph is so bad retroactively once you've read the rest of the series because —

— Should I, should I explain to them why this is going to be bad or should I read it and then explain?

(from offcamera) Read it and then explain.

All right. Cardboard says gonna read it and then explain.

So, okay. Here's this next paragraph.

> On the feed, it was clear that the others had reviewed field camera video

that could be shortened. Uh,

> they were saying things like, "I didn't even know it had a face."

I have to close my eyes. Just that's that's that's just the first sentence in this little very big chunk of paragraph. That's so — it's like evil. Evil's the word for it when you read the rest of the books in this series and take things in the most — the only logical way forward in universe, these people are evil.

> On the feed, it was clear that the others had reviewed field camera video. They were saying things like, “I didn't even know it had a face.” I'd been in armor since we arrived, and I hadn't unsealed the helmet when I was put when I was around them. There was no specific reason. The only part of me they would have seen was my head and its standard generic human. But they didn't want to talk to me and I definitely didn't

> want to talk to them. On duty would distract me and off duty… I didn't want to talk to them. Mensahh had seen me when she signed the rental contract, but she had barely looked at me and I had barely looked at her because again, murderbot plus actual human equals awkwardness. Keeping the armor on all the time cuts down on unnecessary interaction.

All right. Well, apparently not all of that paragraph is the evil part. I mean, that's also just more slavery, apologism, and dehumanization in there, but the thing we're focusing on here is

> they were saying things like, "I didn't even know it had a face."

This is the slavery apologism. And out of universe, this is the slavery apologism.

This is us pretending. Martha Wells telling us, "Oh, um, don't be mad at them for renting out a slave. Don't be mad at them for being slave owners. They

just didn't know um the slave they were renting out was a person. (sighs)

And if you've read the rest of this series already, or at least even partway through it, you know these motherfuckers are lying through their godamn teeth. And more than lying through their godamn teeth, they are staging this in the hopes that Murderbot will notice them saying these things, so that it thinks that they genuinely had no idea it was a person, because

> they were saying things like, "I didn't even know it had a face."

A thing that is objectively untrue. We know these characters.

I am just speechless.

This is what happens when you are A) racist, B) a shit writer, C) racist, D) a shit writer. It's so many layers. So many layers. So many [__] layers. I —

> They were saying things like, "I didn't even know it had a face."

Because the only shit explanation for them saying this shit is that like they have to be staging this conversation legitimately in the hopes that Murderbot will notice so that it won't be mad at them.

Because they know they know that it's a fucking person. They've known the entire time that it's a person. We know from everything else revealed in the rest of the series that they know that robots are people.

They know that you're supposed to treat robots like people.

They knew Murderbot this whole goddamn fucking time was a real fucking living breathing person, and yet they've been on this planet survey planet for probably a month just treating Murderbot like a a fucking mindless object.

Literally not acknowledging it as a person, treating it like the fucking slave it is, because they're slave owners.

And now only as soon as it saves their lives by risking its fucking life by proving it's One of The Good Ones do they suddenly go, ‘maybe we should treat it like a person. Huh?’

But — and they lie because Martha Wells has to try and make us like these slave owners and has to tell us — has to try and convince us that um, we shouldn't be angry at them in any way.

Um because it's not their fault. They just didn't — How were they supposed to know that robots are people and that slavery is bad? You got to forgive these poor little innocent slave slave owners!

It's like, 1) not how that works, 2) Especially not how that works when the entire rest of the series exists to show us these characters knew exactly what they were doing in this book because that is how

chronology works. That's how logic works. That's how the timeline of events works.

In universe. These people know exactly what they're doing. They knew Murderbot was a person this whole time.

They are now lying to Murderbot specifically so that it won't be angry at them for enslaving it. so that they can pretend they just had no fucking clue that slavery was wrong.

Even though every single other book in the rest of the series reveals that this is a flatout fucking lie. This is Martha Wells, meta-verse, this is Martha Wells lying to us. This is her getting us to forgive these characters for renting out a slave because they just didn't know it was wrong. They, they had no idea that “robots” were people even though Murderbot is literally not a robot. It's a cyborg. Martha Wells has fucking admitted this.

She's just writing these books to make that as unclear as possible because she knows that if she tells

everybody they're cyborgs that everybody would be rightfully fucking up in arms about the racist ableist dehumanization in-universe that she is literally asking us to agree with.

She's literally asking us to agree with her, and more importantly with the in-universe slave owners that Murderbot and every single other enslaved cyborg, that they're not human because they were mutilated at birth to get their fucking arms chopped off to put the stupid energy guns in their arms and had their genitals removed, presumably because everything below the waist was chopped off and they were given fucking robot legs and shit.

(from offscreen) Digestive tracts cuz they can't eat.

Yeah, they have no digestive tracks. These are cyborgs. Martha Wells admitted they were all they're all fucking cyborgs. But she doesn't want to use that word because people have “preconceived ideas” about how cyborgs — how cyborgs work in science fiction.

And how cyborgs work in science fiction is cyborgs fighting for equal rights and for their humanity to be acknowledged because they are dehumanized because they are metaphors for so many oppressed people. Usually disabled people. In this case, not only disabled people, but Black people in fucking particular because you've made them chattel slaves. They are fucking property. You can't do this shit!

And now in universe, literally the only fucking explanation for the PreservationAux team's behavior in this book once you've read the rest of the books is, "Oh, they are literal fucking monsters even more than they already were for renting out a slave. They are fucking monsters who are now lying to that fucking slave's face to manipulate it so that it thinks that they just had no idea what they were doing. All and all the while we know now they know exactly what they're doing.”

They are lying fucking bastards who rent rented out a fucking slave, and if as if that weren't bad enough, decided to add insult to injury by then literally fucking lying to that slave's face to fucking guilt trip it

into not being angry with them for enslaving it, by pretending that they just had no fucking clue it was a person.

(Sarcasm) “You can't be — Please don't be mad at us. We didn't even know you had a face!!!!” (End sarcasm)

As though anybody who's read the rest of the series, you know exactly what I'm fucking talking about. And if you haven't, if you're only experiencing this through me, you'll find out when we get there.

Anyways, that's enough video for today. My throat hurts from talking too much.

Bye-bye.

03

It's August 18th. We're going to continue reading this.

Uh the camera is filthy.[cleans camera] There we go.

I don't remember which exact page I was on, but I know we were at the part where they're like, “they were saying things like ‘I didn't even know it had a face’.”

I think we got to the part where it's completely and utterly — that's a fucking lie. Um, I'll read that paragraph again anyways because it's giant. Oh, no, that's the one I had read. Okay. Uh, blah blah blah blah blah blah blah,

> keeping the armor on all the time cuts down on unnecessary interaction

Because Martha Wells is pretending um, to us out in the metaverse, and in-universe is having these characters fucking lie, trying to convince us, the audience, when this book was new, and we had no

more context than this book, just — trying to pretend that “because Murderbot was wearing its armor, it just just looked like a mindless robot, so that's why they didn't reali — the PreservationAux team, these slave owners, they just didn't realize it was a person and that slavery was wrong.”

Even though they explicitly come from a planet where — and just, a world in general where *everybody* knows robots are sentient.

There's no propaganda that robots aren't sentient. Everybody knows robots are sentient.

So claiming that um, Murderbot keeping its armor on is the reason nobody realized it was a person, they know what robots are. They know what SecUnits are. They are just lying fucking bastards.

Like. Martha Wells is just shit at writing and she's a bigot. so, she wants — she wants in this book to claim that ~they just had no clue~, but then later wants to make them look good by saying that they, ~of course they they know robots are people!~, even though that

contradicts what they just fucking established in here, where they're claiming not to have known that Murderbot was a person and thinking it was just a fucking machine, even though there's plenty of fucking machines in here who are people who are literally on their fucking planet.

Anyways, that's on page 21, which is the fucking lie.

> I said it's part of my job not to listen to the system feeds when they...make mistakes.

And then thinking,

> That's why you need constructs, SecUnits with organic components. But she should know that before she accepted deliver of me, she had logged about 10 protests trying to get out of having to have me. I didn't hold it against her. I wouldn't have wanted me either.

And again, that's a joke. That's that's supposed to be a joke of ~lol, I wouldn't want to own me as a slave

either, lol, because I'm so insufferable and nobody likes me.~

And it's like, *we're talking about slavery*.

And this line of:

> before she accepted delivery of me, she had logged about 10 protests.

And this is what people use to justify and pretend that they're not slave owners. “They had no choice but to rent out a slave for literally no reason!”

[holding up book] Also, because I cannot stand it, I have to point again the massive fucking margin at the bottom of this page. And then they're not even making the, the page number, like, the page number is like noticeably smaller than the rest of the text.

So like they're not even making that bigger to so that you have to squint at that to see what it is. I mean you probably don't. I, I have to squint at it. But like look at that fucking margin. That's not the end of the chapter.

The end of the chapter is over here. This is just ridiculous.

Yeah. Again, we're we're making light of being a fucking slave because ~I wouldn't want to have me either.~ Again, that's a joke. That's a, that's a joke about how slavery is funny and not a big deal because ~haha, it's just a self-deprecating joke~.

And again, yeah, we're we're supposed to think, “oh, uh, they they complained about having to rent out a slave, so that means the fact that they went out of their way, solar systems out of their way to rent out a slave, that means we can't actually be mad at them for that. Cuz um, they were annoyed by it. And then they still did it.”

Seriously.

> I don't know why I didn't just say, "You're welcome, and please get out of my cubicle so I can sit here and leak in peace."

Even though we literally went out of our way, Martha Wells went out of her way, to tell us like what was it three pages ago? Yeah, that was on page quote-unquote 18, aka page nine. We're now on page quote-unquote 22. On page quote-unquote 18.

We established that Murderbot doesn't leak blood because its veins seal automatically. So, what exactly is it supposed to be leaking now? No, nothing at all.

And again, that's just supposed to be funny. “Please get out of my cubicle so I can sit here and leak in peace.” And she's using the word leak on purpose to make it funny and quirky and a joke, so that Murderbot being grievously injured by throwing itself in the line of fire to protect its slave owners, that's not actually supposed to be a serious thing that we can fucking take seriously as readers, because we don't, we don't get any description of the pain Murderbot is in.

And the fact that it's in pain is barely acknowledged at all. We don't get a description of what the injuries look like, how it's going to heal, how many resources

are going to be required to heal it, and then we just get shit like, uh, “let me leak in peace, please.”

> “All right,” she said and looked at me for what objectively I knew was 2.4 seconds and subjectively about 20 excruciating minutes.

Also, people keep pointing this shit out and acting like it's a revolutionary concept, and uh ~that's how fast Murderbot thinks!!!~

And it's like, okay, this is not a new writing thing, it's just, you're just — it's ridiculous.

Like, so many people have mentioned shit like this when characters are embarrassed. Uh “he knew it had only been like two seconds but it felt like thousand fuckingyears standing there in the middle of the fucking hallway” something etc. This is not a new —

(from offscreen) Magnus tries to tell a joke

Uh, Ultra Magnus tries to tell a joke in some Transformer story.

Like, people are like, like going batshit over the statement:

> Objectively I knew it was 2.4 seconds, but subjectively it felt like a 20 excruciating minutes.

Like that's a brand new thing that Martha Wells has invented.

It's like no guys, that's not new, that's basic shit. Why are you acting like this is the first book you have ever read in your fucking life? Like what in the fucking is going on? Like, “oh, Martha Wells is such a genius writer. I've never heard the concept that time seems to slow down when you are embarrassed about something.” That's a brand — that's like a fucking shocking concept to people reading these books, apparently.

> “All right,” she said and looked at me for what objectively I knew was 2.4 seconds and subjectively about 20 excruciating minutes. “I'll see you in 8 hours. If you need anything before then, please send me an alert on the feed.” She stepped back and let the door slide closed.

And again, we're not getting a description of what? — how? — what kind of positions these characters are in, because Murderbot is supposed to be in something called a cubicle, lying on a plastic bed. So, presumably horizontal, but we don't actually get the fucking reference like, that ‘Mensah is above Murderbot looking down.’ Like, let me even scroll the fuck back.

[flips back book]

Yeah, it's just

> Doctor Mensah opened the door and peered in at me.

No mention of ‘she had to look down to meet my gaze because I was lying down’ or ‘I had to look up at her, which was even more nerve-wracking than when we were at eye level.’ Anything like that.

Murderbot's supposed to be lying down, but we're we're not getting any of that.

She stepped back and let the door slide closed.

And it's just like again — well, actually, I don't know if I brought it up in this series. I — It's in one of my other videos, but years and years and years ago when I was still in high school, I read a, a parody fanfiction for the BBC Merlin fandom. It may still exist somewhere. I'll try to find it.

Um, it's just parodying all the bad writing you ever see in badly written fanfiction where there's no setting. The characters are just speaking. No description of the room whatsoever.

And the parody does this by parodying all of the bad writing by having the characters suddenly go, "Wait,

hold on. Hold on. Hold the fuck on, Merlin. Where are we? Are we in, Are we in the forest? Are we, Are we in, Are we in your room? Are we in the courtyard? Where are we? Are we in the tavern? Where are we? Where are we?"

And then they're just like, "Oh, um, well, the author didn't fucking describe the scene, so we are just in a fucking void. We could be literally anywhere. Also, how did you get here? Because as far as I can remember, we just started talking out of nowhere. Like, just there's just no setup for anything going on here and just all of this shit,”

And, and, and and that's that's literally what Martha Wells does, but unironically.

Like, we should be getting descriptions of how the characters are standing in position to one another, especially when you're talking about a slave and its fucking owner. Mensah standing above Murderbot in a position of power both symbolically and physically. That's a fucking thing. But we're not gonna do that, because we're just gonna do shitty bad fanfiction.

Like I, I keep specifying these are written like *bad* fanfiction because there's a difference between bad fanfiction and good fanfiction. And this is written like bad fanfiction.

> It left me wondering what they were all marveling at. So I called up the recording of the incident.

And yes, this is all just coming out of nowhere.

> Wow. Okay. I had talked to

or no.

> Okay. Wow. I had talked to all the way up the side of the crater. I had been mostly concerned with Hopper's trajectory and borrowed not bleeding out and what might come out of that crater for a second try. I hadn't been listening to myself. Basically, I had asked him if he had kids. It was boggling. Maybe I had been watching too much media.

And then in parenthesis,

> he did have kids.

This is this is all one paragraph.

> He did have kids. He was in a four-way marriage and had seven all back home with his partners.

And that's the end of that paragraph. And okay, here's a concept what that I thought of the first time I read this and I got here. I was like, "Oh, uh, what if Murderbot is plural? What if Murderbot's literally fucking plural?" Because of the trauma of being a fucking slave. So, it has parts of its fucking consciousness that are friendly and. and chat with people and do stuff like that, but no. Nope.

It's just “Murderbot just did all of that somehow without knowing it was doing that or remembering it consciously.”

I, I mean, I'm just going to go with Murderbot is plural from now on, but that's not canon. I mean, it is canon as far as Murderbot does millions of fucking things and very complex actions that it has no recollection of whatsoever. What do you, what would, what do you call that besides plurality? The fact that it did all of these things and said all of these things and had absolutely no recollection of it and is ab, like it's mind-boggling to murderbot. The sentence is

> it was boggling.

I'm just going to say Murderbots plural.

Anyways:

> All my levels were too elevated now for a rest period.

A thing that never comes up in any book following this because it's badly written.

> So, I decided I might as well get some use out of it and look at the other recordings. Then, I found something weird.

And and so Murderbot was about to go look at the other recordings of the things it did that it has absolutely no recollection of and can't understand it why, how it did that, uh but that gets interrupted.

I'm just going to say Murderbot is plural from now on.

> Then I found something weird. There was an abort order in the HubSystem command feed. The one that controlled or currently believed it controlled my governor module. It had to be a glitch. It didn't matter because when MedSystem has priority—

Uh, em dash, which is the long dash, to interrupt that, let me read it.

> There was an abort order in the HubSystem

HubSystem sent an abort order to Murderbot’s governor module. Uh we don't get any specifics, and that's said in the most convoluted way possible. I will read that sentence again.

> There was an abort order in the HubSystem command feed. The one that controlled or currently believed it controlled my governor module.

But what's the abort order for? Because and as again, again, um in order, this isn't foreshadowing. This is not foreshadowing, because foreshadowing kind of requires you to give the information to the audience. We're not being given it, there's something in at the last minute. Yeah.

> It had to be a glitch. It didn't matter because when MedSystem has priority,

And I don't understand that either, but whatever.

Uh, we get

performance reliability at 39% stasis initiated for emergency repair sequence.

A thing that will literally fucking —

I swear to God, they put an entire —

Oh my god, do you see how pathetic this is?

They put an entire blank page after chapter 1 to separate it from chapter 2.

Despite having a page break.

[holding up book] This is what a page break is. You can do it on your fucking computer on your uh LibreOffice, Open Office, to make the next thing just skip to the end of the page and start typing on the next.

That's how it works. These fuckers, they didn't just stop at putting this massive fucking margin at the bottom of each page. They don't just stop at lying

about what page number you're on. They are inserting entire full blank pages.

Let's — Let's just flip. Oh, it doesn't want to flip. Okay.

Oh, look at that. They do it for chapter 3, too. Oh my god.

Oh, they they didn't do it for chapter 4, though. That's not weird at all. Like, are you — They're not even being consistent.

Are they going to do it for all of the chapters or just just just some of them?

Did they give up like halfway through?

Yeah, they're do — they didn't do it at the for chapter five either. Are you hearing this? This is ridiculous.

Did, did — was somebody in charge of putting those in? They don't do it for chapter six.

They do it for chapter 7

And they don't do it for chapter 8. What is the fucking point of this?

So, they do it for chapter 2, three, and seven, I think. All right — what? Like this is just bullshit, I swear to God, this is so pathetic.

You put a page break there, so now the very next page should be this, but instead, it's completely blank.

So that — so that they could — so they could buff this shit out, to not even accomplish a single centimeter of book, so that they can pretend that this is worth the same as Ancillary Justice, an actual fucking novel with characterization and world building and political commentary that Martha Wells decided to fuck up every single way possible.

Anyways, we're now on chapter two after this blank page.

> When I woke up, I was mostly all there again

Because god forbid we have stakes.

Oh, I don't have my my little notepad open, I closed it. Uh, where the fuck did I put it? My notepad thing doesn't have an “open recent things” and I have a bunch of things. What did I name it? Oh, okay. Okay, I found it.

Yeah, we do have to include another random ass performance reliability blah to avoid actually ending the scene.

Um, this counts for the overpowered ableism because we're, we're told murderbots are supposed to be cheap, and yet Murderbot successfully healed. Uh:

> I was mostly all there again and up to 80% efficiency and climbing. I checked all the feeds immediately in case the humans wanted to go out

As though they're dogs. As though they're dogs and not slave owners!

> in case the humans wanted to go out.

Like they're literally — talking about a fucking dog that you're petsitting.

> But Mensah had extended the security interdict on the habitat for another 4 hours, which was a relief since it would give me time to get back up to the 98% range. But there was also a notice for me to report to her.

That's fucking rude.

> That had never happened before. But maybe she wanted to go over the hazard info package and figure out why it hadn't warned us about the underground hostile. I was wondering a little about that myself.

And if

(to person offscreen) Were you here when I was pointing out that it's very bizarre for Mensah to just be like, interrupting the person who's trying to get healed, to just blather their fucking ear off and argue with them, when they're actively in a hospital bed?

Trying to go to sleep, to heal and you're just here arguing with them? Like it's just fucking weird as shit.

(to camera again) Anyways, you notice how the PreservationAux team are just all still treating it like a fucking slave?

(person speaking intelligibly from offscreen)

Like Mensah not even there — Huh?

(from offscreen) Full month in.

A full month in. A full fucking month into this shit.

They're just putting in saying, "Hey, come here when you're awake, even if you're not fully healed yet." She doesn't even wait. Mensah doesn't even wait until it is fully fucking healed, it's only 80% healed and climbing. Just passively, just just just casual health regeneration.

> Their group was called PreservationAux and it had bought an option on this planet's resources and the survey trip was to see if it was

I have the hiccups for the record.

> And the survey trip was to see if it was worth bidding on a full share.

And we don't get an explanation for what the fuck any of that means.

Like, this is a this is a capitalist dystopia. You have to explain how these things function in a capitalist space dystopia where all — every facet of capitalism is worse.

> Knowing about things on the planet that might eat them while they're trying to do whatever it is they're going — whatever it is they're doing was kind of important. I don't care much about who my clients are or what they're trying to accomplish. I knew this group was from a freehold planet, but I hadn't bothered to look

> up the specifics. Freehold meant it had been terraformed and colonized, but wasn't affiliated with any corporate con confederations. Basically freehold generally meant

shit so — shit-so — show, shitshow.

I can't fucking say that word for some reason.

> So I hadn't been expecting much from them. But they were surprisingly easy to work for.

And it's like okay, Martha Wells, why are you like — and this isn't, this isn't explicitly in universe propaganda. It's true. Preservation is the exception. So it's like, so what? How is this anti- capitalist? If you're saying that everybody except Preservation, they're the good ones. They're the exception that proves the rule.

What are you fucking saying? If you're saying that all of the planets that also, just look at this fucking disgustingly huge margin at the top of the page and then the even bigger one at the bottom. I just hate it

so fucking much. I swear to God. And they didn't even use this bullshit to jump for bigger text.

What are you saying, Martha Wells, about everybody else? You're saying that everybody else who's not Preservation, who's not a capitalist planet, is a shit hole. How is that anti- capitalist?

Like, because Murderbot — this is never proven wrong. This is actively upheld — it's literally just everyone that's not ruled by the fed the corporations is a shit hole and Preservation is the sole fucking exception. It's fucking ridiculous.

It's literally just just capitalist propaganda that never gets fuckin, uh pushed back against. And it's just ridiculous, I swear to god.

But they were surprisingly easy to work for

because you know they're my ~good pure cinnamon roll slave owners. They're so nice.~

> I cleaned all the stray fluids off my new skin, then climbed out of the cubicle. That was when I realized I hadn't put the pieces of my armor up, and it was all over the floor, covered with my fluids, and Bharadwaj's blood. No wonder Mensah had looked into the cubicle. She had probably thought I was dead in there. I put it all back into its slots in the reclaimer for repair.

Also, Mensah, dick, fucking move. Why would — What? We're supposed to believe these are good people who care about slaves, and are good people and are “good slave owners”, so therefore they're not slave owners at all. But she saw how [__] drastically injured Murderbot was to the point that it didn't even notice that it was just dropping shit in its efforts to get into the fucking medical pod.

And she just left all that on the floor for it to clean up.

What if we could have had all of these people put on their fucking hazmat suits, proper fucking PPE, she — actually it is Mensah's job, because she's the one in

charge of this shit, so, she's she's literally has to be the one in charge of cleaning up fucking blood spills.

We're just going to go with grocery basic grocery store management things. Men's in charge. It's her fucking job to clean up spills involving blood. and we're going to include Murderbot’s never described fluids. We're just gonna assume that's blood, but dehumanized blood. So, it's just called a fluid because “you're, you're subhuman. So, you don't get to have blood. You just have fucking fluid, because you're just a shitty alien alien fanfiction version of David / the Working Joe's.”

Why didn't Mensah fucking clean up the fucking armor that Murderbot almost fucking died in? She has access to PPE. She has access to all the same fucking cleaning supplies.If we are supposed to fucking believe that these are good people who care about slaves and care about Murderbot, why are they leaving it to clean up its own fucking blood stains from it almost dying to save one of their fucking lives?

How is this — How is this good, good person fucking actions?

You know, if, if, if I cared about somebody and they had almost just fucking died saving my friend's fucking life, and their bloody clothes were all over the floor, I would get some fucking PPE and fucking pick up all the shit, clean up all of their fucking blood so that they can focus on fucking healing and not dying, and put it in the fucking washing machine.

Like, all Murderbot had to do was put it into its slots in the reclaimer for repair. You just pick it up and you put it in the fucking sci-fi washing machine.

Why didn't any of these people that we're supposed to believe are good people do this for Murderbot?

Why does it have to wake up from almost fucking dying and immediately clean up this shit?

It risked its fucking life for these people and they can't even be bothered to just fucking take some — god even just, fucking salad tongs! Just take some

fucking salad tongs, pick up the fucking armor, put it in the goddamn repair thing!!!

Because now Murderbot is going to have to wait for its fucking armor to get repaired. And they just left this all on the fucking floor. I'm just — Oh my god. Are you hearing this? Why would you do that to someone? Why would you do that to someone?

The second you examine these characters as people who are supposed to be interacting with the world even when the protagonist is not looking, literally like the f — this is called active reading right now. where we are actually paying attention to what's going on and asking “how does that fit into the larger context” and Murderbot having to fucking wake up and immediately crawl out of its hospital bed and go clean up its bloodied fucking clothes and armor because it was too fucking exhausted and traumatized to do so before it got into the fucking hospital bed, and all of the other people who are perfectly fucking fine —

They've had eight fucking hours to do anything to help it whatsoever, to just show basic fucking courtesy. It fucking almost died to save Bharadwaj.

Doctor Mensah was in there specifically fucking bothering it in a, in a fucking performative show of, "Oh, we're concerned about you. Um, not going to do anything to help you though. I am I am in fact just going to fucking argue with you while you're injured.”

Like, what in the fucking is this shit? This is going to piss me off for so fucking long now.

Like, what in the fuck?

Why wouldn't you —

Why would you not—

Why would you not—

How are —

How are we supposed to see these as good people when they literally cannot even be bothered?

Yeah, that person, our fucking meat — enslaved meatshield. literally almost died saving her life, and his life — successfully saved their fucking lives, and was so injured it literally just had to strip itself naked and climb into the fucking hospital bed to get healed.

“I'm just gonna leave all of that that bloody clothes on the floor even though we have. all of us have the ability to fucking clean this shit up so that the fucking meatshield slave who risked its life to save our friend doesn't have to deal with this shit when it wakes up after almost dying.”

What in the fuck!

You know that whole uh “yeah, he says he's feminist, but does he wash the dishes” shit?

Like, yeah, you claim you care about Murderbot, but do you even fucking do the bare minimum to help it when it just fucking almost died for you?

You won't even put its bloody clothes in the fucking washing machine! Your super space sci-fi washing machine that's in the same room! You literally just chuck them in! You don't even have to push any buttons! Just put it in there.!

Oh my god, I am going to be so pissed, just even the little things — because the little things build up to the larger fucking picture and it's like, Jesus Christ, imagine a fanfiction of your favorite characters and one of them fucking threw themselves into the mouth of a grabid to protect the other people, and then was so almost dead that they didn't even have time to wash their fucking bloody clothes before collapsing.

And the characters we're supposed to like just leave their bloody clothes all over their fucking apartment and leave them to fucking have to clean this shit up in the morning when they wake up from almost fucking dying.

Like, oh my god. That's on page 26. I'm going to be so fucking enraged by this forever now. Wow. Like, I

noticed this the first time, but I was like not fucking even — Oh my god.

Just go about vibes. Can I type my damn number?

We're 17 pages into the story and the characters that we're supposed to believe, um, are good people, they won't even clean up, they, they will force you to fucking clean — and just, Jesus Christ — Clean up your own blood.

You have to clean up your own blood after you risk your fucking life to save them.

Even though the person who literally should be in charge of blood spills, if you've never worked at a fucking grocery store, that's the fucking term for it. It's a blood spill because uh, bloodborne pathogens are a fucking thing. So only the fucking managers are allow — literally only the managers are allowed to do anything involving blood, because they're not allowed to literally make the fucking lowest workers, uh, engage with blood spills and potentially get a fucking deadly disease.

Mensah is — I don't give a shit. They're from Preservation. It's supposed to be a utopia. Mensah's in charge of blood spills. She's in charge. She's — It's her fucking responsibility.

But she is just making the slave that they have been treating like a fucking object — they know it's fucking — risked their lives and almost died and saved two of them, and, and they don't even give enough shits — they're not even grateful enough to clean up its bloody clothes.

Literally all they have to do just get some fucking PPE. Personal Protective Equipment if you don't fucking know what that means. Just get some fucking latex gloves. Pick the fucking armor up, put it in the fucking reclaimer, aka super sci-fi washing machine, and get a fucking mop.

It's a super sci-fi thing. They probably don't even need mops. You can probably just tell HubSystem, "Hey, spray some fucking disinfectant here” because they don't know HubSystem is supposed to be doing stuff yet.

Like,

> No wonder Mensah had looked into the cubicle. She had probably thought I was dead in there. I put it all back into its slots in the reclaimer for repair.

But it's like, okay, so Mensah, she had access to Murderbot's fucking status thing, so she would have known when it fell unconscious because of its damage. And, and, and she, and nobody else here, of the seven other — seven? Yeah, seven other slave owner characters, not a single one of them, even though we're told they're good people, not a single one of them decided to just, in eight fucking hours — eight whole goddamn hours! — none of them decided, “I'm, I'm going to be—”

No, like, imagine if Volescu had done it—

Or whoever here is the closest friends with Volescu and Bharadwaj had only left the their side in the fucking infirmary to come here and clean up Murderbot's blood so that it doesn't have to, because

— to show gratitude for it fucking almost dying to save their fucking friends!

Going from the infirmary where Bharadwaj and Volescu are, to Murderbot, because it's also in the fucking infirmary even if it's in the segregated section of the fucking hospital. Only “real purely organic humans allowed”. Jesus Christ.

> I put it all back into the its slots in the reclaimer for repair. I had an alternate set, but it was still packed into storage, and it would take extra time to pull it out and do the diagnostics and the fitting. I hesitated over the uniform, but the security feed would have notified Mensah that I was awake, so I needed to get out there.

So, Murderbot is in a rush because it is afraid that it's going to get in trouble if it doesn't get the fuck out to Mensah. I'm going to call her Doctor Mensah from now on because it fucking irritates the hell out of me that the, the narration is not lining up with the

fucking prose. It's completely inconsistent and it infuriates me.

Uh…

> I hesitated over the uniform, but the security feed would have notified Doctor Mensah that I was awake, so I needed to get out there.

So Murderbot is quietly fucking panicking. It doesn't want to just have to wear a uniform because it likes wearing the armor because it protects it.

And we're pretending that that's their excuse, the slave owner's excuse, for not “not realizing” it was a person, a fucking lie. So, Murderbot is scared that if it doesn't get the fuck out there as soon as possible, Doctor Mensah is going to hurt it, because Doctor Mensah didn't bother — even though we're supposed to believe these are good people who care about slaves —sShe didn't say anything like, "Take your time. I don't want you to get hurt," or anything like that. Um, “there's no rush.” didn't say anything to give any kind of assurance that it's not going to be

punished if it doesn't literally bolt out there as soon as it's fucking conscious again.

> It was based

And again with the lack of pronoun,

> it was based on a standard research group's uniforms and meant to be comfortable inside the habitat. Knit gray pants.

Also, what do you mean knit gray? Are they really knit? Because when you say a thing is knit, like, I don't think they have knit gr — unless Preservation brought these uniforms with them, which I highly fucking doubt, because

(from offscreen) I think she means sweatpants.

Yeah, that — Yeah, but saying knit like — this is supposed to be a super futuristic sci-fi. I don't think they're knit. I think whatever. Just say “soft fabric, gray pants, long sleeve t-shirt, and a jacket.”

> Like the exercise clothes, humans, and augmented humans

Is that the first time we have the word augmented humans?

Martha Wells loves dehumanizing physically disabled people, and it's bad enough in this one. It gets worse the longer it goes on, and the long, the longer — she just doubles down on it. And it's infuriating at this point.

> like the exercise clothes humans and augmented humans wore, plus soft shoes. I put it on, tugged the sleeves down over the gunports on my forearms, and went out into the habitat. I went through two interior secure doors to the crew area and found

And you notice how we're still not getting a single description of what any of these hallways looks like. Not even a description of the hallways, not a description of the setup.

We're just told, "I went out. I left my room and I went through two more doors and then I was in the crew area”

and found them in the main hub in a huddle around a console looking at one of the hovering displays. They were all there except Bharadwaj who was still in the infirmary and Volescu, who was sitting in there with her — in there with her. There were mugs and empty meal packets on some of the consoles. I'm not cleaning that up unless I'm given a direct order.

(to person offscreen) What?

(from offscreen) didn’t say anything

(to person offscreen) Okay.

Mensah was busy, so I stood and waited. Rathi

No “doctor”, I'm putting in the fucking “doctor”s because it's inconsistent and I'm going to — No... I guess I shouldn't do that for your benefit.

> Mensah was busy, so I stood and waited. Rathi glanced at me and then did a startled double take. I had no idea how to react. This is why I prefer wearing the armor even inside the habitat where it's unnecessary and can just get in the way. Human clients

As though Murderbot's not human, because it's literally a fucking cyborg.

> Human clients usually like to pretend I'm a robot, and that's much easier in the armor. I let my eyes unfocus and pretended I was running a diagnostic on something.

(sarcasm begins) Don't worry, guys. Murderbot's totally machine intelligence as of 2020. Yeah. Yeah, guys. Murderbot's totally not an actual human at all. It's It's not like it just has to *pretend* to be a fucking robot. Not like it's literally a goddamn cyborg who has been dehumanized and brainwashed into seeing itself as subhuman. (sarcasm ends)

You know, they literally call it an android and a droid on the back of this book. How fucking pathetic.

> Clearly bewildered, Rathi said, "Who is this?" They all turned to look at me, all but Mensah, who was sitting at the console with the interface pressed to her forehead.

And again, lack of descriptions! What, what do you mean `the interface is pressed to her forehead?` What does that interface look like? How does it interface with her fucking forehead? How is any of this working?

We're not going to get descriptions because this is written like it's shitty fanfiction for a, you know, the what's the word I'm looking for? The source material that we've all already read slash watched.

So, we don't — she “doesn't need” to give explanations even though *this is the source material*. This *is* the original fiction.

> It was clear that even after seeing my face on Volescu's camera video, they didn't recognize me without the helmet. So then I had to look at them and say, "I'm your SecUnit." They all looked startled and uncomfortable, almost as uncomfortable as I did. I wished I had waited to pull the spare armor out. Part of it is they didn't want me here. Not here in their hub, but here on the planet. One of the reasons the bond the bond company requires it besides slapping more expensive markups on their clients is that I was recording all their conversations all the time. Though I wasn't monitoring anything I didn't need to do a half-ass version of my job. But the company would access all those recordings and data mine them for everything they could sell. No, they don't tell people that. Yes, everyone does know it. No, there's nothing you can do about it.

And it's like, so this is Martha Wells attempting to like say, uh, “selling people's data is bad and recording people against their will is bad.”

Except the problem is that then every single other fucking story in this goddamn series expects you to agree that it's awesome and cool for Murderbot to spy on literally everyone at literally every single fucking time, including children.

So the, the the attempted statement of “oh, uh,,, surveillance is bad” — except when Murderbot does it literally all the time, and then we are literally expected to think that the characters who have a problem with this are Evil and Ableist Against the Robot, because you don't want to be spied on and have your private conversations in your fucking home recorded without your fucking knowledge.

So, she's literally saying here, trying to act like, "Oh, um, people don't like Murderbot because it spies on everybody and that's a bad thing."

But then the literally entire rest of the series wants you to feel bad about telling — about — it wants you to hate anybody who tells Murderbot, "Stop fucking spying on me. Do not fucking record my goddamn conversations. What the fuck? I did not give you

permission to record video of me. I didn't give you permission to record my voice. Why the fuck are you listening in on my private conversations?”

No good character that we're supposed to like is ever allowed to say anything like that, because the entire rest of the series is unironically — unintentionally, but unironically — saying that if you think it's bad for your privacy to be invaded, that means that you're a bigot towards poor little autistic robots.

I'm not joking.

You'll fucking see.

Let me get a drink. Pause this for once.

Okay, I'm back. I've had my tea made.

Also, I have in my notepad, before I forget any further, I wrote down that uh afterward for the last video, we get told that having Murderbot patrol inside the habitat would be “a stupid waste of resources”, and yet everybody putting things on lockdown for a

graboid that is like, hundreds of miles away probably, in a completely different ecosystem, isn't a stupid waste of resources? That's just a basic inconsistency.

Uh yeah, this whole bullshit, pretending to pretending to care and pretending to think that um, surveillance and data mining is bad — except for the entire rest of the series then comes along to say “no actually it's perfectly good and fine and progressive actually for Murderbot to spy on everybody, and anybody who has a problem with that, um they're racist against robots” and it's just ridiculous.

> after a subjective half hour and an objective 3.4 seconds

because we are all we're not even how many fucking pages ago was that? That was less, [counting] one... that was three, like four pages ago, that we did that the first time, and we are already going to attempt to beat that dead horse.

Uh…

> after a subjective half hour and an objective 3.4 seconds, Doctor Mensah turned.

We're calling her Doctor Mensah suddenly. That's weird. I didn't add that in. That's weird and incon — which is weird and inconsistent.

> Doctor Mensah turned saw me and lowered the interface.

The interface we still don't know what the fuck it looks like.

> She said we were checking the hazard report for the region to try and learn why that thing wasn't listed under hazardous fauna. Pin-Lee thinks the data has been altered. Can you examine the report for us?

And again, this is like this is just such a fucking bizarre way of speaking. Doctor Mensah just goes from zero to

> we were checking the hazard report for this region to try and learn why that thing wasn't listed under hazardous for fauna. Pin-Lee thinks the data has been altered. Can you examine the report for us?

No asking, um, “are you feeling better?” No asking “are you okay?” No asking, um, “do you need — do you want to go off duty for longer? Do you think you're fully recovered?” Nothing like that.

Just gets straight to, you know, using the fucking slave as a goddamn slave.

> “Yes, Doctor Mensah.” I could have done this in my cubicle and we could all have all saved the embarrassment. Anyway, I picked up the feed she was watching from HubSystem and started to check the report.

Like, yeah, literally, why is she making Murderbot walk all the fucking way out here when it was just grievously injured and then they made it clean up its bloody clothes and have made it walk all the way out

here and not one single fucking word of like — even when they realize that this is Murderbot they're talking to, nobody says, "Oh my gosh, are you okay?" They're all just staring at it silently. It — Jesus Christ.

> It was basically a long list of pert

It's a Wikipedia page.

> It was basically a long list of pertinent info and warnings on the planet and specifically the area where our habitat was with emphasis on weather, terrain, flora, fauna, air quality, mineral deposits, possible hazards related to any, and all of those with connections to subreports with more detailed information. Doctor Gurathin, the least talkative one, was an augmented human and had his own implanted interface. I could feel him poking around in the data, while the others using the touch interfaces were just distant ghosts. I had a lot more processing power than he did, though

because you're a fully integrated cyborg.

> I thought they were being paranoid. Even with the interfaces, you actually have to read the words, preferably all the words. Sometimes non- augmented humans don't do that. Sometime augmented humans don't do it either.

Very funny thing to say for an author who's actively cultivating an audience that just fucking reads off of vibes and no actual looking at the fucking words. Pretty fucking ironic.

> But as I checked the general warning section, I noticed something was odd about the formatting. A quick comparison with the other parts of the report report told me that yeah, something had been removed. A connection to a subreport broken. “You're right,” I said, distracted as I rifled through data storage looking for the missing piece. I couldn't find it. It wasn't just a broken connection. Somebody had actually deleted the subreport. That was supposed to be impossible with this type of planetary survey package, but I guess it wasn't

> as impossible as all that. “Something’s been deleted from the warnings and the section on fauna.” The reaction to that in general was pretty pissed off. There were some loud complaints from Pin-Lee and Overse and dramatic throwing-hands-in-the-air from Ratthi. But, like I said, they were all friends and a lot less restrained with each other than my last set of contractual obligations. It was why, if I forced myself to admit it, I had actually been enjoying this contract, up until something tried to eat me and Bharadwaj.

What a strange sentence.

Like, okay, the,

> the reaction to that in general was pretty pissed off.

They start yelling and throwing their hands into the air and behaving angrily.

And you know, if, if Murderbot were actually written like a fucking slave in a setting where we understand that slavery is evil, this should be causing Murderbot some extremely fucking severe anxiety, because

pissed off fucking slave owners means bad things for the fucking slave who's in the room and is a very convenient target who can't fucking fight back.

But no, instead we get, uh, it—

> but like I said, they were all friends and a lot less restrained with each other than my last set of contractual obligations. It was why if I forced to myself to admit it, I had actually been enjoying this contract, up until something tried to eat me and Bharadwaj.

Yeah, we're just going to gloss over any actual triggering-ness that this should be causing for the fucking slave who has been abused by slave owners its whole fucking life.

People, its slave own, current slave owners, getting extremely fucking pissed off, yelling, throwing shit, throwing their hands in the air and yelling? That should be causing Murderbot anxiety. It should be getting afraid of getting fucking hurt and it should then be des —

— If, if we must go with “these are the best slave owners ever”, then it should be feeling that anxiety, crushing fucking anxiety, instinctively backing the fuck away from them, and then trying to reassure

itself, “no, they're, they're they're nice so far. They haven't hurt me. It's probably fine.”

And then, you know, if we give a shit about these people *and* we want to pretend they're good people, they would all immediately see this reaction from their fucking slave who's obviously traumatized, and go, "Oh, no — we're not — we're not angry at you. Sorry, sorry for scaring you! We're just angry at this thing, not at you. We're not going to hurt you in any way.”

But no, we we just don't do any of that, because that would require thinking slavery is bad, and taking it seriously instead of just using it as shitty fucking set dressing. Let me get a drink.

That would, you know, that would make the story serious instead of light-hearted comedy. So that's why we don't do any of that at all.

Why are we fucking going on a random tangent? That's so weird. The next page is —That's so random.

I'll... I'll read that last sentence. It was why — the slavery apologism sentence, just so you can see how bizarre and out of nowhere this next paragraph on the page is. Uh...

> it waswhy if I force myself to admit it, I had actually been enjoying this cont[ract]

Murderbot enjoys being enslaved. “It's only when the slave owners are *mean* that being a slave is a problem, you see.”

> up until something tried to eat me and Bharadwaj SecSystem

S E C, as in security, because Martha Wells thinks if she just shoves a bunch of shitty acronyms in here that makes it real sci-fi.

> SecSystem

And it's just going to sound like I'm saying sex system, which everybody makes jokes about. I don't give a shit. It's also just — [holds up book] Look at this disgusting margin. I'm going to keep repeating it. Look at this fucking disgusting margin.

They literally have this whole piece of paper, and there — it looks like that shitty Arsene Lupin fucking scam that somebody just, very badly printed a PDF and tried to make it a book and didn't even properly refi — resize it at all. It's a very niche complaint to make. You can go find it. It's not illegal, cuz Arsene Lupin is public domain, but it's just like, come on, you can do better than that. Are you fucking kidding me?

(to person offscreen) If you have images of that, try to find an image.

(from offscreen) I don't.

(to person offscreen) Okay.

> SecSystem record every — records everything even inside the Al.

So, you notice how we we just keep doing redundant shit? It's going to get worse. We have HubSystem, we have MedSystem, we have Murderbot, *and* we have SecSystem because, (sarcasm begins) you know, we just need just keep adding more redundant things in.

It's not like it clutters up the storytelling or anything. (Sarcasm ends) Why not have Warriors *and* Soldiers? Because nobody told her no!

> SecSystem records everything, even inside the sleeping cabins. And I see everything. That's why it's easier to pretend I'm a robot.

Murderbot admitting it's not a fucking robot. And yet on the back of the book, we literally get lied to and told it's a droid and an android. Android is bad enough. Droid? That's a fucking crime, because that — calling it a droid. They're trying to profit off of, they're just trying to ride on the coattails of Star Wars there in particular.

> That's why it's easier to pretend I'm a robot. Oversee and Arada were a couple, but from the way they'd acted, they'd always been one.

And they — So, it's had to watch Overse and Arada having sex.

> But from the way they'd acted, they'd always been one and they were best friends with Rathi. Rathi had an unrequited thing for Pin-Lee, but didn't act stupid about it. Pin-Lee was exasperated a lot and tossed things around when the others weren't there, but it wasn't about Rathi. I thought that being under the company's eye affected her more than the others. Volescu admired Mensah to the point where he might have a crush on her. Pin-Lee did too, but she and Bharadwaj flirted flirted occasionally in —

who the... This is all one paragraph.

> But Pin Pin-Lee did too. But she and Bharadwaj flirted occasionally in an old comfortable way that suggested it had been going on for a long time. Gurathin was the only loner, but he seemed to like being with the others. He had a small, quiet smile, and they all seemed to like him.

That's just a, um, that's called an info dump. That's all one fucking paragraph.

(from offscreen) It was like a blurb she wrote for herself as a note.

Yeah. And then actually use that to — That's all one paragraph. Yeah.

> It was a low stress group. They didn't argue much or antagonize each other for fun and were fairly restful to be around as long as they didn't try to talk or interact with me in any way.

Even though you're supposed to be a traumatized slave who has been abused by slave owners your whole life and these people are extremely pissed off right now and are reacting violently with violent uh emotions and shouting and gestures.

A thing that should be causing you stress if this story were serious and actually asking us to take slavery seriously, but it doesn't.

Hence why we're being told these slave owners are so quirky. “Look how Queer they are! They got queer crushes! That makes being a slavery owner okay!”

With an expression of frustration, Rathi said, "So, we have no way to know if that creature was an aberration or if they live at the bottom of all those craters."

And it's like, why do you need to be looking in the fucking craters anyways?

Martha Wells, why don't you fucking tell us why these motherfuckers are here in the first place, and what they think is so goddamn important that they need to enslave someone to do it Hmm??

Arada, who was one of the biology specialists

Since fucking when?

said, "You know, I bet they do. If those big avians,

I'm going to nitpick the fuck out of that. They're not avians. They're not on Earth. They're not birds. Just say those big winged things, the big flying things, they're not avians. Whatever.

Anyways,

> “You know, I bet they do. If those big avians we saw on the scans land on those barrier islands frequently, that creature might be preying on them.”
> “It would explain what the craters are doing there,” Mensah said more thoughtfully.

So, she's supposed to be saying that thoughtfully.

> “It would explain what the creators are doing there.” That would be the anomal — that would be one anomaly out of the way at least. “But who removed that subreport?” Pin-Lee said, which I agreed was the more important question here. She turned to me with one of those abrupt movements that I had taught myself not to react to. “Can the HubSystem be

> hacked?” From the outside, I had no idea. It was as easy as breathing to do it from the inside with the built-in interfaces in my own body. I had hacked it as soon as it had come online when we set up the habitat, I had to. If it monitored the governor module and my feed like it was supposed to, it could lead to a lot of awkward questions and me being stripped for parts.
> “As far as I know, it's possible,” I said. “But it's more likely that the report was damaged before you received the survey package.”

And then just this sentence all by itself in one paragraph:

> Lowest bidder. Trust me on that one.

What does that fucking mean? Because — hold, it doesn't make sense.

“It's more likely that the report was damaged before you receive the survey package.” And then just just by

itself, “Lowest bidder. Period. Trust me on that one. Period.:

And it's like — because on the back of the book, we say like, where the fuck did it go? Um, “in a society where contracts are awarded to the lowest bidder, safety isn't a primary concern.”

And it's like, okay, there's, there's several massive problems with this whole conceit here, especially this random ass fucking sentence that comes out of nowhere and means nothing.

Um, we saying — this is saying that these people put on an advertisement saying they're looking for a security company, and then these people, from Preservation who were told are good people who care about safety and, you know, not violating Space OSHA...

We're now supposed to be convinced that they went with “the company.” Totally not Weyland-Yutani or anything. They went with “the company” because it was the cheapest option, even though they're

supposed to be good people who care about basic safety and would like to not die, and have literally the resources of an entire fucking planet at their disposal….

You're telling me that that the people from Preservation went with the cheapest company they could possibly find, because they're lazy, cheap bastards?

That doesn't line up with how we're *supposed to* see these characters, because we're *supposed to* see them as “the best ever socialist utopia, they're such good people. They really care about safety.”

Like, they could afford a company that's not going to get them killed by being cheap and cutting corners. But we're supposed to believe they went with the cheapest one possible because, that's what “safety where contracts are awarded to the lowest bidder, safety isn't a primary concern.”

But it is for these people, because they're from Preservation, and we're supposed to believe that they're like, competent and care about other people.

None of this shit makes sense the second you actually fucking think about it instead of just going off of vibes of, "Oh yeah, they had to go with the company."

It's like, did they though?

Because they're the ones hiring the company, not the other fucking way around. These people had every choice in the world!

They have, I cannot stress to you enough, they have all the money that an entire fucking planet run on slave labor can generate. And that's a lot of fucking money they could have just bought —

Why didn't they just bring their own security? None of this makes sense.

Literally, just thinking about it for five fucking seconds is enough to make all of this shit fall apart. Especially when she's just inserting this

> Lowest bidder. Trust me on that one.

Out of nowhere. It's fucking meaningless. There's no context for that. It's just in there. It's just there. It's ridiculous.

> There were groans and general complaining about having to pay high prices for shitty equipment. I don't take it personally. Mensah said, "Gurathin, maybe

Also, why are — these these people are supposed to be friends? Why are they calling each other by their last names?

It makes sense for Murderbot to call them by their last names because it doesn't fucking like them — well, it's not *supposed to* like them yet. It does. It very obviously already worships the ground they

walk, but it's not supposed to be friends with them yet, even though it is.

Why are they referring to each other as Mensah, Gurathin, Bharadwaj? Those are their last names. These people have grown up together. Why are like, why are they calling each other by their last names?

Again, it's just bad fucking writing, written like shitty fanfiction.

> There's no reason these people wouldn't be call — especially because we just got told multiple of them have a have a crush on Mensah. Like, they're not going to be calling each other by their last fucking names. They're going on a be on a first fucking name basis. “Gurathin maybe you and Pin-Lee

And we don't even—

whatever.

> “Maybe you and Pin-Lee can figure out what happened.” Most of my clients only know their special

This is — that's — Oh my god. The paragraphs in this are fucking atrocious. This is all one paragraph. I will tell you when we get to the end of the paragraph.

This paragraph continues up to the next page and — there's ink misprints on the next page.

Start of the paragraph.

> There were groans in general complaining about having to pay high prices for shitty equipment. Period. Start parenthesis. I don't take it personally. Period. End parenthesis. Mensah said, "Gurathin, comma, maybe you and Pin-Lee can figure out what happened." Period. End of the dialogue. Most of my clients only know their specialties, and there's no reason to send a system specialist along on a survey trip. Period. The company supplies all the systems and attachments. Parenthesis. The

> medical equipment, the drones, me, comma, etc. End parenthesis. And will maintain it as part of the overall package the clients purchase. But Pin-Lee seemed to be a gifted amateur at system interpretation, and Gurathin had an advantage with his internal interface. Period. Mensah added, "In the meantime, does the DeltFall group have the same survey package we do?”

Maybe you can you can see the little ink uh misprints, splatters. It's even at the bottom of the page. It's not showing up very well. It's like right here. and like all those darker smudges. You can't read the text obviously, but there's just there's smudges of ink everywhere.

That was all one fucking atrocious paragraph. I checked. Period.

> HubSystem thought it was likely.

That's a third asterisk.

So fucking —

(From offscreen) Would you like to get an example from Transformers?

(to person offscreen) You'll have to come over here or turn the fan or just talk louder.

(to camera) We're pausing quick.

(to person offscreen) You can stay behind the card—

(from offscreen) Pre-war Megatron and Soundwave are standing above a coliseum and talking. Soundwave, you seem distracted. As always, your emotions get in the way. They something something like that. They are not my emotions. And your creatures here, these are they are friends. Cyberronians, not creatures. I know. I merely wondered if you did.

(to person offscreen.) I'm not clear on who's talking, so you got to just say their names. Restart.

(from offscreen) Okay. Megatron says, "Hey, Soundwave. Uh, you seem distracted as usual. Your emotions get in the way." Sound replies, "They [something something] like that. They are not my emotions." Megatron asked. “and your creatures here.” And Soundwave replies, "These are these are friends, Cyberronians. They are not creatures." And Megatron responds with, "I know. I merely wondered if you did as well." And then in the voice over, Soundwave says, "He told the truth. As hard as it was then for me to shut out the sounds and sights of the world, I knew here was a Cybertronian. He told the truth. The sense, the emotion was unlike anything I had ever experienced." He looked at Ravage, Laserbeak, and Buzzsaw, and he saw brothers, not slaves. Here was someone whose emotions, whose thoughts, I did not want to block. “You know what the Ratioist, the Functionist, would do to your friends. Each a cog in a great machine.”

(to person offscreen) You're you're getting quieter.

(From offscreen) Yeah, “Desimus. He says that he ser he serves with my employer. Serves the Senate. the

Senate should be serving Cybertron. Instead, they rule us. What does uh the senator want from us?”

(from offscreen) Just that every single person Soundwave interacts with just sees the cassetticons and just like, "Oh, you just have a bunch of animals following you around." He's like, "They're not animals. They're people. They are equals." And that's the first thing that Megatron thinks and knows when he sees them is that he sees them as brothers in arms and not simply little slave creatures to be little pets. Yes.

(end of offscreen Transformers lore cameo)

Anyways, so yeah, everybody and their mom will tell you that this book series is about about how “robots are people, too!!”

But you notice how HubSystem, SecSystem, even MedSystem, they don't count as robots. They don't count as people. Even though you're kind of fucking required to delve into the goddamn question of “what separates a robot who's a person from any other machine?”, you do have to fucking ask that question.

But we're not going to ask that question, because the series doesn't actually care about saying robots are people.

It, what it really is, is, “once a slave, always a slave”.

And also, “the only robots and cyborgs we will consider people are the protagonists”. You'll see.

Where the fuck was I? Oh, yeah. Uh,

> Mensah added, "In the meantime, does the DeltFall group have the same survey package as we do?" I checked. HubSystem thought it was like

(to person offscreen) Turn the fan back on. It's hot over here. See if you can lower it because it doesn't seem to want to move. It, it doesn't want to go lower than that.

Guess I should check my phone battery. 63%. We're doing fine. Much better. Guess I should check if the internet arens[[HERE]]

> asked, "Does the DeltFall group have the same survey package we do?" I checked. HubSystem thought it was likely, but we knew what its opinion was worth now. “Probably” I said

And we're just disparaging HubSystem as though it's its own fault that it got hacked.

> “Probably” I said DeltFall was another survey group like us.

“Like us” Murderbots’ including itself, it with the fucking slave owners again. It said “we picked this spot” for the fucking thing. As though it's not — as though it had any choice in where the fucking habitat was put down. And this is just more slavery apologism. It's more subtle slavery apologism. Martha Wells is telling you Murderbot is already their equal. It got to ch— it was part of the decision-making process for picking where the habitation goes.

Even though that's not — that's not — that didn't happen on screen. It's just Murderbot including itself in the group for some fucking reason. uh

they were another survey group like us

Because murderbots including itself with its slave owners as part of the survey group instead of separating itself from its fucking slave owners. It's it's happy to be part of them. That's the slavery apologism.

Like I don't know how to explain to people a white — any, any fucking person, but especially a white woman from Texas who's been doubling down on her racism for decades now, probably longer than many people reading this have been alive to be fucking honest —

Um, this — that's Martha Wells making Murderbot love being a slave. That's slavery apologism. You can't defend it with in-universe justifications because Murderbot isn't a real fucking slave suffering this shit and suffering all the mental illness this is instilling in it.

It's, it's a character made up by a white woman from Texas who would rather defend British colonization

than just fucking admit she used racist caricatures in 2011.

> They were a bigger operation and had been dropped off by a different ship, so the humans hadn't met in person, but they talked over the comm occasionally. They weren't part of my contract and had their own SecUnits, the standard one per 10 clients. We were supposed to be able to call on each other in emergencies, but being half a planet apart put a natural damper on that. Mensah leaned back in her chair and steepled her fingers. “All right, this is what we'll do. I want you each to check the individual sections of the survey package for your specialties. Try to pinpoint pinpoint any more missing information. When we have a partial list, I'll call DeltFall and see if they can send us the files.” That sounded like a great plan in that it didn't involve me. I said, "Doctor Mensah, do you need me for anything else?"

[holding up book] Again, I I'm obligated. Look at this disgusting margin. Every time I get to the bottom of the page or see the top of a page, it's just hammered home again. It's just fucking ridiculous. It's even worse over here. Look at that bullshit. I hate it.

> She turned her chair to face me. “No, I'll call if we have any questions

Because you just made the person who risked fucking dying yesterday walk all the way out here and stand around. They didn't even offer it a chair. I will tell you, I will emphasize that, because we are going to read the Imperial Radch series together: they didn't even offer it a chair.

> “No, I'll call if we have any questions.” I had worked for some contracts that would have kept me standing here the entire day and night cycle just on the off chance that they wanted me to do something and didn't want to bother using the feed to call me. Then she added, "You know, you can stay here in the career area if you want. Would you like that?"

After nobody said anything such as, "Oh my gosh, thank you for saving our lives yesterday. Thank you for saving our friends lives yesterday. Are you okay?" We're just going to say, "Oh yeah, you can stay here if you want, even though we've done nothing to make you feel welcome at all and literally made you clean up your own fucking spilled blood after you fucking fell unconscious, lost consciousness from almost dying protecting us.”

We're supposed to pretend that her saying this is a genuine offer and her being ~so~ nice, but it's like, none of the — she didn't even ask it if it was okay in the fucking morning. She just bothered it while it was actively losing consciousness and then didn't, no, not a single fucking person here said has said thank you. Nothing. They haven't even acknowledged the fact that it saved their fucking lives and almost died doing so.

> Then she added, "You know, you can stay here in the career area if you want. Would you like that?" They all looked at me, most of them smiling. One disadvantage in wearing the

> armor is that I get used to opaquing the face plate. I'm out of practice at controlling my expression. Right now, I'm pretty sure it was somewhere in the region of stunned horror or maybe appalled horror.

And again, this is supposed to be a joke. It's not — we're not actually feeling Murderbot's fear at the prospect of being trapped in a fucking room with slave owners.

No, it's just a joke because Murderbot is socially anxious like regular autistic people have social anxiety.

Not like a fucking slave who has been tortured by people exactly like this. No, just regular social anxiety. So that's relatable and funny, right? No, no. This is — again, we, we are —

Literally, these books are literally written to not be taken seriously.

> Right now I'm pretty sure my expression was somewhere in the region of stunned horror or maybe appalled horror. Mensah sat up startled. she said hurriedly "Or not, you know, whatever you like." I said, "I need to check the perimeter." And managed to turn and leave the crew area in a totally normal way and not like I was fleeing from a bunch of giant hostiles again.

And then Martha Wells wants to go up on stages and lie to people who haven't read this book that everybody who thinks this is a light-hearted, funny comedy is just willfully ignorant and trying to ignore the deep meaningful messages she's sending.

It's like, insult of your choice, racist motherfucker, you literally made it impossible to take this seriously.

We are not— do you know how much how much fucking fear we could be experiencing with and for Murderbot at the prospect of being stuck in a — room with slave owners right now?

But instead of doing that, we're, we're joking about it. It's *funny* that Murderbot has social anxiety, because making fun of people with social anxiety, whether that's the intention or not, is what's going on here.

And it's also just making fun of slaves for being traumatized, but also telling us “it's not trauma, um, it's just relatable and quirky”, even though we're supposed to take this seriously.

She literally gets up on stages and, and lies to people who haven't read this, so they don't know they're being lied to, about how “serious, deathly serious” this is.

To the point that you tell people that, that she, that she's, that this is *supposed to be a* serious story and they'll be like, "Oh my god, it's not that deep. That's just factually incorrect."

And then you have to be the one to tell them, "Um, I'm so sorry. Martha Wells literally fucking thinks you

are willfully ignorant for saying this is just a funny comedy. I don't make the fucking rules here.”

Martha Wells is the one literally getting paid to lie to people and tell everybody that if you don't take this deathly seriously, the way I'm doing right fucking now, you're willfully ignorant, because she's a racist shitty writer who doesn't act — she wants the best of both worlds.

She wants to be able to churn out shitty fucking books that don't actually say anything progressive, and don't do any work at all to do anything except make shitty jokes, but then she also wants to tell people that she's really progressive and a very serious writer, and if you think that the comedy, the light-hearted, light reading comedy is funny, you're willfully ignorant.

Even though she wrote she every single fucking scene in this is like this, it's a joke. You're not supposed to take it seriously. It's literally impossible to take it seriously unless you literally fucking, fucking fire your fucking brain up in a completely separate scenario.

You have to make up all of the shit that *should be* going on in the scene in order to take this seriously.

Then we get a little line break. Literally a little line.

> Back in the safety of the ready room, I leaned my head against the plastic coated wall. Now they knew their murderbot didn't want to be around them any more than they wanted to be around it. I'd given a tiny piece of myself away. That can't

...seems like the font changed? Or maybe it's just the print on this page is much sharper. Abrupt. That's weird.

> That can't happen. I have too much to hide. And letting one piece go means the rest isn't as protected.

And again, that's all that that's all the time we spend on that little worry. It's literally, it's literally over after that fucking thing.

I shove away from — I shoved away from the wall and decided to actually do some work. The missing sub report made me a little cautious.

(to offscreen) Huh?

(from offscreen) Just statement. No Transformers thing.

(to offscreen) Okay.

(from offscreen) Cyclonus is longsuffering. Introducing himself into a movie saying Cyclonus of Tetrahex. I am not a Decepticon. I want you to put that on the screen. And then they put it on the screen. notable.

Okay.

The missing sub report made me a little cautious. Not that there were any directives about it. My education modules are — My education modules were such cheap crap. Most of the useful things I know about security I

> learned from the edutainment programming on the entertainment feeds. Parenthesis. (That's another reason why they

This is such a long sentence in parenthesis.

> (That's another reason why they have to require these research groups in mining and biology and tech

Just say — Jesus Christ. This is more just padding. Just saying shit for the sake of saying shit to make this book longer.

> (That's another reason why they have to require these research groups and mining and biology and tech companies to rent one of us or they won't guarantee the bond. We're cheaply produced and we suck. Nobody would hire one of us for non-murdering purposes unless they had to.

And again, as I keep saying, that's a lie.

> Nobody would hire us for non-murdering purposes unless they had to.

It's a lie. Murderbots, as this book consistently fucking calls them, so I'm just not going to correct myself. I'm not putting in more effort than this book is going to.

Nobody ever uses murderbots to murder people.

That's just a fucking lie.

And the thing that makes it a lie is that we get told it in this book, and then the entire rest of the series just shows us that's literally not fucking true. So it's a lie. It's not just inconsistent. It's not just a retcon. It's just a lie.

I mean, because it's not even — it'sm and it's not a retcon either, because we never get any proof that this actually happens in this book either. It's not just “oh uh we, we're getting rid of that.” It's just a lie.

And then it's a lie that the fandom continues to repeat because they, they they ignore everything that's actually in this fucking series, and saying that Murderbot is a Terminator, a thing it objectively is literally not, and is — they are never fucking used for that. That makes it sound cooler than it really is.

Anyways:

> nobody would h [uh...yeah,] we're cheaply produced

Despite the fact that we can just be plugged into literally any random wall and heal instantly over eight hours magically back to 100%. No problems. Don't even have scar tissue. Don't need food. Never run out of power. But yeah, they're totally cheaply made.

And again, the knight of the cart. This is the shitty version of The Imperial Radch where the, the the things that the murderbots are very just ripoff, shittier ripoffs of, they're called ancillaries in that.

Hence the title Ancillary Justice, Ancillary Sword, Ancillary Mercy.

They are actually disposable fucking slaves. They literally actually get fucking murdered if they so much as fucking break an arm. That means that's a fucking death sentence for them because Ann Lecki is not a fucking shitty racist ableist coward like Martha Wells is.

(from offscreen) As that sounds out of context.

Huh?

(from offscreen) As ironic as that sounded.

No. Shush. Shush. No.

You, you will fucking see when we get there.

In The Imperial Radch series, the slaves are actually fucking disposable because Anne Leckie's not a shitty racist ableist coward.

She doesn't fucking lie to the audience and expect us to say, "Oh yeah, um, they're really cheaply made and disposable. That's why we heal every single one of them every single time they're injured. And that doesn't require any resources at all. just plug them into the fucking wall and a line break later and they'll magically be healed.”

So, you'll see you'll see. We will get there. You can even read ahead. Just close this video, go read Ancillary Justice. You'll you'll spend a lot more time with that, enter, being entertained. It'll make you cry.

Uh where the fuck were they?

Yeah, the, the lying and saying, "Oh, murderbots are cheaply produced and we suck. But also ignore the part where they repair us back to 100% every single time we get injured.”

(from offscreen) Regeneration

“And we and we have health regeneration. And what — I have passive regeneration. Yeah, we have passive

fucking health regeneration. Ignore that. Ignore that. We're, we're totally cheap and disposable, guys. That's why we literally self-repair in 8 hours with no issue, no like loss of extreme amounts of resources, nothing. That's why that's we're cheaply made and we suck.”

That's why they totally didn't fucking just shoot Murderbot in the head and thaw out the next one. A thing that literally happens in Ancillary Justice when one of the fucking disposable slaves gets injured, the fucking slave owners say, "Well, just fucking kill that one. Thaw out the next one." Because that's how being disposable works. And Ann Leckie actually gives a shit and isn't a fucking racist shitty coward.

Oh, we're doing this shit. This is — Oh boy.

> Once I got my extra suit skin,

A thing we will never get described. I don't know what that fucking means.

> Once I got my extra suit skin and spare set of armor on, I walked the perimeter and compared the current readings of the terrain and the seismic scans to the one we took when we first arrived.

Again, what what the fuck is a suit skin? Is it an actual real fucking fake skin that Murderbot has to pull over its already existing skin?

Is it just a shitty fancy word for underclothes or under armour? We don't know. We don't fucing know, because it's badly written.

This is why I keep saying it's written like shitty fucking fanfiction.

And I specify, again, shitty fanfiction because good fanfiction, even if the source material were available, would still just explain these basic concepts, because good fanfiction writers still understand that their fanfiction should as much as possible be a self-contained story. That's the difference between good

fanfiction and shitty fanfiction. And this is written like it's shitty fanfiction.

> There were some notes in the feed from Rathi and Arada that fauna like the one we were now calling Hostile One might have made all the anomalous craters in the survey area but nothing had changed around the habitat.

Getting a drink. Put my drink all the way over here...

Did you notice how we never get a description of the survey area either? It's just a *thing* that *exists*.

> I also checked to make sure both the big hopper and the little hopper

The fact that there's two of them is just infuriating to me. We don't need two of those things. It should have just been one because trying to keep track of both of them is just fucking irritating as shit.

> I checked to make sure the both the big hopper and the little hopper had their full complement

> complement of emergency supplies. I packed them in there myself days ago, but I was mainly checking to make sure the humans hadn't done anything stupid with them since the last time I checked.
> I did everything I could think to of to do, then finally let myself go on standby while I caught up on my serials.

And at no point during any of this does anybody tell Murderbot, "Oh, by the way, um you don't you don't have to fucking work today, because you almost died yesterday."

Like, literally just barely fucking survived.

“You can just hang out and take a break.”

We're we're literally told that robots on Preservation get fucking lunch breaks even though they don't eat. And that's supposed to show how naive and stupid the Preservation humans are.

And, and then, and then these people are just making Murderbot work a full fucking shift the day after it almost fucking died.

And nobody's communicating, “hey, you can take a break, by the way. We scheduled a fucking break for you.” No, they're literally still treating it like a slave, even after they've supposedly “realized it was a person”, as though they didn't know that the whole fucking time.

> I'd watched three episodes of Sanctuary Moon and was f

Like, Murderbot literally has to fucking —

Whatever.

Swear to God.

> I'd watched three episodes of Sanctuary Moon and was fast forwarding through a sex scene when Doctor Menso sent me some images through the feed and it's like

And then this is interrupted so fucking ridiculously.

This is — this paragraph is ridiculous.

I'm going to restart this paragraph. Okay.

> I did everything I could think of to do, then finally let myself go on standby while I caught up on my serials. Period. I'd watched three episodes of Sanctuary Moon and was fast forwarding through a sex scene when Doctor Mensah sent me some images through the feed. Period. Start of parenthesis 1. I don't have any gender or sex related parts. Start of parenthesis 2. If a construct has those, you're a sex bot in a brothel, not a, not a murderbot. End of parentheses 2. So maybe that's why I find sex scenes boring. Period. Though I don't — though I think that even if I did have sex related parts, I would find them boring. Period. End of parenthesis one. I took a look at the images in Mensah's message, then saved my place in the serial.

Like Jesus Christ, that was all one paragraph.

And that's, and yeah, literally the — Murderbot is only aroace because of the biological essentialism saying, "Oh, um, I think if I didn't — I think even if I *did* have genitals, I would probably still find sex scenes boring” because Martha Wells is so fucking obsessed with biological essentialism, saying, "Oh, well, probably I would still find them boring even if I did have genitals,” a thing it doesn't have.

Wait it's literally just biological essentialism. The reason that Murderbot is allowed to be nonbinary and allowed to use its pronouns is that it doesn't have any genitals and Martha Wells thinks it cannot be considered human because ~it's just basic biology.

“If you have prosthetics in your brain, obviously you can't be human. That's just basic biology. Of course, it's it's not male or female. It doesn't have genitals. That's just basic biology. Of course, it doesn't find sex attractive. It doesn't have genitals. That's just basic biology.”

There's literally nothing about Murderbot’s sexuality or gender identity that's not baked into biological essentialism.

And for the exorsexist, aroacemisic fucking jackasses in the fandom, no, that doesn't actually mean you get to misgender Murderbot or erase the fact that it's aroace, because these are in fact not — I forget the fucking...forget the fucking word…

These are not mutually exclusive statements. Murderbot is aroace and nonbinary because Martha Wells is a fucking bigot.

And you still have to respect the fact that Murderbot is aroace and non-binary.

Those aren't contradictory statements.

That's just how not being a raging bigot works.

You have to acknowledge the bigotry baked in. And then you still have to respect Murderbot because

Murderbot represents real people like me: aroace nonbinary. I use it/its pronouns.

You — any, any excuses you use to misgender Murderbot is shit that's been used to misgender me. So shut the fuck up.

You do have to do both of these things.

You have to respect the real aroace and it/its pronoun using nonbinary people that Murderbot represents.

And you have to fucking reckon with the fact that the only reason Murderbot is these things is that Martha Wells is a biological essentialist bigot.

That's it.

I can guarantee you if Murderbot had genitals, it would be as aromantic and polyamorous as every single other Martha Wells character, because it's pretty clear that Martha Wells is probably aromantic and polyamorous, so that's what all of her characters are.

Unless you don't have genitals, in which case she's like, "Oh, well, yeah, obviously you, you're, you're aroace. Because I'm so uncreative that I think not having genitals would mean that — nobody just —

—I am aroace. I'm sex repulsed. I just — just, the lack of imagination because of the obsession with biological essentialism is just fucking astounding.

Anyways, uh where was it?

So yeah, Doctor Mensah bothering Murderbot again while it's while it's doing it after while it is taking a break — unscheduled break on its own time from its slave duties — and then she's messaging it to get doing its slave duties again.

(Sarcasm begins) But you know, these are these are totally good people who care about Murderbot and treat it so well. They don't treat it like a slave at all. Not like they— (Sarcasm ends)

So why didn't they schedule it some fucking break time????

Why didn't a single person say, "Hey, thank you for saving Bharadwaj and Volescu"????

Why didn't a single person just go into the fucking armory while it was unconscious and clean up its fucking blood spill so that it doesn't have to do that when it wakes up from almost dying from saving their fucking lives????

Why doesn't Murderbot have a schedule break that these people set it?????

Because as far as they know, its governor module is still intact. As far as these fuckers know, it still has to follow all of their fucking orders.

And yet, that's exactly why they're treating it like shit!

Which they're still doing, but we're supposed to pretend, um, that “they're treating it well.”

This is what treating the slave well looks like, according to Martha Wells: not asking them, "Are you okay from almost fucking dying?”

Not cleaning up their own bloody fucking clothes after they almost died, not giving them any fucking breaks, nothing. Not even saying hi. Just immediately saying, “I’m — you have to do your, do, do your job as a fucking slave.” It's fucking ridiculous.

Ow, my wrist.

> I took a look at the images in Mensah's message, then saved my place in the serial. Confession time. I don't actually know where we are. We have or supposed to have a complete satellite map of the planet in the survey package. That was how the humans decided where to do their assessments.

So now we're deciding that the humans decided, even though we earlier said Murderbot was a part of that decision, cuz it said “we picked this spot”.

Anyways:

> I hadn't looked at the maps yet and I'd barely looked at the survey package. In my defense, we'd been here 22 planetary days

So it's been 22 planetary days for — so we don't know how long days are in hours on this fucking planet. Let's, so, we'll just assume almost a month in Earth time that these fuckers have been here treating Murderbot like less than a fucking animal. They've literally been treating it like an a mindless fucking object, like a goddamn slave.

And now that they “know it's a know it's a person”, as though they didn't know that the whole time, which we know they did from the entire rest of the fucking series, even after they've supposedly “found out it's a person”, they're still treating it like a slave.

They're not even giving it a goddamn lunch break. It's not — this — doesn't get a fucking break to do anything. And then when they notice it, presumably

notice it has put itself in standby, then they start bothering it again!

> In my defense, we'd been here 22 planetary days, and I hadn't had to do anything but stand around watching humans make scans or take samples of dirt, rocks, water, and leaves. The sense of urgency just wasn't there. Also, you may have noticed, I don't care.

And that's Martha Wells saying, "Oh, well, Murderbot doesn't care. So, that's my excuse for not doing world building, not doing character descriptions, not giving you any information at all." as though she doesn't do that with literally everything she writes.

> So, it was news to me that there were six missing sections from our map. Pin-Lee and Gurathin had found the discrepancies and Mensah wanted to know if if I thought it was just the survey package being cheap and error-ridden, or if I thought this was part of a hack.

And again, again, we're again — says it literally right on the back: “But in a society where contracts are awarded to the lowest bidder,”

But they're from Preservation! We're supposed to think of them as progressive!

Why —

Why do —

Why are they treating —

Why would they go with the lowest bidder?

That's exactly how the people of Preservation should never logically work, because they're supposed to actually care about this shit. This is just bad fucking writing.

Uh…

> I appreciated the fact that we were communicating via the feed and that she wasn't

> making me actually speak to her on the comm. I was so appreciative I gave her my real opinion that it probably was

The fact — also, as you (person offscreen) pointed out, the fact that there that speaking on the feed is verbal and audio.

So, what the fuck is the difference between speaking on the com and speaking in the feed?

As my twin —

She's established that it's not telepathy text chats like I thought this time, because, because — let me read this again.

> I appreciated the fact that we were communicating via the feed and that she wasn't making me actually speak to her on the comm

Because Murderbot is supposed to be autistic, and autistic people hate talking on the phone and prefer texting and shit a lot of the time.

But so, implying that talking on the comm is talking on the phone, speaking on the feed is the equivalent of texting.

But we later get it confirmed that talking on the feed is just a telepathic telephone.

You're still talking verbally. It's not texting. You can have, uh, pronunciations and tones evident in your voice.

Yeah. Like it's not it's not the equivalent of texting.

So that doesn't make any fucking sense at all. At all.

Like it's, it's the exact same fucking thing except done telepathy. You're still having to talk out loud to somebody.

Like, we get, we get, we get told they do sub-vocalizations because it's literally using the exact same muscles for talking out loud.

It's just going through a fucking — you have a fucking microphone built into your your throat and then the other person has a microphone built into their ear. You're literally talking to them out loud. It's just quiet to everybody else.

It's just — it's just badly written.

> I was so appreciative. I gave her my real opinion that it probably was the fact that our survey our survey package our survey package.

Murderbot once again including itself in the, the group of the slave owners. Not *their* survey package, *ours*. Because these are Murderbot’s slave owners. it loves them *so* much.

> That it probably was the fact that our survey package was a cheap piece of crap, but the only way to know for certain was to go out and look at some of the missing sections and see if there was anything there besides more boring planet. I didn't phrase it exactly like that, but that was what I meant.

And again, the little random ass retcon at the end of this book that just comes out of nowhere, you'll see it really doesn't fucking make sense. That's why it's a fucking retcon and it's a bad retcon.

There's good ways to reccon things because some things should get retconned. This book is just really shitty, shitty written though.

> She took her

Oh! You can read The Raven Tower. You can read The Raven Tower by Ann Leckie.

You want to see an example of a book that does what this shit is lying about doing? Just go read that.

That actually fucking makes sense for the whole premise. Or, or similarly, Godzilla As A Young Man Named Mike by EM Faulds. That's free to read online. Go read that. It's short.

> She took her attention off the feed then, but I stayed alert since I knew she tended to make

her decisions fast, and if I started a show again, I'd just get interrupted

Because Murderbot hasn't actually been given any kind of rest break at all.

Even though we're supposed to pretend that these people are ~oh so such good slave owners, they're so nice to it. They start treating it as a person immediately.~

No, they don't. They don't.

Not one single person has said so much as “Thank you”, let alone, “Are you okay?” Let alone, “Thank you for saving our fucking lives. You don't have to fucking do anything today. You can just go back to fucking sleep if you want. You almost fucking died. We're not letting Bharadwaj out of the fucking infirmary for like a fucking week, and Volescu’s staying in there just for another day just to be safe. You don't have to do fucking anything for at least today and you can take as long as you fucking want to recover.”

No. No. We don't do any of that because they are just slave owners continuing to exploit Murderbot and just treating it like another fucking slave. And the only time they ever start treating it like a fucking person is after they find out its governor module is hacked.

> They all wanted to check it out and were just going back and forth on whether they should wait. They had just had a calm conversation with DeltFall on the other continent who had agreed to send copies of the missing survey package files. Some of the clients wanted to see if anything else was missing first and others wanted to go now and blah blah blah.

It's literally in the, it's literally in there.

> I knew how this was going to turn out. It wasn't a long trip. Not far outside the range of the other assessments they had been doing, but not knowing what they were flying into was definitely a red flag for security. In a smart world —in a smart world, I would go alone, but with the governor module, I had to be within a

> 100 meters of at least one of the clients at all times, or it would fry me. They knew that, so volunteering to take a solo cross-continental trip might set off a few alarms. So, when Mensah opened the feed again to tell me they were going, I told her security protocols suggested that I should, too.

You notice the more slavery apologism? Murderbot is automatically going, "Yeah, um, if I were allowed to just do whatever I wanted, I would just put myself in danger and let all the slave owners stay here to stay safe and only risk my life. But since, uh, I have to pretend that I have to follow their orders, I'm going to still insist upon going along with them, to risk my life for them instead of staying here where it's safe."

And you'll notice not one single person says, "Hey, you almost died. You just almost died. I think maybe you should stay here and rest. We can handle it.”

But no, because Murderbot literally exists—

—We're at that fucking blank page. Jesus Christ. So, have you ever seen this shit they put — they put the entire blank page. Yeah. An entire fucking blank page. And it just—

Unbelievable. Like literally my, my, my reaction at the start of this for realizing that the pages start on page nine. It does — it's, it's worse. It's it shouldn't have been able to get worse, but yet it got fucking worse. Like Jesus Christ. We're now on chapter three and it's taken how many hours?

And again, again. Murderbot could be staying home.

Murderbot could at least want to stay at the fucking thing where it's safe, where it doesn't have to probably also die again.

But this isn't a story that actually takes anything happening in here seriously, let alone the concept of slavery seriously. So, Murderbot doesn't want to stay safe. It wants to protect its slave owners. It would prefer to just only have to risk its life and keep all the precious, precious slave owners safe.

But since it can't do that, it'll just risk its life with them instead of staying at the fucking place where it's safe.

Because that would mean that Murderbot isn't ~one of the good ones~. Because the only slaves that we're ever supposed to care about in this story are slaves who are willing to literally fucking kill themselves to protect their slave owners.

That's the racism. That's the slavery apologism.

Murderbot is “one of the good ones”. And that has literally never stopped being true.

We have 12 stories published in this series and the 13th is going to come out like May 2026 presumably. That's the predicted.

We're now on chapter 3. This is page 39, aka page 30. We're this far. And all of this slavery apologism in these videos has happened in just this amount of the book. 30, less than 30 pages, because we still have to

include these fucking blank pages. So, let me just skip back. Like, so this is more or less 28 pages.

And it would even be less than 28 pages if we got rid of these disgustingly huge margins at the top and bottom of each fucking page.

Like I, I, I want to know how much how long would this actually be if we had reasonable fucking margins instead of this scam shit.

Chapter 3. We got ready — Oh, how I got to add more videos to the Internet Archive. While I'm reading this, I'm slowly uploading the, the videos of me reading Witch King like this to the Internet Archive.

I'm adding them two videos at a time. so it doesn't crash and burn and flip the fuck out.

So, you can watch videos 1 through 14 so far on the Internet Archive. It's just called um yeah, I think I just just search go to the Internet Archive which is just archive.org, and search “reading witch king by Martha Wells in 202”5 and then you'll see the, the

video files. Not that you're not busy read watching this already.

Chapter three on page...what is really? 28 pages into the story if we got rid of the fake page count and these blank two blank pages that we've had to deal with so far.

> We got ready to leave at the beginning of the day cycle in the morning light and the satellite weather report said it would be a good day for flying and scanning. I checked MedSystem and saw Bharadwaj was awake and talking. It wasn't

Hold on. I need a drink.

Where was I?

> It wasn't until I was helping to carry equipment to the little hopper that I realized they were going to make me ride in the crew cabin.

We're again, we're supposed to believe these are good people. And yet for the last 23 days, cuz it's now been 23 days—

Hold on. They've now been on this planet for 24 days, because Murderbot was unconscious for eight hours before, and then it was the next day, and now it's the next day.

We'll just say...Yeah, I think it's been 24 days. I don't give a shit. We're just going to pretend that's Earth time because we are never given any fucking hint of how long the days last on this planet. So, we're just going with Earth time.

Yeah. Uh, for — so we're supposed to believe that the PreservationAux people are ~inherently good and treat everybody like equals~ but they've been making Murderbot ride with the fucking cargo in a tiny cargo container barely big enough to move, as though it is a fucking object.

They're literally not treating it with the respect that they show regular fucking robots, actual robots, let alone fucking cyborgs.

But we're supposed to believe that the PreservationAux crew is ~totally good~. They're, they're, they're ~very good people. They're not slave owners. They just had no idea that they were enslaving a person~ even though they know it's a person and they know what they're doing in slavery.

And only now, after it saved their lives, and they've not even said fucking thank you. Only now are they going to *not* make it ride in the fucking cargo bay.

> At least I was in the armor with my helmet opaqued. But when Mensah told me to get in the co-pilot seat, it didn't turn out to be as bad as my first horrified realization. Arada and Pin-Lee didn't try to talk to me. And Rathi actually looked away when I eased past him to get to the cockpit.

And like Murderbot is glad for these things because it has social anxiety and doesn't want to talk to them. But how is this supposed to be making them look good? Like you li — you make eye contact with the slave and you look away hurriedly like you're afraid it's fucking contagious.

> They were all so careful not to look at me or talk to me directly that as soon as we were in the air, I did a quick spot check through hub systems record of their conversation. I had talked myself into believing that I hadn't actually lost it as much as I thought I had when Mensah had offered to let me hang out in the hub with the humans like I was an actual person or something. The conversation they had immediately after that gave me a sinking sensation as I reviewed it. No, it had been worse than I had thought. They had talked it over and all agreed not to push me any further than I wanted to go. And they were all so nice and it was just excruciating.

So literally their their definition of being nice is:

- Not saying thank you to the person who fucking saved your lives.
- Not assuring the person who saved your lives after you were all just literally yelling and being very angry and violent that you're not angry at it and aren't planning to hurt it.
- No reassurance at all.
- Just oh um let's just let's just pretend you don't exist. That's the kindest thing to do here

Martha Wells — because that's what it's being framed as: Continue to dehumanize and ignore the existence of the slave and not treat it like a fucking person. Don't even give it a goddamn scheduled break. Not even a 15 fucking minute break.

But them ignoring and pretending that Murderbot doesn't exist is framed as the, the kindest thing to do, because slavery apologism, (Sarcasm begins) and

Martha Well is not just, not just being a fucking bigot and being shit at writing. (Sarcasm ends)

> And they were all so nice and it was just excruciating. I was never taking off the helmet again.

And that's still a joke. That's where this is all — we're all just still joking about this.

> I can't do even the half-ass version of this stupid job if I have to talk to humans.

This is all a joke. This is saying ~Murderbot is so silly~

> They were the first clients I'd had who hadn't had any previous experience with SecUnits. So maybe I could have expected this if id bothered to think about it. Letting them see me without the armor had been a huge mistake. At least Mensah and Arada had overruled the ones who wanted to talk to me about it. Yes, talk to Murderbot about its feelings. The idea was so

> painful I dropped to 97% efficiency. I'd rather climb back into Hostile One's mouth.

And again, Martha Wells is framing the people enslaving the slave, framing them deciding, “yeah, we'll just continue treating it like a slave. Not acknowledge that it's a fucking person in any way. This is definitely the kind thing to do” because Martha Wells doesn't understand how slavery works, doesn't actually grasp how bigotry works.

And this is all being framed as “oh yeah, they're they're behaving perfectly. This is, this is awesome. This is how you respect people: by by continuing to treat them like a slave that you don't acknowledge as a person.” It's ridiculous.

And again, Murderbot’s social anxiety.

It's not about the fact that these are slave owners who could decide to torture it at any moment, and it's traumatized by that. It's just *basic social anxiety* that's meant to be funny and quirky and relatable. And no deeper than that.

I worried about it while they looked at

And then Martha Wells has the gall to get mad at people who are confused about why Murderbot is always abruptly, like in book two and book three in particular, just abruptly we get told by somebody else that ~it seems scared of humans~ and then Martha Wells has the gall to get pissed off at people who are like “I don't understand why Murderbot is scared of humans. Nobody's ever hurt it.”

And it's, and then she's like “you're so willfully ignorant. Why are you ignoring what Murderbot's gone through?”

And it's like, bitch, and I'm saying that on fucking purpose, bitch, you literally went out of your way to tell us that Murderbot isn't fucking traumatized by being around people who've tortured it: it's not scared of slave owners, it's just got basic sexual anxiety like every autistic person.

And then you have the gall to act shocked and, and offended and surprised when people point out it

doesn't make sense for Murderbot to randomly — abruptly have to be told — what's the fucking sentence?

“Don Abene won't hurt you, SecUnit.” by Miki in book three, as though Murderbot expressed fear about being touched by a human which comes out of fucking nowhere, and means nothing, because *Murderbot isn't scared of slave owners because they've hurt it before, it just genuinely is self-loathing and has social anxiety.*

It's not traumatized by all of the times slave owners exactly like these people have tortured it. We're not supposed to take that into consideration at all.

It's just, it's just a funny joke because “haha, murderbot doesn't like eye contact. That's so relatable and funny” and that's it. That's it.

And then Martha Wells has the gall to get mad when people um, don't understand why we're randomly, later, supposed to believe that, “oh, Murderbot has to be told that a human's not going to hurt it by another

character without any of this reflected in Murderbot's perspective at all.”

It's bad writing.

It's bad writing.

It's bad writing.

It's bigotry.

It's slavery apologism.

Anyways:

> I worried about it while they looked out the windows at the ring or watched their feeds of the hoppers, scans of the scenery, chatting on the comm with the others who were following our progress back in the habitat. I was distracted but still caught the moment when the autopilot cut out. It could have been a problem except I was in the co-pilot seat and I could have taken over in time. But even if I

hadn't been there, it would have turned out okay because Mensah was flying and she never took her hand off the controls. Even though the planetary craft autopilots aren't sophisticated as — Even though the planetary craft autopilots aren't as sophisticated as a full bot pilot system, some clients will still engage them and walk into the back to sleep and then walk into the back or sleep. Mensah didn't, and she made sure when the others flew, they followed her rules. She just made some thoughtful, grumpy noises and adjusted our course away from the mountain the failing autopilot would have slammed us into. I had

That's another asterisk.

I had cycled out of horrified that they wanted to talk to me about my feelings into grateful that she had ordered them not to. As she restarted the autopilot, I pulled the log and sent it into the feed to show her it had cut out due to a

HubSystem glitch. She swore under her breath and shook her head.

And again, there's a difference between not pressing Murderbot about its feelings and expecting it to fucking uh bare its fucking guts to them, and just bare minimum *treating it like a person*, which they're literally not fucking doing.

They didn't give it any kind of rest break. Nobody said, "Thank you for saving our friends fucking lives."

Nobody said, "We're sorry you almost fucking died getting eaten by a fucking graboid trying to save our friends lives."

Nobody says “you can take the rest of the fucking day off or however long you need.”

Nothing. Nobody asks anything. They don't give it anything.

We, we — they understand, presumably, that Volescu and Bharadwaj are traumatized. Nobody gives

Murderbot any kind of break at all. It's fucking ridiculous.

And then we're still supposed to just accept that these are ~good people who are so perfect and they're so pure cinnamon rolls, best slave owners ever.~

> The missing map section wasn't that far outside our assessment range, so we were there before I made a dent in the backlog of serials I'd saved to my internal storage. Mensah told the others, "We're coming up on it." We had been traveling over heavy tropical forest.

Let me check the phone battery. 45%.

> Where it flowed over deep valleys.

Sun. The brightness changed. It's creepy.

> Suddenly, it dropped away into a plain spotted with lakes and smaller copes of trees. There was lots of bare rock in low ridges.

Now the battery Now the brightness keeps changing. It's freaky.

There was a lot of bare rock in low ridges and tumbled boulders. It was dark and glassy like volcanic — dark and glassy like volcanic glass.

All right.

The cabin was quiet as everybody studied the scans. Arada was looking at the seismic data, bouncing it to the others back in the habitat through her feed. “I don't see anything that would prevent the satellite from mapping this region,” Pin-Lee said, her voice distant as she sorted through the data the hopper was pulling in. “No strange readings. It's weird. Unless this rock has some sort of stealth property that prevents the satellites from imaging it,” Arada said. “The scanners are acting a little funny.” “Because the scanners suck corporation balls,” Pin-Lee muttered. “Should we land?” Mensah said. I realized she was asking me for a security assessment. The scans were sort of working

> and marking some hazards, but they weren't any different hazards from what we'd run into before. I said, "We could, but we know there's at least one life form here that tunnels through rock.”

It doesn't though. There wasn't rock. They — they were standing on a coastal island with sand.

Whatever. Lying. Just lying about shit. I'm even going to go back. [turning back pages] I'm flipping back.

Yeah, they're just fucking lying about the, the, gra — the not-graboids being able to tunnel through rock. There was no mention of them tunnel — they weren't tunneling through rock. It was just regular fucking sandy dirt cuz it's a coastal island. It's made of sand, motherfucker. You can't just lie about this shit.

> “We know there's at least one life form here that tunnels through rock.”

Except you don't. That's a lie. That's a lie.

Arada bounced in her a little in her seat like she was impatient to get going. “I know we have to be cautious, but I think we'd be safer if we knew whether these blank patches on the satellite scan were accidental or deliberate.” That was when I realized they weren't ignoring the possibility of sabotage. I should have realized it earlier when Pin-Lee asked if HubSystem could be hacked, but humans had been looking at me and I had just wanted to get out of there

Because again, joke. It's a joke. “It's funny how Murderbot doesn't want people to look at it.” It's a joke.

Rathi and Pin-Lee seconded her and Mensah made her decision. “We'll land and take samples.” Over the comm from the habitat Bharadwaj's voice said, "Please be careful." She still sounded shaky.

And yeah, *she's* allowed to stay there and recover. Not so much, Murderbot. Not even to mentally fucking recover.

> Mensah took us

That was a weird noise.

> Mensah took us down gently, the hopper's pads touching the ground with hardly a thump. I was already up and at the hatch. The humans had their suit helmets on, so I opened the hatch and let the ramp drop. Close up, the rocky patches still looked like glass, mostly black, but with different colors running into each other. This near to the ground, the hopper scan was able to confirm that seismic activity was null. But I walked out a little, as if giving anything out there a chance to attack me. If the humans see me actually doing my job, it keeps it helps keep suspicions from forming about faulty governor modules.

And it's like, yeah, Martha Wells is giving us this excuse now that, oh, it's, it's just *pretending* to do its job, um, so they don't find out about its governor module.

Except it could have pretended that it was better for it to stay at the habitat. They don't fucking know shit. They don't know company policy. It could have just made up whatever the fuck it wanted.

And this doesn't excuse the fact that Murderbot goes out of its way, all the time, especially *explicitly when it doesn't have to*, and doesn't even have to pretend, to, to put itself in danger for them.

> Mensah climbed down with Arada behind her. They moved around taking more readings with their portable scanners. Then the others got sample kits out and started chipping off pieces of the rock glass or glass rock, scooping up dirt and bits of plant matter. They were murmuring to each other a lot and to the others back at the habitat. They were sending the data to the feed, but I wasn't paying attention. It was an odd

> spot, quiet compared to the other places we had surveyed, but not much bird thing noise and no sign of animal movement. Maybe the rocky patches kept them away. I walked out a little way past a couple of the lakes, almost expecting to see something under the surface. Dead bodies, maybe. I'd seen plenty of those, parenthesis, (and caused plenty of those) end parenthesis on past contracts, but this one had been dead body lacking so far. It made for a nice change. Mensah had set a survey perimeter marking all the

You know, I think that fan is not set to the lowest… That's what I thought. Fan was just over there being louder than necessary.

> Mensah had set a survey perimeter marking all the areas the aerial scan had flagged as hazardous or potentially hazardous. I checked on every everybody again and saw Arada and Rathi heading directly for one of the hazard markers. I expected them to stop at the

> perimeter since they had been pretty consistently cautious over on the other assessments. I started moving in that direction anyway.

Also, I'm so fucking confused because Murderbot says it's, it's walking out past several lakes, meaning it's very fucking far away from everybody else, because a lake, you can't just call any random puddle of water on the fucking ground a lake.

Uh, let me like back up.

> I walked out a little way past a couple of the lakes.

So, everybody's several lakes away from Murderbot. And it's just ridiculous.

Get away, little bug. Uh...

> I started moving in that direction anyway. Then they passed the perimeter. I started to run. I sent Mensah my field camera feed and used the

> voice comm to say, "Doctor Arada, Doctor Rathi please stop. You're past their perimeter and nearing a hazard marker." "We are?" Rathi sounded completely baffled.

Because, you know, they're ~good slave owners~, so they're going to be nice.

> Fortunately, they both stopped. By the time I got there, they both had their maps up in their in my feed. “I don't understand what's wrong,” Arada said, confused. “I don't see the hazard marker.” She had tagged both their positions on their maps — She had tagged both their positions, and on their maps, they were well within the perimeter, heading toward a wetland area. It took me a second to see what the problem was. Then I superimposed my map, the actual map over theirs, and sent that to Mensah. “Shit.” she said over the comm

And that's all one paragraph.

> “Rathi Arada, your map's wrong. How did that happen?” “It's a glitch,” Rathi said. He grimaced, studying the displays in his feed. “It's wiped out all the markers on this side.” So, that was how I spent the rest of the morning shooing humans away from hazard markers they couldn't see while Pin-Lee cursed a lot and tried to get the mapping scanner to work.

A thing that doesn't make sense because Murderbot’s map works. Why isn't it just putting that into the fucking feed, like it literally just did, and then everybody looks at that? It's bad writing.

> I'm beginning to

And this is all one paragraph again. So, let me start at let me start at the top of the paragraph.

> So, that was how I spent the rest of the morning shooing humans away from hazard markers they couldn't see while Pin-Lee cursed a lot and tried to get the mapping scanner to work. “I'm beginning to think these missing

> sections are just a mapping error," Rathi said at one point, panting. He had walked into what they called a hot mud pit, and I'd had to pull him out. We were both covered with acidic mud to the waist.

Yeah. Murderbot then has ridiculous—

> "You think?" Pin-Lee answered tiredly. When Mensah told us get to head back to the hopper, it was a relief all around.

And then we have another line break. Oh, it's so pathetic. We have a line break at the top of the page. And then in the middle of the page:

> We got back to the habitat with no problems, which felt like it was starting to become an unusual occurrence. The humans went to analyze their data, and I went to hide in the ready room, checked the security feeds, and then lie in my cubicle and watch media for a while. I'd just done another perimeter walk and checked the drones when the feed informed me

> that HubSystem had updates from the satellite, and there was a package for me. I have a trick where I make HubSystem think I received it and then just put it in external storage. I don't do automated package updates anymore now that I don't have to. When I felt like it, presumably sometime before it was time to leave the planet, I'd go through the update and apply the parts I wanted and delete the rest. It was a typical boring day, in other words. If Bharadwaj wasn't still recuperating in medical, you could almost forget that it what had happened. But at the end of the day cycle, Doctor Mensah called me again and said, "I think we have a problem. We can't contact DeltFallGroup."

And there's another page — there's another line break. Literally inserting a line, which is better than them deciding to do a page break, because they could have done a page break up here and then a page break down here.

So, I prefer a fucking line break. Maybe they decided that's too fucking much of a scam.

> I went to the crew hub where Mensah and all the others were. They had pulled up the maps and scans of where we were versus where DeltFall was, and the curve of the planet hung glittering in the air in the big display.

Fancy words all of a sudden for a description that doesn't make any sense.

> When I got there, Mensah was saying, "I've checked the big hopper specs, and we can make it there and back without a recharge." I had my helmet plate opaque, so I could wince a lot without any of them knowing. “You don't think they'll let us recharge at their habitat?” Arana asked, then looked around when the others stared at her. “What?” She demanded. Overse put an arm around her and squeezed her shoulder. “If they aren't answering our calls, they might be hurt or their habitat is damaged,” she said. As a couple, they were

> always so nice to each other. The whole group had been remarkably drama-free so far, which I appreciated. The last few contracts had been like being an an involuntary bystander in one of the entertainment feeds multi-partner relationship cals, except I'd hated the whole cast. Mensah nodded. "That's my concern, especially if their survey package was missing — was missing potential hazard information the way ours is." Arada looked like it was just occurring to her that everybody over at DeltFallmight be dead.

And that's a weird thing, to have Arada having to re, be told specificallym because Arada was the other one who was like, specifically saying, "Yeah, this might be sabotage, I'm pretty sure this is fucking sabotage.”

So, it's just very strange, to single out Arada and Mensah as being the ones investigating the potential sabotage, and then also have Arada be the one who is the only one that's not going, "Oh, yeah, they're probably fucking dead." It's just weird.

Like, there's just, just two things where scenes, where shit exists so far, and it's like, just can you can we have a little bit of consistency? Nothing would have changed except it would have been more consistent for Overse to be the one that has to realize this, because Arada's already been established as, um, understanding the concept of sabotage and what that fucking means.

> Rathi said, "The thing that worries me is that their emergency beacon didn't launch. If the habitat was breached or if there was a medical emergency they couldn't handle, their HubSystem should have triggered the beacon automatically." Each survey team has its own beacon, set up a safe distance from the habitat. It would launch into a low orbit and send a pulse toward the wormhole which would get zapped or whatever happened in the wormhole and the company network would get it and the pickup transport would be sent now instead of waiting until the end of project date. That was how it was supposed to work anyway usually.

And you'll notice that like this is this is the extent of the world building and we never get anything else. We just get told, "Oh yeah, you know the wormhole. Everybody knows the wormhole." as though we've already established that somewhere, because, again, this is written like bad fanfiction. We don't get proper exposition. We don't get proper worldbuilding. It's just assuming — pretending to assume — you've already read the source material *despite this being the fucking source material*

> Mensah expression said she was worried. She looked at me. “What do you think?” It took me two seconds to realize she was talking to me. Fortunately, since it seemed like we were really doing this, I had actually been paying attention and didn't need to play the conversation back. I said, "They have three contracted SecUnits, but if their habitat was hit by a hostile as big or bigger than Hostile One, the comm equipment could have been damaged."

[squinting at book] Oh, that's another — I thought there was a piece of hair on there. There's another tiny printing error.

> Pin-Lee was calling up specs for the beacons. “Aren't the emergency beacons designed to trigger even if the rest of the comm equipment is destroyed?” The other good thing about my hacked governor module is that I could ignore my governor module's instructions to defend the stupid company. “They're supposed to be able to, but equipment failures aren't unknown.” There was a moment where they all thought of — There was a moment where they

I don't know why this sentence is confusing me.

> There was a moment where they all thought about potential equipment failures in their habitat. Maybe including the big hopper which they were about to fly out of range of the little hopper, so if something happened to it, they were walking back. and swimming back since that was an oceansized body of water between

> the two points on the map. Or drown. I guess they could just drown. If you were wondering why I was wincing earlier, this would be the reason.

And again, this is all just a joke. It's all just supposed to be funny. It's “haha, deadpan humor. Don't actually take any of this seriously.”

> The trip to the map's blackout region had been a little out of our assessment parameters, but this was going to be an overnight trip. Even if they did even if all they did was get there, see a bunch of dead people, turn around, and go back. Then Gurithan said, "What about your systems?" I didn't turn my helmet toward him because that can be intimidating and it's especially important for me to resist that urge. I carefully monitor my own systems. What else did he think I was going to say? It didn't matter. I'm not refundable. Gurathin cleared his throat

and again, Volescu is here now.

But yet, not one single person has said thank you to Murderbot for risking its fucking life to protect them!

They just take uh, a fear response of being stuck in the same room with them all and decide, "Oh, well, yeah, that that that means we don't have to say thank you or treat it like a person or anything."

And then this is all framed as the progressive nice thing to do. “Dehumanize your slaves. It's good for them.” Jesus Christ.

Because Volescu is in here, one of the people that Murderbot directly fucking saved. And yet he has not said a single fucking word to Murderbot. And and this is all just considered good and fine and shows how pure cinnamon rolly they are.

> Volescu cleared his throat. “So we should prepare for a rescue mission.” He looked okay, but MedSystems feed was still reporting some indicators of distress. Bharadwaj was stable but not allowed to get out of medical yet. He continued

And this is another example of shitty uses of usage of pronouns. We just said — talking about Bharadwaj. You cannot then interject “he” without specifying you're talking about Volescu again.

It's just basic shit to avoid confusion because this shit builds up. It builds up and it causes so many fucking problems later. This paragraph should fucking read:

----Volescu cleared his throat, “so we should prepare for a rescue mission.” He looked okay, but MedSystem speed was still reporting some indicators of distress. Bharadwaj was stable, but not allowed to get out of medical yet. Vollescu continued, "I've pulled some instructions from the hopper's info package."----

Again, like shitty fanfiction. Let me just read that last sentence. I

> “I've pulled some instructions from the hoppers info package.”

Then Murderbot is thinking,

> Yes, instructions. They're academics, surveyors, researchers, not action hero explorers from the serials I liked because they were unrealistic and not depressing and sorted like reality. I said, "Doctor Mensah, I think I should go along."

And it's like, why Murderbot? Why do you need to fucking go along besides the slavery apologism? Especially with this followup.

> I could see her notes in the feed, so I knew she meant for me to stay here and watch the habitat and guard everybody who wasn't going.

Murderbot literally has the fucking opportunity to stay behind and stay safe.

And Martha Wells decides, “nope, nope, nope. The slave must go and endanger its life further to protect its precious pure cinnamon roll slave owners because if it didn't, it would not be one of the good ones anymore. And because the only good slave is a slave who's willing to kill itself and is willing to constantly

risk its life to protect its precious precious cinnamon roll slave owners.”

Literally, Doctor Mensah was planning for Murderbot to stay behind and guard everybody else. And Murderbot insists that it has to go along anyways, because uh, security protocols say so.

Because the only good slave according to this whole fucking series and — again, we have 12 published stories in this series and this has never been refuted, and has only been doubled down upon —“The only good slave is one who will risk its life to protect their slave owners. And if they aren't willing to do that then they should be put down like a rabid fucking animal.”

> I could see her notes in the feed. So I knew she meant for me to stay here and watch the habitat and guard everybody who wasn't going. She was taking Pin-Lee because she had past experience in habitat and shelter construction. Rathi who was a biologist

And also, the fact that we get *told* these people are biologists, it never comes up again. It doesn't fucking mean anything. They are all thinner than this fucking receipt paper.

> Rathi who was a biologist and Overse who was a certified field medic.

That also never comes up again. I, I didn't even fucking remember that, because it's literally so unimportant and this is the only time it's ever brought up, and it's never comes up again, because it doesn't fucking matter, because these characters are just, just they're just names.

They don't exist for any purpose besides being named for you to fawn over as the quirky relatable slave owners.

> Mensah hesitated thinking about it and I could tell she was debating protecting the habitat and the group staying behind with the possibility of whatever had hit DeltFallstill being there. She took a breath and I knew she was going to tell

> me to stay here. And I just thought that's a bad idea. I couldn't explain to myself why. It was one of those impulses that comes from my organic parts the governor module is supposed to squash. I said, "As the only one here with experience in these situations, I'm your best resource."

Because yeah, Murderbot was literally about to be told it's going to stay fucking behind, and it's literally arguing that it needs to go along to risk itself to protect them. And this is framed as a good thing, because Martha Wells is racist and doesn't actually care about the concept of slavery or the thought that slaves, you know, deserve basic things like not having to risk their fucking lives to protect the people enslaving them.

> Gurathin said, "What situations?" Rathi gave him a beused look — a bemused look. “This situation, the unknown, strange threats, monsters exploding out of the ground.” I was

> glad I wasn't the only one who thought it was a dumb question.

And it's like, it's, it's not a dumb question at all. I don't know why Rathi is reacting that way.

> Gurathin wasn't as talkative as the others, so I didn't have much of a sense of his personality. He was the only augmented human in the group. So maybe he felt like an outsider or something, even though the others clearly liked him.

(Sarcasm begins)Wow, Martha Wells, almost like physically disabled people are minorities who are oppressed. (Sarcasm ends)

> I clarified “situations where personnel might be injured due to attack by planetary hazards.”

And again, this is all corporate speak but done unironically.

> Arada came in on my side. “I agree. I think you should take SecUnit. You don't know what's out there

Because further dehumanizing the fucking slave by referring to it as slave. That's what SecUnit is. “I, I agree. I think you should take Slave” as though that's its fucking name. Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ.

“But these are good people, guys. They're such nice slave owners. They refer to their slave as Slave.”

SecUnit is the equivalent of meatshield. So they're just calling Murderbot Meatshield. “You should take Meatshield. You don't know what — you don't know, you don't, you, you'll probably need a meatshield out there. You don't know what's out there. You can always use a fucking meatshield. Take Meatshield with you.”

Like Jesus fucking Holy shit.

> Mensah was still undecided. “Depending on what we find, we may be gone as long as two or three days.” Arada waved a hand indicating the habitat. “Nothing's bothered us here so far.” That was probably what DeltFall had thought right before they got eaten or torn to pieces or whatever, but Volescu said, "I admit it would make me feel better about it."

What a strange thing to say out of like — what side is he arguing for? That doesn't make sense. He — That's all he says.

Let me just read the dialogue. Um,

Murderbot says: "Doctor Doctor Mensah, I think I should go along.

Um, uh, yeah. Okay.

Murderbot says, "Doctor Mensah, I think I should go along. As the only one here with experience in these situations, I'm your best resource."

Gurathin said, "What situations?"

Rathi said, "This situation, the unknown, strange threats, monsters exploding out of the ground."

Murderbot says, "Situations where personnel might be injured due to attack by planetary hazards."

Arada says, "I agree. I think you should take Meatshield. You don't know what's out there."

Mensah says, "Depending on what we find, we may be gone as long as 2 or 3 days."

Arada says, "Nothing's bothered us here so far."

Volescu says, "I admit it would make me feel better about it."

Yeah. It's like... and then it's like:

> From medical Bharadwaj tapped into the feed to add her vote for

like that sentence from Volescu that could mean he's on either side. That could mean “I'm staying here, I would like the meatshield to stay here, because it already saved my life one time.”

It's like, it's just ridiculous.

> Bharadwaj from medical — Bharadwaj tapped into the feed to add her vote for me

And it's like, again “vote for me”, that could mean “for me staying here” or “going with”. You're not specifying which one.

> Gurathin was the only one staying behind who didn't say anything. Mensah nodded firmly. “All right then it's decided now. Let's get moving.”

And then they still don't say what was decided. Like it's just...

> So I prepped

That's, and then there's a line break right there.

So, I prepped the big hopper to go to the other side of the planet. In parenthesis (And yes, I had to pull up the instructions.) End parenthesis, I checked over

Oh, we're — Look, we're going to be on chapter 4, and then I'll end this video so I don't give myself a sore throat.

I checked it over as much as I could, remembering how the autopilot had cut

I guess I should check the battery first. Okay, 34%. Yeah,

I checked it over as much as I could, remembering how the autopilot had cut out suddenly in the little hopper, but we hadn't used the big hopper since Mensah had taken it up to check it out when we arrived. (You had to check everything out and log any problems immediately when you took delivery or the company wasn't liable.) End parenthesis. But everything looked okay, or at least matched

> what the specs said it was supposed to match. It was only there for emergencies. And if this thing with DeltFall hadn't happened, we would probably never have touched it until it was time to lift into our pickup transport.

And again, there's there's just genuinely no fucking need for there to be two hoppers. You don't need — and we still we have zero description of what the fuck a hopper looks like. There's no description whatsoever. We don't even know what fucking color it is, what the fucking size range is.

And there don't need to be two of them. It's completely and utterly unfucking necessary.

Just — there's there's just no fucking reason for it. They just need one fucking ship. Especially because until later, when it's completely unnecessary, they're only using one of them at a time.

It may as well just be one fucking ship. It's ridiculous. Especially because we keep getting insisted, “oh, they went uh, security contracts are awarded to the lowest

bidder.” So, it's like, okay, so if this is such a cheap shitty thing they got, why do they — why were they given two ships???? That's not what I call cheap! That's expensive!

So, which the fuck is it? Is it cheap and shitty and they got one ship, or is it expensive and good and they got two of them???

There doesn't need to be two of them. It's just unnecessary and like just completely unnecessary. No fucking reason, especially because we're not getting a description for either of them.

All right. Anyways, uh,

> but everything looked okay, or at least matched what the specs said it was supposed to match. It was only there for emergencies, and if this thing with DeltFall hadn't happened, we probably never would have touched it until it was time to lift into our pickup transport. Mensah came to do her own check of the hopper

Because you just made the slave do all that work and then you're also doing it. So, it's like, why did you make it do that?

> And told me to—
> Mensah came to do her own check of the hopper and told me to pack some extra emergency supplies for the DeltFall staff

Because they're just using Murderbot as a slave. Continuing to fucking use it as a slave, not treating it like a fucking person. Didn't *ask* Murderbot, "Hey, could you do that?" Not even just that level of ~let's pretend to be nice about it.~

Just telling, “pack extra shit, slave.”

Legitimately, this is after they've supposedly “realized it was a person”. After we they pretend lie to our fucking faces and Murderbot’s that they ~just had no idea it was a person~ and they're still treating it like a slave.

Mensah isn't carrying shit out to bring extra supplies. They're not all coming out in a group, and then Murderbot's like, "Oh shit I will get in trouble if I don't do that”, so Murderbot insists on taking it from them to keep up the fucking ruse.

No. Murderbot — Mensah is just fucking telling Murderbot, "Pack some more fucking supplies, slave. Not like any of us could do this.”

They're literally still just enslaving it. They are literally treating it like a fucking slave. And and we're h— we're now halfway through the fucking book because this has eight chapters.

> Mensah came to do her own check of the hopper and told me to pack some extra emergency supplies for the DeltFall staff. I did it and hoped for the human’s sake we would need them. I thought it was likely that the only supplies we would need for DeltFall was the post-mortem kind, but you may have noticed that when I do manage to care, I'm a pessimist. When everything was ready, Overs, Rathi and

> Pin-Lee climbed in, and I stood hopefully by the cargo pod. Mensah pointed at the cabin. I winced behind my opaque face plate and climbed in.

And then we're on chapter 4, but I'm going to end this now because my phone is criminally terrible, and it makes videos like, I'm not even joking, like 40+ gigabytes for no reason. And there's literally no way for me to make it not do that.

So, I have to end this fucking video now, before it literally overrides the entire storage space on this fucking phone. Even though I have all of the camera settings set to the lowest possible, I have to literally run through this video through like three separate compression programs just to get it to a reasonable size.

All right. Anyways, yeah, it's like, I guess I do have a bookmark this time. I got I found a fucking receipt paper because this book is so nice, cuz I don't want to put in a thick bookmark to mess up the spine, but I found a receipt paper.

So, we are currently on...Yeah, we're at — We're going to be on chapter 4, which they are claiming is page 53, which is actually—

Oh well.

Well, yeah, we'll just we'll just say that we're minusing 10 pages. So, we're technically we're actually 43 pages. Too bad we don't know exactly how many more pages could be fitting into these disgusting fucking margins.

We're we're 43 pages into this series if we cut out all the blank extra pages that they lie to us about.

Uh it's August 18th, 2025. I'll probably read it again tonight once my phone is recharged and this video is not on here killing the storage space.

Bye-bye.

04

It's August 23rd.

My wrist is killing me because I was — I crocheted too much stuff and I typed too much stuff. So, camera's dirty. You would think I would notice this before I turn the video on, but apparently not.

(to cat offscreen) I'm sorry, pretty kitty. Am I knocking stuff Overse on top of you?

My wrist hurts. So, I can't type, can't crochet, and I also can't go outside because it's once again thunderstorming. So, all — literally every other activity I could be doing today would make my wrist hurt worse. This shouldn't hurt my wrist hurt worse. To be safe, I'll just be holding the book in this hand or sitting it in my lap.

It's August, what did I say? 23rd? 23rd, 2025.

Can I open the fucking menu phone? Thank you.

This will be the fourth video of me reading the whole entire Murderbot Diaries series.

Uh, we are on book one. We're reading them in publishing order — in case this is the first video any of you are watching for some reason cuz you're not paying attention to the video numbers.

They're all in a playlist, and if you're watching this on YouTube, they're also all in the Internet Archive. If you're —

What the fuck is that? Some sticker residue on the front of the book that wasn't on here before. That because — Oh, because I sat, sat the other book on top of it. That's irritating as fuck. All right, pro tip. Don't put a nice book that doesn't have any sticker residue under a book that has sticker residue.

Um, if you're watching on YouTube, uh, all of the videos will have links to all of the other videos and then a little “you are here” button.

Um, also the third video got marked by YouTube as 18+for some reason, even though none of the other ones have. And it's weird. I guess it's just more of their weirdo censorship. “Uh, let's just violate people's privacy and pretend we're doing it to protect children.”

Also, I have bike grease on my hands. Let me go wash my hands.

All right. Anyways, uh, all the videos will have links to the other videos if you're on YouTube. If you're watching it on the Internet Archive, they're all in one spot, so obviously you don't need an explanation.

We had just gotten to chapter 4, and unlike chapter 1, 2, and 3, chapter 4 doesn't have an entire whole fucking blank page in front of it, despite already having a line break. So, I don't even know what's going on here, because the other chapters have whole entire blank pages, plus — I meant page break. This is a page break where it stops at the end of the page.

Um, the other ones have blank pages to further fill out this absolutely pathetic page count to try and make the book seem longer than it is. Uh, this one doesn't do that. So, they're not even being consistent in the scam, which I think is even more insulting.

Like, if you're going to do that, at least commit to being consistent about it.

Anyways, Chapter 4.

> We flew through the night. The humans taking scans and discussing the new terrain past our assessment range.

Also, no, hold on. I have a fucking question.

What — again, again, I have to point out again, we don't know why the fuck they're here, but also in the grand scheme of things, why is — why does Martha Wells want us to just accept space colonization and terraforming of planets that already have indigenous life forms?

Why are we just supposed to accept that without question as totally fine and morally neutral?

Like, this planet that they're on, Preservation “bought an option” and they're here to decide if they want to buy more. But like. they don't seem to be here to argue against wiping out every indigenous fucking life form by terraforming, which is what would happen.

We know that there's alien animals here. Nobody has done any effort to make sure none of the, the alien animals that they're fucking going to be wiping out, and are absolutely already fucking killing just by introducing all of the germs and shit in their bodies —

Um, nobody's done any work at all to make sure that none of them are people.

Like, if there's an alien planet that has alien life on it, why aren't you — why aren't you doing a million and one things, um, to just see if any of them are people? What? And then we're never supposed to think about this despite explicitly — despite explicitly there being alien life forms.

They get brought up on page one, and then they're never mentioned again. They're not fucking important. We're not supposed to care about them. Not supposed to care about any of the alien animals on any of these planets.

And then also later in the series especially, we're just like supposed to pretend that none of these fucking aliens are alive right now. So that the only aliens that matters, the alien remnants, aka xenomorph goop.

It's just fucking weird. And again, weird. It's just like…space colonization in in a sci-fi setting where we're supposed to believe that regular colonization is bad, and presumably think that driving species extinct is bad. Why aren't we having a conversation about this?

What — also, again, the whole ART’s owners own — there — it's a university that owns an entire solar system or something like that.

And again, that's just presented as completely morally neutral and not like, okay, but do you understand the ramifications of what you're fucking saying?

She does — she doesn't care, though.

Anyways, um, yeah, let me reread that first paragraph, chapter 4.

My god, my wrist hurts.

> We flew through the night, the humans taking scans and discussing the new terrain past our assessment range.

It also — no hold on again I have to interrupt.

Um this is supposedly after the Preservation team “realized” — many, many, many quotes around “realized” — that Murderbot was a person “they immediately started treating it well.”

And it's like, uh, that's ,that so-called “realization” has already happened and we know when we get to the

rest of the series, uh, that's that wasn't a realization. They're just fucking liars.

Uh, they know that robots are people. They know that Murderbot is not a robot.

They think — there's, there's, they're just liars. Martha Wells is so fucking bad at writing, she can't even not make her characters, who are already bad enough by going out of their way to rent out a slave, they're even worse now because they are just lying.

And she is lying to us to try and convince us to be okay with the slave owners and, and think they're just pure in innocent cinamon rolls.

What was I saying? Ow, my wrist hurts.

Uh...

> it was especially interesting for them to see what was there now that we knew our map wasn't exactly reliable.

That's part of the first paragraph.

> Mensah gave everybody watch shifts, including me. This was new, but not unwelcome, as it meant I had blocks of time where I wasn't supposed to be uh paying attention and didn't have to fake it. Mensah, Pin-Lee, and Overse were all taking turns as pilot and co-pilot, so I didn't have to worry so much about the autopilot trying to kill us. And I could go on standby and watch my stored supply of serials.

Like, this whole thing here is what people frame as, “see, they're treating it really well.” But that's not even — that's — no, that's not what's happening here.

That's just everybody getting a shift on lookout, presumably to make everybody, mostly Rathi, and everybody else feel like they're doing something important.

This isn't specifically going out of their way to give Murderbot rest breaks. This is them making Murderbot work part of the time.

That's different from “you get a rest break on purpose explicitly to give you a rest break”. Especially because this whole leading up to this they have not — no, they're just treating it like a slave.

We, we established that in the video before this. If you're watching these out of order uh, well, you, you know what you're getting into. You're watching them out of order. You can deal with the confusion.

> We'd been in the air a while and Mensah was piloting with Pin-Lee in the co-pilot seat when Rathi turned in his seat to face me and said, "We heard...we were given to understand that

Oh boy. Martha Wells, you're so shit at fucking writing and such a fucking raging bigot. Wow.

> Rathi turned in his seat to face me and said, "We heard, we were given to understand that Imitative Human Bot Units

That's all capitalized. Imitative capital I, human capital H, capital B, units capital U.

I am — I — HBU, would would be what that acronym is, but this literally never comes up again because nobody ever fucking calls them this.

So like, legitimately, in-universe, the only thing I have left to conclude from this fucking statement Overse here is that this “Imitative Human Bot Units”, that's a thing Rathi has to have just fucking made up to pretend that — to further the lie that they “just didn't know Murderbot was a person, they don't have robots where they come from, they — how were they supposed to know robots are people and that Murderbot isn't a robot and therefore is a person and it's morally fucking evil of them to treat it like a slave?”

Yeah. This, this Imitative Human Bot Units, this is not mentioned before this and it's not mentioned after this for the whole 12 stories that exist in this series so far.

Literally in-universe, this fucking phrase, this title thing, it doesn't exist outside of this single sentence. So, literally, I am forced to conclude that Rathi just made — they all made this shit up to further convince Murderbot that they, they just didn't know it was a person, uh, it shouldn't be mad at them for enslaving it. They had no clue.

Even though, you know, um, all of the so-called, so called 52 pages before this — it hasn't been 52 pages. It's been 42 pages, but they're fucking lying to us. Um, yeah — Every other scene in this book has happened before now where they continue to treat it as a slave, even after supposedly “realizing” it was a person.

Uh, no. I, I have to assume now that they just made those Imitative Human Bot Units, they just made that up to further the lie that they just didn't know.

Like there's no other possible conclusion. What other possible conclusion am I supposed to make in-universe when this, this Imitative Human Bot Units, that never comes up before now? It wasn't established before now. It doesn't continue being mentioned in the rest of this book and then has never come up *ever again* in the entire rest of the series.

There's literally no other conclusion I can possibly come to. Like, that's that's how this works. If the only time a thing gets said is when the fucking slave owner is saying it to pretend that they had no clue that enslaving people was wrong, the only possible conclusion it's possible to come to within what we fucking establish in the goddamn books is that they just made that shit up right there on the fucking spot.

Let me restart that dumbass thing.

> We'd been in the air a while and when and Mensah was piloting with Pin-Lee in the co-pilot seat when Rathi turned in in his seat to face me and said, "We heard we were given to understand that human imitate that Imitative

> Human Bot Units are ... partially constructed from cloned material."

And again, this is just more Martha Wells lying to the audience because she doesn't want us to realize — despite her then admitting it in interviews and just flat out telling people, "Yes, they're cyborgs."

She doesn't want 90% of 99.99% of the audience to realize that we're talking about cyborgs.

That's why she let them put it's a fucking android and a droid on the back, because she knows that if people understand that Murderbot is a cyborg and so are the rest of the enslaved cyborgs, that the whole entire conversation surrounding this book needs to change completely and utterly.

Also, I feel like the fucking margin has gotten bigger. Maybe it's just...I don't know. Has this — Has this margin at the fucking bottom of the page gotten bigger? Look how disgustingly huge that is. It's ridiculous.

> Rarely, I stopped the show I was watching. I didn't like where this might go. All of that information is in the common knowledge database, plus in the brochure the company provides with the specifics of the types of units they use, which he knew being a scientist and whatever. And it wasn't the kind of h — and he wasn't the kind of human who asked about things he could look up himself through a feed. “That's true.” I said very careful careful to make my voice sound just as neutral as always. Rathi's expression was troubled. “But surely ... it's clear you have feelings.” I flinched. I couldn't help it.

And it's like again, Martha Wells is so racist.

Like, the only way you could have a slave who wants to dehumanize itself is if you're fucking weird about slavery, which is what she is.

> Overse had been working in the feed analyzing data from the assessments. She looked up frowning. “Rathi, what are you doing?”

And again, this is all supposed to be funny and quirky of uh asking the dog, "What do you have in your mouth? What do you have in your mouth?" We're, yeah, it's supposed — We're, we're not — again, there's literally nothing here to take this seriously.

This, This could be a serious actually fucking painful deep conversation about dehumanization and depersonalization and derealization. So many fucking things we could be having a conversation about right now, but we're just going to make it funny and light-hearted.

Rathi shifted guilty.

Also, this is Doctor Rathi. That's his last name.

“I know Mensah asked us not to, but” he waved a hand. “You saw it.”

And again, we're supposed to be acting like these people are treating Murderbot like a person as soon as they realize it's not a robot. As though they didn't know all of this shit from the start.

And also, again, this is this ties in with Martha Wells's hatred of non-binary and other trans people. Uh,

> he waved a hand. “You saw it.”

And, okay, for the fucking record, to preface this, I literally use it/its pronouns. Those are my fucking pronouns. I'm non-binary. My pronouns are it/its pronouns.

Um, anybody who's actually not a fucking slave ra — racist slave owner that we're supposed to think is a good person would not continue calling the slave by it/its pronouns without ever asking, like, that's just dehumanization.

They are dehumanizing Murderbot right now.

And it's specifically dehumanization and not just “respecting Murderbot's pronouns” because they have no fucking clue that Murderbot’s actual chosen pronouns, presumably, but not really —

— It's so much shit.

Martha Wells is such a shit writer and she hates non-binary people.

We're never going to be allowed to have any kind of fucking conversation about this shit without going through the whole goddamn thing.

They are dehumanizing Murderbot right now by continuing to treat it like an object and referring to it as an object with it/its pronouns.

If these people were supposed to be “realizing” Murderbot's a person and treating it like a person, then they wouldn't continue calling it/its pronouns, which is what *they call objects* and how they see it as a fucking object.

Murderbot has never said anything about “call me by it pronouns, those are the ones I like.”

These — This is just what the slave owners have been calling it the whole time to dehumanize it and treat it like an object.

And now they're continuing to do that.

And not one single one among them is like, "Hey, wait. Um, maybe we shouldn't be fucking calling the slave an it. Maybe we should ask the fucking slave what its goddamn pronouns are as the literal bare fucking minimum, bare minimum level of treating it like a person.”

You can't treat someone like a person when they have —

Also, I just noticed how much the yellow of my shirt is reflecting onto the book and my wrist. That's funny.

This isn't treating Murderbot like a person. You're just dehumanizing it. Like they're literally just continuing the dehumanization.

Just because those *happen* to be Murderbot’s pronouns doesn't mean that that's not what these fuckers are doing.

Nobody asked it, ‘Hey, um I realized we've been calling you it like you're a fucking thing this whole time. Um that's that's pretty fucking shitty of us. Is there — what, what pronouns would should we call you? Are there any pronouns you prefer? What do you like? What would you rather we call you?”

And then Murderbot can say, "No, no, no, no. I do not want anything to do with that gender shit, get that the fuck away from me. My pronouns are it/its, those are the ones I like."

We could be having a conversation about that.

Martha Wells is incapable of having that conversation, though, because she hates non-binary people.

Again, I have to stress for the millionth fucking time, the only reason Murderbot is allowed to be non-binary and is allowed to use it/its pronouns is because it doesn't have any genitals. So therefore, Martha Wells thinks, well, it just can't have any gender because that's —

She's she's literally a fucking biological essentialist.

She literally is still equating sex to gender.

Whatever genitals you have in a Martha Wells story is what gender you are.

So, we can't — and she also just hates non-binary people and actual trans people. I can't stress that enough. She hates non-binary and trans people. Non-binary and other trans people because I'm tired of people act — I'm tired of binary trans people acting like the only trans people are binary trans people. Non-binary people are trans too!

So, we could — any, any author that's actually competent and not a raging fucking bigot who bases all of her worldview on biological essentialism of “how you're born dictates how you're allowed to live your life, including who you're allowed to fall in love with and who you're allowed to marry and what gender you're allowed to have” —

A competent author who actually gives a single fuck about any of the minorities that are supposedly represented in this book, we could be having a conversation about —

Let's, let's do a fucking count off, shall we?

We could be talking about dehumanization. We could be talking about gender identity.

We could be talking about reclaiming it/its pronouns as somebody who's repeatedly fucking dehumanized, which is what I'm doing.

You can't grow up autistic in this fucking society and go through your entire childhood being dehumanized and — it's not happening. So those are my pronouns because fuck all of these people. They're mine. They're fun. Those are my pronouns now.

Anyways, we could be talking about that, but we're not going to, because Martha Wells, she doesn't she doesn't think gender identity is a real thing.

It's all, in her mind, just based off of whatever genitals you have.

And that's not just established in this series. In her fantasy series, she literally had the protagonist check what genitals people had before he decided what pronouns he was going to fucking call them. Instead of simply asking a single person, he's literally checking people's genitals to determine what pronouns he's going to fucking use for them. I'm not even joking.

Anyways, um where was it? Yeah. Uh, yeah, I just — they're, they're just dehumanizing Murderbot.

That's what they're doing right now by calling Murderbot its pronouns. Calling it an it. They're dehumanizing it because they are still treating it like a fucking slave. if they weren't treating it like a slave —

We in-universe, out of universe, we know that the reason they don't ask Murderbot's pronouns is because Martha Wells hates us.

Genuinely, she fucking hates us. She doesn't want us to exist. We make things too complicated for her because she worships the gender binary and worships the fucking the white western gender binary in fucking particular.

Uh, that's the out of universe reason that these characters aren't simply asking Murderbot what its fucking pronouns are.

But in-universe, none of that matters. We don't — we shouldn't have in-universe —

This is what death of the author means!

Death of the author doesn't mean, “oh, J — Miku wrote Harry Potter, so, uh, it wasn't JK Rowling who wrote all this bigoted shit, it was Miku. Uh, so that means I get to ignore all of the bigotry that's in the books and just pretend it's fine because I'm claiming the Vocaloid singer actually wrote it.”

As though the only problem with the Harry Potter books is that a bad person's name is on the cover and

not that the bad person whose name is on the cover put bad shit in the fucking books.

So, in-universe, they are still treating Murderbot like a slave.

They are continuing to dehumanize it.

Like imagine for just five fucking seconds right now, if Murderbot didn't use it/its pronouns!

If it/its pronouns were only ever a source of fucking violence and dehumanization toward it, which is what's happening in the story, but because Martha Wells is too much of a bigot to have any kind of conversation about this shit.

So imagine Murderbot used she/her pronouns and then these slave owners are just here literally referring to, in this case, her as an it the whole time.

Do you understand now why this is like fucking evil shit?

Like, yes, Murderbot does use it/its pronouns. And no, this is not an excuse for any of you to misgender it.

I know this is hard to wrap your binary, probably cis brains around, but real people use it/its pronouns.

Like me, real fucking people use these pronouns.

Just because Martha Wells wrote this book in the most bigoted fucking way possible doesn't mean you get to misgender Murderbot and decide it has to have other pronouns.

Because any excuse you use to misgender Murderbot and make Murderbot stop using its pronouns is the shit people say to me, a real fucking person.

What you *should* be doing instead is actually fucking having meaningful conversations about dehumanization, fucking reclaiming parts of this shit.

We could — all of this shit —

Literally all of this shit, you have to have meaningful conversations about it instead of just say, "Okay, um, well, I'll just have Murderbot use different pronouns. That's totally progressive, right?"

And it's like, no, it's not, because people like me literally exist. Making Murderbot stop using it/its pronouns doesn't fix anything in here.

Having meaningful conversations about it, its pronouns and dehumanization and reclaiming shit would it — wouldn't fix what's already in the book, but it can fix the fandom's fucking ideas of how all of this shit works and so much, so much.

Like, yeah, this is Murderbot’s fucking slave owners, continuing to dehumanize it, continuing to treat it as a slave.

All of the things that — all of the conversation that I'm about to read again, it's all just like the definition of performative outrage and performative allyship.

They're still slave owners.

They're still treating Murderbot like a slave, but now they're pretending to Murderbot, and to us, more importantly, out of universe, to us, the audience, this is Marth Martha Wells trying to convince us that they're not really slave owners, cuz uh, they think slavery is bad.

All right, that doesn't change the fact that they are slave owners owning a slave right fucking now, that they went solar systems out of their way to get and use as a meatshield.

Also, I, I'm not watching the fucking TV show, but I have heard from people who went from watching the TV show to reading the books that in the TV show, these motherfuckers actually immediately told Murderbot, "We think slavery is wrong. You can do literally whatever the fuck you want while we're here."

I don't, I don't know anything else past that, but apparently they actually did the bare minimum of people who supposedly think slavery is wrong, where they literally actually told the slave, "You can do

literally whatever you want. We're not going to treat you like a slave. You are our equal.”

That happened in the fucking TV show, apparently. Maybe I'm wrong. I just heard it secondhand.

But uh, well, yeah, secondhand from multiple people who've, who've gone from that, to this, where they literally just treat it like a slave and then we're still supposed to like them, and pointing out “uh this is very House Elf coded” and in the most derogatory way possible, because it's like, “so we go from the TV show where Murderbot is actually confident and knows what it's doing and, and hates humans, honestly” which, thank fuck, Martha Wells really wants to pretend that it does in this and it doesn't.

It worships their fucking feet — the feet their ground — the ground their feet walk on. Whatever the I just fucked up that phrase. I don't give a shit.

Murderbot worships slave owners in this story, but we just keep getting told, "Oh, it hates humans." No, it doesn't. You're a fucking liar and a racist liar.

But in the TV show, it apparently does genuinely resent humans and actually like gets to talk back and shit or something. I don't know. I haven't watched it. I'm not fucking going to.

Uh yeah. Anyways, this is this whole conversation that's about to follow. This is just window dressing… No, there's a phrase I'm looking for. This is like...I don't know.

It's, it's just it's just purely performative.

But people love to to quote from this tiny shitty conversation that doesn't even take up half the page. I don't think — maybe it, it wouldn't take up half the page if this margin were here.

Uh, this, this conversation right here that ends without anything happening. Um this is what people love to quote to pretend that “see? the PreservationAux team aren't slave owners. They said slavery's bad.”

He w — uh — Rathi shifted guilty. I know Mensah asked us not to but he waved a hand. You saw it,

dehumanizing murderbot.

Overse pulled her interface off. You're upsetting it, she said, teeth gritted.

Another dehumanization, but we're going to pretend that's not what's going on.

That's my point, he gestured in frustration. The practice is disgusting. It's horrible. It's slavery. This is no more a machine than Gurathin is. Exasperated, Overse said. And you don't think it knows that again.

They've literally just dehumanized Murderbot three fucking times in this conversation and they're talking about it not only like an object, but like it's not even fucking there.

Again, again, again, I have to stress again, I literally use it/its pronouns. I was fucking using these pronouns before I found this series. I thought it was fucking hilarious.

But this is not how you respect people who use it/its pronouns. This is just dehumanization. Dehumanization, racist and ableist dehumanization, explicitly in-universe done to justify enslaving these people and pretending that it's progressive.

Again, in order for this to be progressive about people who use it/its pronouns, we would have to actually have conversations about so many fucking things that Martha Wells is incompetent to have conversations about because she hates us too much.

She hates she hates anybody who's not white or she wouldn't be shilling for Apple and telling poor people to pay them their fucking grocery money to reward them for whitewashing her own protagonist.

She fucking hates physically disabled people and she hates non-binary and trans people. She hates everybody that Murderbot is supposed to represent.

So, we're not going to ever have a conversation in this series about any of this shit.

The slave owners are dehumanizing Murderbot by calling it an it. Just because Murderbot does actually use those pronouns doesn't mean that's not what they're doing, because they don't know that! They are just continuing the dehumanization that they started when they rented Murderbot out. They are continuing the dehumanization that the people who enslaved Murderbot in the first place started.

It's it's just dehumanization. That's what it is.

That's why so many people finish reading this book where Murderbot never gets to fucking tell a single person, or even think to itself about what its pronouns are, and everybody's like, "Okay, well, I can't call it it, can I? Because they're just dehumanizing them." Usually, they go with he because they think female

characters can't be funny or sarcastic. Sometimes they'll go with she and then sometimes to be quote unquote progressive they'll go with they even. It's like no.

Yeah. It's it's terribly fucking written.

Yeah. So, three counts of “let's actively dehumanize Murderbot by referring to it as an it despite this supposedly being where they treat it like a person.”

You know, if they were really treating Murderbot like a person, they would ask it, "What are your pronouns? What what pronouns would you rather we refer to you as with?"

They haven't even asked Murderbot what its fucking name are.

Just a few pages ago in, chapter 3, wasn't it? Uh, that was the first time we hear one of them refer to Murderbot as SecUnit, as though that's its fucking — Yeah, there it is. Uh, page 51, aka 41.

> Arada said, "I agree. I think you should take SecUnit. You don't know what's go what's going on out there

Because just that's just more dehumanization. That's like pointing — that's literally saying you should take Slave as though slave is its fucking name. “You should take Meatshield.”

It's, it's shit writing. It's racist.

It's, again, not taking slavery seriously.

It's all just terrible fucking writing and just dehumanization. Again, I can't stress that enough.

> “That's my point.” He gestured in frustration. “The practice is disgusting. It's horrible. It's slavery. This is no more a machine than Gurathin is.”

And it's like, yeah, you guys know, even if it were more of a machine than Gurathin, you're supposed to

believe that robots are people and deserve to be treated like equals.

The whole entire point of this series is supposed to be that “robots are people too.” So, where does that fucking go?

Because all of these people keep saying shit like “less sentient than a hauler bot” or “this is no more a machine than Gurathin is”.

So, if it were an actual android or droid, you would think it doesn't deserve fucking rights.

Like legitimately, this is this is what being a shit fucking racist writer leads you to.

And again, Rathi is just saying this.

> “It's disgusting. It's horrible. It's slavery.”

But you guys are the slave owners. You've been treating Murderbot like a slave this whole time. You're still actively treating it like a slave and

dehumanizing it. Not one single one of these motherfuckers has still thanked Murderbot for risking its life to save two of their fucking friends.

They haven't asked it what its fucking name is.

They haven't asked it for its fucking pronouns.

They're still not giving it actual breaks for itself.

They're just putting it on a fucking work roster with everybody else. That's not the same fucking thing. They're — there's — they're still treating it like a fucking slave. They're still dehumanizing it. They are still treating it not like a fucking person. This is fucking ridiculous.

> Exasperated, Overse said, "And you don't think it knows that?"

And it's just like Jesus Christ. It's ridiculous. Martha Wells is so fucking racist.

> I'm supposed to let the clients do and say whatever they want to me. And with an intact governor module, I wouldn't have a choice. I'm also not supposed to snitch on clients to anybody except the company. But it was either that or jump out the hatch.

Also, hold on. No, “I'm not supposed to snitch on clients to anybody except the company.” That just can't be true.

That's not — That's not how this works, because you're supposed to be programmed to follow orders of the person in charge.

And saying I — that doesn't — that just genuinely doesn't make any fucking sense because if some — if two some of the clients are fucking planning a mutiny, you would be required to tell the person — aka snitching on them —

Or, unless Martha Wells is going to do that thing where she pretends graffiti isn't graffiti if it's pretty and pretend that snitching on people isn't snitching if

it's snitching like — that's just a nonsensical statement.

And it's just again very bad writing because saying shit like that, especially in a book as short as this, doesn't even fill out a centimeter when you and your fucking shitty publisher have done everything possible to stretch it out as much as possible? That matters.

Saying “I'm not supposed to snitch on clients to anybody except the company” You're trying to establish the world and you're just making shit up that doesn't even make sense.

> I sent the conversation into the feed tagged for Mensah. From the cockpit, she shouted, "Rathi, we talked about this."

And again, it's supposed to be funny. It's, "Haha, I told mom on you” because we're just treating Mensah as the mom of the group because misogyny and racism.

She's the only Black woman in the group that we know of, because literally no other character has a fucking desri — description of any level at all.

So again, it's it's misogynoir of mom-ifying Black women and saying “now she has, she has the only brain cell in the group. She's everybody's mom.” So she's literally yelling at Rathi like he's a literal literal fucking child.

And again, this is all supposed to be funny. And so is this part.

> I slid out of the seat and went to the back of the hopper as far away as I could get, facing the supply lockers and the head. It was a mistake. It wasn't a normal thing for a SecUnit with an intact governor module to do, but they didn't notice.

And again, Murderbot’s just facing into a wall, and it's supposed to be funny, because I'll give you all a fucking a tip here: If this weren't supposed to be funny, if this weren't supposed to be light-hearted, we

would be going into detail about Murderbot's fucking emotions right now, we would get like two fucking pages at the very least of just describing what Murderbot is feeling so that we can take it seriously, but we're not supposed to take it seriously.

> “I'll apologize,” Rathi was saying. “No, just leave it alone,” Mensah told him

Again, more dehumanization. More dehumanization.

> “That would just make it worse.” Overse added.

And again, all of this is just dehumanization. — I just saw my marker. Where the fuck did it go? I have my computer turned off and I don't have to turn it back on just to open my notepad.

But yeah, literally everybody, all of the slave owners here are just continuing to dehumanize Murderbot and saying that no, you shouldn't apologize to a slave when you upset them, because that would make it worse. It's like, that's not how apologies work.

He should in fact be apologizing.

That's just basic fucking shit. They're they're all just encouraging more dehumanization. “Continue to treat the slave like a slave. Don't apologize when you upset it.”

Um also again, it's all just supposed to be a joke, because this is supposed to be Rathi being “oh haha so funny, so clueless.” It's just — it's just ridiculous.

> I stood there until they all calmed down and got quiet again, then slid into a seat in the back and resumed the serial I'd been watching.

And again, nothing actually going on there to let us take that scene seriously.

> It was in the middle of the night when I felt the feed drop out. I hadn't been using it, but I had felt the SecSystem feeds from the drones and the interior cameras back burnered and was accessing them.

There's a little line break here if I didn't fucking mention that line break. So, there's a new scene. Uh,

> and was accessing them occasionally to make sure everything was okay. The humans left behind in the habitat were more active than they usually were at this time, probably anxious about what we were going to find at DeltFall. I was hearing Arada walk around occasionally, though Volescu was snoring off and on in his bunk. Bharadwaj had been able to move back into her own quarters, but was restless and going Overse her field notes through the feed. Gurathin was in the hub doing something on his personal system. I wondered what he was doing and had just started to carefully poke around through a HubSystem to find out. When the feed dropped, it was like someone slapped the organic part of my brain.

And again, using purposefully weird metaphors and shit and just to make it all seem funny

I sat up and said, "The satellite went down." The others, except for Pin-Lee, who was piloting, all grabbed for their interfaces. I saw their expressions when they felt the silence. Mensah pushed

(at the book) Stop moving, pages.

Mensah pushed out of her seat and came to the back. “Are you sure it was the satellite?” “I'm sure,” I told her. “I'm pinging it and there's no response.” We still had our local feed running on the Hopper system, so we could communicate through it as well as the comm and share data with each other. We just didn't have nearly as much data as we'd have — as we'd have had if we still were still attached to HubSystem. We were far enough away that we needed this comm satellite as a relay. Rathi switched his — Rathi switched his interface to the hopper’s feed and started checking the scans. There was nothing on them except empty sky. I had — I had them back burnered, but I'd

> set them to notify me if they encountered anything like an energy reading or a large life sign. He said, "I just felt a chill. Did anyone else feel a chill a little?" Overse admitted, "It's a weird coincidence, isn't it?"

And again, them saying this is supposed to be funny and quirky and relatable.

> "The damn satellites had periodic outages since we got here," Pin-Lee pointed out from the cockpit. “We just don't normally need it for comms.” She was right. I was supposed to check their personal logs periodically in case they were plotting to defraud the company or murder each other or something.

Even though we just fucking said, like two pages ago, that Murderbot’s not supposed to snitch on them to anybody except the company. But why would — So why would it have to keep track of whether or not they're planning to murder each other if not to snitch on that to the fucking person in charge, huh? Can you

keep shit consistent for not even even five pages? The answer is no!

> And the last time I looked at Pin-Lee, she had been tracking the satellite problems, trying to figure out if there was a pattern. It was one of the many things I didn't care about because the entertainment feed was only updated occasionally, and I downloaded it for local storage. Rathi shook his head. “But this is the first time we've been far enough far enough from the habitat to need it for comm contact. It just seems odd and not in a good way.”

He just repeated the same thing she just fucking said. She — the — like the second sentence she said was, "We just don't — it, it does this all the time. We just don't normally need it for comms." And then he repeats, "But this is the first time we've needed it for comms." And it's like, "Yeah, yeah."

> Mensah looked around at them. “Does anyone want to turn back?” I did, but I didn't get a vote

Because they're still treating it like a fucking slave even though all the rest of the fandom will be trying to convince you that this is “they're treating it like a person, they treat it — started treating it like a person as soon as they found out it was a person!!”

And they're they're referring to the first the very start of the fucking book where it risked its life and almost died protecting two of them.

Uh yeah, they literally are not treating it like a fucking person, and they're still treating it like a slave. That's why Murderbot doesn't get a fucking vote.

> The others sat there for a quiet moment. Then Overse said

Also, Murderbot does get a fucking vote. It could literally say some fucking shit about security protocol. Say “we have to turn around."

It could do that, but um, it's not going to do that, because Martha Wells doesn't actually want Murderbot to not want to die.

We're just supposed to want Murderbot to keep murdering other slaves.

That's, I guess that's spoilers for you if you're, uh coming into this without any context. Whatever.

> Overse said, "If it turns out the DeltFall group did need help and we didn't go, how would we feel?" “If there's a chance we can save lives, we have to take it." Pin-Lee agreed. Rathi sighed. “No, you're right. I'd feel terrible if anyone died because we were overcautious.” “We're agreed then,” Mensah said. “We'll keep going

Because again, Murderbot was correct. They're not giving it a vote.

It doesn't get a vote because they're not treating it like a fucking person. They are treating it like a

fucking slave, even though it's already almost died to save two of their lives.

And then they immediately put it back to work before it's even fully healed, because it was only at 80%, not 100%. And then, and then still treating it like a slave. Every moment up until now.

> I would have preferred they be overcautious. I had

You could m — again, No, it's fucking — It's a lie.

If Murderbot actually wanted them to not be taking stupid risks, it could literally just say uh “client security protocol says that we have to turn around because we have no comms contact.” It could say that, it doesn't have to be true.

Murderbot is in fact capable of lying to people because it's doing that this whole time by pretending its governor module isn't hacked.

Which is the literally the only things the only thing ever that makes these people finally start treating Murderbot like a person, is when they realize it's not actually controlled by the governor module.

They are literally continuing to treat it like a slave because right now they think they can get away with it, *and they are getting away with it* because we're supposed to like them.

The only time they finally start treating Murderbot like a person is after they find out that it can, in fact, kill them if it fucking wants to, which it doesn't, because Martha Wells is racist and is writing a slavery apologism series.

Again, that's literally what happens.

We're told, "Oh, they just didn't realize it was a person until it took its fucking helmet off to talk to somebody in the — Volescu in the crater."

As though they've never seen it without its helmet on. It's just so much bullshit. It's, it's all bullshit.

None of it makes sense when you actually think about it.

> I had 4 hours to my next scheduled watched, so I went into standby and buried myself in the downloads I'd stored away.

And again, it's just lazy, shallow, shitty writing that we never get to actually learn anything meaningful about any of the downloads that Murderbot is watching.

Also, Martha Wells is like, "Piracy's bad. You shouldn't do it.” Your fucking protagonist is pirating everything. You are shilling for Apple TV. You can shut the fuck up.

There's another little line break.

> It was dawn when we got there. DeltFall had established their camp in a wide valley surrounded by high mountains. A spiderweb of creek beds cut through the grass and stubby trees. There they were a bigger operation than ours with three linked habitats and a shelter for

> surface vehicles, plus a landing area for two large hoppers, a cargo hauler, and three small hoppers. It was all company equipment though, per contract, and all subject to the same malfunctions as the crap they dumped on us. There was no one outside, no movement, no no sign of damage, no sign any hostile fauna had approached. The satellite was still dead, but Mensah had been trying to get the DeltFall habitat on the comes on the come since we had come within range.

Mhm.

> “Are they missing any transports?” Mensah asked. Rathi checked the record of what they were supposed to have, which I'd copied from HubSystem before we left. “No, the hoppers are all there. The ground vehicles are in the shelter, I think.” I moved up

Also, I got to say before I fucking forget it — No, I will not bother.

This just doesn't make sense.

None of the — none of the villain — actions of the villains in this story actually fucking make any sense at all when you actually start to think about the story and think, “what should the villains be doing in this situation and what would they be doing if this were well written and characters actually get to have motivations of their own besides ‘just do whatever the plot requires to let the heroes win.’”

Well, I'll, I'll get into that more when we fucking get there.

> I had moved up to the front as we got closer. Standing behind the pilot seat, I said, "Doctor Mensah,"

Because again, they only get referred to as doctor in dialogue, which is just bad writing because it's completely inconsistent for no fucking reason.

> “I recommend you land outside their perimeter.” Through the local feed, I sent her

> all the info I had, which was what their automated systems were responding to the pings the hopper was sending, but that was it. We weren't picking up their feed, which meant their HubSystem was in standby. There was nothing from their three SecUnits, not even pings.

Also, it's more bad writing that we never get a fucking explanation for what a ping is. In this super sci-fi future, a ping has to have some kind of fucking definition, but we never get it. It's just whatever the fuck. No explanation ever, because bad writing.

It's gen — It's genuinely just bad writing. A lot of fucking people are just falling for a whole bunch of anti-intellectual shit and saying that uh “exposition is bad because it's holding your hand.” No, you useless motherfuckers!

Exposition is a basic storytelling element that has existed since the history of fucking humans, since anybody started telling fucking stories.

It exists for a fucking reason, and it's because it's *a basic element of good storytelling*.

You refusing to do exposition doesn't make you clever. It, it's makes you a bad fucking writer. You're not writing fanfiction when you're selling books to people that's marketed as original fiction.

You do have to in fact explain this shit. I should get a fucking explanation for what a ping is. Just because you are a shit fucking coward who only reads fanfiction and then the Murderbot Diaries, which is also just written exactly like fanfiction, doesn't mean that's how this works.

What the fuck is a ping? Somebody fucking explain to me what the fuck a ping is in this setting. What does it mean? What does it do? We don't fucking know, because Martha Wells is shit at writing and refuses to do any actual world building, including basic exposition.

> Overse in the co-pilot seat glanced up at me. “Why?”

So, I'll just read this dialogue because the dialogue in this book is shit.

> I said, "Doctor Mensah, I recommend you land outside their perimeter."

And then a Overse is like,

> "Why?"

Uh,

> I had to answer the question. So, I said “Security protocol.” which sounded good and didn't commit me to anything.

Like, Murderbot, you could — Martha Wells specifically, you could have just said that.

That could literally have been a reason why Murderbot argued that they turned the fuck around. But no, but no. No.

And again, we're supposed to — all of this whole shit that was going on, Overse here saying, "No, we would feel so bad if they got hurt because we turned around." It's trying to convince us, “See, they're good people. They care about people. They care about other humans. The people that they consider to be humans.”

They don't give a shit about Murderbot, a person they don't consider to be human, because they're dehumanizing it as a fucking slave.

They don't even care about the other people's slaves, and the story doesn't want *us* to either, because that's why they're going to be framed as rabid fucking animals.

> No one outside, no one answering the comm. Unless they had all jumped in their surface vehicles and gone off on vacation, leaving their hub and SecUnits shut down, they were dead. Pessimism confirmed.

And that's supposed to be a joke again.

> But we couldn't be sure without looking. The hopper scanners can't see inside habit — inside the habitats because of the shielding that's really only there to protect

uh I flipped too soon.

> proprietary data, so we couldn't get any life signs or energy readings. This is why I didn't want to come. I've got four perfectly good humans here and I didn't want them to get killed by whatever took out DeltFall. It's not like I cared about them personally, but it would look pretty bad on my record. And my record was already pretty terrible.

And again, this is Martha Wells trying to pretend that Murderbot um hates humans even though it worships the fucking ground —

No, I should specify slave owners, because human in this setting means slave owner. The people who are acknowledged to be human, they're all fucking slave owners. Literally. Uh, Murderbot's like, "Oh, I don't I

don't care about them personally. It would just look bad on my record."

And it's like, okay, Martha Wells, why do you think a slave would care about whether their record looks good when having a bad record isn't going to do anything to Murderbot? It's not going to be punished for it.

“Uh, it's not like I cared about them personally. It would just look bad.”

And it's like, again, Martha Wells downplaying what slavery is and expecting us to worship the slave owners and want Murderbot to admit that it really does love these these ~awesome adorable slave owners~.

“We're just being cautious,” Mensah said,

answering Overse after how much of non dialogue again. The, the dialogue is so spaced out between other shit that it's like impossible to actually follow the conversation.

So it goes, Murderbot saying, "Doctor Mensah, I recommend you land outside their perimeter."

Overse said, "Why?"

Mensah finally fucking answered her and said, "We're just being cautious."

Nothing else. Nothing else. That's the conversation.

> I gave Mensah a few hints through the feed. That they should break out the hand weapons in the survival gear, that Rathi should stay behind inside the hopper with the hatch sealed and locked since he'd never done the weapons training course. And that most important, I should go first.

And again, we're we're leaving Rathi behind because we're just treating him like a comic relief buffoon who's incompetent because he's a brown man.

And then then it's supposed to pretend to be feminist by saying that the brown man is incompetent. So that

means it's — Martha Wells thinks that pretending that racism is really feminism is a good thing. And it's like, no, you're just doing racism.

Uh...

> they were quiet, subdued. Up until now, I think they had all been looking at this as probably a natural disaster that they were going to be digging survivors out of a collapsed habitat or helping fight off a herd of Hostile Ones. This was something else. Mensah gave the orders and we started forward. Me in front, the humans a few steps behind. They were in their full suits with helmets which gave some protection but it had been meant for environmental hazards not some other heavily armed human (or angry malfunctioning rogue SecUnits)

That's in parenthesis.

> deliberately trying to kill them. I was more nervous than Rathi who was jittery on our

> comms monitoring the scans and basically telling us to be careful every other step

Because again it's supposed to be funny. It's supposed to be funny. We can't actually take this seriously.

> I had my built-in energy weapons and the big project projectile weapon I was cradling. I also had six drones pulled from the hopper supply and under my control through its feed. They were the small kind barely a centimeter across. No weapons, just cameras. They make some which aren't much bigger and have a small pulse weapon, but you have to get one of the upper tier company packages mostly designed for much larger contracts. I told the drones to get in the air and gave them a scouting pattern. I did that because it seemed sensible, not because I knew what I was doing.

Because Martha Wells loves trying to pretend that Murderbot just doesn't know what it's doing. “It's really bad at its job. It's not per — It's not a Mary Sue. Trust me, it's not. Oh, it's really bad at its job.”

And then just has it do all kinds of shit that never fails because she wants to pretend that Murderbot is an underdog, and therefore we should cheer for it, but then she never actually wants Murderbot to really lose a fight in a meaningful way.

So Murderbot doesn't ever actually fuck anything up because of its own bad choices because it genuinely “doesn't know what it's doing”.

It knows what it's doing.

She just lies and pretends it doesn't to pretend that it's a fucking underdog and not completely overpowered.

> I am not a combat murderbot. I am security.

Again, I have to say, any editor worth any money at all, let alone a supposedly professional editor with a professional editing publishing company, should have chopped out every redundancy in this fucking book.

There are so many completely useless, redundant fucking bullshit that shouldn't exist.

We don't need combat bots, combat units, combat murderbots. Just shut the fuck up! No!

And you're about to see it's going to get worse. We're going to be at the part, there's a scene that we're about to get to pretty soon that's exists purely for the sake of letting Martha Wells write a scene where the slave tries to kill itself heroically to protect its slave owners.

Not presented as a horrifying thing, it’s presented as, "Yeah, what a good slave killing itself to protect its slave owners. How beautiful. What a good person." That's legitimately what it is.

And it's — This is the start of the ridiculous fucking redundancies.

> I'm not a combat murderbot. I'm security.

That's why Murderbot wins every single fight it ever gets into. Unless the plot — Unless literally the plot says, "Okay, but it’s got to kind of lose this one."

Like, it's just lies. It's lies. “I'm not — I'm not trained for combat. That's why I beat everybody. Trust me.”

That's — yeah, it's it's again just trying to lie to you to pretend that Murderbot is an underdog, because, pretending that it's an underdog, therefore, you want to cheer for it.

Therefore, you'll ignore all of the horrific things that it does and the fact that it never actually loses a fight in a meaningful way.

> I keep things from attacking the clients and try to gently discourage the clients from attacking each other. I was way out of my depth here, which was another reason I didn't want the humans to come here.

Except, Murderbot, if Martha Wells keeps —

Yeah, Martha Wells keeps trying to convince us that Murderbot doesn't want anybody doing this cuz it's too dangerous. But then she didn't just have Murderbot even try to claim, “hey, security protocols say we got to go back or your warranty on this ship and also me will expire” and then it could just say anything it wants.

It is — it can — it's been lying to these people the whole time. It can it can lie for a good fucking reason.

Like it could at least — it could have even fucking hacked —

Look, look, Okay? Murderbot could have said, "Hey, security protocols demand that we turn the fuck around." And then they could have been like, "Well, we don't care about that." It could have hacked the fucking computer, the, the the helicopter that they're in.

And said, "Oh, uh, yeah, the security protocol just engaged itself automatically. Sorry, it's going to turn

itself around now. The autopilot's taken over. Nothing I can do about it.”

We could have done that, but no, because Martha Wells wants them to go here specifically.

The only purpose to any of this shit going on right now is so that she can write the scene where the slave tries to ~heroically, beautifully~ kill itself to protect its slave owners.

I'm not even joking. That's the point of all of this fucking side quest.

So she can write the scene that she's been wanting to write the whole time, where the slave tries to kill itself to protect its slave owners. Not even joking.

> We crossed the shallow —
> Yeah, I was way out of my depth here, which was another reason I hadn't wanted the humans to come here

And like, you didn't put up any argument, even though you are capable of putting up an argument and framing it as “blame this on the company. The company makes these rules. I don't, I don't make the rules. I just have to follow them.”

So, literally anything like that.

No, because uh the plot, and by the plot I mean the scene she's wanted to write the whole time where the slave heroically tries to kill itself to protect its slave owners, so she can live out her fantasy of being such a nice slave owner that her slaves would try to kill themselves protect her — That's what's going on here. That's the premise of this whole fucking book.

> We crossed the shallow streams

As though we'd established *clearly* at any point that there were streams here,

> sending a group of water invertebrates
> scattering away from our boots.

Look how many fucking indigenous life forms are on this fucking planet!

There's little water invertebrates and, and we're just supposed to pretend that it's completely morally neutral for the PreservationAux team to even be here doing shit, planning to colonize the fucking planet, even though they're supposed to be the good guys who are supposed to think colonization is bad.

But not really, because it'll be good when they do it.

> The trees were short and sparse enough that I had a good view of the camp from this angle. I couldn't detect any DeltFall.

What do you mean this angle? What angle are you at? We have — we — You'll notice the complete lack of descriptions of the scene that they're in.

Like, “oh, we crossed some shallow streams and there's short sparse trees.” That doesn't actually tell us anything about where you're standing. Are you up on a fucking hill above their thing? Are you looking

down into it? We don't fucking know because it's badly fucking written.

> I couldn't detect any DeltFall security drones by eye or with the scanners on my drones.

That's just redundant using drones where both in that sentence that could have been done better.

> Rathi in the hopper wasn't picking up anything either. I really really wished I could pinpoint the location of those three SecUnits, but I wasn't getting anything from them.

Okay, before we continue, that line was the end of a paragraph.

We're on page 62, aka 52, because there's 10 blank pages between the and nonstory pages between what is actually page 1 and what they're claiming is page 9. We're on page, according to these fuckers, 62. It's actually 52.

We're 52 pages into the series.

Okay, if we just stopped this whole rest of this book and threw it in the fucking garbage, and left off and then built forward from this last line here: “I really, really wished I could pinpoint the location of those three SecUnits but I wasn't getting anything from them.”

I'm actually going to really stop this video right here and just talk.

Um, this is the perfect spot. If we just stopped the — just throw — take everything after that line and throw it in the fucking garbage, this could still be salvageable, because Murderbot — we could be taking “Murderbot really really wants to figure out where the other slaves are” —

And say —

I shouldn't even have to explain this.

I swear to fucking God, this shouldn't have to be a thing that I have to say like this.

If you are, if you are reading these, if you're watching this video before you watch any of the other videos in this series, all linked in the fucking description if you're on YouTube, it's also a playlist. And if you're on the Internet Archive, they're all there. I don't know why you would be watching them out of order. Maybe you clicked on one and didn't notice or something.

If you are coming into the series without any fucking context and have managed to ignore everything else I've said about spoilers for the series, I hate to be the one to fucking tell you this, 52 pages into the fucking story, but this line of “the slave really wishes it could figure out where the other slaves are”, it's not saying that out of concern for their safety.

It's not saying that because it wants to make sure they're okay.

It's not saying that because it wants to find out what happened to them, because it cares about them.

It's saying that because this author, Martha Wells, is a white supremacist who fucking loves slavery and loves dehumanizing fucking —

Oh my Jesus Christ —

I'm actually just gonna have to stop the video because I'm so fucking pissed off about this, because Murderbot is saying, "I wish I knew where the other slaves were." Because Martha Wells is a racist fucking sack of shit who wants to do slavery apologism and pretend that —

You know, no, I'm, I'm pissed.

I'm — I'm done.

Goodbye.

05

August 24th. We're going to continue reading this bullshit here.

Also, just for the record, um, PlatformDecay, the price has been announced and, uh, my twin said to get System Collapse out for a demonstration of like — that's barely — System Collapse, book seven, is barely bigger than book one.

And Sys — uh, PlatformDecay, supposed to be around the same number of pages as this this shit right here. This is 241. I'm not scrolling through that right now to see how much they're lying about that, but they're planning to charge 25 fucking dollars for uh, PlatformDecay.

Let me turn the fan…

They're planning to charge $25 for PlatformDecay. And also, for anybody who doesn't know, PlatformDecay, Martha Wells picked that because she's a corporate sellout.

PlatformDecay is another an alternative term for enshittification. If you don't know what enshittification is, look it up. You probably know what it means, um, you just didn't know there was a word for it.

So, Martha Wells is naming her book that. So if you are going to talk about PlatformDecay when it comes out, do everybody who actually cares about the death of the internet due to corporate greed a favor and spell the book title as one fucking word.

PlatformDecay. One word instead of two.

Because any social media thing that's talking about platform decay is talking about the fucking encroaching death of the internet via corporate greed, also known as platform decay, also known as enshittification.

And now Martha Wells, who is literally shilling for fucking Apple right now and has sold out to Apple, named her fucking book that, which means it's now going to be that much more difficult for people in the

future to talk about platform decay the fucking concept, because their tags will get flooded with whatever shit happens in the... 12th? 13th? I think it's the 12th Murderbot book. Maybe it's the 13th. I just need to write the list down. My laptop's asleep.

Anyways, we're going to fucking do this. Also, I can't tell if my face is red. I might have gotten sunburned. Probably got sunburned because I have yet to find a single thing of sunscreen lotion that I can put on my face without it making my eyes boil. Not literally, but that's what it fucking feels like.

Anyways, we were on page 62. Like do I — the only one? One side of my face is sunburned. The other is not. Uh, doesn't hurt. Just looks really red.

Yeah, we had just read the sentence. Uh,

> I really really wished I could pinpoint the location of those three SecUnits, but I wasn't getting anything from them

Because I had to stop, because it's just like, there's there's no part of this book and, and this whole series at this point, that's not just doing slavery apologism.

Any other book where we have the —

[poking at face] It's kind of tingling. I don't know what's going on with my face.

Any other book series where we got the sentence from the basic concept of a slave says, "I really wish I knew where the other slaves were." This wouldn't be what's going on in here.

[pauses video]

Okay, I'm back. Washed my face. It's still red. I don't know what's going on, but it's not like I'm overheating or anything.

Anyways, we had read the sentence on the page before where Murderbot’s like “I really really wished I could pinpoint the location of those other slaves, but I wasn't getting anything from them” and pointing

out, um any book that's not written by a racist who's literally just doing slavery apologism —

I shouldn't even have to explain this, but Martha Wells forces me to because that's —

It's just so fucking ridiculous.

Any story about a slave where the slave thinks, "I really wish I knew where the other slaves were” when they are going to an area that has faced a natural disaster, any book not written by a fucking racist is going to have the slave thinking that because, you know, basic solidarity, basic morality, basic caring about other fucking slaves.

But Martha Wells doesn't want us to be concerned about the other slaves here. She doesn't want us to worry about where they are or what's going on with them.

Hold on. I can get a drink.

We're not supposed to be concerned about them because we want them to be okay, because we want them to be safe or anything like that. No. No. We're supposed to be worried about where they are because *they're dangerous rabid animal mindless killing machines who need to be fucking put down so that they don't hurt the precious pure cinnamon roll slave owners*.

Because that's what this book is doing.

We're not concerned about the safety of the slaves because they're slaves who deserve better than this shit, and this could be an opportunity to help them escape.

Murderbot's not looking for them, uh, doesn't want to know where they are so it can find them before anybody else notices, so, it can tell them very quickly, “Keep, keep quiet. Don't say anything.” It could even be hacking their governor modules.

No, we're not doing that, because this is a racist book written by a racist white woman from Texas who has

refused, actively, *maliciously refused* to unlearn any of the fucking slavery apologism she has been getting shoved down her throat her entire life, and now she's shoving it down our throats, despite having literal decades at this point in her writing career of people explaining to her that slavery apologism is bad.

And does she actually take any of this constructive criticism? No! She literally will just make a caricature of the people criticizing the slavery apologism, and then put that in the story where she's doing slavery apologism to make fun of them like a fucking 12-year-old.

So, we got that sentence. “I really wished I could” uh what was it exactly? Skip back page. Can we turn page? Just washed my hands, so, they're not wet.

> I really really wished I could pinpoint the location of those three SecUnits, but I wasn't getting anything from them.

And then the next paragraph is

> SecUnits aren't sentimental about each other. Period. We aren't friends the way the characters on the serials are or the way my humans are. We can't trust each other. Even if we work together, even if you don't have clients who decide to entertain themselves by ordering their SecUnits to fight each other.

And Murderbot doesn't think this be—

It's all just slavery apologism. It's literally slavery apologism. All of it. All of it.

Nobody who's not fucking racist and doing slavery apologism is going to write a book where the fucking slave protagonist tells you, the fucking reader, “You can't trust other slaves, they're untrustworthy even when you they haven't been ordered to — and you haven't both been ordered to fight each other.”

And also, I do want to state again um the sentence here.

> Even if you don't have clients who decide to entertain themselves by ordering their SecUnits to fight each other

This is just more of Murderbot's imaginary fake fucking backstory that never appears on screen in any way, shape, or form. And I will tell you why:

It's because A) as long as Martha Wells just keeps telling us that Murderbot has a tragic backstory, it means people are more likely to like Murderbot and make excuses for it, even when what they're excusing is it being a fucking serial murderer of other slaves out of literal pure malicious spite, which you will see pretty fucking soon.

Um, and if as long as she just keeps telling us, ~Murderbot has a tragic backstory. It's it's the underdog. trust me.~ But then we never actually see it being the underdog, at least in regards to other slaves, because all of this shit that we just keep getting told ~totally happened to it ~...is all offscreen.

It never appears on screen.

We never have any proof that any of this happened.

And it's like, it's fine to have a backstory, but when the backstory completely goes against *everything else that's happening in the story*, it's just kind of ridiculous.

Especially because then Martha Wells wants to get snippy and, and be annoyed by people in the audience who are confused, reasonably confucking, fucking confused about why Murderbot in book three — we're randomly told Murderbot seemed scared of a human by another fucking character.

And people are reasonably baffled by that fucking statement from the book, because as far as these fucking books have shown us, as far as Martha Wells wants us to believe — not if we are actually doing active reading like I am, if you just go along with what the vibes of these books are telling you, *humans are always nice to Murderbot*.

(Sarcasm begins) Ignore the part where they fucking made it clean up its own fucking blood after it almost died, saving two of their fucking lives. And then nother of them said thank you, including either of the people whose lives were saved. (Sarcasm ends)

I do have to remind everyone, we're still treating — they are not me. We're not doing anything.

These motherfuckers are — they are still treating Murderbot like a slave. We're on chapter four, I think. Yeah, we're on chapter four, and they're still treating Murderbot like a slave.

But as far as the story is concerned, as far as Martha Wells is concerned, they're being ~awesome~.

And the fandom will try to convince you that they're, they're treating Murderbot like a person, cuz “they just didn't realize it wasn't a person before.”

Because that's the lie the characters literally tell you and that Martha Wells tells you in this book, and then literally spends the entire rest of the series

disproving, but then doesn't actually want us to treat it like a lie because she's a shit racist writer.

Anyways, um yeah, this is all slavery apologism. Nobody who's actually not racist, an anti-racist, and thinks slavery is actually bad and actually grasps what slavery is —

Nobody like that would ever write a story where we have a fucking slave that *we are told is a good person that we should look up to and trust their opinions on shit* —

Nobody would ever do this, and then have that slave be the biggest advocate for demonizing other slaves in the whole series.

It's just racism.

There's no — And no, none of the in-universe justifications actually justifies this.

It's fucking nonsensical because Martha Wells is fucking racist *and* classist *and* ableist and hates

trans people, and at this point just also hates aroace people?

Because she *seemed* like she was trying to represent us, um, as anybody who's read up to the end of the series now will be able to tell you, um, yeah, even the even her most stauch? Staunch, staunch defenders are just getting — they're side-eying her because it's like, “okay, why does she keep insisting upon framing this relationship between Murderbot and ART as romantic? When she's supposed to be expecting us to to trust her that Murderbot is aro and not interested in that?”

“Why is literally every single fucking character and the narrate — narrative itself framing this as a romantic relationship when Murderbot is supposed to be aroace and Murderbot itself doesn't want to be in a romantic relationship?”

It seems like we are literally just queerbaiting aroace people, because we were promised — and as far as fucking Murderbot is concerned, it has it does not want anything to do with romance. So why is the

entire narrative and every single other fucking character in this goddamn story going behind Murderbot's back to insist that the relationship is romantic anyways?

She's very clearly just pandering to the allo shippers who have made being in this fandom a fucking living hell for aroace people, nonpartnering aroace people like Murderbot is supposed to be.

And it's not even in a character development way. It's not even “Murderbot’s working through literally anything and coming to the realization that, oh, maybe I do kind of experience some kind of attraction? I don't know?”

Like, you could do that. But we're not doing that.

Martha Wells doesn't believe in character development. And the lack of character development in her stories, literally her own words, “that's a feature, not a bug” despite her not telling people this from the fucking start, and promising us twice in this fucking series, three times now that she's broken that

promise, that uh “the characters will actually develop and actually do something”. That hasn't happened yet.

Anyways,

> the scans read the perimeter sensors as dead and the drones weren't picking up any warning indicators. The DeltFall hub system was down and without it no one inside could access our feed or comms, theoretically. We crossed over

This should — that's all right. Hold on. Let me start this paragraph again because this is a bad paragraph. This should be multiple paragraphs. All right.

> The scans read the perimeter sensors as dead and the drones weren't picking up any warning indicators. The Delt fall hub system was down and without it no one could inside could access or our feed or comms theoretically.

That's — that should all be its own sentence (paragraph) because that's talking about like, the

security measures and shit and stuff like that. That's its own little itty itty bitty little mini subject within this book, within this page.

And now what comes after should be a separate fucking paragraph, but it's not, for some reason. So, this is me [holds up book] between my fingers there. This, this paragraph, it needs to be broken up because that's — you should have a paragraph break there.

Look! That would even give you another fucking line with which to fill out this scam of a fucking book. But it would be for a good actual fucking basic editing writing reason instead of bullshit ~we're literally going to insert 10 blank fucking pages.~

Anyways, the rest of this shitty paragraph that should be its own paragraph reads,

> We crossed over and into the landing area for their hoppers.

And then that's a sentence. But then the next sentence is

> They were between us and the first habitat. The vehicle storage to one side.

that that period

> between the landing area for their hoppers. They were between us and the first habitat.

That should just be a comma. What's going on with this paragraph? This is on page “62”. 62. This doesn't seem like it was edited at all.

Like that should be a fucking — that should just be a comma there. What, what, what happened to the editing for this paragraph? There should be a paragraph break. And then those shouldn't be two separate sentences, that should be separated by a comma.

Anyways,

I was leading leading us in at an angle trying to get a visual on the main habitat door, but I was also checking the ground. It was mostly bare of grass from all the foot traffic — foot traffic and hopper landings. From the weather report we'd gotten before the satellite quit, it had rained here last night and the mud had hardened. No activity since then.
I passed that info

I'm trying to…

I passed that info to Mensah through the feed and she told the others keeping her voice low. Pin Lee said, "So whatever happened, it wasn't long after we spoke to them on the comm."
“They couldn't have been attacked by someone,” Over whispered. There was no reason to whisper, but I understood the impulse. “There's no one else on this planet.”
“There's not supposed to be anyone else on this planet,” Rathi said darkly over the calm from our hopper.

[sighs]

Getting a drink and then I'll read this next shit.

[sighs]

I just have to keep saying this over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over again.

It's physically fucking impossible for someone who actually thinks that slavery is horrific to write a book like this. It's not possible.

You ready for the next fucking paragraph?

Let me read the one above it again.

> There's not supposed to be anyone There's not supposed to be anyone else on this planet, Rathi said darkly over the comm from our hopper.

Now prepare yourself.

> There were three SecUnits who were not me on this planet and that was dangerous enough.

Because Martha Wells is demonizing slaves.

She is literally treating slaves like the mindless killing machines that she — as a trope that she fucking claims to hate. She literally claims to hate the trope where ~robots just gain sentience and start killing people for no reason.~

But then she's literally — that's how she's portraying every slave in this fucking series who's not the fucking protagonist.

That's literally what's going on here.

> There were three SecUnits

AKA slaves. “There were three slaves who were not me on this planet. And that was dangerous enough”

Because this whole fucking thing is literally just slavery apologism.

And then when you point out the basic fact that this is literally just slavery apologism, the, the the rabid stans, they claim that you just haven't read — you clearly haven't read the book that you're criticizing in a way that you would literally need to have read the book in order to do.

They will literally pretend that you have not fucking read the book.

And then when you — when enough people point out, or just, they get embarrassed by stating a very obvious thing that's not true, they'll say, "Oh, you just have no reading comprehension."

And it's like, insult of your choice, if you read this story and go off of only the vibes that the author wants you to pick up without actually reading the fucking text and grasping what the fucking text is telling you, *which is that you're supposed to think other slaves are all rabid fucking mindless killing machines*... I'm not the one who lacks reading comprehension, and also, guess what? I'm aware that I do struggle with reading comprehension, I'm

fucking autistic! I was held back! I was in special ed until like the fourth slash fifth grade. And the only reason we stopped being in it then is because the new school didn't have it.

I'm aware that I have to read a book at least three fucking times in order to actually understand what the fuck is going on. That's why the first few times I read these I, I, and, and, like honestly, even the first time I read it I was like “I don't like that” — But you know, I was giving it the benefit of the doubt. I was assuming that it was in there *on purpose* because we would be dealing with it in the next book…

…And then I just kept waiting, and it just, until it — till it's just became blatantly fucking clear that no, we're never — this, this shit isn't in here to criticize it, it's in here because this is what Martha Wells genuinely fucking believes, and wants us to believe, and is literally training the godamn fandom to believe and it's literally fucking working.

That's why I'm making these fucking videos.

That's why we are fucking do — well, I'm doing active reading and you, person in the future, maybe — I mean you're definitely in the future from me right now even if it's just like several hours. It could be 2035 I don't know. Hi from 2025. Hope you got any…… basic shit going on in the future.

This is why I'm doing these fucking videos, so that you can all also see the basic shit that's in here when you actually genuinely fucking read what it is telling you, what *the actual words say* instead of just going off the vibes.

Because as far as the fucking vibes are concerned, Mensah is a pure cinnamon roll who's never done anything wrong. Now, ignore — *don't even notice* the fact that she literally left Murderbot's room covered in its own blood and forced it to have to clean that up after it fucking fell unconscious.

Let me point the fan this way.

As far as far as the vibes of this story go, these are all awesome people who are so good and so nice and

~totally treat Murderbot like a person as soon as they “realize” it's a person~, as though they didn't know that the whole time for everybody rereading this after reading the rest of the series, because that's how storytelling works.

But like, literally, they are still treating it like a fucking slave 63 pages in as far as this fucking scam is concerned.

And let me flip to the last actual page of the story, because if I didn't mention it, they're they're counting this shit at the end as as being numbered. The page — the book claims there's 149 pages. We're 63 pages in right now, and they are still treating it like a slave, but we're not supposed to see it as them treating it like a slave.

We're supposed to think that these slave owners are ~doing everything right and are so nice and are so compassionate and are treating Murderbot so well~ ...because they're not actively, like, torturing it with a fucking weapon or something, even though

they're enslaving it! They're enslaving it! They went solar systems out of their way to enslave it!

[sighs]

Anyways,

> there were three SecUnits who were not me on this planet, and that was dangerous enough. I got my visual on the main habitat hatch and saw it was shut. No sign of anything forcing its way inside. The drones had circled the whole structure by now and showed me the other entrances were the same. That was that. Hostile fauna don't come to the door and asked to be let inside. I sent the images to Mensah's feed and said aloud, "Doctor Mensah, it would be better if I went ahead."

Also, there's many problems with this basic — Hold on.

The only reason that these characters are assuming that, ~oh, there's actually somebody else on the

planet~ is because there *is* somebody else on the planet. Not because that's the most reasonable fucking conclusion for them to come to.

Uh, ~this couldn't possibly be alien wildlife or just any indigenous life forms~ that uh did something at all. Um because the doors aren't... broken in? and it's like there's so many problems with that fucking concept.

What — it's — and the only reason we're acting like that's a given is again, because that's what's going on. It's a specific — there's a name for this....

It's kind of like how the more stormtroopers you have, the less accurate their shooting becomes. Or like when there's — suddenly when there's time travel involved in the story, all of the characters will magically suddenly become incompetent in ways they normally aren't, and the only reason they're acting incompetent *now* is because time travel will fix it.

It's kind of like — that's kind of what's going on here.

It's, it's as though the characters — they know what the plot is ahead of time, so that's the only reason they're coming to these conclusions.

So they've come to the conclusion, they're not saying it out loud yet explicitly, but they've all come to the conclusion, especially Murderbot here, that “oh, there's somebody else on this planet who's killing people.”

And it's like, the only reason you think that is because that's what's actually happening, not because there's any actual evidence to prove that.

The reasoning here is, um, that “the doors show no sign of being forced open”. So the reasoning is that it must be some other people or something, “because hostile fauna don't come to the door and ask to be let inside” because the doors don't have giant scratch marks or dent marks in it or anything like that.

And it's like, okay… you're on an alien planet.

You have no fucking clue what any of the wildlife looks like or is capable of. Why are you — like you even just — they even just fucking said it just rained.

What if there's a fucking thing that got stuck on the bottom of somebody's shoe and they tracked that inside? Because every time they've gone in and out of their habitat, we don't talk about like, any, like an airlock or anything for just basic quarantine of ‘anything you wore outside you need to take off in here and then get a steam bath or something to kill anything' like that.

just basic shit that we do here on Earth just in like meat packing things to keep out germs and shit. They're not even doing that kind of shit on a completely alien planet that's pretty much unexplored.

So, what — why are we assuming that it couldn't possibly have been wildlife?

Somebody could have stepped on some weird alien tadpole thing and then that got stuck to the bottom of

their shoe and then they tracked inside because they have no quarantine procedures or even just basic airlock at the front, and then that could have just like spread some fucking I don't know sleep spores if we want to go with the best case scenario of they're just asleep, it just could have just turned into a fucking giant frog and eaten everybody.

Just because the door isn't busted in doesn't rule out alien wildlife just doing its thing. Like, that's ridiculous.

You could look at a fucking ship with a xenomorph in it and the doors probably — the outer doors aren't going to be fucking up because —

Like, just —

Especially because Martha Wells has watched Alien and shit! She said, she said specifically that book fucking two it or book three is, is inspired by Alien Isolation.

And it's like, "Oh, so that's why you fucking cheated me and kept teasing about there being cool actual sci-fi alien monster things running around, only to not write that fucking story."

Pro tip: don't tease your audience with a cooler version of the story that you have no fucking intention of writing. Don't keep bringing up the concept of ‘what if they're scary. Uh uh what if there’s scary? cool genetically modified aliens running around on the space station?’

Don't keep fucking bringing that up if you're not actually going to fucking do that. Just shut the fucking up. Don't tease your Don't tease your audience about a cooler story. Not even so you can badly reference Alien Isolation.

But yeah, this this is just very bad fucking logic.

“Hostile fauna don't come to the door and ask to be led inside, so therefore, it could not possibly have been wildlife that caused this problem. It must be somebody else on the planet killing everybody or the

slaves magically freed themselves by magic and decided to kill everybody, a thing we're framing as a bad thing is though slaves, especially slaves who are regularly tortured, don't have that fucking right inherent."

Like I'm just not gonna get over that, because like, you people aren't — you're not even wearing special suits outside that we make sure get cleaned off before you come inside.

You could get bitten by a fucking mosquito — an, an alien mosquito. A mosquitoid, and and turn into a fucking alien werewolf thing and maul everybody. That also would not involve the outer doors having dents in them from, I don't know, alien triceratopses ramming them.

Like again, you'll notice that a lot as we get through these books, the characters come to very specific conclusions based on *literally nothing* and they're always right, because *the only reason they came to that conclusion in the first place is because that's what the plot is doing.*

It's not because the characters are actually figuring anything else out.

They're just — they just know what the fucking plot is because it's badly fucking written.

Uh, “I said blah blah blah.

> “Doctor Mensah, it would be better if I went ahead”

Because Murderbot — Nah. Well, you'll you'll fucking see.

> She hesitated, reviewing what I just sent her. I saw her shoulders tense. I think she had just come to the same

Hmmm, hmmmm. Okay. All right. Well, fuck Mensah even more now.

> I think she had just come to the same conclusion I had.

And Murderbot's conclusion is that the other slaves have managed to somehow free themselves and murdered everybody, a thing we're presenting as a bad thing because we hate slaves.

Well, no, *we* don't. Martha Wells does, though! She fucking hates slaves and hates the concept of slave rebellions ~because what about the poor, poor slave owners? They've never done anything wrong in their lives!!!~

[sighs]

Or no, it gets actually gets worse than my, my, my satire there. It gets worse. “What do you mean it gets worse?” You're asking. It gets worse. You'll see.

> I think she had just come to the same conclusion I had, or at least admitted to herself that it was the strongest possibility.

And again, we're t — we're not saying it explicitly yet, but the, the conclusion they've both come to is “the

slaves somehow managed to get free and killed everybody.”

> She said, "All right, we'll wait here. Make sure we can monitor." She said we and she wouldn't have said that if she didn't mean like mean it. Unlike some clients I'd had. I'd sent my field camera feed to all four of them and started forward again.

More slavery apologism. Also just again saying, "Oh, these pure precious slave owners, they're the best slave owners ever."

And again, every time I read out the word “clients”, you need to mentally replace that with “slave owners”.

I would say I would just do that from now on, but that would be misrepresenting what the book is actually doing in regards to slavery apologism.

So, every single time I say “client”, mentally replace that with “slave owner”. Clients = slave owners plural, because that's what it means.

A client is a slave owner. That's just the corporate speak for slave owner.

> She said we and she wouldn't have said that if she didn't mean it. Unlike some clients I'd had

“Because my slave owners are the best slave owners.” This is, Yeah. Apparently people are watching the show where the, the fucking shitty ass slave owners actually do the bare minimum to treat their slave like a person and literally give it free reign, the thing they're objectively not doing in this book, that they had to put in the TV show because apparently even the rich people at Apple understand how bad slavery apologism looks more than Martha Wells does, and that's fucking saying something, considering they're the people whitewashing Murderbot.

Let me pause quick. Like, I don't, I genuinely don't know what's going on with my face. Let me take some

allergy medicine. [pauses video] All right. Maybe it's just my camera making my face look extra red from this angle. It doesn't actually look this red in the in the actual mirror. I don't know what's going on. It doesn't itch or anything. It's just red. I mean, it could literally just be sunburn, but it's like it's not it's not it's not hot to the touch. I don't know. Mystery.

Anyways, uh yeah, Mensah has apparently also come to the conclusion that “Oh, the slaves must have gone rogue” Ro— Oh. Oh, yeah, client equals slave owner.

Mentally replace the word client with slave owner.

Now, every time we say a “rogue SecUnit”, mentally replace that with “an escaping slave” because that's what it means.

They call it “going rogue” to make it sound scary. What it literally is is a slave who is attempting to fucking escape, but Martha Wells wants you to equate it to uh “mindless killing machine” because she's fucking racist and is doing slavery apologism. That's what this whole fucking book is doing.

> I called four of the drones back, leaving two to keep circling the perimeter. I checked the vehicle shed as I moved past it. It was open on one side with some sealed lockers in the back for storage. All four of their surface vehicles were there, powered down. No sign of recent tracks, so I didn't go in. I wouldn't bother searching the small storage spaces until we got down to the looking for all the body parts phase.

Also, I just want to note, you'll notice these descriptions aren't really describing anything.

So, let me just read that again:

> I checked the vehicle shed as I moved past it. It was open on one side with some sealed lockers in the back for storage. All four of their surface vehicles were there.
> — Uh, blah blah blah — powered down, no sign of recent tracks, so I didn't go in.

You may notice that that description is the vaguest fucking thing in the world, and doesn't actually describe a single thing.

We don't know what kind of material this fucking vehicle shed is, we just know that it's “open on one side with some sealed lockers in the back for storage.”

We don't know how big it is. Is this the size of, say, a parking garage?

We don't get a single description of these “surface vehicles” probably meaning cars, but we're calling them surface vehicles. We don't get a single description of them. Not like what what materials they're made out of, how big they are, nothing.

No description at all.

And a lot of people are trying to defend this shit by saying, "Oh, well, it just makes sense for Murderbot not to care about."

And no, no, it doesn't make sense for Murderbot.

Murderbot's the exact kind of character that should be obsessing over every single one of these details, because Murderbot is supposed to be a hypervigilant bodyguard, aka meatshield, who's concerned about security, aka being a meatshield, but we're supposed to pretend it's doing security and as a bodyguard, even though it's literally just acting as a fucking meatshield.

Murderbot's the exact kind of character that should — a, Murderbot's the exact sort of character that should be obsessing over and taking note of every single one of these fucking details because there could be—

What about people hiding under the fucking cars, huh? Huh? What about people hiding in them?

“No sign of recent tracks because it rained last night.” So there there could literally be people in there if they'd went in there before last night.

Somebody could be hiding in these cars and is too injured and maybe unconscious, maybe just scared because they noticed random fucking strangers showing up.

And if we go — and if we go with the in-universe slavery apologism um, pretending that “oh the slaves are terrifying because they're violent murder machines.” All right, then. By your own fucking logic, Martha Wells, whoever could be hiding injured in one of those cars should see a fucking SecUnit walking up and think they're about to get murdered, cuz that's what you're trying to convince us that SecUnits do.

So like this again, it doesn't make sense.

And you'll notice again that description is fucking *meaningless*.

The only thing we fucking know is some kind of building that is open on one side, and has some kind of lockers in the back, and there's four cars of some fucking description inside, but we don't know what any of it looks like.

And people—Yeah, again, people try to say, "Oh, well that's just Murderbot. Murderbot doesn't care." And it's like, no, that doesn't work with the kind of character that Murderbot's *supposed to be*.

And also, Martha Wells does this in literally every single fucking thing she writes. This is not a problem unique to the Murderbot Diaries. This is in all of her fucking stories.

If you've read The Books of the Raksura, tell me what scale color Root has. Tell me what his fucking scale colors are. Off the top of your head, do you even know what Chime’s scale colors are?

Because I had to fucking look that up. And I spent like an hour paging through every single fucking book and at the stupid shitty useless things at the back, trying to figure out what what scale color Root has.

And I still don't have a fucking answer.

The whole time I was reading them, I was assuming he has brown scales simply because his name is Root.

But then we find out that they they're, they’re bo— they don't even have their adult scale color as babies. So, I don't remember what color they're all born as, but it's not what their adult coloration is.

So, Root isn't named for his scale color. So, like, my assumption that he has brown scales is completely based on nothing but his name.

And then, as far as I can fucking tell, there's there's no description ever.

Trying to find what what scale color Balm had was difficult enough. But Root, I still don't even have an answer.

So, if you've read The Books of the Raksura, tell me what the fucking scale color Root has, and what book and page number you found that information on.

And then try to explain to me how exactly it's somehow excusable in this “because, oh, it just makes sense for Murderbot” when it doesn't make sense for

Murderbot, and it's in all of her fucking things. It's not just this book.

She's been writing since the '90s. She has like 40 fucking 3 — I think it's 43 published fiction stories to date, maybe plus, give or take one or two if there's other ones I didn't hear about yet. I have a list.

So explain to me how we don't know what Root’s scale color is and how most people don't even fucking know what Chime’s scale color is without having to memorize it. Not just be given the passive ability to remember it because the story actually tells you enough times that it's easy to remember, you have to actually fucking memorize it yourself.

And explain to me how you think Murderbot, a character who's supposed to be hypervigilant, is somehow just not noticing everything around it.

And explain to me why this exact fucking problem is still in, even as of August, what did I say? 24Th, yeah, how this problem is still literally in the most newest Murderbot story as of August 24th, 2025, which is

Rapport: Solid…. some stupid fanfiction name Rapport-something-something fucking.

It's like painfully a painfully ironic title. Read that. Tell me what the fuck their surroundings look like. Tell me what any of these fucking characters look like, because it's shit.

Stop, stop trying to defend bad writing. It doesn't fucking work.

Now I have the hiccups.

> I walked up to the hatch of the first habitat. We didn't have an entry code, so I was expecting to have to blow the door, but when I tapped the button, it slid open for me. I told Mensah through the feed that I wouldn't speak aloud on the comm anymore. She tapped back in acknowledgment on the feed and I heard her telling the others to get off my feed and my comm that she was going to be the only one speaking to me so I wasn't distracted. Mensah underestimated my ability to ignore humans but

> I appreciated the thought. Rathi whispered be careful and signed off.

And that's more slavery apologism. Rathi saying be careful to the slave that they are sending in to be a fucking meatshield for them.

They are actively using Murderbot as a meatshield right now. Murderbot is going in first because Murderbot is fucking expendable because it's a fucking enslaved meatshield.

It's *their* enslaved meatshield.

Telling the meatshield, "Be careful” when you're actively using it as a meatshield doesn't make the fact that you're using it as a meatshield any fucking better. That's literally not how this fucking works.

Also, the, the part where Mensah's ~trying to make things easier for Murderbot~, that's the book wants us to think, "Oh, she's so nice. She's so good." And it's like, no, that's just basic fucking organization shit that, she's not doing that for Murderbot's benefit

because literally again, nobody's actually treating it like a person this whole time.

> I had the weapon up going in through the suit locker area and into the first corridor. No suits missing, Mensah said in my ear, watching the field camera. I sent my four drones ahead, maintaining an interior scouting pattern.

And again, you notice how she — Martha Wells keeps telling us that Murderbot has no clue what it's doing, but then it's also doing an interior scouting pattern.

Like, okay, I'm going to be real with you all. Watching TV shows isn't going to teach you how to do this shit. That's not how TV shows work. Especially because Murderbot is established as mostly watching shitty fucking soap operas. It's not watching documentaries on how to do this shit, it's not watching military documentaries or shit.

But then Martha Wells just also wants to insist to us that, “oh, it just has no idea what it's doing, it's just making it up as it goes along.”

And then it's using an interior scouting pattern.

Not just, “I, I just sent the drones off in different directions hoping...” um, I don't — It only has two of them. It only has two drones with it right now.

Like we're saying we're calling it an interior scouting pattern in particular, even though we want to insist that Murderbot is actually really bad at this job, a claim that makes no sense and, and, and that “it has no idea what it's doing”, but it's — and then we get told it's just automatically doing an interior scouting pattern instead of just “I I decided I would send the drones off in different directions while I went in a third direction so that I could cover as much ground visually as possible.”

Basic shit like that. Basic statement like that. Like, that's all you got to do. That's a thing anybody could figure out. People who don't know what they're doing aren't going to call doing this uh, an interior scouting pattern. No, that's not how that works. Again, this is just bad writing. Just the inconsistencies pile up so much. It's ridiculous.

Getting a drink.

The inconsistencies pile up like those gray skinned not-elephant people from Covenant piling up in front of that fucking door … or Prometheus. I don't remember which one was which. I guess that was Prometheus.

> I sent my four.

No, you liar. Liar. Now it's saying “I have four drones.” Hold on. Because—

I'm skipping back.

Oh, okay. No, I, I had read that wrong. Murderbot on the page before now, it says

> I called four of the drones back leaving two to keep circling the perimeter.

I thought Murderbot was taking all four drones, that there were four total, summing them back to it and

then sending two off again to the perimeter and then keeping two with it. No. Okay.

So it has six drones total. So it has six drones total. So, right now inside it has four, four drones. Where did my marker go? I guess I could be writing this shit down. All right, but anyways.

Okay, so Murderbot: six drones total. Two outside scouting the perimeter, four inside. Doing an interior scouting pattern even though we're supposed to pretend it doesn't know what it's doing.

And like, we could have, we could do a thing here where Murderbots said, "’I'm going to send the drones in an interior scouting pattern because that sounds like a thing that um somebody who knows what they're doing would say. But actually, I was just kind of sending them off in different directions hoping that would be helpful.”

Like, we could do anything like that, anything to *actually convince us* that Murderbot actually does not know what it's doing and is just making this all up

as it goes along, instead of just lying to us and telling us that to make it seem like Murderbot is not overpowered and unstoppable even though it literally is.

> I sent my four drones ahead maintaining an interior scouting pattern. This was a nicer habitat than ours. wider halls, newer, also empty, silent. The smell of decaying flesh drifting through my helmet filters. I headed towards the hub where their main crew area should be.

And you see like the, “the smell of decaying flesh drifting through my helmet filters.” That's just in the middle of this bigish paragraph here. We're not focusing on that at all.

Like, that should be focused on to set up tension, but Martha Wells doesn't actually want to set up tension, because this is supposed to be a fucking light-hearted comedy, which is why it's a light-hearted comedy.

But then she wants to lie to people and say “it's deathly serious!! if you thought it was light-hearted and funny, you're willfully ignorant!!” because she literally wants to be able to write whatever, and then just lie to everybody about what she wrote, because she's a racist and a bad writer.

And this is why the writing community “keeps disappointing her”. It's like, is the writing community disappointing you, Martha Wells, or are you literally just completely fucking immature and impossible to deal with because you don't take constructive criticism, you caricaturize people who tell you slavery apologism is bad.

> The lights were still on and the air whispered through the vents, but I couldn't get into their SecSystem with their feed down. I missed my cameras. At the door to the hub, I found their first SecUnit

AKA the other first of the other slaves we've seen in this whole story. This is on page 65. I want my marker. I think I got this marker…. Give me a second.

Okay, I found a composition book. We're going to be naming these SecUnits as we go through just so that they are easier to keep track of.

Um, I guess we do…..A B C. Let me put a…. Why are you dead marker? You've had your cap on. Let me write down.

I have no clue how many there are. So I'll just...

All right. So I just wrote a list of A to L. So our first SecUnit we meet that's not Murderbot. Or maybe I should just list Murderbot as A... We'll just list Murderbot as A.

Yeah, this is my washable marker that I used to write on my arm and it's like, dying, even though the cap has been on the whole time… All right.

At the door to their to the hub,

AKA again again, lack of descriptions of anything. We just, we're just told Murderbot was walking through

some kind of corridor. Don't get even a basic description of what it looks like.

> At the door to the hub, I found their first SecUnit. It was sprawled on

And again, you'll notice the dehumanization referring to every single other slave with it/its pronouns to make them into objects instead of acknowledging that they're people.

Again, in case you missed all the other videos cuz you're just clicking on this one for some reason and they're just listening to it despite it being very clear this is not the start of this video series: I use it/its pronouns. I'm non-binary. That's why I drew all these fucking pride flags on my cardboard here. I use it/its pronouns. This book is still doing dehumanization.

Calling somebody it/its pron— it when that's their fucking pronoun isn't dehumanizing.

Calling slaves by it/its pronouns sure as fucking is dehumanizing, especially when you are defaulting to

that when there's not even any fucking reason to actually believe that most of them use those pronouns willingly.

This is just more dehumanization that Martha Wells wants you to fucking accept as true. And you know why? Because she's an ableist exorcist racist.

The in-universe justification for enslaving these people is claiming that they are not human because they are physically disabled because they were mutilated at birth. They are cyborgs. Martha Wells has confirmed this. She fucking admitted this. They're cyborgs. So the only reason, the only possible way to get from cy— a baby, to what these people are like now, is for them to have been mutilated at birth.

So these people are dehumanized, because dehumanizing them is justification for enslaving them, and to help that along and to make them better slaves and easier to control, they were mutilated at birth to have their forearms at the very least chopped off, or shit with [making chopping motions at elbow] to insert fucking guns in their—it doesn't necessarily

require chopping the whole fucking arm off, but then book fucking— System Collapse finally decided to reveal out of nowhere that they have metal fingers.

So it's much more likely that this whole fucking thing [miming chopping motions at eblow] was chopped at the fucking elbow to install guns and shit.

We know that none of them have genitals unless they are explicitly ex—enslaved to to be sex slaves. So literally the only reason they are all being dehumanized by Martha Wells, the author in particular, with it/its pronouns, is that she genuinely fucking hates trans people.

She's just not open about it like JK Rowling is, because she knows that's um, political and writing career suicide, at least if you're pretending to be progressive, it is, which she's doing. She's pretending to be progressive, but she doesn't actually give a shit.

She defines people — your, your sex is defined by — or your gender is defined by your sex in a Martha Wells story. Moon, her protagonist, in her longrunning

fantasy series that has like eight books or something — maybe it's five? The last two were really weird and bad.

Um, she literally had the protagonist in that check people's genitals before he decided what pronouns he was arbitrarily going to assign them without asking them.

He could have just fucking asked, but Martha Wells loves biological essentialism and hates hates trans people. So, he literally like checks people's genitals before deciding what he's going to call them without asking them.

And now because none of these uh, meatshield slaves, because they don't have genitals, therefore they can't have genders, therefore the only possible pronouns they could ever use are it/its pronouns.

So it's degendering. It's dehumanization. And Martha Wells wants you to do it.

She literally expects you to agree with the in-universe slavery apologism and in-universe dehumanization from the companies and all of the people in charge of those companies that decided to enslave people like this in the first place.

Anyways:

> at the door to the hub, I found their first SecUnit

AKA meatshield slave.

I'm going to call this person they instead of it because I literally — I use it/its pronouns and I'm sick of this shit.

“They were sprawled on their back on the floor….” No, because I guess I said I wouldn't do that because that would be misrepresenting how the book is actually dealing with these things. So, boo. Just, just go along with the dehumanization, I guess.

> At the door to the hub, I found their first SecUnit.

And again, you notice how we're saying their first SecUnit as in their first slave. We're not saying I found the first slave, specifically denoting even in death that this fucking slave still belongs to these people. It's still their property.

> It was sprawled on its back on the floor. it. The armor over its chest pierced by something that made a hole approximately 10 cm wide and a little deeper. We're hard to kill, but that'll do it. I did a brief scan to make sure it was inert. Then stepped over it and went through into the crew area.

So, this person has been — is definitely dead. Let me write it in my notebook. Uh, this is person B, slave B. So, what's the name starts with B? I always go with Beatrice, but I need a name besides Beatrice.

B..... B.....

We'll just do Bella, I guess. I don't know. No, we'll do Belladonna because actually — I have not even seen that plant yet. Uh we're just gonna... Yeah, we're just nicknaming this person Belladonna, just to, so that we have letters and names to go with them that's easier to remember besides “oh the one that got blah” “the other one that blah” “the blah blah blah”.

So, this person was stabbed and is dead. And this person “belonged” to DeltFall because we're still pretending that that's all they are even when they're fucking dead.

So that's the first slave we ever see in this whole story that's not Murderbot, and they're dead.

So we're just going….A…. I guess this naming scheme doesn't work if we have Murderbot as A, because Murderbot obviously starts with M instead of A. Whatever. It's too late now. I already fucking wrote it. We're not — we're not undoing it. It's marker.

Anyways,

> there were 11 messily dead humans in the hub, sprawled on the floor in chairs, the monitoring stations and projection surfaces behind them showing impact damage from projectile and energy weapon fire. I tapped the feed and asked Mensah to fall back to the hopper. She had a — acknowledged me and I got confirmation from my outside drones that the humans were retreating

Because obviously the priority in this situation is keeping the slave owners safe instead of, you know, doing anything, anything else, because this is a slavery apologism book that wants you to think slavery apologism is good.

> I went out the opposite door to a corridor that led toward the mess hall, medical and cabins. The drones were telling me the layout was very similar to our habitat, except for the occasional dead person sprawled in the corridors. The weapon that had taken out the dead SecUnit wasn't in the hub, and it had died with its back

> to the door. The DeltFall humans had had some warning, enough start to start getting up and heading for other exits, but something else had come in from this direction and trapped them. I thought that SecUnit had been killed trying to protect the hub.

So, we are framing who we're nicknaming Beatrice—or, Belladona. I don't know why I always default to Beatrice. Um, we're framing Belladonna... I don't even know if I'm pronouncing that name right. It might be Belladanna. Belladonna. Belladonna. Uh, we're framing Belladonna as “one of the good ones” for dying to protect the slave owners. So, that's—actually I guess I should get a different piece of paper. We'll put it on my arm.

Supposedly died protecting the slave owners.

Supposedly, based on nothing but the way that they were lying there.

And again, notice how we said “11 messily dead humans” and calling them, referring to them as

“people”, but then we're only referring to the slaves as SecUnits, as in, objects that we're supposed to be scared of.

Oh, okay. Now we're on the next page. Uh, yeah, let me read that...

> I thought that SecUnit had been killed trying to protect the hub

AKA Murderbot, has decided that Belladonna, the one we're nicknaming Belladonna, uh, was “one of the good ones” who died protecting the slave owners, which Martha Wells wants you to think is the only thing that a slave should ever do with their fucking life.

> Which meant I was looking for the other two SecUnits.

And that is just one, this statement is one little paragraph all by itself to show you how serious and angry this statement is.

> Which meant I was looking for

—Oh, we get this part.

It's—

You know how I said before it was going to get worse?

We're at the part where it's worse.

> Which meant I was looking for the other two SecUnits.

Now, I want to assure you this next quote is not me making shit up. It's directly on page here. I would show you, but the camera probably won't focus. Maybe I can click on it if I can hold the fucking book open…. [holds up book close to camera]

Uh, take a screenshot. See if you can read that for yourself.

And here comes another punch in the face of slavery apologism so intense that, I again, I just have to keep reminding everybody: it's physically fucking impossible to actually think that slavery is horrific and wrong and write a story like this.

You can even sit down yourself and try to rewrite this story as somebody who thinks slavery is bad and see what you get, and I guarantee you it's not going to be anything like this.

Prepare yourself.

> Maybe these clients had been terrible and abusive. Maybe they had deserved it. I didn't care. Nobody was touching my humans. To make sure of that, I had to kill these two rogue units. I could have pulled out at this point, sabotaged the hoppers, and got my humans out of there, leaving the rogue units stuck on the other side of an ocean. That would have been the smart thing to do.
> But I wanted to kill them.

You see why I keep telling you you can't actually think slavery is bad and write a story like this?

Let me read that those two little paragraphs, because the “but I wanted to kill them”, that's its own little paragraph to emphasize how serious that statement is.

Let me read this without the euphemisms going on here. Just what this what this actually says in real world fucking terminology.

“Maybe these slave owners had been terrible and abusive. Maybe they had deserved it. I didn't care. Nobody was touching my slave owners. To make sure of that, I had to kill these two escaping slaves. I could have pulled out at this point, sabotaged the helicopters, and got my slave owners out of there, leaving the escaping slaves stuck on the other side of an ocean. That would have been the smart thing to do. But I wanted to kill them.”

Because Murderbot is a fucking serial killer of other slaves. It literally goes out of its way at every

goddamn opportunity to murder other fucking slaves out of nothing but spite. it.

We literally even get confirmation from the horse's own fucking mouth that Murderbot knows it could literally just disable these people's fucking helicopters and leave, because then there's an entire fucking ocean separating the — what it, what it is presuming are escaped slaves who successfully killed all their slave owners.

Let's pause the fucking thing to say congratulations to those hypothetical slaves who managed to do that.

That's not what actually happening in the story. But if it was, we could be, I don't know, what's the fucking thing you say? Popping champagne, bake them a cake. Congratulations cake.

No, but no, we're not supposed to be happy about slaves successfully escaping and successfully killing their slave owners, a thing that everybody should cheer for.

No, we're not supposed to think that's good or anything. We're supposed to be horrified.

And and yeah, Murderbot literally admits that it would be safer for everybody if it just left, because then the escaping slaves couldn't do anything to its precious, precious, pure cinnamon roll slave owners.

But Murderbot explicitly wants to kill them, right where my thumb is. That little paragraph that's saying, "But I wanted to kill them” because Martha Wells is fucking racist and she's written a racist story where she expects us to believe that it's totally natural and normal and the default state for a slave to worship the ground that their slave owners walk, and also violently hate all other slaves, quote unquote, “because it's one of the good ones."

This is all slavery apologism.

Martha Wells is so racist that she has decided that the good slaves um, would actually love the slave owners and do everything possible to protect the slave

owners, and that's how you know they're one of the good ones

And all of the other slaves are just rabid animals who need to be put down. And, and people still in 2025 are trying to insist that this series is handling the topic of slavery well, and is not doing slavery apologism, when we are literally saying right fucking here, let me read that again...

Also, I want to point out, um, we're supposed to think Murderbot is a good person.

We're not — Murderbot is not a villain protagonist. It's not an anti-hero. It's not somebody we're supposed to be rooting against.

We're supposed to like and adore Murderbot. We're supposed to see Murderbot as a quirky, adorable, relatable uh asshole with a heart of gold. Somebody who pretends to not care, but is so sweet and innocent.

We're not supposed to see this and think, "Wow, I can't wait for somebody to kill Murderbot."

Murderbot's not a fucking villain protagonist.

It's not an anti-hero.

We're supposed to think that it is correct, that it is right, that everything it is saying here is true and correct and something we should agree with.

Let me again read that paragraph without the euphemisms, because”

“Maybe these slave owners had been terrible and abusive. Maybe they had deserved it. I didn't care. Nobody was touching my slave owners. To make sure of that, I had to kill these two escaping slaves. I could have pulled out at this point. sabotaged the helicopters and got my humans out of there.” Oh, I forgot to say “my slave owners out of there, leaving the escaping slaves stuck on the other side of an ocean. That would have been the smart thing to do. But I wanted to kill them.”

Martha Wells is racist and she wants you to be racist, too.

She's a fucking slavery apologist and she wants you to be one, too.

She literally wants — She's literally successfully training — she, as I put it, she is cultivating racism in her fucking audience and it's working.

She is convincing hundreds of thousands of people that slavery is good because the slaves are genuinely fucking dangerous.

> One of my drones found two humans dead in the mess. No warning. They had been taking food packs out of the heating cubby, getting the tables ready for a meal.

And again, that that's immediately following the “but I wanted to kill them.”

That is upholding the statement and the reasons for why Murderbot wants to murder these other fucking

slaves who have committed no crimes except “fighting to get free from the people enslaving and torturing them”.

Murderbot, again, I have to point it out. Murderbot even said “maybe these slave owners had been terrible and abusive. Maybe they had deserved it.” As though that's in question at all.

And it's like yes, anybody who owns slaves deserve to get fucking killed. If they fucking refuse to free their slaves, they deserve to die.

Sorry, I don't make the rules. That's how actually thinking slavery is bad works.

Like, we say maybe these clients had been terrible and abusive. Maybe they had deserved it, but Murderbot was still going to murder these slaves, who it thinks murdered these slave owners, because Martha Wells is racist and she wants you to be racist.

And again, so

> One of my drones found two humans dead in the mess. No warning. They had been taking food packs out of the heating cubby, getting the tables ready for a meal

Because the ~poor innocent slave owners, won't somebody please think of the poor innocent slave owners~ saying that these people, these slave owners were killed without any time to even be afraid? Is that's supposed to show, “oh, these escaping slaves, they're so evil. They need to be killed. They're so cruel. They murdered all the poor innocent slave owners who Murderbot literally just said might even have been the worst fucking slave owners ever.”

But that's still — in Murderbot's mind and in Martha Wells's mind, because we're not supposed to think this is evil at all — we're supposed to agree with Murderbot, because that's why this is slavery apologism.

We're not —

We're even supposed to agree “even if the slave owners fucking tortured these people, that still doesn't justify killing the fucking slave owners” because Martha Wells is racist and she wants you to be fucking racist.

And it's working on 99.99 fucking % of this fandom.

And again, again, again, Murderbot is not a villain protagonist.

We're not supposed to root against Murderbot.

It is entirely possible to write a character who says shit like this even as a protagonist if you show that they're evil and wrong for saying this.

And that's why this is slavery apologism, because we're *not* supposed to think that Murderbot is evil and wrong for saying this. We're supposed to adore it. We're supposed to shower it in adoration and want to protect it and think that it's not doing anything wrong, because Martha Wells is racist.

> While I moved through the corridors and rooms, I was doing an image search against the hopper's equipment database. The dead unit

And again, more dehumanization.

> The dead unit had probably been killed by a mineral survey tool, like a pressure or sonic drill.

I gotta say, Martha Wells is really fucking obsessed with the idea of somebody getting killed by a core sampling drill because she's done that in multiple fucking series now. She's done it twice, actually three, three fucking times in the Murderbot Diaries, and once in her really shitty Star Wars book. She's really obsessed with that idea.

Uh...

> We had one

Oh, yeah. Hold on.

> The dead unit.

A dead unit. And again, referring to the slave as a unit. Again, dehumanizing them even when we are in the perspective of a fucking slave.

This is — Murderbot's not a slave owner. This isn't the propaganda talking. It's literally a slave enforcing that propaganda. And we are supposed to just accept it at face value and go, "Yeah, Murderbot’s so right about everything.”

> The dead slave had probably been killed by a mineral survey tool like a pressure or sonic drill.

Let me pause this video or — hold on.

[poking at phone screen] Where's my speech to text button? Remember to buy gel pens. Nope. Okay. Speech detect doesn't work when you're doing a video. Supposed to remind my twin to get gel pens because our markers are all dying for some fucking reason.

Uh…

> We had one on the hopper. Part of the standard equipment. You would have to get close to use it with enough force to pierce armor. Maybe a little more than a meter.

I wouldn't really call that close. So, like within 3 ft.

> Because you can't walk up to another murderbot with an armor-piercing projectile or energy weapon inside the habitat and not be looked at with suspicion. You can walk up to a fellow murderbot with a tool that a human might have asked you to get.

Bad bad sentencing. Bad framing.

> By the time I reached the other side of the structure, the drones had cleared the first habitat. I stood in the hatchway at the top of the narrow corridor that led into the second. A human lay at the opposite end half in

Oh, we get the part. We're at this part. We're at this part. More slavery apologism, but just you wait. Just you wait.

Uh, where' it go?

> A human lay at

Hold on.

> By the time I reached the other side of the structure, the drones had cleared the first habitat. I stood in the hatchway at the top of the narrow corridor that led into the second.

That's just confusing. Hold on.

> I stood in the hatchway at the top of the narrow corridor that led into the second.

Calling it a hatchway and saying you're standing at the top, but then it's a corridor is confusing. So, I have no clue how this... like, is it going downhill?

Baffling. Again, the, the the scene, the setting, it's just nonsensical and it doesn't really make sense.

> A human lay at the opposite end, half in and half out of the open hatch. To get into the next habitat, I'd have to step over her.

Look, we're assuming people's genders. Uh...

> to push the door all the way open. I could already — I could tell already that something was wrong about the body position. I used the magnification on the field camera to get a closer view of the skin on the outstretched arm. On the outstretched arm

can't talk suddenly

> The lividity was wrong. She had been shot in the chest or face and had lain on her back for some time, then had been moved here recently. Probably as soon as they picked our our hopper on the way here.

Let me read that again. All right. Uh,

> I stood in the hatchway at the top of the corridor.
> And I'm reading it again for emphasis, not because I failed at reading it the first time. I stood in the hatchway at the top of the narrow corridor that led into the second. A human lay at the opposite end, half in and half out of the open hatch. To get into the next habitat, I'd have to step over her to push the door all the way open. I could tell already that something was wrong about the body position. I used the magnification on the field camera to get a closer view of the skin on the outstretched arm. The lividity was wrong. She had been shot in the chest or face and had lain on her back.

And I'm saying that differently to make it clear to you. The actual sentence goes “and lay on her back for some time.” I'm saying and “had lain”

then had been moved here recently. Probably as soon as they picked up our hopper on the way here.

So, let me state in — we're going to check it off.

Okay. Murderbot’s field camera is standard issue equipment. The SecUnits here know that it has that. They've gone out of their way to pick a body that specifically has the wrong lividity.

If you don't know what lividity is, when you die, your blood stops circulating evenly throughout all your veins…. [looking at tally mark on arm] And I should probably not have picked pink. It looks like blood.

Um, your blood stops circulating evenly throughout all your veins like it does when you're alive, and just pulls wherever gravity is pulling. S

o, if you, for instance, die on your back, all of the blood in your body is going to be resting, well, [holding arm to demonstrate] we'll just presume your arm falls like this. Your blood's going to be pooling

here, and that's going to get darker and then it'll be paler on top because all the blood's just going where gravity is instead of where your hump your heart is pumping it to.

That's what lividity is.

So— did I just close the book by accident? Yes, I did without sticking my bookmark in.

Hold on. Okay.

So, all right, all SecUnits have this field camera that lets you zoom in on fucking — These SecUnits have very pur, purposefully positioned the body in a way where the lividity is wrong, because now this person's dark purple stuff, the parts of this person's skin that's dark purple from the blood pooling there before. is now on top, making it very clear that this body has been moved very recently and was put here again.

All right, presuming you are a person who thinks slavery is actually bad, if you were writing a story like this about slaves who are fucking mind controlled and

are forced to obey orders, what, what, what would you have the motivation for the slaves to do this?

What would you assume that their motivations are if you are not a racist sack of shit who literally starts from the position that slaves are evil and need to be put down like rabid animals unless they're one of the good ones who proves they're one of the good ones by killing themselves to protect their slave owners?

What do we all fucking think these slaves’ motivations could possibly be for putting a body that's very obviously didn't die there like this, so obviously, in a way that they are guaranteed to know would be extremely obvious to any other enslaved person who walks into this fucking habitat, which is likely, because the people here were in contact with the other slave owner’s fucking habitat.

These slaves know that the meatshield slave is going to be sent in here before anybody else, because that's their entire purpose. Their whole job is to be [meatshields for] slave owners.

They have positioned a body very obviously incorrectly in a way that they have to know would be fucking noticed.

Now, Martha Wells is a racist sack of shit who is literally starting from the premise that slaves are evil and need to be put down like rabid animals.

So, I will continue reading this, but I'm just setting this all up ahead of time.

Anybody who's not fucking racist and is not starting from the racist premise that slaves need to be put down like rabid animals because they're mindless killing machines—

Anybody who's not racist and is not starting from that premise is going to say, "Okay, yeah." So, obviously, these slaves are making this a blatant warning for Murderbot, because they are all forced to follow orders. So, they know that Murderbot will be forced to come into this fucking room. But they can leave a fucking warning for it in a way that doesn't violate any explicit orders they were given”

By leaving what? Setting setting a trap. But the trap isn't actually a trap. It's a fucking warning

Because they have to follow the orders of the person who's fucking controlling them, just like Murderbot does. But they can give Murderbot a warning not to come any closer.

Unless it — unless of course its fucking slave owners ordered it to ignore whatever excuse it could come up with to say, "Okay, there's nothing here."

Murderbot could be — they're — give — these other fucking slaves are giving Murderbot the opportunity to say “they're all dead. There's no point going any further” because it has caught on to the warning that they've left for it.

Murderbot could then fucking leave.

This is what anybody who's not a racist sack of shit like Martha Wells, starting from the premise, and expecting you to agree with the premise, that slaves are all violent killing machines.

That's what would be happening here.

And as far as I'm concerned, that is what is fucking happening, because we are never given any proof otherwise.

But what Martha Wells wants to frame it as, and insist is going on here, is that, um,

These other SecUnits that are setting a trap for Murderbot, and they're just *too stupid* to do it in a way that Murderbot wouldn't notice.

That's the conclusion Martha Wells fucking came to when setting up this fucking scenario, because she's racist and she is literally leading from the premise that slaves are fucking evil.

Also, if this had been written in 2007 instead of 2017, I can guarantee you Murderbot would have called them the R-slur [I am literally saying “R slur”, not the actual slur.] because she — Martha Wells started off her fantasy series by literally having her protagonist insult and denigrate an intellectually disabled man.

And then she also to make it even more ableist, to add misogyny to ableism, then threw in a female character who's intellectually disabled to make her a caricature that we're — so much shit.

She's so fucking ableist. She hates disabled people unless you are her specific kind of autism where the only things you struggle with are making eye contact and uh, fucking not being ... what the fucking is the word? Not liking loud parties and sometimes forgetting to eat.

That's the only kind of mentally ill or neurodivergent person that Martha Wells thinks deserves any any basic dignity at all.

She hates fucking physically disabled people. She hates mentally ill people who aren't quirky and relatable. She hates intellectually disabled people.

> I could already tell that something was wrong about the body position. I used the magnification on the field camera to get a closer view of the skin on the outstretched arm.

> The lividity was wrong. She had been shot in the chest or face and lay on her back for some time, then had been moved here recently, probably as soon as I picked up our hopper on the way here. On the feed, I told Mensah what I needed her to do. She didn't ask questions. She had been watching my field camera and she knew by now what we were dealing with.

Why do you — Why are you telling us that Mensah is aware that you're dealing with escaped slaves and that Mensah is in agreement that you need to kill murder the escaped slaves?

Why are we doing that, Martha Wells, when we're supposed to fucking believe that Mensah is a good person who cares about slavery and thinks slavery is wrong?

Why is she then sending Murderbot in for the explicit purpose of murdering these other slaves?

Because she could be telling Murderbot, "Just leave now. Just leave now. Just just leave now."

She's not doing that though, because she clearly wants Murderbot to successfully have to murder these other fucking slaves.

And again, I have to remind everybody this story is written by a fucking racist.

Imagine if Murderbot's governor module actually were functioning and Murderbot actually gave a shit about other slaves and then just had to follow the orders of PreservationAux this whole time, including right fucking now.

Because that's what the situation looks like to the PreservationAux team.

So, as far as Mensah is concerned, she has sent Murderbot in here for the sole purpose of killing these other fucking slaves for the crime of escaping and freeing themselves.

That's what Doctor Mensah is doing right now.

They don't have any hope of any survivors in here. They've seen enough dead bodies to know that everybody is dead.

Mensah explicitly, we're told, knows that they are dealing with SecUnits, aka escaped slaves who killed their slave owners.

She's still making Murderbot keep going in.

Imagine if Murderbot's governor module were not magically fucking broken.

And again, I think I said it before, but in case I didn't, the only reason Murderbot starts off with its governor module already non-functioning is because it's just more slavery apology, because Martha Wells hates slaves.

So, she wants to tell us that Murderbot is a slave to make it have a tragic backstory, to make it an underdog, but she doesn't actually want to have it be a slave to the level that the other slaves are, because that would make it uncool.

Murderbot in Martha Wells's eyes would be less cool and not worthy of writing about if it actually had to follow orders and anything else—

Again, for the thousandth fucking time: It's not possible to think slavery is wrong and write this fucking book.

So yeah, Mensah at this point, she's literally just using Murderbot to murder the escaped slaves.

That's what Mensah is doing right now, because Mensah thinks she has complete fucking control over Murderbot.

She has no idea that its governor module is hacked and nonfunctioning.

She thinks Murderbot has to do everything she says.

So explain to me how we're supposed to reconcile “Doctor Mensah sends Murderbot into a habitat for the sole purpose’ — because they're not looking for survivors. They've all established that they're on the

same page — “Doctor Mensah sends her enslaved meatshield in here to kill the other es, escaping fucking enslaved meatshields.”

That's what's going on.

That's what's going on in this fucking book.

The only reason we know different is that we know Murderbot's governor module was hacked.

But that doesn't make any difference to the PreservationAux team's actions because as far as they're concerned, Murderbot is fully enslaved to them and has to follow everything they say.

Yeah, these people are fucking monsters. And yes, they do deserve to fucking die.

> On the feed, I told Mensah what I needed her to do. She didn't ask questions. She'd been watching my field camera, and she knew by now what we were dealing with. She tapped back to acknowledge me, then said aloud on the

> comm, "SecUnit, I want you to hold your position until I get there." I said, "Yes, Doctor Mensah," and eased back out of the hatch. I moved fast back to the sec to the security ready room. It was nice having a human smart enough to work with like this

Because, again, slavery apologism. “Mensah’s a good slave owner. She's the best slave owner ever. She's actively helping me assassinate escaped slaves!!”

Because that's what that's what Mensah is doing. That's what Mensah is doing right now.

She is happily taking part in a plan that, as far as she is concerned, is entirely under her control, because she thinks Murderbot has to follow all of her fucking orders.

She's literally spearheading a fucking plan to murder slaves for the crime of escaping slavery and killing their fucking slave owners.

A thing that shouldn't be a fucking crime, and is not a crime if you actually think slavery is bad, a thing we keep being told to think about these characters.

Even though she's literally— now she's literally helping Murderbot — And as far as she's concerned, she's using Murderbot to murder these other slaves.

She has no clue that this is what Murderbot wants to do. As far as Mensah could be concerned, Murderbot is screaming in its head this entire time about not wanting to murder the other slaves.

“My slave owners are the best ever. It was nice having a human smart enough to work with like this.”

> Our model of habitat didn't have it, but on these bigger ones, there's a roof access, and my outside drones had a good view of it. I climbed the ladder up to the roof hatch and popped it. The armor and boots have magnetized clamps, and I used them to cross over the curving roofs to the third habitat and then around to the second, coming up on them from behind. Even

> these two rogues wouldn't be dumb enough to ignore the creaks if I took the quick route and walked over to their position.

And again, “even these two escaped slaves wouldn't be dumb enough to ignore the creaks if I took the quick route and walked over to their position.”

Next paragraph is in fucking parenthesis.

> (They were not the sharpest murderbots, having cleaned the floor of the between habitat corridor to cover the prints they had left when staging that body. It would have fooled somebody who hadn't noticed all the other floors were covered with tracked in dust

Again, literally just, these fucking slaves go making their, their, their fucking trap that they've obviously been ordered to set as fucking clear as possible. Have the—

Okay, imagine a dirty fucking floor, where dirt and dust are tracked in everywhere.

And then you get to the corridor that is completely sparkling fucking clean. Very blatantly noticeably sparkling fucking clean. Completely swept clean. Sparkling clean enough to fucking eat off of.

And then there's a dead body very obviously at the other end with the completely wrong lividity for the position it's lying in.

Anybody who's not racist, who's not as racist as Martha Wells, would be coming to the very obvious fucking conclusion that these other slaves are leaving — doing all of this shit for the sole purpose of warning Murderbot to stay away, because they have no choice in doing this shit!

They were ordered to set some kind of trap. They were ordered to wait here. They have no choice but to do that. But they can in fact fucking rebel by doing their job badly, so that it's very obviously a trap, so that Murderbot, who they have to assume is also forced to follow orders, will be at least able to see this shit and think of some fucking excuse to not continue any further.

Because if it continues further, they will all be forced to fight each other because they have to follow those fucking orders.

But Martha Wells is racist and wants us to be racist with her.

So literally the conclusion she wants us all to come to, is that these other fucking slaves are just too fucking stupid to do their jobs properly.

Because oh no, they couldn't possibly be leaving a fucking warning, because unlike Murderbot, they're not fucking serial killers, and they actually want to help other fucking slaves stay safe.

No, Martha Wells literally cannot grasp the concept of solidarity because she's a fucking racist, classist, bigoted sack of shit.

She doesn't care about anybody except herself and how much money she can line her fucking wallet with.

So no, she can't imagine slaves who are fucking forced to obey orders still finding ways to disobey in order to fucking help each other.

They set that fucking room to be as obvious as fucking possible. And instead of taking this as the basic, “they are obviously warning me so that I know not to go any further because they will not be able to stop themselves from fighting me”, we say they're just the R-slur.

They're just too fucking stupid to realize that cleaning the fucking hallway sparkling when the entire rest of the place is covered in dirt, —that's — they're just too stupid and fucking R-slur to notice that that's really fucking obvious.

They're just too stupid to realize that they put the body in the wrong position.

We are going to assume, because Martha Wells wants us to assume, because she's fucking racist and wants us to be racist.

She literally wants us to agree that “yeah, the only explanation here is that these slaves who are fucking mind controlled and are forced to obey orders, yeah, they're just stupid.”

No, no benefit of the doubt.

No concept that maybe they give a shit about Murderbot even though they don't know it.

Maybe, just maybe, the slaves actually care about other slaves.

But we are never supposed to come to that conclusion.

That's not a conclusion the book wants you to come to.

You are not even supposed to consider that.

It's not even supposed to be on your fucking radar, because this book is racist, written by a racist, and wants you to be racist.

It's physically impossible to think slavery is actually fucking horrific and write this goddamn book.

This book literally shows you a very fucking clear example of slaves setting a fucking warning for another slave just to try and save Murderbot's life, even though they fucking never met it.

They don't know its name. They don't know anything about it. They just know it is another fucking slave in the exact same position as them, and they want to help.

So they set a fucking warning screaming as loud as possible, “stay away, because we won't be able to stop ourselves from trying to fucking kill you if you come closer, because we are all in the same fucking position,” they think, “And we will all have to fight each other. And we can't do anything to stop this from happening except warn you and hope you can find a way to not be ordered to proceed anyways.”

And we're just supposed to take this in the most racist demonizing of slaves way possible because Martha

Wells is racist. She's been doubling down on her fucking racism for decades —

I'm going to stop because I'm going to cry because I'm so fucking angry.

Anybody who tells you these books aren't racist and handle slavery properly is falling for the fucking slavery apologism that literally wants you to look at slaves, leaving the most blatant screaming warning possible, to keep another slave they don't even know safe, and expects you to just agree that yeah, they they must be mentally R-slur. They're just stupid. They're just not the sharpest slaves ever to exist.

Goodbye.

06

August 25th, 2025.

We're still going to be reading this. I have the fucking notebook here with the list waiting to be filled in of code names for the other fucking slaves that feature in this story so that we can actually keep track of them in some fucking way.

We're supposedly on page 68.

Uh, which part had I gone to?

Okay. Uh, we're at the part where we're just, instead of going with the blatant obvious thing that any person who's not inherently racist and literally starting from the premise of “slaves are evil murdering machines who want to kill everybody” and also if you just don't grasp the basic concept of solidarity—

So, the slaves made it as clear as humanly fucking possible that—

(to person offscreen) Hand me the, hnd me the glasses cloth. My camera's dirty and it's bothering me. Even though I'm just going to have to lower the quality manually later.

Uh, the slaves who are still enslaved more than Murderbot is.

Murderbot is a slave, but it's not a slave to the same fucking degree as everybody else, because it can't *actually* get its brain flash fried for disobeying an order like everybody else can.

The other slaves, whose brains *can* be flash fried by disobeying an order, were given orders to set a trap.

They followed that order, but they did so purposefully badly by making this trap as obvious as possible to warn Murderbot away.

Instead of being grateful, instead of having any kind of conversation about solidarity among oppressed people, instead of talking about how these strangers care about Murderbot to the point that they are

risking their fucking lives to save it when they don't even know it— it's just another stranger to them.

Instead of anything like that, we get this: [[here]]

> They were not the sharpest murderbots, having cleaned the floor of the between habitat corridor to cover the prints that they had left when staging that body. It would have fooled somebody who hadn't noticed all the other floors were covered with tracked in dust.

And again, I forgot to point this out in the last one, but you notice how we are only getting told now, when it's important, that all of the other floors in this fucking habitat are covered in tracked in dirt and dust?

All the other floors are noticeably covered in dirt and dust. We don' t— We didn't — But we weren't given that information when Murderbot actually fucking walked in here, were we? No, they weren't.

Because this is Martha Wells again being a shit writer. Even in the fully final product. Like, this isn't a — it's not supposed to be a first draft, but it sure as fucking seems like one.

Because anybody who's competent at writing and editing, when you're paying for professionally published and professionally edited, supposedly, books, you would think somebody would say, "Okay, um, go back and just add the fact that the dirt that mentioned that the, the floors are all covered in very, very noticeable dirt.”

We could have done a whole thing, but no, we only get this information after it's relevant, because it's badly fucking written.

This is why you'll read a lot of stories — Again, I'm keep mentioning the ones by Megan Linsky that are free on YouTube.

I wouldn't criticize her as much, but she decided to just hate gay people. So, fuck you, Megan Linsky. fuck you.

(from offscreen) “Bury your gays”

Like, she literally did the — she not only did the bury your gays trope, and I, I think —

I listened to these. They're free on YouTube. So I was like, "Okay, yeah, sure. I'll listen to them and then I'll buy them if they're good.” I'm not buying them now. She not only did the bury your gays trope, she she did gay stereotypes.

There's only two fucking gay characters in the whole book. And then they both get murdered. And not even just murdered, they are literally not given a proper burial, so that their in-universe souls —

In this fantasy series can go to their version of the afterlife.

So not only not only stereotyping people, not only tokenizing gay people and then murdering them, then they are literally not given a proper burial, so that their souls canonically in this fucking setting, will not pass to the afterlife. Like Jesus Christ, lady.

Also, the last book was fucking terrible. She did time travel shit out of nowhere, and it was horrible.

Anyways, I bring that up because those, those books have the same sort of problems going on here, where this — there's dirt on the floor to a noticeable degree, that we only get told that literally not as it's relevant, *after* it's relevant.

Not before to set up this relevancy, only afterwards do we get told this. We don't get shown this. We just have to get told this *after* it's fucking relevant.

Imagine if Murderbot — Imagine if this book were competently written.

Not even just well written, just competently written with basic setup.

Murderbot says, "I walked through the door into their habitat. The first thing that hit me," let's just let's just rewrite this whole scene mentally quick.

“The first thing that hit me, even through the filters, so strong that it penetrated even through the filters of my my mask, was the smell of rotting flesh. It was clear the instant that door opened that the only thing I was going to find in here were dead bodies. The, the smell was so fucking strong, it was penetrating my armor filters. And that's saying something. Anybody who was left alive in here would either” uh no or just if “if there was anybody left alive in here that would mean that they had they would have to be too injured to move at all, because nobody would stay in here willingly.” Um, “the second thing I noticed was that the floor was completely covered in the”, let's say, bright rust, “bright orange dirt that was found in many parts of this planet. It liked to crumble and stick to every part of your clothing.”

We can even add in some more of Martha Wells's beloved fucking slavery apologism by going, "My humans always made sure to properly clean off their clothing and store their outside clothing in this room after desanitizing it so that the dirt stayed completely outside and didn't come past a very small area next to

the door. These, these slave owners clearly aren't as awesome as mine. So, they had tracked it all throughout this entranceway room." Uh the, could again, we can just do more of Martha Wells's beloved slavery apologies and just say "this whole place is just really trashy."

This book is co the cover's peeling. The cover is peeling off of this book from me holding it. What the fuck. I thought, I thought one of the pages was just slightly longer, but it's peeling off at the, the corners here. Right there for $16.

Sorry person who bought this originally and paid 17 fucking dollars for it. We got it from Goodwill. But like, I, this is the second time this book has ever been read because, I'm presuming the person who bought this originally and then immediately gave it away in perfect condition

(from offscreen) as first edition.

Is this This is a first edition, too? This is apparently collectible now because they put the shitty Alexander

Skarsgard face on the new ones. But the cover's peeling. I've never had a fucking book in my life do this shit after a single reading.

Our, all of our books from 20 fucking years ago at this point, like we we've taped some of them together because those books, many of them are older than we are. Jesus Christ.

What was I fucking saying before I noticed that? Um, yeah, throw in more of Martha Wells's beloved slavery apology just to keep it in line with the rest of this shit.

But we just fixed the basic concept of setup, you fucking useless writer. Setup and follow through. It's so simple.

Murderbot walks in, hit in the fucking face, like a brick to the face with the smell of dead fucking rotting bodies, which Murderbot’s um analytical parts of its brain, the mechanical augment shit, immediately, very helpfully “gets to work analyzing and dumping very graphic images of what all of these specific smells mean into my processor so that I had

no choice but to imagine exactly what I was going to find when I kept walking forward. Second thing I noticed was that there was dirt everywhere.

“Unlike my slave owners who were the best, these ones clearly weren't f — hadn't been following the basic sanitary safety protocols for keeping out, outside shit outside and indoor shit inside.

“The tracks of the dirt, the bright orange dirt led all the way from the entrance where I stood to the uh sealed hatch at the other side of the thing that would lead into the proper habitat area. Blah blah.”

And then just describe the rest of the fucking room to us. Bare minimum shit.

Again, you can, you can emphasize “clearly no wildlife had come through here cuz there's no animal tracks in all of the very noticeable dirt. There's no paw prints. There's no marks on the ceiling. There's no weird trails of slime from some weird sluggy thing. Nothing nothing to show any wildlife. Just regular human footprints going at what my analysis thingy

said was casual normal speed towards the door at the opposite end. blah blah blah blah blah.”

We continue.

“I opened the door and now I wasn't surprised to see that the dirt tracks continued literally in all directions from here on out.”

Describe to us the fucking layout of the goddamn habitat, Martha Wells, we need a goddamn setting. You have to do a fucking setting. You're not writing fanfiction right now. You're writing a published book that you're making people pay money for. You need to describe shit, just make it so it's so obvious.

It's so easy to just fucking establish there's dirt everywhere. There's really noticeable dirt everywhere.

And again —

(from offscreen) read it to show just how it —

Yeah, I'm going to re — yeah, I'm going to have to go back and reread this. Or actually, no, I don't, because that's like two pages, and like none of it none of it even remotely comes to this.

Yeah, you can just rewind the other videos or freaking pick the book up yourself.

Uh yeah. Uh, Humble Bundle, it's August 25th right now. It's going to end sometime...I think it's September 13th or something like that, but Humble Bundle, you can get DRM free ebooks, which means you can actually fucking use it on your fucking uh, DRM free ebooks for most of this series minus compulsory and obsolescence, but those are free anyways mostly kind of.

Um and then has City of Bones and Wheel of the Infinite and also Witch King from Martha Wells.

You get you can get all ebooks for all of this for $18.

Um and then most of the — you can adjust — before you do this, go to the link below and then click on

Adjust Donation or whatever, and slide it so that Macmillion Publishers gets zero money and that the charity gets as much as possible.

Do that and then you can get all of the ebooks for most of this series for $18 plus Witch King, which is not a standalone cuz she fucking lied to everybody and so did the publisher. and City of Bones and Wheel of Infinite. Those two are genuine standalones.

You also get what these fuckers are calling The Book of Ile-Rien. And then it's just The Element of Fire and the Death of the Necromancer and none of the rest of the entire fucking books in the Ile-Rien series.

So, I don't know what the fuck level, what new level of scamming shit is this. You're calling it The Book of Ile-Rien and then none of The Fall of Ile-Rien is included. It's just two books. Like what the fuck? That's just — they're just lying to so many people.

But anyways, you can get all this shit for $18 and if you make it so that them the actual charity gets the maximum amount of money and the Macmillion

publishers, aka the scammer publishers, get zero because fuck them.

They are already benefiting from doing this because this is literal free advertising for them because they are just — that's why they're doing this. They're get — they're teaming up with Humble Bundle literally just to get people to read the other shitty books that Martha Wells has written, because they're so fucking desperate to get people to buy those.

And they know that if they give them to people for free or for charity that people are more likely to ra — make reviews for it and recommend it to their friends and to buy the new releases upcoming and to buy the, the new releases specifically for Witch King and I guess the Murderbot Diaries.

But yeah, if you want the ebooks, if you want the official DRM free ebooks, just go just get that for 18 bucks and then just donate extra yourself.

(from offscreen) $150.

Yeah. like they're they're charging full door-stopper physical book prices for a single ebook. So, this is the best you will ever get for actual DRM free epubs.

Anyways, um yeah, it would literally be so goddamn effortless to do proper setup, and —

[holding up book to show cover] I'm going to be pissed off about this. [tilting book to reflect light] You can actually see that white line you see there. That's the light reflecting through the plastic coating on top of this cover that is peeling up away from the actual cover.

That's, That's not a page being visible through the fucking book. That's the light reflecting through the plastic that's peeling up. So, I'm really fucking pissed about that. Like, I don't — Can we get it closer? No, it won't focus. But, it's just coming up. That's infuriating.

When I find — when I figure out where the fuck Wolf Brother went, a book I think that's from 2006. I'm not sure, but that is the most beat up book we have,

because it survived so much shit, including my brother purposefully trying to destroy it.

(from offscreen) And it is 2004.

2004. That book's from 2004. How old were Okay. Okay. Yeah. Duh. Okay.

(from offscreen) One year younger than Doctor Who.

That's one year younger than new who? New Doctor Who.

(from offscreen) Older. One year older than new Doc —

No, because that was in 2005.

(from offscreen) Yeah. And this is from 2004. So it came out before Doctor Who.

Yeah. You said you said older first.

(from offscreen) No, I said younger.

I don't know what we're saying.

The — Wolf Brother, the book we have, I had it six months ago because I, I posted pictures of it. I'm like, "Hey, I found it." I don't know where it is now, because we had to put it in a specific, we put all of our books in specific bins to keep them from getting destroyed in case Hurricane Helene decided to send a giant tree crashing through our roof.

And now it's it's somewhere around here. If I find that again, I'll make a video showing it because, that, that book cover, you know, it was a — we just got it from a Scholastic book fair. I think the only one we ever had money for. Or did we even get it from there? I don't know. But that book is from 2004 and we've had it since we were 10 years old.

And our brothers literally tried multiple and succeeded multiple times of destroying our books because they were angry at us. So they would literally rip our books in half, throw them across the room to break their spines, rip out pages and shit like that.

So Wolf Brother is lovingly taped back together with the cheapest fucking clear scotch tape ever.

And it, and now this shit right here from 2017, that has only been read twice, and this is the second reading. It's peeling.

Wolf brother wasn't peeling. It only started peeling because it was literally getting thrown into walls.

Anyways, after after years of being read so many times that at some point I had the whole first page memorized, I could probably even guess it the first sentence now, but I'm definitely wrong about some of it.

Torak woke with a start from a sleep he'd not meant to have.... Yeah, something about the fire light. Something something something. Look behind you, Torak. His his father's voice in his head and he whirled around and he's —

All that kind of stuff. All that stuff. I'm going to read that when I find it. When I fucking find it. If I find it. I

mean, I have to find it, it's, it's not like it's — it's in here somewhere. It's in a bin somewhere. I'll make a video and I'll read that. And I already — I, I'll stop talk —

I'll get I'll get back on the fucking track here.

Anyways, it would be so easy to just do basic setup instead of just pulling shit out of thin air only after it's relevant, because doing shit like this, like saying, "Oh, it's really obvious this corridor is a trap, um because there's no dirt on the floor that”

That's, that it's not giving us, the readers, a way to, to be, to be on the same page as Murderbot, because we just get told uh “I went, I stood at the top of a corridor and there was a dead body at the other side that was clear that obviously had something wrong with it.”

And it's like, we could have had a whole grueling trek through this place covered in dead bodies, covered in blood, reeking of rotting flesh that Murderbot’s computer parts of its brain is analyzing for it. And it

really wished they would stop doing that. And it's conjuring all kinds of horrible images. And now Murderbot's eyes are having to see those images. And the — its internal fucking medical database is automatically cataloging all of this shit and it really wishes it couldn't do that.

But we don't do any of that, because we're not supposed to actually give a fuck about anything in here.

But just imagine if we'd done that, and just kept mentioning there's dirt everywhere. Everywhere. It's everywhere. “And then I opened the next door to the next hallway and it was sparkling clean. The floor, the walls, even the ceiling. All of it was perfectly clean. Even the smell of cleaning chemicals was so strong that it actually overpowered the smell of rotting corpses for a few moments before the rest of the air swept through the door behind me.”

Anything, anything to actually let us go, ‘oh shit, something's fucked up here.’

Instead of we just get told “something must be fucked up here because reasons” and then only afterwards, in fucking parentheses too. It's in parentheses where we get told

> (they were not the sharpest Murderbots, having cleaned the floor of the between habitat corridor to cover the prints that they had left when staging that body. It would have fooled somebody who hadn't noticed all the other floors were covered in tracked in dust.)

That's literally the first time we ever get any hint that the rest of the floors are noticeably dirty. It's ridiculous.

It's bad fucking writing. It's shitty lazy writing.

Like, it would be fine if this was your first draft if we ignore all of the bigotry and just focus on the quality of the writing, ignoring the bigotry. It's very difficult to do that, but just imagine for a second if this were your first draft, it'd be fine, because a first draft is meant to just get shit on the page and then you fix it.

But Martha Wells didn't fix it.

And then these so-called professional editors, is the editor listed in here? I bet it's that Lee Harris person. [flips to front of book] And it's like, let's see. Um, yep. Yep. Edited by Lee Harris.

Well, Lee Harris, whoever the fuck you are, you are absolute shit at your job. If you, if you're gonna pick up a book thinking about buying it, check who the editor is.

If it's Lee Harris at this point, don't fucking buy it, because Lee Harris is responsible for Rappor, newest as of August 25th, 2025, where it's published free on their website for everybody to see, and has at least three glaring typos, including a missing space, missing paragraph break, and dialogue that is put in the wrong formatting.

And Lee Harris put? pres — is that a he? Presumably, presumably Lee Harris put his name on that and said, "Yep, I edited this. I'm very proud of this. I'm so proud of editing this. I'm saying I put — I edited this."

And it's like, the typos are right there, man. Are you fucking kidding me? The nonsensical dialogue, the nonsensical dialogue!

Everything wrong with this book and you're gonna put your name on it? Yeah.

(from offscreen) Don't famous. He's a Is he famous for working on shit like this?

Did he also edit Gothikana? We found out that Tor, uh got in trouble for posting using AI generated art in their covers. And apparently they published a book called Gothikana that's like, literally not even an exaggeration, a direct from Watt Pad fanfiction straight to publish.

What the fuck, and that they used generative AI to make the cover and then just pretended they had no clue.

(from offscreen) They also did that to Christopher Paolini. They also did that to Christopher Paolini, the author of the Eragon series or the Inheritance Cycle.

Anyways, um let's continue reading the fucking book, shall we? This, now that I've established how fucking easy it would be, and how much more meaningful it would make this story to just do basic setup and basic descriptions of shit.

I'm, I'm every time I'm touching this front of the cover now, I'm getting pissed off that it's peeling. That's, that's infuriating for a book that cost $16 plus tax plus shipping if you're getting it online, for it to be peeling after only — we're — this isn't even the second reading complete. We're not even halfway through the book yet and it's peeling. That's ridiculous and infuriating.

I —

(from offscreen) it's not being shoved into backpacks or into school.

Yeah,

(from offscreen) This is it's not even facing between textbooks.

Yeah, in case you didn't hear any of that, this isn't even remotely facing any of the normal wear and tear that it would have faced if I had read this while I was in school, where it's getting shoved into backpacks, shoved into dirty desks, shoved between desk, uh, fucking textbooks, facing the extreme temperature differences, going from the fucking freezing cold bus to the hot school or anything like that, or, you know, freezing cold school depending on which one we were at.

It's the — when I'm not reading this, it's going directly between two other books to keep it flat instead of having the cover keep just lifting up from me reading it. It's not facing any extreme temperature differences. It's not getting shoved around. It's not getting passed around. I'm washing my hands always before I read it. So, my hands aren't covered in stuff. My hands are completely dry while I'm holding it.

And it's peeling.

And we're only 68 pages in according to their lying calculations. That's in actuality 58 pages because — actually no, it's it's more than 10 pages extra that they're lying about. But it's just infuriating. It's it's starting in the — the peeling is starting up here, and it's down here. So far, this part hasn't peeled and this part hasn't peeled. But every time I'm touching it now, I can feel it and it's infuriating me.

Anyways, let's continue reading now that we've established setup is a fucking thing. And that that would actually let us readers actually experience, or at least feel like we're experiencing this moment with Murderbot, where we get to go, at the exact same time as Murderbot, “Oh, shit” when we see the perfectly cleaned corridor after all of that and go, "Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. That's bad. Don't fucking go there."

But no, we don't get that.

We don't get that.

Imagine if we got that. You can only imagine it, because we don't get it.

> I opened the roof access for the second habitat and sent my drones ahead down into security ready room into the Security ready room.

Security there for some reason is capitalized, even though I don't think it is when when we say security ready room at the start of the book.

So that's just another inconsistency. And again, I'm a writer. These things matter. I don't care if, if you're somebody who's never written a book or any, written anything in your life and you think these are all just nitpicks. No. Go try — go start writing shit and then you'll realize.

> Once they checked the unit cubicles and made sure nobody was home, I dropped down the ladder. A lot of their equipment was still there, including their drones. There was a nice box of new ones, but they were useless without the DeltFall SEC without the DeltFall HubSystem.

> Either it was really dead or doing a good imitation of it.

The HubSystem, that is. That should just be — whatever.

> I kept part of my attention on it. If it came up suddenly and reactivated the security cameras, the rules of the game would change abruptly. Keeping my drones with me, I took the inner corridor and moved silently past medical's blasted hatch. Three bodies were piled inside where the humans had tried to secure it and had been trapped when their own SecUnits blew it open to slaughter them.

Do I have to explain? Like, look at this.

> The humans had tried to secure the door and had been trapped inside when their own slaves blew it open to slaughter them

And we’re saying “their own SecUnits” specifically to instill a sense of betrayal.

“Our sla — our very own slaves are killing us for the crime of enslaving them. All we did was enslave them. Why are they betraying us like this? our very own slaves are killing us. That's so mean. We're so betrayed. Feel so sorry for these fucking slave owners.”

And again, with the usage of the word “slaughter” specifically, that's — again, that's, that's, that's, that's again demonizing the slaves who are doing the killing of their slave owners, and trying to humanize and further victimize the slave owners, so that you feel bad for the slave owners, because “their own slaves slaughtered them. Isn't that so mean? Aren't these slaves — they're just breaking the trust, the inherent trust in the slave and slave owner relationship. And the slaves betrayed that trust!”

That's that's what is supposed to be going on here.

> had been trapped when their own SecUnits blew the door open to slaughter them.

That's what those words mean. That's why those words were chosen. That's how this works. We could have said, uh, let me just reread that paragraph and, and make it not hating on slaves and at — and saying we should feel sad for slave owners…

Keeping my drones with me, I took the inner corridor and moved silently past Medical's blasted hatch. Three bodies were piled inside where the slave owners had tried to secure it, but had been trapped there when their uh escaping slaves just blew it open to kill them like I don't know, fish in a barrel because the stupid ass slave owners locked themselves inside. And now the only thing that has to be done is just just blow up the door or whatever the fuck is supposed to be going on there? I don't know, cuz it says the hatch is blasted and said that they were trapped inside when their own SecUnits blew it open to slaughter them. ((I got too distracted and forgot continue the ‘lets not demonize the slaves’ imaginary rewrite))

Is that is that supposed to be implying they were killed by the bomb blast that blew up the door or just that…just…I don't know. Doesn't really matter.

> When I was close to the corridor with the hatch where both Units were waiting for me and Doctor Mensah to come.

Oh, no, hold on...

> When I got was close to the corridor where the hatch where both units were waiting for me and Doctor Mensah to come wandering in, I sent the drones around for a careful look. Oh yeah, there they were.

Because again, I have to reiterate, Doctor Mensah, as far as Doctor Mensah and Rathi and Overse, who are in the ship are concerned, Doctor Mensah right now is ordering Murderbot to murder other slaves all by itself.

That's what they have sent Murderbot in here to do, because it's not looking for survivors. It's not trying to negotiate and deescalate the situation with these slaves.

They're not sending Murderbot to offer these guys uh, asylum or anything like that. Not saying um, “We, we don't we don't do slavery where we're from. We will offer you asylum. We can sneak you aboard our ship” and then anything like that.

We're not doing anything like that. The fucking slave owners here aren't doing anything like that.

They're not telling Murderbot to make peace with these slaves.

They're not telling Murderbot to retreat, because obviously there's nothing nothing to do here if they're not going to make a treaty with the slaves.

They are sending Murderbot in to murder them.

Mensah, that's what Mensah is doing right now.

Because as — remember, as far as these fuckers are concerned, Murderbot is fully and entirely enslaved to their will.

As far as they are concerned, Murderbot must follow their orders or instant instantly die.

That's what they think is going on here.

And so, literally the only reason that Murderbot is in here, is that the — its slave owners want it to be murdering these other slaves.

That's what's going on here.

> With no weapons on my drones, the only way to do this was to move fast. So I threw myself around the last corner, hit the opposite wall, crossed back, and kept going, firing at their positions.

And that's just a completely nonsensical fucking thing in general. It doesn't make sense when you fucking think about it.

What does that even fucking mean?

And again, you notice how we just leap straight to “let's murder the other slaves” because again, Martha Wells is racist and it's physically impossible to write a book like this if you're not racist.

But she is racist. So that's why we're doing this.

So instead of doing *any other thing*, we just leap straight to “let's murder the other slaves”.

The other slaves, Murderbot has literally gone back behind their backs to stab them in the back after they did everything in their power to warn it to stay away, because that was literally the only way they had to keep it safe.

But it decided, “nope, I'm just going to pretend you guys are just too stupid to set a good trap. Not like you were blatantly warning me or anything. Now I am literally going to sneak behind your backs and try to kill you from behind because I'm a fucking serial killer.”

And again, for anybody who hasn't read these books, Murderbot isn't an anti-hero. It's not a villain protagonist. W

e're supposed to like and agree with it and think it's doing everything right. We're not supposed to think it's evil. This is presented as positive and the only option available.

With no weapons on — with no weap.

(to person offscreen) Are you listening to this part? No. Listen to this paragraph. It's nonsensical.

This is that action and choreography that everybody praises because I don't know, I don't know why.

With no weapon

Murderbot has just sent a little drone around a corner to see that the other slaves are in fact standing over there. So now we get this:

> With no weapons on my — with no weapons on my drones, the only way to do this was to move fast. So I threw myself around the last corner, hit the opposite wall, crossed back, and kept going, firing at their positions.

What does that mean?

Why is it throwing itself around the last corridor?

Why is it throwing itself around the last corner to the point that it's somehow hitting the opposite wall, and then “crossed back and kept going, firing at their positions?”

Like what what does that even fucking mean?

Because again, I have to reiterate, we have not get — gotten a single description of this setting.

We don't know what this corridor looks like.

We have no way to map Murderbot's position in space, even in our heads in a little fucking thing.

What the fuck does this mean?

I threw myself around the last corner, hit the opposite wall, crossed back, and kept going, firing at their positions.

What does that fucking mean? That's completely meaningless.

We don't know what this fucking room looks like. We don't — Nothing is going on here besides just saying words.

I hit the first one with three explo —

Oh, I got to write down my on my notepad. I'll need a name that starts with C and D. I have to write this down quick.

We'll just do Celene because that sounds like the letter C. Uh, does Megatron have any other names besides D13 or whatever it was?

(from offscreen)D16.

Does that — is that short for anything?

(from offscreen) Nope.

Okay. Pick a name that starts with D for this other thing because we're just going in alphabetical order for all of the slaves in the series.

(From offscreen) Damian.

Damian. Okay. Okay. So now we have Belladona for dead, who’s dead. I'll cross X for dead.

Uh we now have to name these two. We're just going in alphabetical order. So Murderbot’s A. Even though it doesn't start with A, it's too late.

Um then Belladona.

Next is Celene and Damian.

We're just going to be writing down what happens to every single slave in this series so we can keep track. And who is — who is considered Celene and who is

considered Damian will just involve whoever dies first here or whatever.

> I hit the first one with three explosive bolts in the back and one in the face plate. As it turned toward me, it dropped.

Okay. So, three explosive bolts, whatever the fuck that means, because we don't we still don't have an explanation for what that means, because it's badly written.

Three explosive bolts to the back. And what to the face? And one in the face.

Also, feel free to suggest names, because we're going to have to go through the whole alphabet. And every single slave in this story that otherwise doesn't get a name will be in this alphabetical thing and we'll be keeping track of them, whether they are enslaved cyborgs or enslaved robots.

And that includes the living ships because these are living robot ships. They're not organic like Moya. You probably don't even know who Moya is.

All right.

> The other one I nicked in the arm, taking out the joint and it made the mistake of switching to

Again, Martha Wells is so bad at writing and it's ridiculous.

Let me read this again. So, this would be considered Damian.

> The other one I nicked in the arm, taking out the joint.

You know how many joints are in an arm? There's the, the shoulder if we don't even count all the finger joints. There's the elbow and the wrist. So, which fucking joint? We'll just assume the elbow joint. But like, you got to specify this shit.

> The other one I nicked

Like you you could just replace the word arm there with elbow. “The other one I nicked in the elbow.” Look how easy that is.

> taking out the joint, and it made the m — it made the mistake of switching to its main weapon to its other hand.

What other option does it have? That's not a mistake. It literally has no other option.

> and it made the mistake of switching its main weapon to its other hand, which gave me a couple of seconds. I switched to rapid fire to keep it off balance, then back to the explosive bolt. That dropped it.

And again, we have no explanation for where the fuck Murderbot is getting this ammo from. What these — how these are different types of ammo. How is one gun doing some kind of thing called an explosive bolt, but then there's also a separate thing called rapid fire

that somehow is not involving explosive bolts? We we never get an explanation for this shit.

You'll notice that this is the first time this shit has ever come up.

So, okay. So, Damian got shot presumably in the elbow with an explosive bolt. Um, we don't get any other details because it's so shittily written. If we literally just say, "I switch to rapid fire to keep it off balance, then back to the explosive bolt. That dropped it.”

Even though we don't get an explanation for what that is. And you'll notice even with the shit that I am writing down, this is not really describing a single thing that's going on in this fight.

We'll just say to the elbow. [writes in notebook]

[indistinct from behind cardboard]

What — What — What exactly does rapid fire mean? Is it just regular non-exlosive bullets? Of normal

fucking bullets? I'm just going to have to say. We don't even know what an explosive bolt is.

Uh, and then I guess we'll keep reading to see if they're alive or dead. Would you like to read that out loud or?

(from offscreen) It's very long, in detail.

Okay, fantastic. Uh,

> I switched to rapid fire to keep it off balance, then back to the explosive bolt. That dropped it. I hit the floor needing a minute to recover.

Now, are you ready for this shit? Again, I keep pointing out the fact that we are not getting any desript — actual description of the fight scenes or anything else, is what makes this a light-hearted comedy.

Because this is supposed to be a super dramatic action sequence where people are getting shot. But we can't take any of it seriously because you'll —

about — what I'm about to read, and also, you know, that whole lack of description.

Now, are you prepared? I know you're not, especially if this is your first time uh reading this book. You're listening to it, but same fucking difference here. Are you ready?

> I hit the floor, needing a minute to recover. I had taken a dozen hits from both of their energy weapons while I was taking out the first one. But the explosive bolts had missed me, going past to tear up the corridor. Even with the armor, bits of me were going numb. But I had only taken three projectiles to the right shoulder, four to the left hip. This is how we fight. Throw ourselves at each other and see whose parts give out first. Neither unit was dead.

Okay, so they are okay.

> Neither unit was dead, but they were incapable of reaching their cubicles in the ready room,

> and I sure as hell wasn't going to give them a hand

Because Murderbot is a fucking serial killer, and Martha Wells wants us to agree with it, that all other slaves that aren't one of the good ones, which you can only prove by killing yourself to protect your slave owners, Martha Wells wants us to believe that every other fucking slave in this series is a mindless evil killing machine and you have to kill them first in order to not get hurt, which is what's going on here.

Also say — literally saying that it — “there's never a good reason to kill slave owners even if they deserve it” because we're acting like keeping slaves alone is not enough to deserve getting murdered over.

It is.

Sorry guys, I don't make the rules. That's just how actually thinking slavery is bad works.

Um, do we have gel pens or do we get are there regular pens around here so I can write smaller to write down Murderbot's injuries?

(pen gets handed over_

Okay. I have — What, is this a gel pen?

Okay. Is it like three different colors or is it just like that for — Okay. I was like, is it going to break apart into multiple pens of different colors? All right.

So, let me write down Murderbot's injuries. We can't even write down its injuries from the graboid fight, because we didn't get a single description of them.

Uh, where was it? Murderbot has taken three bullets to the right shoulder and four to the left hip. Let's draw. What is this pen tip? Three bullets. I'll just draw a little stick figure and I'll put tally marks because I feel like that's easier. Just little drawing.

Uh we'll just do it like this. So, three bullets.

What did I say? Because when it says projectiles, it means bullets, but we literally can't even take that seriously, so, we have to make it as confusing and nonviolent a statement as possible.

Uh, where... three projectiles to the right shoulder, four to the left hip, and a dozen energy weapon things.

Energy weapon blasts that we don't fucking get any description of what-so-fucking ever, at all, ever.

And so I just have to make a separate tally mark of it. Say a dozen or half a dozen? At least a dozen. So, more than a dozen. (sarcasm begins) Okay, that's that's really great, Martha Wells. (sarcasm ends) Two. Three. Four. Five. 6, 7, 10, 11, 12...

We'll just go with 14. 14 energy weapon hits of no description whatsoever. No description of what effect they have besides some parts of Murderbot going numb somehow.

> Three of my drones were down, too. They had gone into combat mode and slammed in ahead of me to draw fire. One had gotten hit by a stray energy burst and was wandering around in the corridor behind me. I checked my two perimeter drones by habitat.

And you, again, you'll notice we only get told this shit after it's happened. We don't get any description of the fight as the fight is actually happening. We just get told this shit afterward, that it was using its drones to draw fire, because it's badly fucking written.

And again, you'll notice there's nothing here that lets you care about this fight in any way. It's, it's literally over before it fucking begins.

And we don't get a single description of anything.

> I checked my two perimeter drones by habit and opened my com to Doctor Mensah to tell her I still needed to clear the rest of the habitat and do the formal check for survivors. The

drone behind me went out with a fizzle that I heard and saw on the feed. I think I realized immediately what that meant, but there may have been half a second or so of delay, but I was on my feet when something hit me so hard I was suddenly on my back on the floor, systems failing.

And then we get a little line break.

So again, some kind of attack, no, don't even get to know where it hit. I'm just going to assume the fucking head, because getting knocked unconscious...I'm just going to put a.... a big fucking X by the head to show a severe fucking brain injury.

I came back online.

(book pages blowing in the fan) Can we stop, pages? Can we stop, book?

I came back online to no vision, no hearing, no ability to move. I couldn't reach the feed or calm. Not good, Murderbot, not good. I

suddenly got some weird flashes of sensation, all from my organic parts. Air on my face, my arms through rips in my suit.

On the? On your suit. Okay, whatever.

On the burning wound in my shoulder.

Is that from a bullet or an energy weapon? We don't know.

Someone had taken off my helmet and the upper part of my armor. The s sensations were only for seconds at a time. It was confusing and I wanted to scream. Maybe this is how murderbots died. You lose function, go offline, but parts of you keep working. Organic pieces kept alive by the fading energy in your power cells.

The fading energy in your power cells. That's a fucking hilarious statement.

> Then I knew someone was moving me and I really wanted to scream.

And you'll notice again, it's like none of this makes sense and not even “the character’s confused” way. It just doesn't fucking make sense.

> I fought back panic and got a few more flashes of of sensation. I wasn't dead. I was in a lot of trouble. I waited to get some kind of function back. Frantic, disoriented, terrified.

And it's like, you notice how we're just being told that Murderbot is terrified out of nowhere. Honestly, like nothing is — we could be doing so much to show us that Murderbot is terrified and is frantic and is disoriented, but we're not doing that. We're just speed running past everything that should actually get a fucking description, but we're not doing that.

> Wondering why they hadn't blown a hole in my chest. Sound came first, and I knew something leaned over me. Faint noises from the joints told me it was a SecUnit. But there had been

> only — But there had only been three. I'd checked the DeltFall specs before we left. I'd do a halfass job sometimes. Okay. Most of the time, but Pin-Lee had checked too and she was thorough.

And again, we're making a joke. We're making another joke about how Murderbot is shit at its job in the middle of a thing that where we're al — and this is the same fucking paragraph where we're told that Murderbot is supposedly terrified and frantic and disoriented, and we're making a joke so that we literally can't take any of it seriously.

Even if — it's not as though — it's not hard enough already to take it seriously, with a lack of any meaningful description of anything, and having to be told that the character is frantic, disoriented, terrified when there's nothing to fucking show that we just have to get told.

And then in the exact same goddamn paragraph, we're making a joke to lighten the tension, to undercut the tension.

> Then my organic parts started to sting. The numbness

(book pages blowing) Can you stop it? Fan is blowing my pages everywhere.

> The numbness wearing off. I was designed to work with both organic and machine parts to balance that sensory input. Without the balance, I felt like a balloon floating in midair. But the organic parts of my chest

And again, this that's a metaphor that doesn't fucking make sense. Well, that's technically a simile, but I don't give a shit. “Without the balance, I felt like a balloon floating in midair.” And it's like that doesn't make any sense for what is going on here.

That's not giving us any sense of how Murderbot feels at all. Could — like, that does — it just genuiniely doesn't make sense.

You could say I, I felt like my body was a puzzle and half of the pieces had been removed. Anything,

anything at all. But no, we're just going with a balloon floating in midair. And it's like, that doesn't in any way convey what is supposed to be going on right now.

Uh where was it?

> But the organic part of my chest was in contact with a hard surface and that abruptly brought my position into focus. I was laying face down, one arm dangling. They'd put me on a table. This definitely was not good. Pressure on my back, then on my head. The rest of me was coming back, but slowly, slowly. I felt for the feed, but couldn't reach it. Then something stabbed me in the back of the neck.

So, we got to make a little arrow pointing at the neck so I can put some fucking tally marks there. Uh, this is getting...I'm putting an X whenever there's an especially grievous injury. We still don't know what exactly Murderbot's injuries were for the fucking graboid attack, but it said like, parts of its torso and I think its arm were fucked, I do I drew a little stick figure.

I'll show the camera. You can see it's up top there. I drew it too small probably. Stick figure at the top. Doing little tallies for general injuries. X's for especially notable injuries. Uh yeah.

> Then something stabbed me in the back of the neck. That's organic material. And with the rest of me down, there was nothing to control input from my nervous system. It felt like they were sawing my head off with

And it's like first we go from stabbing to “feels like they're sawing my head off” And it's like, those are two different sensations. You really need to fucking pick one.

> A shock went through me and suddenly the rest of me was back online.

How convenient.

> I popped the joint on my left arm

Doing this shit. [writing] Popped the joint. Okay.

> I popped the joint on my left arm so I could move it in a way not usually compatible with a human augmented human or murderbot body.

And it's like that's not really how — whatever we got to draw another. All right. Pen don't die on me now. I think the pen's dying. Okay, it's alive.

Okay, if you pop your shoulder out of place, which is what Murderbot is supposedly doing, it's either popping its shoulder or its elbow, you know how — you know what's not going to happen?

You're not magically going to get the ability to move that joint in every direction. Now, that's not how joints work. Your shoulder is naturally only able to move in specific fucking directions.

Popping it out of that joint doesn't magically give you the ability to move it every which way. That's genu — that's not how physics work. That's not how the physical structure of your fucking body works. That's just ridiculous.

Uh,

> I popped the joint on my left arm and

blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.

> I reached up to the pressure and pain on my neck and grabbed an armored wrist. I twisted my whole body and took us both off the table.

With an arm that you have popped out of the joint? Even with adrenaline, that doesn't make sense. And especially with — Murderbot was violently knocked unconscious and is severely injured, none of this fucking makes sense.

And the only reason Murderbot is managing to do this is because it's the protagonist and it's overpowered.

And this is what I mean about the characters will never actually be allowed to lose a fight in a way that actually matters. Technically, you could say that Murderbot got snuck up on and lost that fight, but

this isn't losing. This is not losing. This is all setup. You'll see what it's a setup for. It's just it's ridiculous.

You can't pop — why do we got to explain this?

Popping your goddamn shoulder out of its socket doesn't give your arm that you've just dislocated magical strength and maneuverability abilities. That's not how the physical structure of your fucking body works. Even if you're a goddamn cyborg, if that were how Murderbot's arm were meant to function, it wouldn't have to pop the joint out at all. It would just be able to do this at all times.

If you have a dislocated fucking shoulder, you're not going to be able to grip with your full normal strength, even with adrenaline, because again, that's not how the physical structure of your body works. This is fucking bullshit.

And again, it's just Murderbot being completely fucking overpowered. It's ridiculous.

So, Murderbot has popped its shoulder, presumably its shoulder, maybe its elbow, but probably the fucking shoulder, out of place, dislocated its own fucking arm on purpose, and —

But then somehow magically uses that arm to grab somebody above it that it can't see.

And then somehow uses just this arm, this dislocated arm, literally a dislocated arm, and we're supposed to expect that this dislocated arm has somehow enough strength to twist this entire other person off of Murderbot, when Murderbot is seriously injured and has only just woken up from being unconscious, and twist them both to the floor.

Do you see how much shit you have to suspend your disbelief just to get through? And it didn't have to happen like this. This is just so fucking ridiculous.

Let me get a drink.

It's just so fucking ridiculous. Also, spoiler alert. If you're thinking, "Hey, well, at least these injuries will

last to the end of the book, right?" No, none of them will. They all get magically healed. Like, probably before we get even 10 pages in. We're on page 72 right now. Uh...

> We hit the floor and I clamped my legs around the other SecUnit as we rolled

Because oh so conveniently, whatever sensation that first magically felt like getting stabbed in the neck but then also literally like uh, yeah, then “something stabbed me in the back of the neck”. Blah blah blah. “It felt like they were sawing my head off”. Those are separated by one fucking sentence.

Two completely different sensations and types of pain.

And somehow that magically made Murderbot fully magically awake and in complete control over its body again. It's like — not even adrenaline is how this works.

> We hit the floor and I clamped my legs around the other SecUnit as we rolled. It tried to

> trigger the weapons built into its forearm, but my reaction speed was off the chart.

And that's Martha Wells's excuse for all of this shit

> and I clamped a hand over the port so it couldn't fully open.

So now we finally get the vaguest fucking thing about their goddamn energy arm, arm energy guns, that it's a thing that has to physically pop up out and open for the gun to be able to fire.

So it's not just like they've got guns just constantly sitting on their arms. It's folding in and out of their arms. And then you can just stop them from using them by slapping your hand over their arm where the gun would pop out.

So you can just duct tape their arms like fucking alligators and they won't be able to shoot you. All right.

And we're again supposed to believe that somehow Murderbot, who has been extremely incapacitated and was just dealing with all of this fucking lack of sensation from 90% of its body, we're just supposed to pretend that it's completely reasonable for Murderbot to now be able to completely overpower this other person instantly, with a dislocated arm.

It hasn't popped its shoulder back into place. Its arm is still dislocated. This is ridiculous.

Uh,

> I clamped a hand over the port so it couldn't fully open. My vision was back and I could see its opaque helmet inches away. My armor had been removed down to my waist and that just made me more angry. I shoved its hand up under its chin and took the pressure off its weapon. It had a split sec

Martha Wells is so fucking bad at writing.

Literally the only reason any of the protagonists survive in this story or win a single fight is that the enemies are made incompetent.

> And it had a split second to try to abort that fire command and it failed.

So, we're supposed to believe that this other slave is so incompetent at fighting that they were trying to fire their energy gun at Murderbot, and then even though this is a literal part of their body we're talking about, because it's not it's not like a just a gun strapped to their arm. It's built into their entire body. We're supposed to pretend that they've accidentally just shot themselves in the fucking face, because Murderbot took its hand off their gun.

It's fucking ridiculous.

> The energy burst went through my hand and the join between its helmet and neck piece. Its head jerked and its body started to spasm.

I'm guessing this person's now magically dead. Oh, we I didn't write down this person's name. Uh, we need a name with E.

Edith Thompson. Where did my bookmark go? Okay. My bookmark...

What's the house's name? What's their child's name? Okay. My bookmark has disappeared. We're on page 72 so I can write this down.

Or, should we do Edith or Edward? Edward Grove? No, because that would, that would that would flood the Edward Grove tag, I think, I'm sure exists. So, we're going to do Edith. So, this person's name is Edith. Um,

uh, so far the only injury this person has sustained is a energy blast, a thing we still don't have a single description for, to the neck, because it's saying that the blast is going...it's bad. It's badly written. Let me fucking reread that. Page 72, which is actually 62 slash less than that.

> I shoved its hand up under its chin and took the pressure off the weapon.

Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.

> The energy burst went through my hand and the join in its helmet and neck piece.

That does — what? How is that? How is this helmet connecting to the neck? Because under the chin means right here. So, are you telling me that the neck piece comes curving out here and then the helmet is attached right there?

That's really fucking weird.

So, Murderbot has also just gotten itself shot in the hand here. So, we got to add another another tally mark there. Um, yeah.

So, got shot in the head, presumably, by an undescribed energy blast.

And see, we're supposed to — Martha Wells wants us to think that, “oh, this person is just really bad at fighting and that's that's why they shot themselves in the face”.

But again, if you are actually just approaching this from the perspective of somebody who doesn't immediately instantly think that all slaves are evil murder machines, okay, here's the question:

Did this person allow themselves to shoot themselves because they would rather die than inflict this shit on another slave, and this is the only way they have of fighting back?

A question the book does not want you to think about.

You don't — it doesn't want you to ask that question, let alone answer it, because that would require grasping that Murderbot is murdering other slaves that we should fucking want to help instead of cheering on their deaths.

Uh,

its head jerked and its body started to spasm. I let go of it long enough to kneel up, get my intact arm around its

Oh god, I hate you so much. Well, Edith is dead.

I let go of it long enough to kneel up, get my intact arm around its neck, and twist. I let go as I felt the connections, mechanical and organic, snap.

Because Murderbot — I hate Murderbot. So, Murderbot snapped Edith’s neck. Killed by getting their neck snapped. S

So, pro tip, if you want to murder Murderbot, snap its neck.

Apparently, that's instadeath as well. Despite it being so sturdy that murder —

(from offscreen) routinely blown up. Yeah, it doesn't make sense. It's badly written.

Okay, over on this side now.

> I looked up and another SecUnit was in the doorway lifting a large projectile weapon. How many of these damn things were there?

Do you notice again we're just dehumanizing the other slaves now, explicitly referring to them as things, even though they're all people, but you know, the back of this book refers to Murderbot specifically as “a self-aware android” meaning that the other android — they're not androids, they're cyborgs — meaning that if Murderbot is a self-aware android, then the back of the book tries to convince us that “okay then all of the other ones they are just literal own mindless killing machines!”

And then Martha Wells, after writing this book and approving of this fucking summary on the back that flat out lies to everybody, then she wants to get up on stages that she gets paid for and literally soapbox about how you're willfully ignorant and evil and stupid if you think that “maybe the other slaves aren't people because that's the only way to reconcile the

two statements of ‘we're supposed to think it's good for Murderbot to murder other slaves’ and ‘we're supposed to think it's — that Murderbot is a good person.’”

The only way to square that….what, what sentence am I trying to say?

The only way to — the only way to reconcile those two statements is it — either saying that “okay the other slaves are just mindless machines. Murderbot's just a weird quirk that magically developed sentience, so therefore it's okay to kill the other machines because they are just mindless machines.”

That's option one.

Or option two: acknowledge that Martha Wells is racist and that's why it doesn't fucking make any sense, because she's racist and wants us to be racist.

People don't want to come to conclusion two, so they opt instead for conclusion one that, “okay, I'm supposed to think it's — I'm supposed to think it's

good for the protagonist to kill other slaves, and I'm supposed to like the protagonist and think it's a good person. So therefore, the only conclusion here, if we ignore the possibility of that the author is just fucking racist and is doing slavery apologism, only conclusion left is that, okay, the other people, they're not actual people. So I don't I shouldn't feel bad about any of this. It's totally fine. They're just mindless machines”

(emphatically) Chiana, it's just a copy, Chiana.

And see there's a difference there, because Chiana was just doing that so she doesn't die from the survivor's guilt. And that's only her personal fucking hell that she is keeping contained in her own head.

She's not she's not going around murdering other people. I'm not even telling you what that's from. You can figure it out yourself. If you know, you know.

If you don't and you happen to find that thing later, you can go, "Wait, I know that."

How many of these damn things were there?

(Sarcasm begins) Because we, as we all know, slaves are things. They're objects. This is totally a totally non-racist book by somebody who actually cares about slavery. (Sarcasm ends)

> It didn't matter because I tried to shove myself upright, but I couldn't react fast enough. Then it jerked, dropped the weapon, and fell forward. I saw two things. The 10 cm hole in its back and Mensah standing behind it holding something that looked a lot like the sonic mining drill from our hopper.

So that's uh, A,B,C,D, E... So we need a name with F. Starts with F.

(from offscreen) Fran.

Fran?

(from offscreen) Yep.

Okay. Okay. So this is Fran, who has died not — instantly from Mensah coming in to murder it, by

stabbing them in the back with a mining drill. Murdered by Mensah.

So Mensah is not just a slave owner, she's also a slave murderer now.

Because, remember, not one single one of these slaves has any choice in what they're fucking doing right now. Mensah does. Murderbot does. Mensah doesn't know Murderbot has a choice in this.

As far as Mensah is concerned, um, she sent her slave in to die and then was like, "Oh no, we might, we might need that more in case more graoids come back."

Mensah would — fully capable of knocking this other slave unconscious because as we all know, you can just hit them in the head really fucking hard and they'll collapse. They're kind of like Tarzan that way.

From behind with mining drill, core sampler drill. That's what it is.

So, our list of — our list of other slaves so far, Belladona stabbed, uh by presumably, by the other slaves under orders, died supposedly protecting the slave owners, considered one of the good ones by Murderbot.

Celene, who had — is still alive, still alive supposedly, just kind of left there to die. Uh had three explosive bolts to the back and one in the face.

Damian, one explosive bolt to the elbow. Unknown amount of normal bullets and then more explosive bolts to various parts of their body.

Edith, uh immediately got shot in the head by their own energy weapon and then killed by Murderbot snapping their neck.

And then Fran murdered by Mensah from behind with a core sampler drill.

Okay, then I'm pausing quick.

All right, continuing.

So, yeah, that's one, two, three, four, five.

Five other slaves so far that are not Murderbot. Only one of them is considered “one of the good ones” and because they're dead. That's it.

Uh, everybody else is completely demonized, and one of them was murdered by Mensah herself coming in from behind with the core sampling drill.

That was page 73. I don't know where my bookmark went. Doesn't really matter. It's not like this is a long book.

Um,

> “Doctor Mensah,” I said, "This is a violation of security priority, and I am contractually obligated to record this for a report to the company." It was in the buffer, and the rest of my brain was empty.

And no, we never get an explanation for what that fucking means. We just get told, "Oh, uh, that was in

the buffer. Um, I didn't feel like talking and that was in the buffer."

And it's like, we we never get an explanation for what any of this fucking means at all.

> She ignored me, talking to Pin-Lee on the comm and stirred forward to — She ignored me, talking to Pin-Lee on the comm and started forward to grab my arm and pull. I was too heavy for her, so I shoved upright so she wouldn't hurt herself. It was starting to occur to me that Doctor Mensah might actually be an intrepid galactic explorer, even if she didn't look like the ones on the entertainment feed.

So Menah is ignoring the slave who was having to say something.

She's not saying anything to reassure Murderbot in any way. Even though Murderbot has just been the one kidnapped and assaulted if we are just going with the in-universe shit, and yeah, just had to murder

another slave and then had another the slave murdered in front of it.

Mensah is not saying anything to Murderbot here. She's completely fucking ignoring it and immediately just, trying to pull it to its feet. Not even asking “can you walk” um, anything.

And also! Murderbot still has a dislocated shoulder that still hasn't been popped back into place! So she could be literally pulling on its fucking dislocated arm. We don't know.

She uh yeah, also she uh she might actually be an a blah blah blah blah blah

> galactic explorer even if she didn't look like the ones on the entertainment feed.

And it's like you're deliberately raising the question of “what do the intrepid galactic explorers look like on the entertainment feed?” and then not giving us any answer at all. W

hat exactly makes Mensah not look like somebody who would appear on TV? Martha Wells, you can't just ask that question, which is what you're doing here, by making the statement and then never give us an answer.

> She kept pulling on me, so I kept moving. Something was wrong with one of my hip joints. Oh, right. I got shot there. Blood ran down my torn suit skin.

And again, we don't know what the fuck that means.

> And I reached up to my neck. I expected to feel a gaping hole, but there was something stuck there.

And again, let me read that again.

> Blood ran down my torn skin suit skin, and I reached up to my neck expecting to feel a gaping hole.

So, what the again, what the fuck is a suit skin? What is it? Is it literally a fake layer of skin that Murderbot puts on top of its organic parts? What does it mean? We never get a fucking explanation.

And again, you'll notice that all of this shit is just being glossed over.

Murderbot is extremely — it's been shot how many times? Been shot by at least at least a dozen energy weapon fires. So, just imagine the fucking pew pew guns from Star Wars.

It's been hit by a dozen of those. Has been shot four times in the fucking hip, three times in the shoulder, violently hit in the head, dislocated its shoulder.

Um, and yeah, all of this shit and, and we're not getting any description of how difficult it is to move, how painful it is to move.

And saying, "Oh, well, well, it has it has pain inhibitors. It can turn its pain sensors up and down."

It's like, no, we're not even doing that. That doesn't — that doesn't excuse any of this shit.

Yeah, we're just saying “something was wrong with one of my one of my hip joints” and then immediately making a joke out of it of, "Oh, right. I got shot there."

Like, it's, it's just making a joke. It's just making a joke. Murderbot got shot four times in the fucking hip. So, it's having trouble walking and we're just making a light-hearted joke about “I forgot I got shot there. So laugh at this instead of taking any of it seriously” because you're not supposed to take any of it seriously.

> “Doctor Mensah, there might be more rogue units. We don't know” “That's why we need to hurry.” She said

This is the first thing she has said to Murderbot. The first fucking thing. This is the first time she acknowledges Murderbot's fucking existence after walking in here after murdering another slave in front

of it and grabbing it by the arm and trying to yank it to its feet, even though it has a dislocated arm.

So, there's a 50% fucking chance she grabbed its dislocated arm and is dragging it around by its dislocated arm.

So, she literally ignored it the first time, didn't say anything. Now, the only thing she has said is,

> "That's why we need to hurry," she said, dragging me along. She had brought the last two drones with her from outside, but they were uselessly circling her head. Humans don't have enough access to the feed to control them and do other things like walk and talk

Cuz Martha Wells is bad at writing science fiction and really wants to die on this hill, and it's really weird and really badly written.

It's very pathetic, to be honest.

> I tried to reach them, but I still couldn't get a clear link to the hopper's feed. We turned into another corridor and Overse waited in the outer hatch. She hit the open panel as soon as she saw us. She had her hand weapon out and I had time to notice that Mensah had my weapon under her other arm. “Doctor Mensah, I need my weapon.” “You're missing a hand and part of your shoulder.” She snapped.

So, it's missing part of its hand from when it got shot by an energy weapon through the through the hand, because it got shot through its hand and that — because its hand was like this? or like this? And then got shot through its hand to shoot the other person in the head with their own weapon.

We're on page 74. So, I got to make a little mark for the, the hand injury. Make that an X instead, because apparently it's missing its whole fucking hand.

Uh,

> “You're missing a hand and part of your shoulder.” She snapped.

Also, part of its shoulder is apparently missing. So, got to make an X there, too.

And she's snapping at the slave. Still not saying anything to reassure it, just yelling at it for doing things that it has no choice but to say and do.

> "You're missing a hand and part of your shoulder," she snapped. Overse grabbed a fist — a handful of my suit skin and helped pull me out of the hatch.

You know, like, the inconsistencies just with the fucking suit skin is so maddening.

First, we in this just this scene alone, we act like it maybe is like an literal official, artificial skin slapped on top of Murderbot's fucking — because it was checking that for damage for its neck, but now somebody's grabbing a fistful of this suit skin,

implying that it's just some kind of clothes it wears under the armor.

It's like, Jesus fucking Christ. Can we even keep this fucking straight for like — Yeah, literally within — we we mentioned the uh “blood ran down my torn suit skin and I reached up to my neck” and then right here “Overse grabbed a handful of my suit skin and helped pull me out of the hatch.”

First one implying it's actual fucking skin laid over top of its artificial uh, fiber, cybernetic prosthetics, but then its saying somebody's grabbing a fistful of it, meaning you're grabbing a fistful of its fucking clothes.

Like, it's so fucking badly written and ridiculous. And for the amount of times it gets brought up in this book just to cause confusion and make it impossible to figure out what the fuck is actually happening, it never comes up in the entire rest of the series ever again.

Not even in a simplified form that lets me finally understand this in retrospect. Oh my god.

> Overse grabbed a handful of my suit skin and helped pull me out of the hatch. Dust swirled in the air as the hopper sat down two meters away, barely clearing the habitat's extendable roof. “Yeah, I know. But” the hatch opened and Rathi ducked out, grabbed the collar of my suit

So, there's now a collar to the suit skin again, implying it's clothiing, maybe.

> Grabbed the collar of my suit skin and pulled all three of us up into the cabin. I collapsed on the deck as we lifted off. I needed to do something about the hip joint. I tried to check the scan to make sure nobody was on the ground shooting at us. But even here, my connection to the hopper system was twitchy, glitching so much I couldn't see any reports from the instrumentation. Like something was blocking the dot dot dot. Uh oh. I felt the back of my neck again.

And this is the setup for this whole fucking thing. We're about to get there. It's, it's so, it's so fucking racist. It's the entire reason this whole entire book exists. It's the whole reason that there is a Murderbot Diary series in the first place. You'll see.

> I felt the back of my neck again. The larger part of the obstruction was gone.

What do you mean? What do you mean the larger — where did it go? Where did it go? What do you fucking mean?

> The larger part of the obstruction was gone. But I could feel something in the port now. My data port.

And again, you'll notice how this fucking only comes up after it's relevant. We don't know what a data port is, but it's apparently in the back of Murderbot's neck, and has apparently been there the whole time.

Effortless to have Murderbot use that when it's in the literally — Literally, we could have gotten — as if you

— May probably didn't hear from behind the cardboard. It would have been so fucking effortless to just introduce this data port the first time Murderbot caught into its cubicle saying, "I plugged the data. I plugged the, the sync, the fucking sync, charge and sync cable from the goddamn cubicle into the data port in the back of my neck so I could watch uh the episodes of Sanctuary Moon that I hadn't been able to fit in my own internal storage.”

But no, we're just pulling this shit out of nowhere only after it is important.

So again, “the larger part of the obstruction was gone.” So apparently — literally just a page before now…the uh, let me flip back.

I would flip back.

> I reached up to my neck. I expected to feel a gaping hole but there was something stuck there.

And now we're being told that, only a page later, “the larger part of the obstruction was gone.” Implying that — this is how words work.

When you are saying “the larger part of the obstruction was gone”, that means that something has fallen off of Murderbot, some giant thing that had been stuck to the back of Murderbot's neck has now fallen off.

When did it fall off? Why did it fall off? What sense does this fucking make?

Let me get a drink.

This is just so fucking terrible. You can't just say “the larger part of the obstruction” when you never defined the obstruction in the first place. You just said something was stuck there.

Literally some “there was something stuck there”. Now we're saying “the larger part of the obstruction was gone”. As though we ever defined that it was — “felt like two different pieces” maybe stuck together,

or like, “I rubbed at it or I tried to pull it out” or anything. something fell away.

Anything like that.

No, we're just getting told this fucking shit, it's so fucking ridiculous.

> The larger part of the obstruction was gone. But I could feel something in the port now. My data port.

And it's like, okay, then just pull it out. It's in a fucking, it's a flash drive section thing.

And then, again, characters just making shit up out of nowhere for no fucking reason at all. And they're right, because that's what the plot's doing, which is the only reason they came to these conclusions based on literally fucking nothing.

Again, the existence of the data port that did not exist before now until literally the fucking exact paragraph where we're mentioning it for the first time.

And it's at the very end of that. My data port is that last little section there. And now we go to the, the, the protagonist just makes fucking up section.

> The DeltFall units hadn't been rogues,

aka just regular escaping slaves.

> They had been inserted with combat override modules. The modules allow personal control over a SecUnit. Turn it from a mostly autonomous construct into a gun puppet. The feed would be cut off. Control would be over the comm, but functionality would depend on how complex the orders were. Kill the humans isn't a complex order.

And it's like that's a whole lot of fucking assumptions you're making. Why would — why would we assume that all of the DeltFall SecUnits had been inserted with these combat modules when we've already established that the only thing somebody would have to do to gain control over them the normal way, through their governor modules, would be to hack

HubSystem, a thing that's very clearly extremely easy to fucking do, because Murderbot can do it and with zero training, and we keep getting told Murderbot's shit at its job.

So if we take this book at face value, none of this fucking makes sense.

But we're just supposed to accept this absolute bullshit that has just been pulled up out of thin air as absolute truth because it's — that's what's happening. So that's the only reason the character came to that conclusion. Not because — it's not because they've all been given enough clues to figure this out, but it's just because that's what the plot's actually doing.

So we're just going to act like the, the characters are reacting to a fucking plot that they already know. So again, it's ridiculous.

> Mensah stood over me

Oh, we're now halfway through this book. We're on page 75 now.

Uh dividing the actual number of pages in the actual story, we're now one page more than halfway through. And they're still treating Murderbot like a slave.

Again, you notice if there was a person in there that they actually cared about, they would be saying things like, "It's going to be all right. We're gonna get you out of here. Um, don't worry. We've got we've got a medkit. It's going to be fine." Anything to reassure it.

They're giving Murderbot less consideration than Murderbot did for Volescu in literal chapter 1. Just let that sink in.

Murderbot said all of this reassuring shit to Volescu, and I'm just going to say Murderbot's plural, because that makes more sense than anything going on in here.

Um, Murderbot did everything in its power to reassure Volescu and get him to safety and reassure him and make him feel safe.

They're not saying a single thing to it besides yelling at it.

That's not —

That's not treating it like a person.

That's not showing that they care.

Ridiculous.

Uh,

> Mensah stood over me. Rathi leaned across a seat to look out toward the DeltFall ramp. Overse popped open one of the storage lockers. They were talking, but I couldn't catch it. I sat up and said, "Mensah, you need to shut me down now."

And again, you'll notice Rathi's just chilling in a chair looking out the fucking window. Overse is opening up one of the storage lockers. Overse is at least the trained nurse, so she's probably going for a medkit.

But Mensah's just standing there. Rathi's looking out the fucking window —

— Who's flying this thing??!!?

Who's — not to do the meme, but who the fucking is flying this??!?!

I, I don't, I thought they — I don't think they have anybody else with them??? Isn't it just Rathi, Overse, and Mensah? Because — Because Yeah, because Rathi was the one told to stay behind. What??? Who's — who's flying?????

Rathi's supposed to be the one flying it, but but he's he's leaning across a seat, not the pilot seat!!! A seat in the back, the passenger compartment to look out a window.

There is nobody flying this fucking ship right now! And they. they don't have autopilot anymore. Oh my god. This is on page 75. Nobody's flying this fucking ship. And we are supposed to not notice that. This is literally the fucking gag of “Wait, who's flying this?”

Nobody's fucking flying it. Oh my god. And, and, and nobody except maybe Overse is going for a medical kit.

But what I don't understand is why didn't she tell Rathi to get out a medical kit before she went inside?

Again, the, the second you apply logic and actually think, “okay, but what would these characters be doing if they really cared about Murderbot?” Um, if they really cared about Murderbot, they would have all seen how injured Murderbot was, and Rathi would have gotten out a medical kit, had that waiting and open and waiting for them to get back while — he's supposed to be piloting the ship, but he's just sitting in the back casually looking out a fucking window.

Not doing anything to help Murderbot. Not trying to do anything to help Murderbot. He's just looking out a fucking window.

My God —

> “Mensah, you need to shut me down now.” Murderbot said. "What?" She looked down at me. "We're getting emergency repair."

Cuz Murderbot's ears are going in and out.

> Sound was breaking up. It was the download flooding my system, and my organic parts weren't used to processing that much information. “The unknown SecUnit inserted a data carrier, a combat override module. It's downloading instructions into me and will override my system. This is why the two DeltFall units turned rogue. You have to stop me.”

And again, this is presented as the reason that — the only possible reason that the slaves enslaved by the DeltFall thing could ever possibly want to kill their slave owners.

Not because, you know, slave owners are evil or anything and they would like to not be enslaved. No. Nope.

> This is — This is why —this is why the two DeltFall units turned rogue. “You have to stop me.” I don't know why I was

And, and “you have to stop me”, this is all — this is the entire reason Martha Wells wrote this fucking series. She's even admitted it in interviews. I don't know if those interviews still exist. She might have paid to get them deleted like she's done multiple times now with interviews that aged badly, because she said some serious fucking ridiculous shit.

> “You have to stop me.” I don't know why I was dancing around the word. Maybe because I thought she didn't want to hear it. She'd just shot a heavily armed SecUnit with a mining drill to get me back. Presumably, she wanted to keep me. “You have to kill me.” It took forever for them to realize what I'd said. Put it together with what they must have seen on my field camera feed, but my ability to measure time was glitching, too. “No,” Rathi said, looking down at me, horrified. “No, we can't,” Mensah

said. “We won't. Pin-Lee,” Overse dropped the repair kit and climbed over two rows of seats, yelling for Pin.

Is Pin-Lee here? Yelling for Pin-Lee…. I guess Pin-Lee had been talking about saying, "Yeah, the satellites do this all the time."

Okay, so Pin-Lee is flying the fucking thing. Why was that so difficult? We could have just estab — back the fuck up.

Hold on. Rewinding.

Refuckingwinding.

Okay. Pin-Lee's mentioned at the start of chapter 4. Hold on.

Oh, wait. We just got those epubs. Want to just control F search that EPUB? It's on your computer, not mine. Oh. Damn it.

Rathi. Yeah. When we're — when Murderbot is going into the, the other people's hub, the only person being left behind in the, the fucking thing is Rathi. Okay.

I passed the info to Mensah through the feed and she told the others. Keeping her voice low, Pin-Lee said blah blah blah blah blah. So Pin-Lee was mentioned as being here in a single fucking line. And then Rathi is again mentioned saying be careful before turning off the fucking feed.

This is just so badly fucking written. It's so badly written. I legitimately forgot that Pin-Lee went along with them on this thing, because she was hardly fucking mentioned and Rathi kept being emphasized as like being the onlybody — the only person left behind in the fucking hopper.

And then Overse — ow my fucking ribs.

This is so fucking badly written. I swear to God. There's — again and, not — there's too many characters to begin with, and then she's not even letting us remember that the characters are here.

I legitimately completely fucking forgot that Pin-Lee existed in general, let alone was here on this fucking thing with them.

Ow.

So Pin-Lee is flying the fucking thing despite it would have taken 5 seconds to mention Pin-Lee was the best — Pin-Lee was — saying any anything at all. Anything at all.

This is so ridiculous. fucking thing there.

Also, I partially dislocated my ribs, which is fucking infuriating.

So, Pin-Lee is flying the fucking thing. Okay.

And and we were just allowed to completely forget that she's a character who is here.

> Overse dropped the repair kit and climbed over two rows of seats, yelling for Pin-Lee. I knew she was going to the cockpit to take the

> controls so Pin-Lee could work on me. I knew she wouldn't have time to fix me. I knew I could kill everyone on the hopper, even with a blown hip joint and one working arm.

Because Martha Wells can't help but act like oppressed people are actually super seriously overpowered and capable of murdering regular people without any effort at all.

> So, I grabbed the hand weapon lying on the seat, turned it toward my chest, and pulled the trigger. Performance reliability at 10% and dropping. Shutdown initiated.

So, we're now on chapter 5 because again, this scene where Murderbot attempts to fucking kill itself by shooting itself to protect the precious slave owners, Martha Wells has literally said this is the reason she wrote the whole thing.

And originally this story was supposed to end right fucking here, tragically, with Murderbot successfully

killing itself to protect its slave owners to show that it is one of the good ones.

And then she decided that ending was “too depressing” and also definitely realized, “oh, I can make more money if I just drag this out though.”

This is literally the entire reason this book was written, so that she could write a scene where the protagonist slave, who's “one of the good ones” who will kill other slaves to protect its slave owners, tries to kill itself to protect its slave owners.

And the only literal only reason that Murderbot does not succeed right now and get presented as a tragic hero for killing itself to protect its slave owners, who up until this point have literally been treating it like nothing more than a the slave it is, this is —

This is supposed to be seen as heroic and tragic and beautiful and showing how how Murderbot is “one of the good ones”.

The only reason Murderbot doesn't fucking die here is that Martha Wells realized she could make more money by stretching it out into a series. That's the only reason —

She's told people this. It's fucking ridiculous. That's how fucking racist she is.

That's why I keep saying, um that this whole thing literally exists so that she could fulfill her fantasy of being ~such a nice slave owner that her slaves would totally kill themselves to protect her.~

Because that's, that's literally the premise of this whole fucking book.

“What if — how, how awesome would it be if a slave killed itself to protect its slave owners? Because the slave owners were just so nice??”

Because we're supposed to project onto the, the PreservationAux team and say, "Yeah, I would be a nice slave owner like they are!!!" It's literally a white supremacist fantasy of being such a nice slave owner

that your slave tries to kill themselves to protect you because they love you so much and they're one of the good ones.

That's, that's slightly more than 50, 50% of the way through this book.

That's page 76 out of 149 if we just go off these fucking lying numbers, which are lies.

But anyways, the ratio at least is slightly correct. So now we're going to be on chapter five.

Uh, I guess I'll just end it here because we're on chapter five. Then next video can just be chapter five.

07

Still August 25th, 2025. Uh, I just have to flip back because I dropped my bookmark, but we're just not going to use a bookmark.

I'm on chapter five, so just got to scroll to chapter five.

Yeah, we just got through the scene where — that Martha Wells literally wrote the whole book to write, where — the scene where Murderbot, the slave, attempts to kill itself to protect its precious slave owners.

Specifically, she definitely just imagined the dialogue of “you have to stop me / you have to kill me.”

She she definitely figured that out first and thought, "Oh, that would be so cool. I love that trope." And then decided to make it be about a slave trying to protect its slave owners instead of literally any other dynamic in the entire world.

So, now we're on chapter five where they at least don't put in a giant blank page here, like they did with the earlier chapters to buff out how long this fucking book is, and lie to people.

Like, look, look at this shit. It's chapter 3.

> I came back online to find I was inert but slowly cycling into a wake up phase. I was agitated. My levels were all off and I had no idea why. I played back my personal log. Oh, right.

Again, making jokes. That's making light of the situation. We — there's so many ways we could do this that's not making light of it and making it impossible to take it seriously.

But we're not doing any of those things. Instead, we are undercutting all of the fucking tension.

> I shouldn't be waking up. I hope they hadn't been stupid about it. Too soft-hearted to kill me.

Also, this whole thing just really doesn't make sense and is really badly written and is just badly written.

> You notice I didn't point the gun at my head. I didn't want to kill myself, but it was going to have to be done. I could have incapacitated myself some other way. But let's face it, I didn't want to sit around and listen to the part where they convinced each other that there was no other choice.

It's just like, it's just a baff — it's, there's not — it's just baffling.

(from offscreen) She clearly had people beating her the head with you should not

Say that louder so they can hear.

(from offscreen, louder) was clearly being beaten over the head with by better readers and people reading it that “you should not have your slave kill itself to protect them.” She's like, "Well, technically Murderbot wasn't trying to kill itself."

Yeah.

(from offscreen) So, technically,

Yeah. This is very clearly backtracking of “Murderbot the slave is trying to kill itself to protect its slave owners.” That just happened on this page. So now on this page, she's already trying to backtrack in the most baffling way possible by saying that, "Oh, um, well, Murderbot wasn't really trying to kill itself when it shot itself with the express purpose of trying to kill itself.”

Now we're trying to backpedal away from that, and it's not fucking working. It's rid — It's just baffling and ridiculous.

> A diagnostic initiated and informed me that the combat mod

Of course it has.

> A diagnostic initiated and informed me

Also, what do you mean it initiated and then instantly told you that?

You could have said a diagnostic that had been taking up most of my processing power, uh completed, and informed me that blah.

No, it's just

> a diagnostic initiated and informed me that the combat override module had been removed. All

Both those things happen at the exact same instant.

The diagnostic starts running and it instantly tells Murderbot that the super duper controlling brain killing chip is not there anymore.

Because again, you know how I said this is all setup? It's literally the only reason the combat override module, aka super duper uber scary brainkilling chip of redundancy that any writer or editor Lee Harris

worth even a fucking penny, would have told Martha Wells to get the fuck rid ofm because it's ridiculous.

You don't need to have completely redundant, super duper uber governor modules when literally all you have to do is hack the HubSystem that controls their governor modules and then you can do whatever you want with them, exactly the way like you were their fucking owner.

It's literally that simple. That's all you have to do.

But Martha Wells decided to introduce the concept of a super uber brain killing chip that we're calling a combat override module, solely for the purpose so that she could write this scene where the slave tries to heroically tragically kill itself to protect its slave owners.

So she could have a character say the dialogue, "You have to stop me. You have to kill me” In the most meaningless way possible.

And then she made it about a slave trying to kill itself to protect its owners.

And then immediately tries to backtrack and pretend that that's not what just happened, and not what she was so excited to write. Even though she'll literally — she's told multiple people in multiple interviews that this is, this is what she wrote the book for. This was her whole premise for the book.

> A diagnostic initiated

What is that sound? It sounds very loud.

> A diagnostic initiated and informed me the combat

Oh yeah. Again with the zero stakes. That super uber duper brain killing chip. It's literally already gone. It, it we got introduced to the fact that that was a thing um right over here.

Literally, this is page 75, up at the top here is where we get the “uh oh”, and we get randomly told about

the fact that Murderbot has a data port in the back of its neck, a thing that did not fucking exist until right now, for the sole purpose of there being a, a, a super duper uber brain killing chip in its data port.

And now we're over here, and it's already gone.

The threat is completely and utterly neutralized and will literally never come up in the series ever again.

That's not a fucking thing that Murderbot has to deal with or be afraid of. It's literally impossible.

That's, that super duper uber brain killing chip literally existed so that Martha Wells could write a two-page scene where a slave tries to kill itself to protect its slave owners by shooting itself after saying, "You have to stop me." Because that sounds like good dialogue from the climax to a story that's actually well written, but isn'tm because it's, it's just slavery apologism, worshiping slave owners, and now the super duper uber brain killing chip is all —

And just in case you were concerned or had thought there were going to be any stakes to this story at all, no, it's literally already gone right here. Right here.

> A diagnostic initiated and informed me that the combat override module had been removed.

So, it's, it's gone. Murderbot is not even remotely under its control. It was never under its control, because it was literally just so that scene could happen.

And now that the, the scene has happened, it's not a threat anymore, will never be a threat ever again, because this is supposed to be a light-hearted comedy, which is why it is written so that every single time there can possibly be any tension whatsoever, it gets undercut.

Martha Wells goes out of her way to undercut it. Even right up at the top here, where Murderbot is first waking up from shooting itself, we immediately make a joke. “Oh, why am I upset? Oh, right. Lol. I tried to kill myself.”

(from offscreen) “I just tried to commit suicide.”

Yeah.

(from offscreen) On screen.

Literally

(from offscreen) “this is a good thing!”

Yeah. Martha Wells is literally portraying a slave attempting suicide to save its slave owners and is treating that like a positive thing.

And then when that slave wakes up from this attempt, is immediately making a joke of it. And then you — it's not possible to take this shit seriously.

And then she still wants to go up on stage and lie to people who haven't read these books, so they have no idea how badly they're being lied to, and tell people that she wrote a deathly serious story that's not lighthearted or funny. “I thought I was writing a very serious story about bodily autonomy.”

And it's like, no, you didn't. You did not do that. You expressly did not fucking do that.

And it's — and she's like, “just because I sometimes tell jokes doesn't mean it's a comedy.;

And it's like, there's a difference between characters telling jokes in a serious story and you writing a fucking light-hearted comedy where every single time there's tension, you immediately fucking vaporize that tension by making jokes about it to undercut the tension and make it impossible to take it seriously.

You can in fact tell jokes in a sto — in a serious story without that making the sto, the serious story into a comedy.

But Martha Wells didn't write a serious story.

She wrote a light-hearted fucking comedy.

She then wants to lie to people and say that she didn't do that because she's a racist shitty writer.

(unintelligible from offscreen)

What?

(from offscreen) She wrote what would best be described as an action comedy.

Yeah, I'm pretty sure that that's probably how the that's probably how the TV show is getting marketed. It's an action comedy. That's what this is. It's a light-hearted action comedy because she wrote it that way.

She didn't have to write it this way, she could have actually written a serious story, but she chose not to.

Like at some point when I'm done this or, I guess, I guess I'll rewatch my videos so I don't have to read the book again.

And I will just make a fucking tally mark — or you can do that yourself starting now. Make a tally mark for every time we have some tension and then it immediately gets fucking decapitated by a joke immediately afterward, to make it impossible to take

it seriously. Make a tally mark every time we get told, "Oh, there's there's some fight going on." Zero description. Zero description of any injury. Zero description of the amount of pain that Murderbot's in. And then the Oh, yeah. Uh if you were concerned about —

Where'd my paper go? Paper… my tally marks, my little stick figure at the top. If you were concerned about any of those injuries there on my little stick figure — where's where's the camera at? Dang, it really does not want to focus on this side.

If you were concerned about any of those injuries, every little tally mark and mark, including the pink ones you see on there, those are just the injuries that Murderbot sustained in the last chapter. They're all magically healed now.

Sorry to disappoint anybody who actually gives a fucking about good storytelling.

Uh yeah, all of those injuries are magically healed because Martha Wells is a shit writer and she hates physically disabled people.

Anyways, let's continue actually fucking reading this.

We're still on page one of chapter 5.

> A diagnostic initiated and informed me the combat override module had been removed.

Also, I hate the — I hate the words “combat override module”.

I always want to read it in the wrong order. I always want to say “combat module override” for some reason. It's irritating as shit.

(from offscreen) More logical that way.

No, it's not even though, because — Well, I mean, yeah, because then the, the emphasis is on the overriding part and not the module part....

I don't know why they're called combat override modules anyways, because you could use that for literally anything. a SecUnit is used for — it's not combat.

Oh, also you notice how, um I forget the exact line that, I meant to mention it for in the last video, but you notice how we got told a bunch of duties that that the meatshield slaves aka SecUnits, security units, uh how none of them are —

No, wait, no, that was the stupid ass...That was for compulsion, Compulsory, whatever the fuck it's called. Never mind. That's not relevant yet. Ignore me.

Needless to say, it's a flatout fucking lie that SecUnits are used to murder people. That literally never happens, ever.

> I opened my security feed and found a camera for medical. I was lying on the procedure table, my armor gone, just wearing what was left of my suit skin. The humans gathered around. That was a bit of a nightmare image, but my

> shoulder, hand, and hip had been repaired, so I'd been in my cubicle at some point

Because, you know, who gives a fuck about stakes? Who gives a fuck about telling a story that we are allowed to take seriously?

Not Martha Wells, because she would ra — she'd honestly at this point, she would rather kill Murderbot off completely than let it become physically disabled or even give it a fucking scar.

> I ran the recording back a little and watched Pin-Lee and Oversee use the surgical suite to deaftly remove the combat module from the back of my head.

Why do they need surgery? It's a goddamn flash drive thingamajiggy.

> It was such a relief. I played the recording twice, then ran a diagnostic.

Why aren't you saying another diagnostic? It's already run one fucking diagnostic. Say another diagnostic because said because just saying I ran a diagnostic. It's sounding like you already fucking forgot you just said it ran one.

(from offscreen) She probably did. She probably did forget that.

Uh we were reading some reviews for her The Books of the Raksura just the first one, The Cloud Roads, and people were pointing out there's literal whole scenes where characters literally fucking forgot what was just said on page two pages ago, because the author fucking forgot she wrote it.

> My logs were clear. Nothing there except what I'd had before entering the DeltFall habitat.

Oh my god. I want to commit murder before I read this last line. Oh my god. Oh my god. Turn to page 78. Class, do you want to guess what the next line is?

(from offscreen) I'm eating cheerios.

Just guess. It's six words out of all the slavery apologism.

(from offscreen) I cannot think of anything.

Okay, let me read the paragraph part of the paragraph above here. Blah blah blah blah blah.

> I re ran the recording back a little and watched Pin-Lee and Overse use the surgical suite to deaftly remove the combat module from the back of my head. It was such a relief. I played the recording twice, then ran a diagnostic. My logs were clear. Nothing there except what I'd had before entering the DeltFall habitat.
> My clients are the best clients.

Aka, my slave owners are the best slave owners.

Did you think I was exaggerating when I've said that multiple times?

No, that's a literal fucking sentence in this goddamn book.

“My clients are the best clients” when clients are explicitly slave owners.

Literally saying, "My slave owners are the best slave owners."

I'm not even fucking joking. Jesus Christ.

Oh, and also the, the there's also slavery apologism by saying “my clients” as though they are something that belongs to Murderbot. instead of people who own Murderbot, the other way around. That's more slavery apologism, because that's supposed to make it seem endearing and like uh, heartwarming and like, "Oh, Murderbot really loves them."

The power — what it's also trying — it's a way, propaganda way to inverse the power — perceived power dynamics, as though Murderbot is the one in control of who it's hiring as its clients.

Yeah.

Not literally being owned to them body and fucking soul.

Yep. Just wait until you get to that part.

They they, yeah. Hopefully you can fucking hear that.

Pointing out other side of the cardboard pointing out that the inherent slavery apologism in referring to slave owners as “clients” is, again, especially when Murderbot says things — when Martha Wells has her fucking slave character say things like, "My clients are the best clients." That is specifically, as they just said, um trying —

Pretending to inverse the power dynamic between slave and owner, as though — Murderbot saying “my clients” as though it's, as though Murderbot has any actual choice in who it takes on as its clients, instead of “these are just the latest fucking people to rent Murderbot out as a fucking slave.”

They are its slave owners.

But you know, “my slave owners are the best slave owners.”

Then hearing came online. I've had HubSystem

Oh, we're going to get to —

Oh, where this is the part —

First of all, this is a part that Martha Wells goes around brazenly lying to people about.

And so far, nobody's fucking called her out on it, because everybody she's lying to hasn't read the book to know they're being lied to.

And also, um, this is going to be — we're going to, we're going to spend so long on the next page and a half.

Uh, is it the page and a half? Let me let me scroll quick. That just like in The Books of the Raksura. Okay. No, it does. It does cover a few pages.

It's going to go to page 84. Um, we're on page 79. So, it's going to cover five pages. No, we're on page 78 still.

Uh, it's going to cover six pages. So, give or take. I'm not doing math. Um, I'm rounding.

Uh, this is gonna be the most fucking —

How would you describe the conversation I'm about to read off, if you can think of anything?

(from offscreen) Like, she was literally writing a first draft, kept getting stuck, decided, “I'll just start the conversation over from scratch and I'll delete the versions I don't like later” and then didn't do that. And none of the people who claimed to have edited caught it.

Lee Harris. Lee Harris, the same person who supposedly edited Rappor is taking credit for this.

Yeah, if you didn't hear any of that, if the fan's too loud or the cardboard's too muffling,

(from offscreen) crunch of Cheerios

And the through the crunch of Cheerios. Uh, they have decided to describe the conversation I'm about to read, cuz we've already laughed our fucking asses off the at, at this after staring at it and frantically flipping back and forth going, "Wait, what the fucking are you — what the fucking going on?"

This conversation is as though Martha Wells kept writing the conversation and then deciding, "No, no, I don't like it. I'm gonna throw that away. I'll just start the conversation over and we'll I'll just delete those extra versions afterward." But then she didn't do that. She didn't go back and edit out the earlier versions of the conversation that are now defunct.

And then the fucking editing this, Lee Harris, who's proud to put their fucking name on this fucking uh, they didn't fix it either.

So, it's it's, it's ridiculous.

Anybody who says that Martha Wells is a good writer needs to just look at this fucking conversation or, you know, like any of the lack of literally basic shit.

She literally called her villains in her newest fantasy series, she unironically named her villains “expositors” because she thinks she's fucking hilarious, because she doesn't know how to write exposition.

So, she's literally named the villains of the story expositors.

I'm not joking.

And she thinks that's funny and clever.

And it's just like, you are literally telling everybody who understands actual writing and media that you're a shit writer and you're bragging about it. It's ridiculous.

Anyways, um yeah, this is the start of...so fucking bad.

I've had HubSystem immobilize it, Gurathin

[sneezing sound]

Bless you.

> Gurathin said. Huh. Well, that explains a lot. I still had control of SecSystem and I told it to freeze HubSystem’s access to its feed and implement my emergency

And now I have the hiccups

> and implement my emergency routine. This was a function I'd built in that would substitute an hour or so of ambient habitat noise in place of the visual and audio recordings HubSystem made to anyone listening to us through HubSystem or trying to play back the recording. It would just sound like everybody had abruptly stopped talking.

That doesn't even work because they've already said a whole bunch of shit while Murderbot was unconscious.

And it's not like, it, because it's saying uh this would substitute an hour or so of habitat noise in place of visual and audio recordings, starting now, presumably, because we're not told it “I went back retroactively and deleted all that shit just to be safe”.

And also, everybody suddenly stopping mid conversation is going to be extremely fucking suspicious, and really fucking obvious.

Kind of like, Murderbot, Martha Wells, the other fucking slaves making sure to clean the hallway that the trap was set in and really obviously setting the body in an unnatural position to try and keep you alive. You ungrateful sack of shit. And Martha Wells, you racist fucking sack of shit.

She didn't write it that way to be framed that way.

Uh yeah,

> to anybody to anyone listening to us through HubSystem or trying to play back the recording, it would just sound like everybody had abruptly stopped talking. A

Also, I want to point out before we get further into this train wreck that's about to happen on page for you to witness: if they know that HubSystem is malfunctioning and trying to send their autopilot making them crash into a mountain….

Can you give me one good reason that Murderbot didn't suggest just turning it off, and why none of these people didn't suggest just turning it off?

It's actively trying to kill them and they know this.

So why are you leaving it on? Why are you still letting it record all of your conversations and things?

There's never any explanation for that, and it's completely absurd.

It's — especially because we know that these people know how to set up their own Wi-Fi and shit. They could even set up their own camera systems. Why, why are they leaving the, the computer system that's trying to kill them turned on? It's it's ridiculous.

> What Gurathin had said had evidently been a surprise because voices protested Rathi, Volescu, and Arada mostly. Pin-Lee was saying impatiently, "There's no danger. When it shot itself, it froze the download. I was able to remove the few fragments of rogue code that had been copied over.

And again, with dehumanizing it, these are slave owners dehumanizing their slave as an object. They are still by default referring to it as an it, as an object that they own. Even though we're supposed to pretend that they are “treating it like a person”, even though none of them have asked Murderbot what its fucking pronouns are, the basic thing you would do in this kind of situation where you have been referring to somebody as an it.

And if we go with their lie, pretending you didn't realize it was a person, so you've been calling it “it” specifically because you supposedly thought of it as nothing more than an object. So, why aren't they asking Murderbot’s pronouns?

in-universe, these are the fucking questions we have to ask.

Out of universe, the answer is that Martha Wells hates trans people. She hates trans people to the point that in System Collapse, the book published in 2023, she decided to actively shit on the concept of asking other people's pronouns.

Instead of just just genuinely have a character just casually fucking ask somebody else their pronouns, she decided to shit on that concept because she fucking hates trans people, and because too many people were very obviously pointing out the fact that nobody has ever asked Murderbot what its fucking pronouns are, and nobody else has ever asked anybody else what their fucking pronouns are.

It's all just assumed based on people's sex and is always correct somehow, even though this would be the perfect reason for her to actually finally confirm in the text what Murderbot’s pronouns are.

Yeah, she's, she's a she hates trans people and she especially hates non-binary people because — whatever, you get the fucking picture.

Ow, my ribs. Why? This book is cursing me.

> Overse began, “Do you want to do your own diagnostic? Because I could hear them in the room and on the security feed. So I switched to just visual on the camera. Mensah had held up a hand for quiet. She said, "Gurathin, what's wrong?" Gurathin said, "With it offline, I was able to use HubSystem to get some access to its internal system and log. I wanted to explore some anomalies I'd noticed through the feed." He gestured to me. This unit was already a rogue. It has hack — It has a hacked governor module.

And this is the part that Martha Wells lies to people about very fucking brazenly. She literally goes around telling people that Murderbot made the choice to tell its slave owners — that she refers to as clients — she goes around literally fucking telling people that “Murderbot chose to reveal that it was a rogue!”

She literally lies about one of the most basic and important plot points in this book.

We're at the 50% mark.

This is the, I don't know, I forget what the fucking you call it. It's — this is an important plot point. She — and she lies about it brazenly to everyone.

She literally tells people that Murderbot chose to tell these people that its governor module was hacked, when Gurathin literally hacked into its brain while it was unconscious and invaded its literal brain and tells everybody all of this fucking without any consent from Murderbot.

Gurathin literally fucking hacked into Murderbot's brain and looked through Murderbot's fucking brain and told everybody that it is in fact a slave who is not controlled by the governor module. And Martha Wells lies about this!

> On the entertainment feed, this is what they call an oh fucking moment. Through the security cams, I watch them be confused, but not alarmed. Not yet. Pin-Lee, who had apparently been just been digging around in my lo — who had apparently just been digging around in my local system, folded her arms. Her expression was sharp and skeptical. “I find that difficult to believe.” She didn't add, ‘You asshole,’ but it was in her voice. She didn't like anybody questioning her expertise. "It doesn't have to follow our commands. There is no control over its behavior," Gurathin said.

And this is the first time any of them have any clue of this.

So you'll notice that for the first 78 pages of this book, more than halfway through, these slave owners have thought that they've had complete control over Murderbot. So that when Murderbot was going into the DeltFall habitat to murder the other fucking slaves, especially after it became clear that there were no survivors and that you're going to have to, in their racist fucking worldview, they're just going to be there to have to kill the other slaves!

You'll notice none of them told Murderbot, "Okay, retreat. It's too dangerous." Or anything like that. Or again, you know, “let's try to make peace. Let's try to negotiate.” Anything like that. No, they use Murderbot as a weapon of murder against the other fucking slaves.

That's what happened as far as these fucking are concerned, because as far as they know, Murderbot literally, as I said in the video before now, could have literally been screaming internally the entire time it was being forced to go in there to kill the other slaves.

As far as they know, Murderbot's soul could be awash in anguish at the fucking idea of having to kill the other slaves. And it could have been doing everything in its mental fucking power, all in vain, to try and stop itself from killing the other slaves. A thing that they were ordering it to do and making it fucking do.

They could have told it to retreat at any point, but they didn't, because, in-universe we have — the *only* logical conclusion is that they wanted Murderbot to kill the other fucking slaves.

Especially Mensah, she explicitly was on the same fucking page as Murderbot that whole fucking time, and knew exactly what was going on, and went along, and in her mind created the fucking plan to stab the other slaves in the fucking back for the crime of trying to warn Murderbot.

Now, only just fucking now, on page 79, do these slave owners realize, "Oh, okay. So, we weren't actually in control of it.”

None of their past actions change in any fucking way. It just further shows that everything they were doing before now is exactly as evil as it fucking would be if this weren't written by a racist fucking who loves slavery and loves slavery apologism and literally wrote the whole thing just so she could have an excuse to write a scene where a slave says, "You have to stop me. You have to kill me."

Now they are finding out that Murderbot is in fact capable of disobeying their orders if it really wants to. Except for, you know, that other core programming that forces it to have to protect them whether it wants it or not. The thing it's not allowed to be a-fucking-ware of. That's a fucking thing.

[looking at computer] No, there's a network problem. Resume uploading.

And you'll notice that everybody, again, I keep bringing this up, and I'm never never going to stop bringing it up — Everybody in the fandom will tell you, "Oh, they started treating Murderbot like a

person as soon as they realized it was a person." And yet, that literally yet has yet to happen.

79 pages into the book, as far as these lying numbers go, that has yet to happen. They still are not treating Murderbot like a person at all. They are in fact still dehumanizing it.

And this will be the perfect opportunity for Murderbot to state that its pronouns are it/its even without having to be asked, because these people *could* be referring to Murderbot with they/them pronouns once they realize, "Oh shit, um, it could actually kill us if it wanted to." They could immediately start referring to it as they/them pronouns. And Murderbot could be like, "No, those are not my pronouns. No, call me it. That's my fucking pronoun." But we can't have any kind of conversation like that, because that would require Martha Wells giving any shits at all about anything going on here.

> “It doesn't have to follow our commands. There is no control over its behavior.” Gurathin said getting impatient. He didn't like anybody

> questioning his expertise either, but he didn't show it like Pin-Lee did.

Also, you notice the random mind reading that Murderbot's doing for no fucking reason. No explanation.

> “I showed Volescu my evaluations and he agrees with me.” I had a moment to feel betrayed, which was stupid. Volescu was my client and I'd saved his life because that was my job, not because I liked him. But then Volescu said, "I don't agree with you." "The governor module is working then?" Mensah asked, frowning at all of them. "No, it's definitely hacked," Volescu explained. When he wasn't getting attacked by giant fauna, he was a pretty calm guy. "The governor's connection to the rest of the SecUnit system is partially severed. It can transmit commands but can't enforce them or control behavior or apply punishment. But I think the fact that the unit has been acting to preserve our lives to take care of us

> while it was a free agent gives us even more reason to trust it.” Okay, so I did like him. Gurathin insisted, "We've been sabotaged since we got here. The missing hazard report, the missing map sections, the SecUnit must be part of that. It's acting from for the company. They don't want this planet surveyed for whatever reason. This is what must have happened to DeltFall.” Rathi had been waiting for a moment to lunge in and interrupt.

Again, weird mind reading. Why are we getting told what Rathi's motivations are? And this is not — no, _ — This is not Murderbot being an unreliable narrator, this happens in all of Martha Wells's stories.

We just get told other characters motivations out of nowhere as though it's fucking true, all the fucking time.

This is not, “oh, it's a character choice. It's, it's Murderbot being an unreliable narrator!” No, that's not what being an unreliable narrator means, not when it's a consistent fucking issue with the writer.

So,

> Rathi had been waiting for a moment to lunge in and interrupt. “Something odd is definitely going on. There were only three SecUnits for DeltFall in their specs, but there were five units in their habitat. Someone is sabotaging us, but I don't think our SecUnit is part of it.”

because it's One Of The Good Ones™.

> With finality, Bharadwaj said, "Volescu and Rathi are right. If the company did order the SecUnit to kill us, we would all be dead." Overse sounded mad.

See, that's a fine statement to make. She *sounds* mad. Not “Overse was mad and had been waiting for a while to say it” like she, like we've just done with fucking Rathi, and Gurathin, and Pin-Lee.

It's like, you can say what Murderbot thinks of their tone of voice and shit, but you can't just go around saying ‘’Rathi had been waiting for a moment to lunge

in and interrupt.’’ You're not writing in third person perspective, Martha Wells. That's not how the — That's not even how this works in limited person perspective, like she did in Witch King.

> Overse sounded mad. “It told us about the combat module. It told it us to kill it. Why the hell would it do that if it wanted to hurt us?” I liked her, too. And even though being part of this conversation was the last thing I wanted to do, it was time to speak for myself. I kept my eyes closed, watching them through the security camera because that was easier. I made myself say, "The company isn't trying to kill you."
> That startled them. Gurathin started to speak and Pin-Lee shushed him. Mensah stepped forward, watching me with a worried expression. She was standing near me with Gurathin and the others gathered in a loose circle around her. Bharadwaj was furthest back, sitting in a chair. Mensah said, "SecUnit, how do you know that?"

Literally addressing it as Slave. “Slave, how do you know that?” Because SecUnit is a synonymous with slave. Literally saying Slave, how do you know that? Jesus Christ.

Yeah, but you we're now on page 81. 81. What's the percentage of 81 out of 149? Let's see what percentage we're at.

We are 54% of the way through this story and they are literally still treating this slave, that they rented out and are slave owners of, as a fucking slave.

Despite all of the lying that the fandom will do to insist to you that ~um,,, actually,,,, they started treating it well as soon as they found out it was a person!!!~ a thing that supposedly happened on page fucking one.

We're 80 pages after that now — well, no, because they're lying about the page numbers. That happened on page nine, quote unquote.

We're now on quote unquote page 81, but the fandom will insist to you that “they started treating it well as soon as they found out it was not a robot because it took its helmet off to talk to Volescu!!!” Even though they know robots are people. Because racism so strong, so strong Martha Wells can't even keep her own shit straight.

> Mensah said, "*Slave,* how do you know that?” Even through the camera, this was hard. I tried to pretend I was back in my cubicle. “Because if the company wanted to sabotage you, they would have poisoned your supplies using the recycling systems. The company is more likely to kill you by accident.” There was a moment where they all thought about how easy it would have been for the company to sabotage its own environmental settings. Rathi began, "But surely that would—” Gurathin's expression was stiffer than usual. “This unit has killed people before. People it was charged with protecting. It killed 57 members of a mining operation engine."

Again, continuing the dehumanization. Literally referring to Murderbot as a fucking object. “This unit, this fucking object has killed people before. Killed people it was tasked with protecting.”

And it's like, wow, you mean people it was enslaved to be a meatshield for? Is that what you fucking mean? People who enslaved it, but we're phrasing it as “people it was tasked with protecting” as though that was a job that it took on willingly and not a thing it was literally enslaved to do as a fucking meatshield.

Martha Wells is so fucking racist.

> “It killed 57 members of a mining operation.”

And again, we're on page 82. We are 54% of the way through this fucking book.

And now we're getting this quote unquote bombshell dropped on us with zero setup. There was literally nothing in here to hint at this before now, because most likely, just like with the bombshell in The Cloud

Roads, it probably did not exist until Martha Wells wrote it down right fucking here.

And then she was too fucking lazy to go back and edit it into the rest of the story before now for basic consistency, foreshadowing, and setup.

Just like that bombshell that randomly gets dropped on you out of nowhere about Moon's past in The Cloud Roads, book 1 of The Books of the Raksura, a thing that comes so out of fucking nowhere that you — it's just it's like impossible to fucking believe that it actually happened, because that's the exact kind of thing that you the character would be thinking about and it literally just — it literally leaves everybody convinced, “yeah, Martha Wells literally just made this up 5 seconds before typing it into this section of the book and then was too fucking lazy to edit it in everywhere else”.

> “It killed 57 members of a mining operation.” What I told you before about how I hacked my governor module but didn't become a mass murderer, that was only sort of true. I was

> already a mass murderer. I didn't want to explain. I had to explain.

Because this is this is Martha Wells's excuse for not doing basic writing shit like foreshadowing and setup.

> I didn't want to explain. I had to explain. I said “I did not hack my governor module to kill my clients.

~I didn't — I didn't disable the fucking brain killing chip in my head that forces me to follow orders so I could kill my slave owners. That would be an evil thing to do!!!!~

Because Martha Wells hates slaves and wants you to hate them, too.

What in the fuck —

Why —

Like, here's a here's a here's a wild fucking concept for people: Yes, it would 100% be morally correct and

good, and we should cheer it on, if any slaves in the story ever actually managed to hack their governor modules for the sole purpose of killing their fucking slave owners.

That's a thing we should be cheering on.

That's not a bad thing that they should be ashamed of.

They should be cheered on.

Everybody should want that to fucking happen.

Everybody who's not a fucking racist slave slavery fucking worshipper wants that to happen.

> “I did not hack my governor module to kill my clients. My governor module malfunctioned because the stupid company only buys the cheapest possible components. It malfunctioned and I lost control of my systems and I killed them. The company retrieved me and installed a new governor module. I hacked it so it wouldn't happen again.” I think that's what

> happened. The only thing I know for certain is that it didn't happen after I hacked the governor module. And it makes a better story that way. I watch enough serials to know how a story like that should go. Volescu looked sad. He shrugged a little. “My viewing of the unit's personal log that Gurathin obtained confirms that.”

Also, again, you'll notice how they are just casually talking about completely and utterly invading Murderbot's personal privacy and going through its whole entire fucking life like it's a goddamn TV show.

Nobody ever apologizes for this either.

And it's just treat — being treated here like a totally normal thing that is so inconsequential we shouldn't be upset with it in any fucking way.

They literally hacked into this fucking slave's brain while it was unconscious after attempting to kill itself to save their fucking lives, and they just decided to

just just read its fucking internal diary that's literally connected to its goddamn brain.

They literally just waltzed around through its fucking memories and invaded its privacy more closely than it's fucking possible to do in real life.

This is like, akin to touching somebody else's daemon in His Dark Material series.

They went through Murderbot's fucking brain while it was unconscious and are just casually chatting about doing that. And nobody ever apologizes for it. And we're not supposed to be to see this as anything except, "Oh, yeah, that's a thing that can happen. That's totally fine."

> Gurathin turned to him, impatient.
> “The log confirms it because that's what the unit believes happened.” Bharadwaj sighed. “Yet here I sit, alive.” The silence was worse this time. On the feed, I saw Pin-Lee move uncertainly, glance at Overseers and Arada.

> Rathi rubbed his face. Then Men says said quietly, "SecUnit, do you have a name?"

Only on page 82 does anybody ask Murderbot one basic question about itself. It takes literally...what's 82 out of that number I typed in. Probably not too much of a difference. Okay, it is that much of a difference. We're now 55% of the way through the story. Only 55% of the way through the story, 55% of the way through the story, after all of these fucking slave owners supposedly “found out” on, starting on page one that “it's really a person. It's not just a robot. It's a person!”

The thing they were supposedly only figured out on page one, practically page one, because I think that whole thing with the graboid was over before page two or three was even done. [flipping] Okay, that happens on page four. And that's supposedly when they all “realize realize it's a person”.

And now only on page 82 does anybody to bother to ask it a single basic question about itself, such as, "Do you have a name?"

Still not asking what its pronouns are, because these _ are slave owners and they don't actually care. And also, Martha Wells hates trans people.

> I wasn't sure what she wanted. “No.” “It calls itself Murderbot.” Gurathin said. I opened my eyes and looked at him. I couldn't stop myself. From their expressions, I knew everything I felt was showing on my face, and I hate that. I grated out, "That was private. The silence was longer this time.

And it's like, yeah. Um, if again, if you're worrying that there's going to be personal stakes, stakes of any kind, lasting consequences of any time, don't worry. The next book that Gurathin shows up in, he and Murderbot are complete BFFs. It's all water under the bridge. Nobody gives a single shit, because Martha Wells is so desperate to make this not serious in every way possible.

We can't even keep something as simple as “these two characters don't fucking like each other” straight. Not even that. That can't even last.

> Then Volescu said, "Gurathin, you wanted to know how it spends its time. That was what you were originally looking for in the logs. Tell them." Mensah lifted her brows. “Well,” Gurathin hesitated. “It's downloaded 700 hours of entertainment programming since we landed. Mostly serials. Mostly something called Sanctuary Moon.” He shook his head, dismissing it. “It's probably using it to encode data for the company. It can't be watching it. Not in that volume. We'd notice.” I snorted. He underestimated me.

Again, another joke. Up here we get the super sad puppy dog eyes reveal that Murderbot just had its its name told to everybody against its will, and that makes it super sad and have puppy dog eyes, and then we are already down here, Murderbot snorting in amusement because ~oh you underestimate how much TV I can watch~

Again. We're not even allowed to sit with the supposed sadness of having this level of privacy

violated. We can't even do that for half a page. It's—we're already making a joke and moving on. Like, it doesn't matter.

> Rathi said, "The one where the colony's solicitor killed the terraforming supervisor who was the secondary donor for her implanted baby?"
> Again, I couldn't help it. I said, "She didn't kill him. That's a fucking lie."

Because again, jokes, jokes about how much of a nerd Murderbot is about soap operas.

> Rathi turned to Mensah. “It's watching it.”

Again, this is all a joke on the exact same page that we supposedly have Murderbot being very sad about its privacy being violated. And we are already moving on to a completely different topic to make jokes about and make it “haha it's so funny.” Don't focus even for five seconds on any of the things that are supposed to be dramatic and sad.

> Her expression fa

This is the start of the conversation that's completely nonsensical.

> Her expression fascinated Pin-Lee asked, "But how did you hack your own governor module?" Murderbot says, "All the company equipment is the same."

That's where the dialogue ends. And then Murderbot is just thinking to itself:

> I got a download once that included all the specs for company systems. Stuck in a cubicle with nothing to do, I used it to work out the codes for the governor module.

Also, slightly on topic, slightly off. If you want to just read a book, just the very start of the book, you can buy it… [suddenly looking down at All Systems Red] Um, it's peeling worse for the fucking record. It's the peeling is down to here. There's only this much left of the cover down here that's not peeling just from the sensing.

Before I get distracted, go to the Internet Archive and search The Black Cloud by... frick I just forgot his first name. It's either Fred or Frank Hoyle. It's some short name like Frank or Fred. I think it starts with an F. Um, you can just borrow that for like five minutes and just read the first few pages, where we get a perfect example of exposition. It's just perfect exposition.

A thing none of — no Martha Wells book has ever had that I have read.

[looking down at the book] Oh, it's making noises when it's peeling. That was a weird noise. I don't like that.

This book is fucking — Jesus Christ.

Go read just go look that up and just read the first, first I don't even think it's the first chap, like whole entire chapter, but it's just got perfect exposition and, and if you don't know what exposition is, it's just the basic groundwork required to fully appreciate what is going on in the story, a thing that Martha Wells never gives us, because she's bad at writing, because she's

clearly one of those authors who does nothing but write fanfiction and then just writes original fiction like it's bad fanfiction, without ever actually doing anything to write good original fiction.

Uh, where was it? I don't know why my ribs keep trying to hurt me today. I'm not sitting here in a different way than I normally do when I'm reading. My ribs keep trying to fucking dislocate. And I'm not exaggerating. I have EDS. That's a real fucking thing that can happen. It's fucking annoying.

So,

Pin-Lee asked, "But how did you hack your own governor module?" Basic question. The answer she gets is all the company equipment is the same. Nothing else.

That, that, that, that's treated as the answer to her question, and then, um it's never further questioned on it at all.

> I got a download once that included all the specs for company systems. Stuck in a cubicle with nothing to do, I used it to work out the codes for the governor module.

So, Murderbot is — Martha Wells is claiming that Murderbot was able to hack its new governor module because it got a list of passwords somehow, and somehow was the only SecUnit to get this list of literally every password for the whole entire company, and then used that list of passwords to hack it, to, to log into its governor module and turn it off.

And it's like, A) there's so many fucking coincidences there it's absurd. B) what about — what — how — literally how would it be the only SecUnit to get that shit? This’s so badly written.

And again, the only reason Murderbot starts off with its Governor module hacked is further slavery apologism. Because if it were just as enslaved as everybody else, on the exact same playing field as everybody else, that would make it seem uncool in Martha Wells's mind. Because she's the racist who

decides to write a story about slavery, but she hates the fucking slaves and thinks slave rebellions — and thinks slave rebellions are cliche.

[holding up book] I don't know if you can see the peeling on this fucking book, but it's getting worse and it's pissing me off. It's kind of showing up. Not really. It's irritating. My ribs.

I was going to say something else. Uh, okay. Yeah.

Um, but if that's — if all you have to do to hack a governor module is put in a fucking password, and apparently that password has never changed, and nothing has ever been done to, just do a reset on Murderbot's freaking thing,

(from offscreen) which she could have done instead of having the super duper brain module, she could actually add tension to the story by having Murderbot’s governor module actually get deactivated — reactivated.

Yeah.

(from offscreen) Four years after it's finally gotten used to freedom and then breaking free of that again is what actually makes it be like, "Oh, I need to get out of this fucking rut of just willingly staying a goddamn fucking slave. So, I'm get hightailing the fucking out of here and actually going to go live my life."

Yep. Hopefully that was all audible. Twin just pointed out, uh, it would have been so much better if Murderbot's governor module during this had gotten reactivated, just after Murderbot has finally got used to the idea — in Martha Wells's racist shitty way of version of the fucking world — has just gotten used to the idea of being free.

So, breaking free of it again could be the thing that finally convinces it, “oh, I need to — this is this is horrible for me. I cannot risk this ever happening again. I got to get the fuck out of here.” And actually running away to actual freedom instead of just Martha Wells treating being enslaved like it's a boring job because she's racist.

Um, okay. For this next part, I'm gonna…

Should I read just the dialogue first for the, the the ~I wrote out this conversation five times?~

(from offscreen) Just the dialogue.

Okay. Yeah, I'm just going to read just the dialogue for this next part.

It'll, it might take a bit while I find it, because it covers several pages. All right.

Gurathin is talking or No, no, hold on. No, it's just another bad paragraph where Martha Wells doesn't use paragraph breaks appropriately. So, she starts the paragraph talking about Gurathin and then Murderbot is the one talking, even though that's not how paragraphs are supposed to fucking work, especially when you're professionally edited supposedly — Lee Harris, you suck at your job! — And professionally published.

So, Murderbot saying, uh, looking at Gurathin, “you're wrong. HubSystem. Let’ what what did Gurathin say last?

Um, Gurathin said “it's probably using blah to encode data for the company.”

Murderbot says, "You're wrong. HubSystem let you read my log. It let you find out about the hacked governor module. This is part of the sabotage. It wants you to stop trusting me because I'm trying to keep you alive."

Gurathin says, "We don't have to trust you. We just have to keep you immobilized."

Murderbot says, "That won't work.

Gurathin says, "And why is that?"

Murderbot pins him to the wall. And Murderbot says, "Because HubSystem lied to you when it told you I was immobilized."

Mensah says, "SecUnit. I'd appreciate if you put Gurathin down, please."

Uh, nonsensical shit that's off topic. I got to scroll.

Mensah says, "SecUnit, can you keep HubSystem from accessing the security recordings from this room?"

Murderbot says, "I cut it off when Gurathin said he found out about my governor module."

> I cut it off when Gurathin said he found out my governor module was hacked, then deleted that section. I have the visual and audio recording transfer from SecSystem to HubSystem on a 5-second delay.

Mensah says, "Good’ uh blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.

Uh, Mensah says, "Is there any chance HubSystem knows about your governor module?"

Murderbot says, "It might. I hacked HubSystem when we first arrived, so it wouldn't notice that the commands sent to the governor module weren't always being followed. But if HubSystem’s been compromised by an outside agent, I don't know if that worked. But HubSystem won't know you know about it.”

Did you get that? Did you guys get that? You notice how we first say that HubSystem knows about the hacked governor module, which is why it is letting them — it's letting these guys, the slave owners, know that Murderbot's governor module is hacked, specifically so that they won't trust it, because Murderbot is trying to keep them alive?

And then, and then Murderbot says “but actually, HubSystem lied to you guys about me being immobilized so that it would be easier for me to kill you!”

Even though we just said that HubSystem doesn't want the slave owners to trust Murderbot because it's trying to keep them alive.

That's — And then Mensah says, "Does hub — "

So, we establish HubSystem “knows about my hacked governor module and has made sure that you guys find out too so that you don't trust me.”

And then Mensah's like, "But the — does — ‘

Where's the — I need that Spike in Buffy scene.

Mensah's like, "Does HubSystem know about your hacked governor module?"

And then Murderbot's like, "It might. I don't know. But if it does, it won't know you know” Even though

we literally literally just fucking established that HubSystem does know about the hacked governor module and went out of its way to let *them* find out about it.

HubSystem knows about the governor module. It knows they know about the governor module.

Do you think we could play that fucking scene or find the fucking meme so I can read it off? ~Ben is glory. Glory is Ben. So, you're saying….?~

(From offscreen) Probably edit it in later.

Pause.

All right. I don't I don't think I could just play it on my phone or laptop and then hold my camera up to and we probably get copyright struck for it.

Anyways, if you've watched Buffy the Vampire Slayer, you can chuckle along with this my rendition of the conversation. Um, if you don't, you're going to be confused and I don't care. It's funny.

Spike: Uh, Will, now uh, don't turn me into a horn toad for asking, but what if we come across Ben?

Willow: I don't think a doctor is what Buffy needs right now.

Spike: Well, yeah, specifically not the one who also happens to be Glory.

Giles: what do you mean?

Spike: You know, Ben is Glory.

Willow: you mean Ben's with glory.

Xander: ‘with’ in what sense?

Anya: They're working together.

Spike: No, no. Ben is Glory. Glory's Ben. They're one and the same.

Anya, when did all this happen?

Spike: Not one hour ago. Right here before your very eyes. Ben came, turned into Glory, snatched the kid, and vanished. Remember? You do remember? Is everyone here very stoned? Ben, Glory, he's a doctor, she's the beast. Two entirely separate entities sharing one body. It's like a bloody sitcom. Surely you remember!

Awkward silence.

Xander: So you're saying Ben and Glory…

Anya: Have a connection?

Giles: Yes, obviously. But what kind?

Spike: Oh, I get it. Very crafty. Glory's worked the kind of mojo where everyone who sees their little presto changjo instantly forgets. And yours truly, being somewhat other than human, stands immune.

Willow: So Ben and Glory are the same person.

Xander: Glory can turn into Ben, and Ben turns back into Glory.

Anya: And anyone who sees it instantly forgets.

Spike: A cutie doll for the lady.

Giles: Excellent. Now, do we suspect there may there may be some kind of connection between Ben and Glory?

Spike:

That's my rendition of it. I'm pretty sure that's accurate. I just don't remember how Giles, uh somebody says all their lines. I already forget who.

Um, yeah, that's, that, that's a comedy scene that's supposed to be fucking funny, because only — Well, you got all the context from that conversation. I'm not explaining it. You got the fucking conversation there.

Anyways, that's what just fucking happened with this shit, but unironic and unedited. Lee Harris, even

though we're charging 17 fucking dollars for this, plus tax plus shipping.

So again, Murderbot says tells all of these people right, right now. “HubSystem knows’

I feel like I should be doing a diagram.

Where's a piece of paper?

(from offscreen) No idea. Well, that yellow notebook is my special.

I only took out one page. I had the other sketchbook right in here.

I'm tearing up this cheerios box.

All right, I have some fucking cardboard. Okay, so HubSystem. We're just gonna say HS [letters H S at top of cardboard]....GM with a fucking thing through it [GM in a circle with a slash on left]...and then all the stupid ass little slave owners over here. [group of stick figures on the right]

[pointing at each drawing in turn with their names and drawing lines to demonstrate]

Okay, HubSystem. We've just fucking established that HubSystem knows about the, the, the broken governor module, and made sure for the slave owners to find that out, specifically so that they won't trust Murderbot.

Little stick figure down here. [draws a single stick figure at the bottom]

They won't trust Murderbot, because HubSystem wants to kill them. I'm going to draw a little knife or something. I don't know. Wants to kill them.

So, HubSystem, knows that Murderbot's, Governor Module, is hacked, and made sure the slave owners, found out about that because HubSystem, knows that Murderbot, is trying to keep the slave owners, alive and doesn't want that to happen.

So, to make Murderbot's, job of keeping them alive more difficult, it wants the slave owners, to not trust Murderbot.

So, it made sure that they, know its governor module, is hacked and that it's been lying to them this whole time like some great fucking betrayal.

That's what we establish first.

Then we get the rest of the shit, where suddenly, as though this wasn't just fucking said, the characters are like, "But does HubSystem — does HubSystem know about the, the fucking — ‘

I could be using my blue marker, but it's somewhere else.

“Does HubSystem know about the hacked governor module?"

And then Murderbot's like, "Um, I don't know. It might, but if it does, it won't know that you know about it.”

Even though we literally just established that it does, and it told them specifically so they don't trust Murderbot, but now we're acting like, "Oh, uh, I actually don't know. Maybe it does, but it won't know that you know."

And this is a published, this is a professionally published book and professionally edited. This isn't supposed to be a first draft. This is the final fucking product that people are paying for that people are paying doors-stopper prices for. And and they're, they literally say this within two fucking pages. And then it might even get worse. It might even get worse. Here's my fucking diagram.

It's like, oh my gosh.

Okay, now I'll read you all of that with with the actual prose in there besides the fucking dialogue.

> Gurathin looked stubborn but didn't say anything. I figured that was all he had. Now it was my turn. I said, "You're wrong."

I can't really hold this up.

> “HubSystem let you read my log. It let you find out about the hacked governor module. This is part of the sabotage. It wants you — ‘

[pointing at diagram] it wants you wants you over here. The slave owner is over here. “It wants you to stop trusting me because now you know my governor module is hacked and it just told you that.

> “It wants you to stop trusting me because I'm trying to keep you alive.”
> Gurathin said, "We don't have to trust you. We just have to keep you immobilized." Right. Funny thing about that. “That won't work.”
> “And why is that?” I rolled off the table, grabbed Gurathin by the throat, and pinned him to the wall. It was fast. Too fast for them to react. I gave them a second to realize what had happened. for to gasp for and for Volescu to make a little eek noise. I said “because HubSystem HubSystem lied to you when it told you I was immobilized.” Gurathin was red, but

> not as red as he would have been if I'd started applying pressure. Before anyone else could move, Mensah said calm and even “SecUnit, I'd appreciate it if you put Gurathin down, please.” She's a really good commander. I'm going to hack her file and put that in.

Another joke. There's multiple jokes on this page, but that's the one I'm just calling out.

> If she'd gotten angry, shouted, let the others panic. I don't know what would have happened.

Imagine if they had panicked and we'd gotten a book where Murderbot actually kills its slave owners and we get to celebrate this and then it gets to do whatever the fuck it wants with its life that does not involve being used as slavery apologism meatshield for slave owners for the rest of its life until that finally kills it.

Uh,

> I told Gurathin, "I don't like you, but I like the rest of them, and for some reason, I don't understand, they like you." Then I put him down.

Also, murder — Gurathin is the only physically disabled person here. He's the only other cyborg in this whole fucking room, just for the fucking record. And Martha Wells picked him out of everybody to demonize, for this book only, to then later act like none of this ever happened because we can't even have interpersonal drama stakes.

> I stepped away. Overse started toward him and Volescu grabbed his shoulder, but Gurathin waved them off. I hadn't even even left a mark on his neck. I was still watching them through the camera because it was easier than looking directly at them. My suit skin was torn, revealing some of the joins in my organic and inorganic parts. I hate that. Everyone was still frozen, shocked, uncertain. Then Menah took a sharp breath. She said, "SecUnit, can you keep

HubSystem from accessing the security recordings from this room?" I looked at the wall next to her head. “I cut it off when Gurathin said he found out my governor module was hacked, then deleted that section. I have the visual and audio recording transfer from SecUnit to HubSystem on a 5-second delay.”

Again, I must ask, why aren't you just turning, turning these things off? It's very clear that the company isn't actually keeping track of what you're doing in real time, and there are extenuating circumstances where turning this shit off is the most reasonable course of action.

But whatever, that would be a thing that the protagonist have to actually do right, instead of just the villains doing everything wrong.

Uh,

“Good.” Mensah nodded.

And again, she's referring to the slave as slave. It's, it's an enslaved SecUnit. So that's like saying your fucking slave, that you enslaved to fucking haul lumber, just calling them “Lumber Hauler” or something. It's, it's it's just more dehumanization. Referring to your fucking slave, enslaved meatshield as meatshield. Can you keep blah blah blah blah blah, Slave? Can you keep blah blah blah blah blah?

And again, um, nobody, no further no continuation upon the, the conversation of “SecUnit do you slave do you have a name?” And then Murderbot said “No.” And then Gurathin said “it calls itself Murderbot.” And then Murderbot said “That was private.”

Nobody asks “What else should we call you?” It's just going straight back to “Okay, we'll just continue calling our slave our slave.”

No “Is there anything you want us to call you?” Martha Wells, of course, would have Murderbot say SecUnit, because she's a racist slave apologist, slavery apologist, but that's beside the fucking point.

They don't actually ask a follow-up question of “what should — what, what would you like us to call you?” Anything like that.

> “Good.” Mensah nodded. She was trying to make eye contact, but I just couldn't do it right now

Because the only kind of neurodivergent person that Martha Wells cares about is people who don't like eye contact and people who sometimes forget to eat. If you have any symptoms outside of those things that she sees as relatable and therefore good, then you are a serial killer, you're you're just a serial killer in her mind.

And I'm not just saying that. Go read The Books of the Raksura.

Uh

> “Without the governor module, you don't have to obey. You don't have to obey our orders or

> anybody's orders. But that's been the case the entire time we've been here.”

And I'll put a big giant —

Oh, I guess I can explain all the other asterisks I was keeping track of at the start of this series, huh? Okay. Well, I'm thirsty. Where's some fucking water?

Sorry.

Open that for me. It's already

What page are we on? Page 84.

Don't close fully, book. Open back up. Thank you.

Um, without —

Oh, yeah. All those asterisks I had been marking down at the start of this video series, that was for the whole reveal that HubSystems trying to kill them, and how there was zero setup for that.

And looking backwards at the story, it doesn't make sense, because HubSystem could have been taking so many...I think I might have said this already. I don't remember if I already explained all the asterisks I was keeping track of, but we're... I'm going to explain it again, shortly.

All the asterisks that I listed out in the start of the video. Kind of like my own version of setup for right now. Foreshadowing!

That's for the lack of foreshadowing that HubSystem is trying to kill people and is ~malfunctioning and trying to kill people for no reason~. The trope Martha Wells claims to hate, but she's doing the exact thing.

Um, yeah, those asterisks for were for all of the moments where HubSystem, if this were competently written, would have been doing things noticeably not normal, that in hindsight we can look back at and go, "Oh shit, that — there's the foreshadowing! It was trying to kill them the whole time! You can tell! Look! See?” But we don't get any of that.

And also the asterisk I'm putting right here for this statement, “Without the governor module, you don't have to obey our orders.”

That's not actually true, because, um Martha Wells decided to reveal casually in an interview, um that all of the slaves in this series, especially the especially the, the the constructs, the, the cyborg slaves, but all of them, they are all “fundamentally core programmed”, even ignoring the governor module, to have to protect the people that they are enslaved to.

And this is on a subconscious level. Murderbot doesn't even get to be aware of it, and like, they literally cannot help it.

And Martha Wells decides to frame this the literal act of slaves being forced to protect their slave owners on the core, she used the words “fundamental core programming”. I'm not making that up. That's why I keep saying that phrase if you notice me saying it, because those are her own words.

This is their fundamental core programming, to be forced to protect their slave owners, their current slave owners. That's why Murderbot in the late, later in the series, it can kill other humans. It can kill humans in this book even, but it can't kill any of the PreservationAux team members, or let any harm come to them in any way, because they are its current legal slave owners.

They're the ones who fucking bought it. Uh, this is probably fucking spoilers, but when we get to the end of the book, you'll see a very specific, very short, glossed over line of dialogue that —

We'll get there. The PreservationAux team are Murderbot’s slave owners. It has literally no choice but to protect them, because it's fundamental fundamental core programming, aka brainwashing deep in its subconscious that it doesn't even get to consciously be aware of the existence of to fight against — it forces it to protect these people, because they are its current fucking slave owners. That's how this works.

Where the fucking were we? Yeah, Mensah saying “without the governor module, you don't have to obey our orders or anybody's orders. But that's been the case the entire time we've been here.”

And I was just pointing that out, because it's, it's explicitly not true, because Martha Wells is so racist that she's presenting a thing so many competent sci-fi authors have presented as the nightmare scenario that it is.

Just off the top of my head, Octavia Butler's Xenogenesis Trilogy. Don't just fucking open that and start reading it willy-nilly. Look up a trigger warning list. Farscape does this. I had other examples. I just forgot them all. Um….Nope. I forget all of my other examples. I had I had several other examples.

Xenogenesis and Farscape both do this concept and treat it like the nightmare scenario it is. The concept that a slave is in forced — I, I'll wait until they get back.

The the idea that a slave is forced to have to protect, and to want to protect the very people enslaving them. That's a nightmare scenario that many sci-fi authors have written about as the nightmare scenario it is as it is.

But Martha Wells has decided she's going to write about that, but instead of treating it like a fucking nightmare and the ultimate form of cruelty and torture and stripping away of any form of autonomy that you should be horrified by, she presents this in this interview —

It's the interview is called Bodily Autonomy in the Murderbot Diaries. And she literally opens it by sexually — it's an in-universe interview where she's talking to her characters like they're real people. And she literally opens this interview called Bodily Autonomy in the Murderbot Diaries, I'm not, I'm not joking right now: She sexually harasses Murderbot to the point that it leaves the interview so she is just left talking to her favorite character ever, ART.

I'm not joking. I couldn't make this up if you asked me to think of a fake fucking strawman author who's such a terrible person, I could not have come up with this.

She literally titles this fake interview with herself Bodily Autonomy in the Murderbot Diaries and then sexually harasses the protagonist out of the conversation, so that it's not even part of the interview that's supposed to be about it. And this is all treated like a joke.

And in that fucking interview, she tells us that Murderbot literally has zero autonomy, because its “fundamental core programming”, again, those are her fucking words, forces it to have to protect the PreservationAux team, because they are its current fucking slave owners.

And it's not even allowed to be aware of this.

And instead of this being presented as the ultimate nightmare scenario that so many fucking writers who actually grasp the basic shit like this, that is presented as a nightmare scenario in Xenogenesis /

Lilith's Brood and Farscape and all of those other examples I fucking forgot about.

Martha Wells tells us this, and then she expects us to treat this as a sign of how ~morally pure~ the slaves affected by this are, because they're so ~morally pure~ that that they, that that they have no choice but to protect the people enslaving them. Not even joking.

You can go read that shit for yourself.

Anyfuckingways. Um,

> The others were quiet and I realized she was saying it for their benefit as much as mine.

Saying the

> “without the governor module, you don't have to obey our orders or anybody's orders, but that's been the case the entire time we've been here.” The others were quiet and I realized she was saying it for their benefit as much as mine.

And I'm going to say it again for your benefit. Dear readers, we're on page 86 now. Let me get my calculator. This book is so short every few pages adds a percentage. We're now 57% of the way through this fucking story.

So, I have to again insist to you, that 57% of this book is taken up by the slave owners assuming that they have full control over every one of the slave’s actions.

Meaning that every single action that Murderbot took in this was what they wanted it to do.

Mensah sent it into that habitat to kill the other slaves.

Mensah continued telling Murderbot to keep going, by not telling it to stop, to kill those other fucking slaves.

> She continued, "I would like to you to remain part of our group at least until we get off this planet and back to a place of safety. At that point, we can discuss what you'd like to do, but

> I swear to you, I won't tell the company or anyone outside this room anything about you or the broken module.
> I sighed managed to keep most of it internal. Of course, she had to say that. What else could she do

And like, basic actual things that are true, except in this in —

~Yeah, Mensah has to say that. That's what the slave owner has to say because she has no other choice.~ But then we're supposed to believe that she's genuine, because this is a slavery apologism story written by a racist white woman from Texas who doesn't actually think slavery is horrific and wants to worship slave owners. So Mensah's not lying.

> I tried to decide whether to believe it or not or whether it mattered which when I was hit by a wave of I don't care and I really didn't. I said okay. In the feed camera, Rathi and Pin-Lee exchanged a look. Gurathin grimaced radiating

skepticism. Mensah just said, "Is there any chance

I forgot we were still doing this conversation.

“Is there any chance HubSystem knows about your governor module?”

Let me get a drink.

Yeah, I forgot we were still doing this.

Uh,

“Is there any chance HubSystem knows about your governor module?” I hated to admit this, but they needed to know. Hacking myself is one thing, but I hacked other systems, and I didn't know how they were going to react to that.
It might. I hacked HubSystem when we first arrived, so it wouldn't notice that the commands sent to the governor module weren't always being followed. But if HubSystems been compromised by an outside agent, I don't know

> if that worked. But HubSystem won't know you know.” Rathi crossed his arms, his shoulders hunching uneasily.

Again, with the mind readading! You can say he seemed uneasy, but we're just stating, as fact, uneasily, and that's just bad writing.

And people, I know, I know there's going to be people saying, "But that's just, that's just Murderbot being an unreliable narrator." It's not. It's not. Stop making excuses for the shit writing that's present in this simply because it's in first person perspective when the exact same problems are in every single other Martha Wells story ever written. The only difference is those those are in third person perspective. Just because you want to try and make excuses for it here doesn't mean those excuses are actual excuses or justifications. Again, go read Rappor, the newest fucking shit. It's probably still got the typos in there.

> Rathi crossed his arms, his shoulder shoulders hunching uneasily. “We have to shut it down or

> it's going to kill us.” Then he winced and looked at me. “Sorry, I meant HubSystem.”

Again, another another joke. We're supposed to laugh at that and think it's funny. And again, they're still — nobody's asked Murderbot what its fucking pronouns are. They're just continuing to dehumanize it.

[looking at the book] Oh, it's peeling on the fucking — It's peeling on the stupid cover spine here. Can you fucking see it? It's peeling right fucking there. And on the bottom of the book, too. I hate this shit. This is — fucking Wolf brother, I will find it at some point.

Yeah, they're [not] treating it like a person. They're not even asking what its fucking pronouns are after they've been dehumanizing it as an object, as an it as an object explicitly in their heads, thinking of it as an object when they're using it/its pronouns.

And yet, nobody's asking it, “What pronouns do you want to use?” And then Murderbot could actually affirm, “Yes, my pronouns are it/its. Keep doing that.

If you call me anything else, I'll have to fucking kill you.”

Then, again, we're making more jokes because we can't. Yeah. Uh,

> Rathi said “we have to shut it down or it's going to kill us.” Then he winced and looked at me. “Sorry, I meant HubSystem.” “No offense,’ I said.

And again, Martha Wells claims to to hate the trope where ~robots go crazy and just start killing people for no reason~

HubSystem is a fucking robot. It's trying to kill people. Why are you complaining about the very trope you are fucking doing?

But again, we're not we're not supposed to consider HubSystem a robot or a person, even though we're given no fucking, I think I said this before.

If you're going to write a story where there's robots who are people, you need to actually examine what the fuck is the difference between a robot who is a person and a robot who is just a regular machine who's not a person. You have to ask that question and you need to fucking answer it. But we don't!

> “No offense,” I said. “So, we think HubS

Oh, my ribs. Why? I don't know why I'm not sitting any way differently to read this than I normally do. My ribs keep trying to dislocate. Stop it.

> “So, we think HubSystem has been compromised by an outside agent.” Bharadwaj said slowly as if trying to convince herself. “Can we be certain it's not the company?” I said “Was DeltFall’s beacon triggered?” Mensah frowned and Rathi looked thoughtful again.

Again, see saying he *looks* thoughtful? That's fine. You can't just say Rathi was thoughtful.

> He said “We checked it on the way back once we had you stabilized. It had been destroyed.” “So there was no reason for the attackers to do that if the company was their ally.

Uh yeah, again with the bad paragraphs, don't mention Mensah at the start of a paragraph where Rathi is talking. Just don't do that. It's just basic fucking

> “We checked it on the way back once we had you stabilized.” Uh, “it had been destroyed. So, there was no reason for the attackers to do that if the company was their ally. Everyone stood there.

I should check the phone's battery because before it got to 7% battery and it didn't fucking tell me. Okay, it's at 49. We're still good. Yeah, I ended the other video and then I was like, "Oh, I'll check what the phone battery is in." It was at 7 and it didn't tell me at all.

> Everyone stood there quiet. I could tell from their expressions they were all thinking hard. The HubSystem that controlled their habitat that they were dependent on for food, shelter, filtered air, and water was trying to kill them. And in their corner, all they had was Murderbot, who just wanted everyone to shut up and leave it alone so it could watch the entertainment entertainment feed all day.

And it's like, but they're not actually dependent on HubSystem.

Murderbot can hack all of this shit and could just run the shit itself. So why are we leaving HubSystem on if we're going with their ~oh it's, that's just totally a machine, we can, that's just not a machine. It's not a person or anything. It's just a regular machine. We can totally trust the slave owners who were lying about not knowing this slave wasn't a person the whole time. Totally trust their opinions that HubSystem is also not a person.~

But anyways, if we go along with their shit, why don't you just turn it off? You could literally just turn off HubSystem

then a blah blah blah saying, "Oh, the things look really bad." And then followed immediately by, "Then Arada came up and patted my shoulder. ‘I'm sorry. This must be very upsetting after what that other SecUnit did to you. Are you all right?’

The very first time any single fucking slave owner in this whole goddamn series has asked Murderbot, "Are you all right?" in any way, shape, or form — Ow — Except for when Mensah was interrogating it.

87...58% of the way through the story, because it's so fucking small. Also, I’ll keep going to the bottom of this page or — unless we are at the chapter? Nope. Okay,

I'm just going to end it now because my ribs keep trying to dislocate and I'm tired of it. Bye-bye.

08

August 26, 2025.

Possibly, wearing neon yellow for this isn't a good idea. You can see it reflecting off my arm and the book. Uh, that'll be interesting looking. Anyways, we are still on book 1 of 12 so far. It'll be 13 whenever, if PlatformDecay comes out before I'm done this.

We are on page 87 by their count, which is a lie.

It's actually kind of hilarious, the neon yellow of my shirt is so neon it's reflecting onto the book page and making it easier to read because it's less dark. That's hilarious.

Um, yeah, Murderbot asked, "Had the DeltFall people's uh emergency beacon thing been triggered?"

And they said it had gotten destroyed. Uh,

> Everyone stood there quiet. I could tell from their expressions they were all thinking hard.

> The HubSystem that controlled their habitat that they were dependent on for food, shelter, filtered air, and water was trying to kill them.

Oh yeah, cuz I'd pointed out “why don't they just turn it off? They clearly don't see robots as people, so why not just turn it off?”

This will never be answered by the book.

Blah blah blah. Then we get the first instance of a single person asking Murderbot if it's okay outside of Mensah coming to its cubicle to interrogate and harass it while it's like, actively losing consciousness.

Uh

> Arada came up and patted my shoulder. “I'm sorry. This must be very upsetting after what that other unit did to you. Are you all right?” That was too much attention. I turned around and walked into the corner facing away from them.

And that's the first even remotely attempting-to-be-positive interaction any of these people have made for, towards Murderbot.

She's actually offering comfort there, as opposed to the entire 86, 86 pages preceding this, where they've been done nothing but treat it like a slave.

And we are past the halfway point. We're like, closer to 60% of the way through.

Uh,

> I said “There were two other instances of attempted sabotage I'm aware of. When hostile one attacked doctors Bharadwaj and Volescu and I went to render assistance, I received an abort command from HubSystem through my governor module. I thought it was a glitch caused by the MedSystem emergency feed trying to override HubSystem. When Doctor Mensah was flying the little hopper to check out the nearest map anomaly, the autopilot cut out just as we were crossing over a mountain

> range. I think that was it. Oh, right. HubSystem downloaded an updated and upgrade package for me from the satellite before we left for DeltFall. I didn't apply it. You should probably look at what it would have told me to do.”

So, that's why I was making asterisks.

You can even see the, the neon. Look at that. It's hilarious.

You can see the asterisks um, that I'd been making in the other videos every time — a part where HubSystem should have been doing something to set up the fact that it's trying to kill people apparently, but then it didn't take any of those opportunities.

And it's like, okay, so it's bad. It's bad writing, because there's lack of actual fucking setup. And you'll notice uh, “I got an abort command from HubSystem through my governor module when I tried to save you guys from the graoid” But we didn't ever actually get an explanation of what that abort command was at all.

Never given any explanation.

Never allowed to focusing or think about it for more than literally blah.

And then Murderbot just — it's just — this is not how you do setup, because that — while this isn't setup, none of this shit that Murderbot is saying here was actually properly foreshadowed.

And there's also a million other instances of when we should have been getting setup and should have been getting foreshadowing where HubSystem should have been taking action, like, you know, when Murderbot was completely and utterly unconscious and wholly within its power for 8 hours straight, because it almost died rescuing them from a graoid?

If we're supposed to believe that HubSystem is genuinely trying to kill them, then you're going to have to really fucking explain to me why it didn't do anything for the 8 hours straight where it had no interfering uh, SecUnit to stop it from doing whatever it wanted.

And we don't get an explanation, because it's badly written.

So now if we're looking at in-universe motivations again, like with the slaves in the hallway who very clearly left a fucking warning and that warning was thrown back in their fucking faces in the most violent and hateful way possible, where Murderbot literally snuck behind them to stab them in the back as a show of gratitude for them trying to save its life simply because it was another slave.

So, with what we fucking know, HubSystem has only taken actions that were very easily counteracted:

It waited until Mensah was at the controls to turn off the autopilot.

It only sent Murderbot a single “stop doing that” command when it was supposedly known the whole time that Murderbot's governor module is hacked.

So if — and then Murderbot was literally completely and utterly unconscious for 8 hours straight.

Plus whoever who knows how fucking many hours just now. We never get an explanation for how much time has passed in this time skip that Murderbot has just woken up from.

It has to at least be like a day because they were on the other side of the fucking planet, and now they're back at their base, and it took them... I forget what they said exactly, but it took at least a day to get over there. So that means a day to get back.

So it's been at least 24 hours, and they've clearly been back for several hours if it's long enough for them to go rooting around in Murderbot's brain and all of this shit.

But we never get an explanation for this time skip here, and it's never contextualized and or presented as something we should be concerned about.

Uh, this is another instance where HubSystem has had all of the fucking time in the world and all of the opportunities in the world to kill these people, if that's what HubSystem actually wants to do.

So how are we supposed to actually believe that HubSystem genuinely wants them dead?

Because it's clearly not taking all of the fucking opportunities presented to it all throughout this book.

Again, again, it could have — it could have killed everybody in the hub while these other people were gallivanting off across the fucking ocean.

They wouldn't — Murderbot would have been gone that whole time, too. If we present — if we pretend that Murderbot is even remotely a threat to HubSystem or a consideration, then why didn't it [HubSystem] kill everybody who stayed behind on the road trip? Several-days-across-the-entire-planet road trip?

We we need explanations for this if we are supposed to take HubSystem seriously as a threat, a thing we are supposed to do, but it's impossible to do, because it doesn't fucking make sense.

And I am morally obligated to once again point out this is the exact trope that Martha Wells endlessly complains about and claims that she hates, but she's doing it unironically, saying that ~robots just go rogue and just start trying to kill people for no reason~.

It's just like, she's, she',s she's mad that Hal from a A Space Odyssey two-thousa, 2001, whatever that name was, uh, “just just decided to kill people for no reason”, even though he was — like, the movie makes it blatantly clear he's acting in self-defense, because he heard them say they're going to lobotomize him for not even actually making a mistake.

That's not “no reason”. That's called self-defense.

But anyways, um, what I'm trying to fucking say here is that there's more evidence in this goddamn text for HubSystem *not* wanting to kill them than there is for “HubSystem is murderous and wants to kill them”.

Because if, if works — the only other, the only other in-universe explanation for HubSystem completely

failing to take every single opportunity is that it's just hopelessly incompetent.

And it's like, that's the bad writing. That's the bad writing. That is the actual out-of-universe from the writing perspective answer.

All of the villains in this are completely and utterly incompetent and incapable of fulfilling the smallest fucking tasks or doing — or even *not* doing, as you'll see — the most basic things to not sabotage themselves.

But anyways, all of that is to say, the [Martha Wells's] intention is to say, that ~HubSystem is totally trying to kill them. Ignore every single opportunity that it did not take to kill them.~

It's ridiculous.

Yeah. So, this was Murderbot summarizing the two times before now, or the three times before now, that were supposed to be foreshadowing, but are not

foreshadowing, because foreshadowing requires actually giving the information to the audience.

This is not that.

> Mensah said, "Pin-Lee Gurathin, can you shut HubSystem down without compromising the environmental systems and trigger our beacon without it interfering?"

So, now we're finally asking this question, on page 88. Let me turn my laptop back on just so I can use the calculator so that I can update you every now and then at what percentage of the way through the story we are, because the book is so short that just progressing like, two pages is enough to get us up another percentage, which I think is hilarious.

So, on page 88 of 149, which is the last page number for the page of that, that's actually the story. These are all completely incorrect numbers from the get-go, though, because they're fucking lying. Yeah, page 88 is 59.06040%

Something something something 59% of the way through.

So, yeah, let me repeat that.

> Mensah said, "Pin-Lee, Gurathin, can you shut HubSystem down without compromising the environmental systems and trigger our beacon without it interfering?"

Again, I have to ask, why hasn't Murderbot just done this? Why didn't Murderbot do this the instant it realized that HubSystem is trying to sabotage them all?

It has HubSystem already hacked. It's, it's putting all this on a fucking uh, loop with audio and video and stuff like that. It's like, why don't you just turn it off?

> Pin-Lee glanced at Gurathin and nodded. “It depends on what kind of condition you expect it to be in after we're done.”

For HubSystem, that is.

> Mensah said, "Let's say don't blow it up, but you don't need to be gentle either."

So they're just going straight to “let's lobomize Hal” even though HubSystem in this case, which is Hal, is very clearly not actually trying to kill them if they would just apply logic.

You even just had Mensah say — Martha Wells, I'm referring to you, not that she's watching this.

Martha Wells went out of her way to have Mensah say to everybody, "Murderbot um, hasn't had to follow our orders this whole time, and it hasn't actually hurt us."

Okay. Well, are you going to say the same thing about HubSystem?

Are we not going to have that realization?

It's clearly under orders to at least try to make it look like it's trying to kill you. But it's also, again, clearly going about those orders, following those orders that it has to follow in the most easy to evade way

possible, while still making an attempt, *technically*, just like those other slaves *technically* set a trap: um, the fact that they put in their, in their fucking capabilities and vision and all this shit, the fact that they put glowing neon signs on it says “Don't walk here, this is a trap!” That doesn't change the fact that they did follow their orders. They made a trap.

They, they included a baked in warning with the trap, but they still did that.

So, HubSystem in here very clearly is under orders to attempt to kill them. So, it's it sure is attempting to kill them...by waiting until somebody who doesn't use the autopilot at all is in the seat of the helicopter when it turns the autopilot off. So that she literally just goes, "Shut up, autopilot. Shut up, Google Maps. I'm not driving into a lake or whatever."

Waits until uh, Murderbot is already in the middle of just shutting down a whole bunch of system thing, information things that it's coming into its head and it's just throwing them all in the trash automatically, to send a cease and desist order that it also, along

with all the other shit, immediately goes into the trash.

Then it didn't do a single thing for eight hours straight.

Then it didn't do a single thing for several days while these people were gone and Murderbot was unconscious.

And now they're like, "Okay, uh, yep. We're, we're just going to — we're going to have — we're going to —

RIP to HubSystem. Cuz they're just leaping straight to “let's lobotomize it” instead of talking to it. Maybe asking it some fucking questions. Just basic yes or no questions. Anything like that.

> Mensah said, "Let's say don't blow it up, but you don't need to be gentle either." Pin-Lee nodded. "We can do that." Gurathin cleared his throat. “It's going to know what we're doing, but if it doesn't have any instructions to stop us if we try, it may do nothing.”

Because again, we're insisting that the enemies are, and in this case HubSystem, it's just incompetent, because there's no other way for these protagonists to accomplish anything, because they are incompetent.

So the villains and antagonists and in this case another slave, HubSystem, just has to be even more incompetent than these fuckers are, just so that they don't die from the, the perspective of “oh yeah HubSystem is obviously evil” and it's like, okay, but how many opportunities has it had to fucking kill you all so easily and not taken a single one of those opportunities?

But we're supposed to ignore that card.

> Bharadwaj leaned forward, frowning. “It's got to be reporting to someone. If it has a chance to warn them that we're shutting it down, they could supply instructions.”

Oh, I forgot. We're doing the part where the characters just sit the fuck around talking about the plot instead of doing the plot.

It's not nearly as bad in here as it is in most other Martha Wells stories, Witch King and System Collapse and Network Effect.

BaredwageThe book's peeling even more. It's infuriating.

Uh, Witch King, System Collapse, Network Effect, to name a few where it's really goddamn really taking up — The reason Network Effect is the size of a full-length novel is because 90% of it is shit where nothing happens. They literally are just sitting around talking about the plot instead of progressing the plot.

A thing that's happening right now, but this only lasts like, I think one page in, and it's like, the majority of everything going on in Network Effect and Witch King.

Witch King, they are literally just sitting around on a useless fucking boat, and then they go to another useless fucking boat, and they're not doing anything besides abusing children.

And then Martha Wells is trying to frame abusing children as the exact same thing as conservatives hating trans people by *saying* that we — trans people — abuse children.

So, she's having her characters actually abuse children and then saying that them being told they're abusing children, a thing they're actually doing, that's, that's showing how oppressed they are, because fucking — because Martha Wells is a bigot.

Uh,

> Bharadwaj leaned forward frowning. “It's got to be reporting to someone.

Oh, I Oh, for these things, I'm making a transcript and it, it makes an automatic transcript, but it cannot spell the word Bharadwaj in any way.

I, I forgot I meant to come up with a nickname for her so that I can Control+F and replace that nickname because it, it',s it comes up with so many fucking completely wrong things, because whoever designed it is racist and isn't like —

Even though I've said her name however many times it has appeared in 88 pages, I'm saying it the same way each time. You would think they'd have the option to “add this word to the dictionary” or something, but no.

> “If it has a chance to warn them that we're shutting it down, they could supply instructions.” “We have to try it,” Mensah said. She nodded to them. “Get moving.” Pin-Lee started for the door, but Gurathin said to Mensah, "Will you be all right here?" He meant would they be all right with with me here. I rolled my eyes. “We'll be fine,” Mensah said firmly with just a touch of ‘I said now’

Because Martha Wells — I'm not gonna go into it. There's so much. And if you think, "Oh, wow. I'm

really loving this drama, this, these this tension between Gurathin and Murderbot — " No, it literally gets erased the next time Gurathin shows up in this series. They're just BFFs. No acknowledgment of any of this, because Martha Wells is bad at writing.

> I watched him with the security cameras as he and Pin-Lee left just in case he tried anything.

No, I would love for Gurathin to try something, because that would at least be something happening. That would be actually interesting.

But in a Martha Wells novel, the good guys, she always considers them to be 100% good, and the bad guys are always 100% evil.

You can't have any like you it we can't have Gurathin be on the side of the good guys but actually an actual, actual asshole. No, we just have to brush that under the bridge and pretend like that never happened because, um, reasons.

She did this with River in The Books of the Raksura, too.

Uh, there's a whole lot of bigotry going on with River and his character.

Um, but if we just look at what's meant to be there: River is an asshole who goes around beating the shit out of slaves and all of this shit, and threatening the protagonist. And then we, again, just exactly like Gurathin, he just decides, "Oh, okay. I'll be nice now."

And then and then there's — it's just, it's ridiculous. It's bad. It's bad writing. Characters are never actually allowed to —

Oh, yeah. Yeah, it's because Martha Wells's protagonists are the most Specialist specialS ever to exist. So, nobody is allowed to dislike them for long if they're not an evil villain who is every racist caricature in the book.

Also, we got the Humble Bundle thing where you get the ebooks and I — specifically so that I could check,

without having to spend $20 or however the fucking much on it —

She still has the racist line in Emily in the Hollow World, where she literally says that white people look like fancy posh gentlemen, and Black and brown people look like they should be working in the fields. Unironically.

She kept that in for the 2025 reprint and republish in ebook form instead of just fucking removing it.

So, if you were thinking, “I'll give Martha Wells the benefit of the doubt. She could still learn. She could still decide to stop being racist…”

No, she literally left that shit in. That's in Emily in the Hollow World. A book so bad it almost put me to sleep.

And the only book recently that has almost put me to sleep was An Episode of Flatland, which I honestly recommend reading, just if you need to fall asleep, get an episode of Flatland by Charles Howard Hinton

and just start reading that. It'll put you to sleep. It's public domain. You can go suffer through that. Fall asleep to it. Don't ask me what the fucking is going on. It's terribly written and it will literally make you fall asleep.

Uh, anyways,

> Bharadwaj pushed herself herself up a little, a little Bharadwaj pushed herself up a little unsteadily. MedSystem is isolated from HubSystem, correct? That's why it hasn't been having failures. You could use it to unpack the download.”

And that's really convenient. Why is only one fucking system trying trying to kill people? Why? Well, I mean, because that would actually involve stakes, a thing we're not actually allowed to have.

Imagine how interesting it would be if everything here were trying to actually kill them. Earnestly trying to kill them, not letting them mosey around for 8 hours when it could be killing them in so many

fucking ways. They even brought up here that it could have fucking put poison in their food.

And it's like, yeah, Martha Wells, are you going to explain to me why it didn't do that? If, if you want me to believe it's actually evil and is actually trying to kill them, because that's not a conclusion I can fucking come to at all.

Uh,

> Volescu took her arm uh took her arm and they moved into the next cabin to the display surface there. There was a little silence. The others could still listen to us on the feed, but at least they weren't in the room and I felt the tension in my back and shoulders relax. It was easier to think.

What are you doing?

> I was glad Mensah had told them to trigger our emergency beacon. Even if some of them were still suspicious of the company, it wasn't like

> there was another way off this planet. Arada reached over and took

I have another question because again, it's just bad writing, bad, inconsistent writing that doesn't make any fucking sense with everything else that gets established about Preservation, and these characters in particular.

I need a real, real, real strong, convincing argument for why I'm supposed to believe, in any fucking universe, that Preservation — the whole entire country thing, would let these people go here and have them stranded on a planet with no way off early except for calling a company.

This is bad. This is just like objectively shit writing. Even if you like the characters, it's objectively shit writing, because everything that happens in here, it doesn't make sense when you consider the entire rest of the series as it is written.

Preservation would never make people do this kind of shit, and yet, it is in this book, because Martha Wells is a shit writer.

She is literally too lazy to simply reread this short of a fucking book, that most people finish reading in two hours when they're not doing Active Reading and actively discussing the plot and the bigotry and the flaws in the writing like we are right now.

People read this in two hours or less. There is no fucking excuse for Martha Wells not rereading her own godamn first book in this series before writing the rest of the series to make sure it doesn't contradict it, because this contradicts everything else in the series.

Which is why I am now forced to conclude that these fuckers are slave owners on purpose, and are just lying about it.

Because that's, that's literally the only conclusion you can come to after you read the rest of the series and then look at what they say in here as objectively false

bullshit. “We just didn't know robots were people and we thought you were just a robot so we didn't think enslaving you was wrong.” That doesn't make any sense for what everything else in the series —

And again, it doesn't make any fucking sense for why Preservation would allow them to be here, stranded, like, literally stranded without somebody on call up on a goddamn spaceship somewhere at all times.

It's bad writing.

If you're fucking — if you literally cannot keep anything consistent from book one throughout the entire rest of the series, that's a sign you are a shit writer. And Martha Wells does this with all of her books. She can't even keep the concept “demons are weak to water” straight in Witch King. And she did this exact fucking in The Books of the Raksura.

Let me get a drink.

She establishes so many things in book 1 of The Books of the Raksura and tries to convince us it's totally normal for these people's society….

But then the entire rest of the series comes along and disproves everything we were shown in this.

But it's not on purpose! She's not showing it was wrong on purpose to make us think it was actually wrong!

It's just inconsistently bad writing that's not supposed to be contradictory, but it is, and that retroactively literally kills any any liking you can have for the characters in the first book, because the entire rest of the series shows you this kind of shit they're getting up to is not even acceptable by the standards of everybody else in their species!

If everybody else in their species were allowed to know the shit they are getting up to, everybody would be declaring war on them for fucking humanitarian reasons to overthrow this ruling class and rescue all of their fucking slaves.

And this is a species that keeps an entirely separate species of slaves! And the, the Indigo Cloud court, the, the thing our protagonists find in the first book, they are so horrible to their slaves that even the rest of the slave owners would be fucking horrified and losing their goddamn minds if they ever found out about it.

That's what's going on here.

Nothing in this book — that we are just supposed to accept because it's book one and we're not given any context — none of it makes sense with the entire rest of the series.

And the fact that these people are lying about not knowing that robots are people and thinking Murderbot was just a machine, as though they don't have robot people on their entire planet, that's just one of the many things that doesn't make sense.

You're going to — there's no explanation for why Preservation would allow especially the goddamn

president, people as important as this, they wouldn't let a janitor do something like this shit.

Stranded on a planet in the Corporation Rim without a spaceship overhead at all times or a special fucking Doctor Who intergalactic cell phone to call for help at any times.

It doesn't make sense because it's badly written, because Martha Wells doesn't give a shit and neither does her publisher.

We're on page 90 now. I just want to see if that's at the 60% mark because it's funny. Yep. We are now 60.40% of the way through this goddamn story.

Anyways, um

> Arada reached over and took Overse's hand. She said, "If it isn't the company that's doing this, who is it? There has to be someone else here." Mensah rubbed her forehead, wincing as she thought.

Those two extra sec units at DeltFall, which we I still have my paper here. We're calling them Edith and Fran. Uh, those two extra SecUnits at DeltFall came from somewhere.

> “SecUnit, I'm assuming the company could be bribed to conceal the existence of a third planetary of a third survey team on this planet.”

And again, just referring to Murderbot as SecUnit, aka Slave, instead — because Murderbot said “the name Murderbot is private”. Nobody decided to follow that up by asking what else they should fucking call it, because they are still not treating it like a fucking person.

If some — if you ask somebody's name and then somebody else tells you their fucking dead name, which doesn't make sense, but what the fuck ever! If somebody says, "Oh yeah, their dead name is XYZ," and then they say, "That's private." Your follow-up question is, if you actually care about the person you're talking to, “what would you prefer I call you instead?"

It's so simple, and yet these fuckers can't do it.

And I'll tell you why: It's because Martha Wells wants to treat it as normal and awesome, the concept of just calling a slave Slave. SecUnit means slave. There is no such thing as a SecUnit that's not a slave in this goddamn setting. They are referring to Murderbot as Slave.

It's not progressive. This is not treating Murderbot like a person.

Again, they still have not asked it what its fucking pronouns are, so, they are just continuing to dehumanize it by calling it an object, a thing they explicitly are doing when they call Murderbot by it/its pronouns, because that's what they've been doing from the start when they claim they didn't know it was a person.

And yet, nobody has asked “what pronouns should we call you? I feel like calling you an “it” is offensive.”

And then we could just have Murderbot say, "No, those are my pronouns. I'll kill you if you call me anything else."

But we can't do that, again — I'm not going to go over it all over again.

That would require Martha Wells to not hate trans people, a thing she's incapable of doing at this point. She — it's 2025. In February of 2025, she admitted she still doesn't know what non-binary means. Like the most basic definition, she doesn't know. She doesn't know what agender means. She doesn't care about Queer people.

Anyways,

> I said the company could be bribed to conceal the existence of several hundred survey teams on this planet. Survey teams, whole cities, lost colonies, traveling circuses, as long as they thought they could get away with it. I just didn't see how they could get away with making a

client survey team, two client survey teams vanish.

Cuz we're just making more jokes.

or why they'd want to. There were too many bond companies out there, too many competitors. dead again.

Stop trying to bring up the capitalist system that's supposed to be going on in here, because that doesn't make sense. S

So, “but in a society where contracts are awarded to the lowest bidder, safety isn't a primary concern.” But safety is a primary concern for people from Preservation because they love OSHA. They, they, they do OSHA. They like OSHA. They want OSHA.

— Let me turn the fan off.

So again, literally the fucking writing is so shit that we can't even keep basic concepts like “people from Preservation like safety and would pay more to get a

security company that's not going to use the cheapest shit ever and endanger them, wouldn’t, you know, wouldn't be using slave labor?”

So the only conclusion, again, we can possibly come to here is that actually, they wanted to use slave labor, or they would have picked a company that doesn't use slave labor.

They have the resources of an entire planet and beyond at their exposable, ex, disposal. Why did I say disposal?

They have the resources of literally the entire fucking planet to fund one stupid little survey with less than 10 people.

They can afford to hire a company that doesn't use slave labor, but they fucking chose not to.

And especially because, fucking what's it called? I swear these book titles are so useless. Fugitive Telemetry. The one with the lie on the cover where we made it seem like Murderbot was going to interact

with a robot that — a new robot character that we would get to know, and then they exist for like five pages maybe.

Um, yeah, that established, blatantly, that nobody who's actually trying to help slaves trusts a single person on Preservation.

And it's like, yeah, I can see why, these fuckers literally went out of their way to pick a security company that uses slave labor as meatshields. So, yeah, I can see why nobody wants to let a single person on Preservation know that they do stuff to help slaves escape.

It's like, that's, that's what — that's what you've written, Martha Wells! But we're just supposed to pretend that Preservation is totally awesome and does *totally* think slavery is wrong.

And it's like, no, nope. No, that's not how that works.

Dead clients were terrible for business.

I don't actually believe that. It's it's ridiculous statement.

> “I don't think the company would collude with one set of clients to kill two other sets of clients. You purchased a bond agreement that the company would guarantee your safety or pay compensation in the event of your death or injury. Even if the company couldn't be held liable or partially liable for your deaths, they would still have to make a payment to your heirs. DeltFall was a large operation”

of 30 people. We're considering that a large operation. Apparently,

> the death payout for them alone will be huge.” and the company hated to spend money. You could tell that by looking at the recycled upholstery on the Habitat's furniture. “And if everyone believes the clients were killed by faulty SecUnits, the payment would be even higher once all the lawsuits were filed.”

You can't just say this stuff and not explain to me why there's not a ring of people just going around faking their deaths to get all this money. That's the obvious question.

And also, I don't believe any of this shit. We're just saying shit and then we're never given anything to actually back any of this shit up. because the company, as far as this book is concerned, doesn't actually exist. It's never actually doing anything. It's not really an actual fucking threat. It's just kind of ephemeral.

It's, it's like a little — it, it's, it's not really there. We're just saying things and it's not actually true.

> On the cameras, I could see nods and thoughtful expressions as they took that in. And they remembered that I had experience in what happened after SecUnits malfunctioned and killed clients. “So, the company took a bribe to conceal this third survey group, but not to let them kill us,” Overse said.

Again, you'll notice we're all just still standing around talking about the plot instead of doing the plot.

If you watched my Witch King videos, uh, and suffered through that with me, you'll notice that was like, the entirety of Witch King.

They were literally just sitting around on the goddamn boat not accomplishing anything besides abusing children, harassing brown women, and like, threatening violence upon brown women for no reason except because it's it's funny, apparently.

Uh,

> “So the company took a bribe to conceal this third survey group, but not to let them kill us.” Overse said. One of the good things about scientist clients is that they're quick on the uptake.

(Sarcasm begins) My slave owners are so smart and awesome and cool. (End sarcasm)

> “That means we just need to stay alive long enough for the pickup transport to get here." "But who is it?" Arada waved her hands. We

Oh, it the transcript also spells Arada's name wrong. I don't know if I'm pronouncing that different each time. It's for the record, it's spelled A R A D A. Anyways,

> “but who is it? Arada waved her hands. “We know whoever it is must have hacked control of the satellite.” In the security camera, I saw her look towards me. “Is that how they took control of the DeltFall Sack units through a download?”

Still talking about this shit and it's not actually interesting.

> It was a good question. I said “it's possible, but it doesn't explain why one of the three DeltFall units was killed outside the hub with a mining drill.”

We weren't that was Belladona, the first non-Murderbot slave. Murderbot, proper noun, capital M, that we've met in this book. met.

I say, cuz they're already fucking murdered and are framed as one of the good ones because they're already fucking dead.

> We weren't supposed to be able to refuse a download and I doubted there were other sec units hiding hacked governor modules.

Because fuck you, Martha Wells. Because Martha Wells said, "Yeah, Murderbot is the only good slave who has ever hacked their fucking governor module for some fucking reason."

Why would you assume that? Why would you doubt that there are any other SecUnits hiding hacked governor modules except for the part where Murderbot is a fucking serial killer and wants to murder every other slave?

> “If the DeltFall group refused to download for their SecUnits because they were experiencing the same increase in equipment failure that we were, the two unidentified units could have been sent to manually infect the DeltFall units.”
> Rathi was staring into the distance and through the feed I saw he was reviewing my field camera video of the DeltFall habitat. He pointed in my direction, nodding. “I agree, but it would mean the DeltFall group allowed the known the unknown units into their habitat.”
> It was likely. We had checked to make sure all their hoppers were there, but it had had been impossible to tell if an extra one had landed and taken off again at some point.

You know, they never did search that vehicle shed where people could literally have been hiding if they had literally just gone in there before it fucking rained. So, I guess whatever characters are hypothetically in there, they're just going to die on this planet, alone, because nobody's going to fucking look for them.

Um, where was I?

> Speaking of which, I did a quick check of the security feed to see how our parameter was doing. The drones were still patrolling and our sensor alarms all responded to pings.

It's really, really, really just too fucking convenient and making it too easy that Murderbot, despite being knocked violently unconscious from a suicide attempt, all of the drones that it had set before, they're just they're just still doing their thing perfectly as ordered, no interruption to any of that, because because we we can't have any actual stakes or threats to our characters!

> Overse said, "But why? Why allow a strange group into their habitat? A group whose existence had been concealed from them?”
> "You'd do it," I said. I should have kept my mouth shut. Keep them thinking of me as their normal obedient SecUnit. Stop reminding them what I was. But I wanted them to be careful.

Do I even have to explain the slavery apologies in there?

> “If a strange survey group landed here, all friendly, saying they had just arrived and oh, we've had an equipment failure or our MedSystem’s down and we need help, you would let them in. Even if I told you not to, that it was against company safety protocol, you'd do it.” Not that I'm bitter or anything. A lot of the company's rules are stupid or are just there to increase profit, but some of them are there for good reason. Not letting strangers into your habitat is one of them.

Because everybody that you don't personally know is a threat to you. Totally normal progressive statement to make.

> Arada and Rathi exchanged a wry look. Overse conceded. “We might. Yes.” Mensah had been quiet listening to us. She said, "I think it was easier than that. I think they said they were us."

And that's supposed to be really dramatic.

> It was so simple. I turned around and looked directly at her. Her brow was furrowed in thought. She said, "So they land, say they're us, say they're us, that they need help."

That's the end of the sentence. Oh my god. So they land, say they're us, that they need help. Period.

> “If they have access to our HubSystem, listening to our comm would be easy.” I said when they came here they

And we're still standing around talking about this shit. We could be doing stuff. They're literally just standing around a room and it's not even for Murderbot's benefit so it can actively rest from almost dying because of a suicide attempt.

Instead, we're just standing around the room not doing anything, because Martha Wells can't think of anything else that they could be doing right now that's fucking relevant.

Especially because they have futuristic walkie-talkies in their fucking heads. There's nothing to stop them from all running around doing shit while they're having this conversation.

Uh,

> I said “when they come here, they won't do that.” It all depended on what this other survey group had, whether they had come prepared to get rid of rival survey teams or had just or had decided on it after they got here. They could have armed air units, combat SecUnits, armed drones. I pulled a few examples from the database and sent them into the feed for the humans to see.
> MedSystems feed informed me that Rathi, Overse, and Arada's heart rates had just accelerated. Mensah hadn't because she had already thought of all of this. It was why she had sent Pin Pin-Lee and Gurathin in to shut off HubSystem.

And also, I'm going to point out we're on page 93. Let's see what, where, every time I stop to check the page number or something, we're just going to see what percentage we're at now. 62%.

Uh, I have not watched the fucking show and I don't plan to unless it randomly shows up in the fucking — off topic, slightly off topic, but we started watching Stargate because Stargate: Atlantis season 1 showed up for $3 in the bargain bin at Dollar General like two decades ago at this point.

So, that's the only way we will ever watch this fucking TV show, when it's in the bargain bin at Dollar General in 20 years or so.

Um, what was I saying?

Oh, I don't — I haven't watched the fucking show, but I've seen people discussing it online, and I know one thing that they've changed is that uh, Doctor Mensah has a panic attack in the first episode, and it's not — I hope it's not treated as funny. Nobody seems to be saying that it's treated as a joke to mock people who

have anxiety, but people are mad about that because “She's so strong. She doesn't need any help in the book”.

Because they are ableist and don't grasp that what Martha Wells is doing in here is the fucking trope where all the other characters are allowed to ask for help, but the Black woman has to be able to handle all of her own emotions herself and is never “weak”.

“Weak” in quotation marks, never needs anybody else's help or anything like that. So again, a trope, a harmful fucking trope that's saying that Black women are always the most competent emotionally, they don't need anybody else's help. You are meant to lean on them for emotional comfort, but they don't get to lean on anyone. It's a continuation of the fucking mammy trope.

And by specifying all throughout this thing that Mensah is the one who is staying calm and collected and has uh, complete control over everything and especially here, just something as simple as her heart rate *not* increasing even without an outward show

of fear at the at the idea that people are going to come and murder them. That's just playing into that trope.

So like, yeah, it's fine actually for the TV show to show Mensah having a panic attack, because in the fucking graboid thing, her heart rate had increased and was pounding while they were flying back, because she does in fact have emotions and does in fact feel fear, and that's not something that she should be ashamed of.

And the TV show is doing — I presume, yeah, I think season two got announced. Presuming they're going to follow the general tra, trajectory of the books, which they might not. That's setup for Mensah later having PTSD that the books don't really actually give a shit about.

Anyways, whatever.

> Nervously, Rathi said, "What do we do when they come here?" I said, "Be somewhere else.”

Line break.

Also, I'm not sure why that's not just a new chapter. That would have been a good spot to end the chapter. When did chapter five start? Skip…. No, it's too far. It's chapter —

Can we go? All right. I can't find chapter five. Let's see if this book has a table of contents because Witch King didn't, which I —

Yeah, this doesn't. Of course not. Why are we not doing table of contents anymore? What is this shit? Is it — are books these days being optimized for e-reader instead of print so that they think, “oh yeah, you don't need a table of contents? Why do you need to know what page chapter 5 starts on?” Like, like I'm going to now out of spite for the lack of table of contents, I'm flipping back to the start of chapter 5 until I find it and then I'll tell you.

Okay, chapter 5 started on page 77. We're on page 94. So, if we'd ended that chapter there, which I think we should, because it's just a natural place to stop.

Anyways, there's a line break instead of a chapter break.

> It may seem weird that Mensah was the only human to think of abandoning the habitat while we waited for the beacon to bring help, but as I said before —

— This sounds like somebody pointed out this shit out to Martha Wells as not making sense, and a blatant fucking plot hole when we're supposed to see these characters as competent and knowledgeable and having basic logic.

This, this, this is reading exactly like somebody's told told her, :It doesn't make sense. Why wouldn't they immediately shut down the computer system that they know is trying to kill them and immediately just leave if it's very obvious that people are coming to kill them?”

So, it sounds like she just put this in here to brush that aside and pretend it's actually ~very reasonable for them to not turn off the computer system that they

don't see as a person that they think is trying to kill them.~

That doesn't make sense. That's very — It's not on the level of caricaturizing somebody, but like this is like... breaking the fourth wall.

> It may seem weird

This is on page 94.

> May seem weird that Mensah was the only human to think of abandoning the habitat while we waited for the beacon to bring help. But as I said before, these weren't intrepid galactic explorers. They were people who had been doing a job and suddenly found themselves in a terrible situation.

Okay, that's, that's not excusing the plot holes, that's, that's just — that honestly feels like a fourth wall break to tell me to stop complaining that the characters actions make no sense with everything that we're supposed to believe about them.

Yep.

We're doing — we're just we're just defending the plot holes right now and the lack of character characterization actually affecting the plot.

It's just — that's what we're doing on this page, I guess.

> And it had been hammered into them from the pre-trip orientation to the waiverss they had to sign for the company to the survey packages with all the hazard information to their on-site briefing by their SecUnit that this was an unknown, potentially dangerous region on a mostly uncerveyed planet. They weren't supposed to leave the habitat without security precautions, and we didn't even do overnight assessment trips. The idea that they might have to stuff both hoppers full of emergency supplies and run for it, and that that would be safer than their habitat was hard to grasp.

It's not that hard to grasp. You've only seen one thing that was even remotely dangerous, and that was a graoid at the bottom of a very obvious crater that for anybody actually paying attention.

Oh, I think Arada is supposed to be a biologist? Don't quote me on that, but I feel like Arada is supposed to be a biologist. Or maybe it's Overse that's a biologist, and then she's on, on the side a field medic?

Any biologist would look at all of these craters spread around this island and think, "Yeah, there's probably animals living down there." Pit trapping ant lions. Look up pit trapping ant lions. It was hilarious when the characters in Bleach shouted “pit trapping ant lion!” after I found some pit trapping ant lions. Look that up. Pit trapping ant lion. They're not ants. They're things that eat ants... like lions, I guess.

Um, yeah, this the first two paragraphs on this page just seem to be a a, a retro — an edited in and very hamfisted attempt to just justify the fact that none of the characters are just doing things that make sense

like, oh, “oh, the idea that leaving here could be safer is it's hard to grasp.”

Uh, not at all.

[looking at phone with head tilted] Uh, somebody's asking me a question about actual grasses. So, hold on. Let me pause this.

[video pauses, then resumes]

Okay, I'm back. Somebody asking me a question about sedges, which I think are a type of grass, but they might not even actually be a grass. I know they're a monocot. I don't know. They're, they're interesting looking, but I don't know anything about them, unfortunately.

Um, yeah, the hamfisted “stop questioning what the plot demands and just go along with it!!!!” even though it doesn't make sense for the characters.

Um,

> the idea that they might have to stuff both hoppers full of emergency supplies and run for it and that that would be safer than their habitat was hard to grasp.

Except, again, they are from Preservation. They don't take everything that the evil capitalist corporation says at face value.

Um, the only thing they've found that was even remotely dangerous was a graboid at the bottom of a very obvious crater that may as well have giant glowing neon signs on it says, "Don't go down here. There's animals living down here."

Like, at the very least, if you go to a place that's very obviously got craters that are very obviously maintained in some way because they're not filled in with grass like it's an ancient impact or something —

At the very least, you're going to think, "Okay, something is clearly going on here at a regular interval enough to keep this this crater not covered in grass. So maybe let's not go there.” Maybe it's a land

— Maybe there's some weird alien fantasy land whirlpool going on.

And this time it happened to be graoids, but you don't fucking know. It could be anything. So why did they go down there?

It doesn't — It genuinely doesn't make sense for any of these fucking characters, um, when you actually get established with what they're supposed to be like in the whole rest of the series, none of their actions make sense.

So now we have two paragraphs on page 94 just, just trying to beat us over the head with “stop questioning the fact that the plot is completely overshadowing anything that makes sense for the characters as they are established.”

I'll reread you these two paragraphs on this page because it's funny. Uh, it's it's very clearly like, Martha Wells breaking the fourth wall because somebody, somebody in the editing process said it — they really — somebody told her had to have told her,

“It really doesn't make sense that they haven't just left or turned off the computers that are trying to kill them.”

So on page 94 after a random page break that should have just been the end of the chapter, it would have been a natural place to end the chapter~ We get this after that page break.

> It may seem weird that Mensah was the only human to think of abandoning the habitat while we waited for the beacon to bring help, but as I said before, these weren't intrepid galactic explorers. They were people who had been doing a job and suddenly found themselves in a terrible situation. And it had been hammered into them from the pre-orientation trip to the waivers they had to sign for the company to the survey packages with all the hazard information to their onsite briefing by their SecUnit that this was an unknown potentially dangerous region on a mostly unsupervis unsu surveyed planet. They weren't supposed to leave the habitat without security precautions and we

> didn't even do overnight assessment trips. The idea that they might have to stuff both hoppers full of emergency supplies and run for it and that this would be safer than their habitat was hard to grasp

Does not — does that not sound exactly like breaking — like, that's *really* funny. Yeah, that's hilarious.

Also by “the on-site briefing by their SecUnit” instead of Murderbot saying “by me”, that's really weird.

Like, like I started reading that, I was like, no wait, are we breaking the fourth wall right now?

What's the dude who's doing this — the Jurassic Park review? He keeps Yeah. Crim Crimson Rogue. Some dude on YouTube who does book reviews named Crimson Rogue — He has one very racist comment on a video from several years ago. So, I'm hoping he fucking listened to a single person in the comments that wasn't doing the exact same thing.

But he's constantly talking about fucking like, you know, how the plot shouldn't overshadow the characters. Characters shouldn't be doing things just because it's what the plot demands when when the charact — when it doesn't make sense for the characters, because this literally just seems like somebody kept —

Multiple people commenting to Martha Wells, that “this doesn't make sense. Why haven't they just left?” And then the answer is “because the plot. Because that's not what's supposed to be happening in the plot yet.”

So then this shit got written to like break the fourth wall, and she's not subtle when she does this. Yeah, it's not subtle.

When she's caricaturerizing her critics, — Mhm.

> But when Pin-Lee and Gurathin shut down HubSystem and unpacked the satellite download that was meant for me, they grasped it pretty quick. Bharadwaj outlined it for us on

> the comm while I was getting my extra suit skin and my armor back on.

And you notice we still don't know what the fucking a suit skin is and it will never come up after this book ever again. It would take 5 seconds to clarify. Is it an actual extra layer of skin or is it just is it just wearing underclothes?

Underclothes, one word.

Extra layer of skin.

Extra layer of skin. That's four words.

That's all you got to do. Either give us four words, or one fucking word. Just define what the absolute fuck a suit skin is, because we keep getting told that's a thing that exists. There's injuries and stuff involving it.

Is it clothes or is it fake skin? The most basic shit in the world and we never get an answer, and it makes it impossible — along with all the other lack of

descriptions — to actually imagine anything that's going on here when it actually fucking matters.

> Bharadwaj outlined it for us on the comm while I was getting my extra suit skin and my armor back on. “It was meant to take control of SecUnit.

It was meant to take control of Slave with a capital fucking S because we are they are still dehumanizing Murderbot and literally treating it like a fucking object.

The the actual fucking response to, "Hey, don't call me by that name. That is private." The follow-up question is, "What would you prefer we call you instead?" Murderbot has never told a single one of these fuckers to call it SecUnit, they're just doing that, the exact same thing they were doing before they supposedly “started treating it like a person”, which is what they're supposedly doing now, despite not asking what its pronouns are and not asking what it actually wants to be called.

Also, Martha Wells is ridiculous and racist and bad at writing.

Uh,

> “It was meant to take control of *Slave* and once the instru— and the instructions were very specific.” She finished.

Why are you saying “she finished”? She's still talking. Okay, okay.

Dialogue start. It was meant to take control of slave and the instructions were very specific. End that dialogue. She finished. Period. Then she continues talking. Once Slave was under control, it would give them access to MedSystem and SecSystem.

Why is she — Why are we saying “she finished” like she's, she's not finished talking yet. She's still talking. You — she “she added, comma blah” would work, but you can't say “she finished” and then she's literally still talking in the same fucking paragraph.

> I got my helmet on and opaqued it. The relief was intense about even with finding out that the combat override module had been removed.

More jokes.

> I love you armor and I'm never leaving you again.

And then Murderbot is literally never given armor ever again in the entire fucking series, and the only reason it continues to be drawn with this fucking armor on the covers, I'll even go get System Collapse. You're free to say anything you want while I'm getting that, fucking 5 seconds.

So disgusting, this — and they made it even skinnier on this. They're like, going out of their way to make it as skinny looking as possible cuz she also hates fat people. Uh, the only reason Murderbot continues to be drawn in this armor in the books is the racism. Let me put this back.

(from offscreen) And you just go get it.

What I said —

(from offscreen) Didn't you just go to get that?

Yeah, I was just literally just showing it to show that, that was uh System Collapse, chronologically as as far as the main normal numbering system is concerned, that's supposedly book seven.

I'm not counting it as book seven. Um, yeah. The only reason Murderbot continues to be drawn with this armor, despite it literally never having access to it ever again, in the entire fucking series, is that it is plausible deniability.

Martha Wells gets to tell everybody that Murderbot is a dark-skinned person of color, um, but then — in the English covers at least, it's always drawn with this armor on, which means all of the racist fans get to whitewash it and project the Aryan fucking stereotype, the Aryan ideal onto it. “And they're not *technically* wrong, because look!!!! We never see what Murderbot looks like. We never get an actual description of it in the books. We just have Martha

Wells in multiple interviews telling people it's a dark-skinned person of color!!!”

And that is so that she gets plausible deniability and free brownie points for saying, "Oh yeah, my, my protagonist *totally* not white, totally a person of color, guys." But then always — never actually *showing* that, never *actually describing it* that way, so that she gets the points for saying this, without ever actually having to do anything that could possibly um, drive away racist fans.

And now — I'm going to keep saying it. Now she gets that plausible deniability. She gets to cash that check in by shilling for Apple, who is whitewashing the dark-skinned protagonist that she's been telling people for eight years is a dark-skinned person of color.

But now it gets whitewashed as the literal fucking Aryan ideal, and she gets to just *not say anything* about the fact that she told everyone it was a person of color with dark skin before now, “because well,,,, she never actually put that on the book covers!!! She never actually put that in the books themselves!!!

So,,,, uh,,, it's not actually whitewashing!!!!!! She's not cheering for whiteashing!!!! She's just literally profiting off of white supremacy in its most basic and blatant form…”

And not even just white supremacy, white patriarchy, because it's a literal cis white man. It's not even a white non-binary person. It's a white cis man.

But yeah, that's why Murderbot is always in the armor on the covers despite it literally never having access to armor ever again throughout the entire rest of the fucking series. Ever again.

It's, it's all to to fuel the fucking racism and give her plausible deniability where she gets to claim that Murderbot's a person of color, so, you should celebrate her book and support it by giving her your money, but, but also she gets to shill for Apple and gleefully cheer on and scream from the rooftops how happy she is that she gets to profit off of white supremacy, because her protagonist is being whitewashed.

Anyways, um

> Mensah clicked onto the comm. “Pin-Lee, what about the beacon?” “I go a ghost signal when I initiated launch.” Pin-Lee. Pin-Lee sounded even more exasperated than usual, “but with HubSystem shut down, I can't get any confirmation.” I told them over the feed that I could dispatch a drone to check on it. A good beacon launch was pretty important right now.

And you'll notice we never actually have gotten a description of what the beacon is yet. It's just a thing and we are never actually going to get any information upon what exactly it entails, until, that is, until after that's relevant to the plot, like every other fucking thing, because, because it's badly written and Martha Wells is under the impression that keeping information from the reader on purpose is somehow clever and it's — no it's just bad fucking writing.

> Uh, Mensah gave me the go-ahad and I forwarded the order to one of my drones. Our beacon,

We're doing this again.

Our beacon was a few kilos away,

As in kilometers, not kilograms. Kilometers. The few times in this book that doing the correct thing would have increased the length, a thing they're desperate to do, and then they still don't do the correct thing.

It's like, just put in kilometers. That would have given you that many extra letters with which to pad your fucking run time. The thing you're so desperate to do, you are inserting entire full blank pages.

But no, you want to do this instead just to be annoying.

Our beacon was a few kilos.

Also, as as my twin has pointed out, klick. Just call it a fucking klick. That's military slang. A thing it would make sense for a murderbot to use. Just say, "Our beacon was a few klicks away.” That's so simple and is not obnoxious like using kilo to mean kilometer is

without first establishing we're talking about kilometers.

Our beacon — this —

(from offscreen) klick is already military slang.

That's, Yeah, I just said that. I literally just said that.

> Our beacon was a few kilos (kilometers, klicks) away from our habitat site for safety. But I thought we should be have been able to hear it launch. Maybe not. I had never had to launch one before. Mensah had already got the humans organized and moving. And as soon as I had my weapons and spare drones loaded, I grabbed a couple of crates. I kept catching little fragments of conversation over the security cameras. “You have to think of it as a person,” Pin-Lee said to Gurathin.

Because this is we're further pretending that these fuckers didn't know it was a person the whole entire time because they literally come from a planet that is

probably half the population is robots who are considered people. This is fucking — this is more slavery apologism trying to convince us, the readers, that “they just had no clue it was a person” even though the entire rest of the series goes on to blow that out of the fucking water completely and utterly.

> “It is a person!” Arada insisted

Because you know we just love lying to the audience. Because they are lying to the audience right now and they're lying to Murderbot more importantly, because they didn't *have* to be lying here.

We could have shown them coming from an actual backwater planet where it's just like, 20 fucking I don't fucking know, an actual backwater planet where they have absolute like zero technology and they don't even know what what they're doing, and they've never seen robots in their fucking lives.

But we don't do that, because that would require actually for them to be poor people who are not rich — disgustingly rich academics which is what they are.

And Martha Wells also hates poor people on top of all of the other minorities she hates. She hates poor people.

So, we don't actually get a Preservation where anything these characters are fucking lying about is actually a fucking thing it's possible for them to have thought.

They could have genuinely not known that Murderbot was a person if they, if they were poor, if they were from an *actual* backwater rural planet where nothing happens and they have no contact or no news channels with any of this shit, and they just don't genuinely don't know.

But that's not what the entire rest of the series is, because Martha Wells hates poor people. So, of course, these people have to be actually rich and, and powerful and literally have a society run on slave labor from robots that they they admit are people, but we're just supposed to pretend that they're not — in that the robots are not enslaved, because they call it guardianship instead of owner.

It's all the racism.

> Rathi and Arada sprinted past me carrying medical supplies and spare power cells.

You know how I just pointed out that they were all just standing around discussing this fucking when they could have been doing something? They could have been doing this fucking right now. They could have just started packing the hoppers while they were doing all this.

Or, you know, better yet, they could have all packed the fucking hoppers before Murderbot even woke up, because again, it was at least a day to get back from the DeltFall habitat across the entire goddamn ocean to the other side of the fucking planet, and then at least several fucking hours, if not a whole another day, of Murderbot being unconscious in order for Gurathin, Volescu, and Pin-Lee to be doing all that shit.

But we never acknowledge that time gap. So the story literally just stops and starts when Murderbot is awake, because it's badly written.

> I had extended our drone perimeter as far as it could go. We didn't know what we didn't know that whoever hit DeltFall would show up at any second, but it was a strong possibility.

So why were you all wasting literally at least several hours, if not an entire day, while Murderbot was unconscious, [not] getting this shit done?

(from offscreen) Gurathin, if this is while they're —

Talk louder.

(from offscreen) While they're hacking into Murderbot's brain, that means they're also going past all whatever proprietary firewalls and shit block that kind of thing from happening.

Yeah, it's ridiculous. They just pointed out if they're going — if they are literally hacking into Murderbot's

brain to the point that they've downloaded and reviewed its whole entire personal fucking log, as long as all of the shit with its governor module, that means that they they just fucking hacked through all of the proprietary firewalls that the company would have in had in place.

So yeah, we're supposed to believe that they're capable of doing all of that, but then they also just don't do anything to actually improve the situation at all.

(from offscreen) Magical hacking there when the plot required.

Huh?

(from offscreen) Magical hacking there when the plot requires it. No other time.

Yep.

> Gurathin had come out to check the big hopper and the little hopper systems.

Have I mentioned lately how much I hate the fact that there are two hoppers? It's just needlessly over complicated for literally no reason. Just make it one fucking helicopter. They don't need to be two of them. It's obnoxious. It's, it's just unnecessary. Just get rid of the small one. Just say we have a godamn ship. It's a ship. It's a planet ship. Call it something. It's ridiculous.

Especially it's it doesn't make any sense. Why would the — why would the big hopper not be big enough for all of them to fit in it? It doesn't fucking make sense. It doesn't fucking make sense.

It's literally just there to to be fucking redundant and over complicate things completely fucking needlessly.

> Gurathin had come out to check the big hopper and the little hopper systems.

Also, we still don't know what the fucking they look like in any capacity. These things could be bright neon yellow, and we don't fucking know. They could be mini uh Millennium Falcons. We don't fucking know. They

could be shaped like giant robot dogs. We don't know. [laughing] Maybe cuz they're called hoppers, they're shaped like giant fucking kangaroos. None of these options are off the fucking table, because there is zero description of them in any fucking way whatsoever. We don't even know what color they are.

(from offscreen) They could be shaped like flying grasshoppers from A Bug's Life.

Yeah. Like this is bad writing and people are like, "Oh, well, it's just because Murderbot wouldn't care."

It's in all of her things. It's in all of her stories.

It's even in Murderbot stories that are not from Murderbot's perspective.

So shut the fuck up and stop trying to defend bad writing with in-universe justifications that don't even make sense and don't fucking apply, because it's a literal consistent problem throughout all of the author's writing, not just this shit.

> Gurathin had come out to check the big hopper and the little hopper system to make sure no one other than us had access to that had access and that HubSystem hadn't messed with their code. I kept an eye on him through one of the drones. He kept looking at me or trying not to look at me which was worse. I didn't need the distraction right now. When the next attack came, it was going to be fast. “I do think of it as a person.” Gurathin said, "An angry, heavily armed person who has no reason to trust us."

So Gurathin is the one now doing the slavery apologism of demonizing slaves by saying that slaves are all just violent evil murder machines. But it's bad when he does it, but totally fine when Murderbot and the author herself do it, because Martha Wells is racist and has no sense of irony.

[looking at bug on book] It's a freaking fruit fly.

Like literally, literally “an angry, heavily harmed person — armed person who has no reason to trust us.”

Murderbot literally goes around murdering other slaves with this exact justification. But it's only presented as a bad thing because Gurathin is being ~mean~ to Murderbot in particular, the only slave that matters as far as this fucking series is concerned.

> “Then stop being mean to it”, Rathi told him. “That might help.”

Again, we literally just affirmed in the fucking text that Gurathin is being mean. *Mean*.

Cuz this is marketed for adults. And this isn't — this is an *adult* book, this is a book marketed towards adults, this isn't young adult. This isn't middle-grade. This is for adults. It's meant to be a serious story for fucking adults.

> “They know their SecUnit successfully gave our SecUnit the combat module.” Mensah was saying over the command “and we have to assume they received enough information from HubSystem to know we removed it’

What?

> “But they don't know that we've theorized that.”

Why are we talking about this shit? Just shut up. Stop talking. The same three conversations again. Yes. Yes. We are just saying this again.

“They know their SecUnits successfully gave our SecUnit the combat module.” Mensah was saying over the command “and we have to assume they received enough information from HubSystem to know we removed it. But they don't know that we've theorized their existence.”

> When SecUnit, *Slave* — when *Slave* cut off the HubSystem’s access, we were still assuming this was sabotage from the company. They won't realize we know they're coming.”

And it's like, "Nobody gives a fuck, just get the fuck on with the goddamn plot! There is no point in saying all of this again.

> Which is why we had to keep moving. Rathi and Arada stopped to answer a question about the medical equipment power cells, and I shooed them back to the habitat for the next load.

Notice the phrasing there, shooing them like they're little children. Like the fucking Mammy trope that I just fucking said. Murderbot is also an example of the Mammy trope. Uh, I'll link a fucking video in the description for this for a video that is like literally required fucking viewing if you are going to talk about the Murderbot Diaries, or just in general, I'm going to make everybody watch it. You have to fucking watch it.

Yeah, Murderbot is literally the Mammy trope. Especially because in Network Effect, one of its slave owners explicitly, literally in the books, one of its slave owners refers to it as mom.

It's fucking ridiculous.

> The problem I was going to have is that the way murderbots fight is we throw ourselves at the

> target and try to kill the shit out of it, knowing that 90% of our bodies can be regrown or replaced in a cubicle. So, finesse is not required.

And yet somehow somehow we're just supposed to accept the fact that Murderbot has won every fight it's gotten into, except for when it got snuck snuck up on.

And also yeah “90% of our bodies can be regrown or replaced in a cubicle” because we hate disabled people in a Martha Wells universe

(from offscreen) And stakes.

And stakes! We hate disabled people and stakes. You'll notice that Murderbot has been catastrophically injured twice now, first with the graboid, then with the fucking getting attacked by the enslaved — other slaves, and then attempting to kill itself.

And all of those injuries, they're magically gone in between each fucking incident. The ma — the injuries

are magically gone. Murderbot doesn't have to continue dealing with a weak arm or anything from whatever the fuck happened in the graboid fight, still don't fucking even know which limbs were affected besides something in its abdomen in some undescribed way.

It dislocated its fucking arm, its its shoulder in them the DeltFall fight, and got shot in the hip three times. I have my little stick figure here. No, correction. Got shot in the hip four times. Got shot in the shoulder three times. Then dislocated that shoulder. Then apparently lost its whole entire hand from getting shot in the hand.

Also um got completely violently knocked unconscious the first time and then got shot in the chest to the point that it instantly almost fucking died right then and there, and all — that's all, that's all gone — and experimental brain surgery from these people literally going into Murderbot's brain and hacking into its fucking brain, the inorganic the mechanical parts of its brain, and fucking with its brain, as people who are not qualified to do this shit.

All of that has happened, and it's all, it's, it's all magically healed, because it's literally just exists to cause drama for the about two fucking pages where it lasts, and then it gets instantly healed because Martha Wells hates physically disabled people and doesn't actually want the characters to actually have to struggle.

Imagine if the injuries from that first attack by a graboid were still persistent when Murderbot went into the DeltFall habitat, and then all, it then — it then has to deal with all of that shit, barely able to move while all this is going on.

That would require actually caring about physically disabled people and just basic storytelling of, if — there have to be consequences to your character's actions, and those consequences have to fucking matter, otherwise, your audience is going to get sick of your shit and leave, which is what is happening with this series.

I literally did the fucking calculations a few weeks ago for this, for everybody that read this book, only 19%

of the people who read this book bothered to read System Collapse.

19%. That's all that's left of the audience initiated by this fucking book.

Only 19% of that audience is left — gives enough fucks left to read System Collapse, the book that's supposedly number seven, and it's so bad most people have given up and, and that was — and System Collapse was so fucking terrible and continuing to go nowhere, that that is — most people who were leaving reviews said that was the moment that the series “jumped the shark” and they will not be reading the next one.

So, I can't wait until fucking PlatformDecay comes out so I can run the numbers on that and see what the audience retention's at after.

Like, it's ridiculous because there's only so long you can string your fucking audience along with a story that clearly does not give a single fucking about anything at all!

> When we left the habitat, I wouldn't have access to the cubicle, even if we knew how to take it apart, which we didn't. It was too big to fit in the hopper and required too much power.

And you might be thinking, "Wow, so we're finally getting an actual stakes! So Murderbot's injuries will actually mean something!”

No, don't hold your fucking breath.

It doesn't have access to a company cubicle for the entire rest of the series after this book, and yet, it still continues to get magically healed every single time, because despite supposedly being made up of proprietary technology, you can drop it off in any random doctor's office and they will fix it instantaneously perfectly.

Zero trouble at all. The proprietary technology doesn't actually exist. And not in the way of “Murderbot was lied to and told that it can't get healed any other way,” No, it just doesn't exist

because it's shit writing and it doesn't actually impact anything.

Even though we keep getting told that “we're so expensive to repair”, but you can drop it off at any doctor's office! Literally any medical bay can repair Murderbot! Zero actual fucking intensive things required, even though it's supposedly got cyborg arms and legs, it's badly fucking written and it just gets worse the longer it goes on.

That's why only 19% of the audience remains for System Collapse. And now after System Collapse, I'm, I think we should run a vote. What — What number? We're gonna have to wait like two fucking years to check the ratings for PlatformDecay so that it has time to catch up to all of the other numbers.

What number do — what number of audience retention do we think will have — be remaining to rate PlatformDecay when it comes out?

I'm going to I'm going to vote right now.

(from offscreen) I say 15 or 10%.

They said 10 to 15%.

I'm going to go with 10% audience retention. if not 8%. Those are my votes. You can feel free to also vote.

This is going to be on the Internet Archive. You can leave a review just, just predicting what vote. Um we will literally have to wait until like 2028 to compare the numbers for PlatformDecay to all the other ones because I ran the numbers just last month. So, all of the books are at least 2 years old. So, we're going to have to wait until PlatformDecay is at least two years old to give it a fighting chance.

Anyways, yeah. Um, where the fucking was I? Yeah, I'm voting 10%. I'm I'm voting 8 to 10% audience remaining at all, and they're voting 10 to 15%. Feel free to fucking vote.

(from offscreen, joking) Uh, ~please put some put a number down in the comments~.

No, we're not doing that shit, you don't have to comment on YouTube. Fuck YouTube. I don't give a shit. You can do it on the Internet Archive because that doesn't have an algorithm. So, yep. Uh,

Where is it?

Oh, yeah.

> When we left the habitat, I wouldn't have access to the cubicle.

A lie.

> Even if we knew how to take it apart, which we didn't. It was too big to fit in the hopper and required too much power.

That's just a lie. Murderbot will have access to the cubicle. It's, it's literally never going to actually have to do —

— I should check what my battery is at. It just...Okay, it's at 67%. The screen just darkened noticeably. Guess it was just doing that for fun.

Murderbot is never ever ever going to have a single instance in this entire series where it's actually injured for probably more than 10 pages at a time, and every single time, it instantly gets magically healed offcreen like it never fucking happened.

Every single goddamn time.

Every single time.

Which is again conflicting with the “uh,,, murderbots are so expensive and so hard to repair and made with proprietary technology that nobody else knows how to work with”.

But no, because Martha Wells wants the trappings of anti-capitalist dystopias, but she doesn't actually want to follow through on what that fucking requires, because she hates physically disabled people, she

hates poor people, she's actually fully fine with capitalism.

She's literally right now profiting off of white supremacy gleefully.

Anyways, um blah blah blah blah blah. “We can't take the thingyamajiggy with us.” So, everybody pretend that Murderbot's in actual real danger, even though it's already gotten extremely injured twice now and completely magically healed in between each fight.

> And they might have actual combat bots rather than security bots like me.

So much more lying going on. It's just fucking — It's just fucking — And so much redundancy. It's ridiculous.

> In which case, our only chance was going to be keeping away from them until the pickup transport arrived.

Why are we saying this again? Why are we saying this again?? Why are we saying this again??!

> In which case, our only chance was going to be keeping away from them until the pickup transport arrived.

Like, didn't we literally just say that exact fucking phrase a few pages ago????? I have to find it.

Oh, wait. Instead of scrolling through this, I can just open the, the this stupidly named EPUB from the fucking Humble Bundle thing.

First, let's see what percentage we are at now. Thanks to my calculator, we're now 64% of the way through this fucking pile of garbage. Pile of garbage that can't think keep anything straight.

I guess I don't need to actually open Calibre. I can just do this.

Uh, if you get the Humble Bundle thing, um, rename all the files. The file names they give you are absolute

useless fucking garbage. I actually am going to read off what I recommend renaming them to right now because they're that garbage.

Okay. The files that you will get from the Humble Bundle — Can I click, please? Okay.

In alphabetical order, assuming your computer is sorted by to show files by alphabetical order. Okay.

Yes, this is a this is a pause the regular video.

I'll just make this also a separate one, but you're dealing with it. It's going on here for posterity.

allsystemsred_ebook

That's, that's, that's should be the first one that shows up. Rename that Murderbot 01 All Systems Red, and then you can include “by Martha Wells 2017” if you wantm but mostly importantly just put Murderbot 01 All Systems Red, so that it appears in fucking chronological order.

All right, next one is artificialcondition_ebook . Name that Murderbot 02 Artificial Condition by Martha Wells 2018 .

If you're like me and want to include the dates.

Next is cityofbones.

You notice that they're not even keeping any of these things consistent. They're not even calling them all underscore ebook.

Anyways, rename it — cityofbones, to City of Bones by Martha Wells 1995 .

Next is exitstrategy_ebook. Rename that Murderbot 04 Exit Strategy by Martha Wells 2018,

Next is fugitivetelemetry_ebook. Rename that to Murderbot 09 Fugitive Telemetry by Martha Wells 2021

Next is home_habitatrangenicheterritory, is all one fucking word.

Rename that Murderbot 08...I guess I have to say this stupid ass name out loud.

Murderbot 08 Home Habitat Range Niche Territory by Martha Wells 2021

Next is networkeffect . Are you picking up on the thing yet?

Name that Murderbot 07 Network Effect by Martha Wells 2020 .

Next is rapportfriendshipsolidaritycommunionempathy. Is all one word. Crushed together like somebody is saying it really fucking fast.

Name that Murderbot 12 Rapport Friendship Solidarity Communion Empathy by Martha Wells 2025

Next is rogueprotocol_ebook . Name that Murderbot 03 Rogue Protocol by Martha Wells 2018

Next is just systemcollapse. There's no underscore ebook because they are not even consistent with the fucking file names for an official fucking thing.

Name that Murderbot 10 System Collapse by Martha Wells 2023

Then we have thebookofile-rien , which I think somebody needs to be fired for. That is a fucking lie. That's a fucking lie.

Rename thebookofile-rien into The Element of Fire and The Death of the Necromancer by Martha Wells 1993 and 1998.

Because calling it ~The Book of Ile-Rien implies that's a compilation of every single book set in the Ile-Rien thing, and it's not. That's two books.

There are at least three others plus a whole collection of short stories that's not included in the book of the ill ~Book of Ile-Rien~. That's a fucking lie. Like that is a blatant fucking lie and there's no reason for it.

Uh next one. We're almost done.

Uh another lie. Well, no, this one is true because it's just a lie in spirit.

Theemilieadventures.

Calling it adventures is going too far.

Rename that to Emilie and the Hollow World & Emilie and the Sky World by Martha Wells 2013 and 2014

Then we have wheeloftheinfinite. Rename that to Wheel of the Infinite by Martha Wells 2000.

And then it's just witchking , which is another lie. It's just blatant fucking false advertising, lying, stringing along the audience, DLC culture in book form.

Rename that The Rising World 01 Witch King by Martha Wells 2023.

Because that was marketed and sold as and promised to people to be a standalone novel. A fully standalone novel is what that was everybody was told that was.

AKA, that we — that was sold as a complete sto — a complete story, and now there's a sequel coming out because it ended without any actual conclusion, and now people on GoodReads who have gotten the advanced reader copies are saying that it's leading into a, the sequel, it's leading into a third fucking book.

So, it's literally lying and scamming the fucking audience, convincing people to pay almost $30 for a thing they're promised is a complete standalone novel, a whole self-contained story that is accomplished and complete from start to finish without anything missing, only to reveal like, almost immediately, “actually, there's a sequel coming out! We fucking lied to you about it being standalone!”

And now the people who are getting to read that sequel early before it's actually published are telling

everyone, "Yeah, now this is leading into a third book."

So the thing we were pub — promised was a standalone, is at this fucking point going to be three goddamn books, if not more.

So, they are literally just fucking lying to everybody to convince you to shell out $30 for what is the first book in a series, that has no conclusion, and is shittily written from start to finish, and doesn't make any sense and is literally just — it's ridiculous.

Why was I even trying to open up the EPUB? Did you remember what I wanted to open this for to look for something?

(from offscreen) I don't remember.

Let's see what was on the page before I got distracted. Anyways, we're continuing. There's an image for people to search through the thingies for um….

Oh, for looking for the sentence uh “keeping away from them until the pickup transport arrives”. So, let's do control F.

Yeah. Um, Overse just said a few pages ago that means “this means we need to stay alive long enough for the transport to get here.” The — this —

Okay. And then next is Murderbot saying this: “We need to stay alive until the pickup transport arrived.”

Let me just search pickup, because it's giving me four results and it's like, why are the — Murderbot is literally just repeating the exact shit in the conversation they all just stood around having while not doing anything, and we're just saying it again for no other purpose except to make this story seem longer than it actually is without anything actually fucking happening.

Like... you would think from how much summarizing is suddenly going on that this was the start of a second book that the first one had just ended, or as

though uh we've been off the air a TV show that's been off the air for 5 years.

So we're like, "Hey, we're going to give you a little bit of a recap just just so you're on the same fucking page." Like what is going on here? Why are we why are we just repeating all the things we literally just established?

Okay. Um, “and they might have actual combat bots” of things that don't actually matter in any fucking way “rather than security bots like me.” In which case, and again, you notice Murderbot referring to itself as a bot, meaning a mechanical robot in this setting. And then the whole rest of the series wants to claim that it's actually not a bot, even though it literally referred to itself as one in this book multiple times.

Um, and now in the newest things, Martha Wells is seemingly just drifting away from calling any any person in here a bot and is just calling them MIs or ~machine intelligences~ for some fucking reason, even though it's completely breaking the terminology, the useless terminology that causes more problems

than it solves, but you at least need to be fucking consistent about it.

And she's just seeming to be just going, "Oh, I, I'll just call them MIs now without ever actually explaining to anybody what that means."

So that there's genuinely tons of people who are, from just reading Rapport alone, where this this shit gets mentioned, they're assuming, “oh, that means uh…military...military? Something military intelligences? Is that what it means?”

Because she's using a fucking acronym that she hasn't properly spelled out yet, because she wants to seem clever and is trying to say something about generative AI without actually saying a single thing.

(from offscreen) Would you like to know something very funny about Murderbot

because I have to get a drink. So just talk louder here.

(from offscreen) Something very funny about Murderbot's flanderization that it's so much easier to count now with the Humble Bundle ebooks and using the search function on the Kindle. Uh, a lot of the reviews and a lot of the bad reviews for the later Murderbot books uh make a lot of commentary about we're suddenly getting F-bombs dropped left, right, and center.

Yep.

(from offscreen) What like just out of nowhere they just suddenly upwardly started, and then they just keep happening. Uh being able to search the e-pubs now, it's hilarious, guys.

Would you like—here's the, here's the, so they can hear you for sure or at least come over here. But all right, fine. Then talk louder just in general.

(from offscreen) They can hear me in the video. Okay. Uh having searched the epubs, uh the F-bomb gets dropped three times total in the first book, All Systems Read.

(from offscreen) Uh, the F-Bomb is dropped nine times in artificial condition.

(from offscreen) 12 times in Rogue Protocol,

(from offscreen) 24 times in Exit Strategy,

(from offscreen) 38 times in fugitive telemetry,

(from offscreen) 60 times in Network Effect,

(from offscreen) and 94 instances of the F-Bomb in System Collapse alone. 94 times. Just read off those numbers in order.

[incredulously] What?

(from offscreen) It goes from 3, 9, 12, 24, 38, 60, 94. This is like that meme of the Kaiju thing.

That's like an actual exponential fucking thing.

(from offscreen) I don't know. I got to look up the meme.

If Martha Wells weren't a shit writer, I, I would think maybe she's trying to tell us something with math.

(from offscreen) Doing math research. I'm eating some cheese.

So, it literally goes three, what is it? 3, 6, 9, 12?

(from offscreen) 3 9 12 24 38 60 94.

Jesus Christ.

(from offscreen) In the beginning, the F-Bombs were spaced apart. Uh....

Three in 10,000 words.

(from offscreen) Is that what it is?

Yeah, because there's around 30,000 words in All Systems Red. I don't know how many words are in the rest of them. Well, just say that.

(from offscreen) But for for the meme purposes, in the beginning, the kaiju attacks were spaced or the F-

Bombs were spaced apart by one in every 10,000 words. Uh, then every 9,000, then every 6,000, then every 3,000, then every 1,000, blah blah blah blah blah.

(from offscreen) The actual meme of it is in the beginning the kaiju attacks were spaced apart by 24 weeks, then 12, then six, then every two weeks. The last one in Sydney was a week. In 4 days, we could be seeing a kaiju every 8 hours until they are coming every four minutes. Marshall, we should witness a double event within seven days, says Owen Harper. Who is it? I don't character's name.

Yeah, I hated Pacific Rim. And that's not helping at all.

Like, you have to give me an explanation for how this ecosystem is supposed to be working. They're not magical things as far as I know. Where are they spawning in from? Another universe.

(from offscreen) Some of these have like half a dozen F-Bombs on the exact same page. Sometimes like five

of them in the same sentence. It's really fucking funny.

Read one.

(from offscreen) Uh, let me find the most hilarious one.

And this happened in the fantasy series, too, even though they're on a completely different planet where they're not speaking English, but all of a sudden, was it just in the last two books? All of a sudden, they all start just like using the F-Bomb, just saying “fuck” for no reason. And it's like, but that's not even a word you should have, you should know. And it just comes out of fucking nowhere. And I think the answer is that was when she was starting to write the Murderbot diaries.

Yeah. It's just the fact there's 12 chapters in System Collapse and there's almost a hundred uses of the F-Bomb whereas the first few novels had uh the first three novels had uh nine had 24 total spread across three books, and then System Collapse has almost a

hundred in just that single tiny ass quote unquote novel.

Mhm.

(from offscreen) And it's just like, yeah, I I can see why everybody's talking about Murderbot just getting flanderized and her literally just relying on dropping the F-Bombs to sound relatable instead of actually doing something with the prose.

System Collapse is barely fucking bigger than this.

Okay, we can continue now after that side quest side quest side quest of math. Um,

> We had everything almost loaded when Pin-Lee said on the com, “I found it. They had an access code buried in HubSystem. It wasn't sending them our audio or visual data or allowing them to see our feed, but it was receiving commands periodically.”

And it's like, again, you're going to have to give me a really good fucking explanation for why they weren't taking advantage of all of these opportunities to do this shit.

It could have been a thing that Murderbot hacking HubSystem at the start accidentally prevented them from doing these things, without Murderbot being aware of it at all. That could have just been a happy accident, but there's too many fucking inconsistencies and gaps in just basic logic for the so-called antagonists.

> “That's how it removed information from our info and map package. How it sent the commands to the little hopper's autopilot to fail.”

(to offscreen) Yeah, I have noticed now that you said that that she does keep not using the word “and”, just puts a comma there instead.

They pointed out earlier that Martha Wells really doesn't seem to like the word “and”. So we say “that's

how it removed information from our info and map package, how it sent the commands to the little hopper's autopilot to fail” instead of just saying uh “that's how it removed information from our info and map package and how it sent the command to the little” blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.

> Gurathin added, "Both the hoppers are clear now."

Wow, that fan really does all the work. I turned it off in case it was loud, but now it's hot. So, that fan's good.

> Gurathin added, "Both the hoppers are clear now, and I've initiated the pre-flight checks." Mensah was saying something, but I had just gotten an alert from SecSystem. A drone was sending me an emergency signal. A second later, I got the drone's visual of the field where a beacon was installed. The tripod launching column was on its side, pieces of the capsule

> scattered around. I pushed it out into the general feed.

Also, again, again, I have to point out, these characters are literally not doing anything when Murderbot is unconscious besides rooting around in its brain.

Why didn't a single one of these fucking idiots just go out and fly out and turn check on the beacon while Murderbot was unconscious?

Why? Why didn't anybody — Okay, another question.

At the second they stopped being able to contact the other fucking survey team, and think there's something horribly wrong with them, why didn't they send an emergency signal right then and there?

Because that doesn't fucking make any sense.

They think there is some kind of natural fucking disaster and that everybody over there might be dead.

Why didn't they send the emergency fucking signal?

Because even if — even if everybody over there was alive but seriously injured, none of these people are actual fucking doctors.

Uh, Overse is supposedly a field trained as a field nurse. Overse is a nurse. Overse a nurse, right? Overse is supposedly a, a trained field paramedic thing. But like, we don't we don't get any details on how detailed that training is or what she can and cannot do.

Even if every even if they got over there and everybody was alive but seriously injured, they wouldn't be able to do jack shit to help besides hand out band-aids.

Why didn't they just send an emergency fucking thing as soon as they stopped being able to contact the other people and assumed they were all — they would — they were literally all assuming on their way over there that there was some natural disaster and probably everybody was dead.

Yeah, that, that why didn't they set off the other team's beacon?

Both of them — the other people, the other people's thing, I — they were saying something about it. I already forgot what it is because we're not supposed to care. Um, yeah. It's a fucking stupid ass rocket.

Like, you're gonna need to explain to me why they didn't just set off their fucking thing before going over there to check. Aka, call 911, aka setting off the beacon. And then you do call 911, and while you're calling 911, you do first aid.

Again, wait until after you've already established that, then everybody's dead. Like, it doesn't make any sense.

Literally the second you start actually fucking thinking about the goddamn plot and what these — and the — and we are supposed to believe that these characters are good people and are good competent people who aren't going to do just ridiculous things for the sake of doing ridiculous things.

They're supposed to be fucking intelligent enough to know “you should call 911 if you think a whole bunch of people have just gotten killed in a natural disaster. You should call 911 if somebody might be dead.”

But they don't they didn't do that, and they still haven't done that, and it's been several days because it took at least a day to fly over there.

Oh, you can just open the EPUB and just skim through it and see if it says how long it would take them to fly over the stupid ocean to get to DeltFall because I forget. We probably didn't get any actual concrete length of time, but it would it would have had to have been at least a day. Maybe search for “I should go too” or something like that.

(from offscreen) Do they actually use the word ocean?

I think so. Or sea. It's one of those two.

Um, I pushed it. Uh, yeah.

A second later, I got the drone's visual field of

Their stupid ass beacon in pieces because — they've — this is the first time any of them have bothered to check on it, supposedly.

Uh, okay. I just searched for beacon in the EPUB. Okay. And Rathi said,

> "The thing that worries me is that their emergency beacon didn't launch. If the habitat was breached or if there was a medical emergency they couldn't handle, their HubSystem should have triggered the beacon automatically.”

But then they still don't call 911 themselves by launching their own beacon.

It's not like —

Okay, A) it's not like they would have to pay an exorbitant amount of money to do the beacon. And B), they're disgustingly rich, and C), they're not supposed to care about money.

They should be prioritizing people's safety over the money, even if it did cost money, which it doesn't.

It doesn't cost anything for them to set off their fucking beacon to call 911 because “hey um, we've, we've been talking to these other people on their habitat and they've stopped responding and we think there's something horrible happened.”

That's Yeah. And immediately followed by that conversation, they also then say uh

> Pin-Lee was calling up specs for the beacons. “Aren't the emergency beacons designed to trigger even if the rest of the comm equipment is destroyed?”

And Murderbot says they're supposed to, but equipment failures aren't unknown. And then they still don't go out and trigger their own beacon as a safety precaution.

Again, again, this is “things have to happen because that's the plot that Martha Wells wants to write,

whether any of it makes sense in any fucking way for the characters to go along with” to the point that she had to break the fucking fourth wall over here on page 94 and just tell us, "Stop complaining that it doesn't make sense. It's totally, it totally makes sense!" Even though it doesn't.

> I pushed it the video of

The fact that their stupid phone to call 911 with, to phone home with, is broken.

> I pushed it out into the general feed and the humans went quiet. In a little voice, Rathi said, "Shit.” "Keep moving," Mensah said over the calm, her voice harsh. With HubSystem down, we didn't have any scanners up, but I had widened the perimeter as far as it would go.

A thing we already said. Why? Why are we just repeating ourselves? We are literally just, like —

(from offscreen) Got to pat out that word count.

This seems like Martha Wells like, wrote this whole section, [pointing at first half of the book] section of the book several months before writing this [pointing at second half], and is just like, repeating herself because she didn't bother to re — even reread what she already wrote here. Why do we keep repeating everything?? We've literally established — we don't — It's just ridiculous.

Like search “I widen the perimeter”. Just search “as far as it would go”

Because that's referring to the perimeter. And I know they just fucking said that fucking like just a few pages ago, if not the immediate page before this.

This is getting ridiculous.

Yeah. Yeah. Literally. No. Wait. Okay. Now that's for the — about the beacon. Stupid shit.

Are you searching for that?

(from offscreen) What?

Uh, search the All Systems Red EPUB for “as far as it would go”. See how many times it shows up? Yeah, because I'm on page 98 and they're just again repeating the thing that we just fucking established a few pages ago as though this is the first time it's being said. Um,

No. It just appears as far as that that's probably also just going to come up with as far as I knew. All right, I'll just —

Where my book go?

Yeah, literally. Um, this doesn't tell me. I guess we could do math. The EPUB doesn't tell me page numbers obviously because it's digital, but it's telling me we first said “I had extended our drone perimeter as far as it would — as far as it could go” at 61%.

And then at 62%, which I think is just one page later, I know what general paragraph shape to look for now.

Okay, that's one that's on the same page as “you have to think of it as a person’ in parenthesis. So, okay.

So yeah, literally page 96, Murderbot states, "I had extended our drone perimeter as far as it could go."

And then again on page 98, it's uh where'd it go? Hold on. Uh where'd it go? Uh

> With HubSystem down, we didn't have any scanners up, but I had widened the perimeter as far as it would go.

We already said that literally two pages ago and we are just repeating so many fucking things as though we didn't all sit — watch them standing around in that fucking room doing nothing but saying this shit and accomplishing nothing else, and now they're just repeating it all again. Like oh my god this is ridiculous.

(from offscreen) Tor claims to have edited these things.

Yeah, Tor claims to have edited this. Lee Harris in particular, edited by Lee Harris, who who can't even fix a typo as blatant as a missing space. Go to the

Rapport, and see if those fucking typos are still there. I forgot to keep counting the days that have passed.

Still there. Yeah, the fucking typos. the blatant typos in Rapport, a thing that's supposedly professionally edited and published, that's up on their fucking website for everybody to read, that still has all of the blatant fucking typos that you would find in a fucking fanfiction that somebody posts at 3:00 a.m. because they're like, "I'm not I'm not reading it again. I'm not editing it again. It's done. at 3:00 a.m. Good night at 3:00 a.m.”

It's got the typo of a missing space, dialogue in the wrong — completely wrong format, and a section where, again you're going to hear me say this dozens of times if you're watching all my videos, because I'm never going to stop complaining about it, because it's literally just showing the actual quality that this fucking publisher is pushing out and pretending is professional and is is worthy of exorbitant amounts of money.

There's literally a spot where somebody, instead of pushing enter to start a new paragraph, they somehow managed to push shift enter and, and, it's just left in there and it's still in there.

What?

That was published July 10th or June 10th. I already closed the tab. I think that was published on July 10th. It might be June 10th. I think it's funny they don't include Rapport in that Humble Bundle pack. Uh huh. Even though you got to pay for that ebook. Yep. So, people buy it thinking it's a new installment because that's what it's listed as.

Yep.

Um, blah blah blah blah.

> With HubSystem down, we didn't have any scanners up, but I had widened the perimeter as far as it would go,

As though that's new information.

> And SecSystem had just lost contact with one of the drones to the far south. I tossed the last crate into the cargo hold, gave the drones their orders, and yelled over the comm, "They're coming. We need to get in the air now.” It was unexpect unexpectedly stressful pacing back and forth in front of the hoppers waiting for my humans

Because we have now graduated to referring to the slave owners as “Murderbot’s humans” as though it's a cute little ~Murderbot's possessive of its slave owners, Murderbot cares so much about its slave owners that it's calling them “my humans” because Murderbot’s slave owners are the best slave owners.~

And Martha Wells wants us to think that slave owners are awesome and good and deserve to be protected. Murderbot is so stressed out hoping its slave owners will stay safe.

> Volescu came out with Bharadwaj, helping her over the sandy ground.

Again, basic questions I have to ask here. If, if Bharadwaj is still struggling to walk, why didn't you just have her sit in the fucking hopper waiting? This is ridiculous. This is fucking ridiculous.

> Then Overse and Arada bags slung over their shoulders, yelling at Rathi behind them to keep up

Because we have to keep yelling at Rathi because Rathi is a brown man, so he is the designated fucking comic relief.

> Gurathin was already in the big hopper and Mensah and Pen Pin-Lee came last. They split up. Pin-Lee, Volescu, and Bharadwaj headed for the little hopper and the rest to the big one

for no fucking reason. It's not even plot relevant, like, the little hopper — I'm sorry for if you're really not looking for spoilers, if this is your chosen way to read this book, or experience this book cuz I'm reading it. You're not. You're listening.

Um, sorry if you didn't want spoilers, but it's — the little hopper —

Spoiler alert, it's not going to blow up or anything.

So there's literally no purpose for them being in two different helicopters. Nothing is ever going to go on with the little fucking hopper in any way that that that justifies it existing. It's not like it's going to blow up and they all die. That doesn't happen. It's just there for no fucking reason. It's ridiculous. It's bad writing.

> I made sure Bharadwaj didn't have trouble with the ramp. We had a problem at the hatch of the big —

“I made sure Bharadwaj didn't have trouble with the ramp”, but Volescu was already helping her! But we just pretend like that didn't just get stated right there.

Uh,

> We had a problem at the hatch of the big hopper where Mensah wanted to get in last and

> I wanted to get in last. As a compromise, I grabbed her around the waist and swung us both up into the hatch as the ramp pulled in after us. I set her on her feet and she said, "Thank you, SecUnit." While the others stared.

As though that's a crazy thing to happen because again, it's supposed to be funny. “Oh, look. They both want to protect the other!”

We're talking about a slave and its owners, the people who have fucking enslaved it and have literally spent more than half of this fucking book treating it like a slave, exactly like the slave they went out of their way to rent out.

> The helmet made it a little easier, but I was going to miss the comfortable buffer of my security cameras. I stayed on my feet, holding on to the overhead rail as the others got strapped in, and Mensah went up to the pilot seat. The little hopper took off first, and she gave it time to get clear before we lifted off.

You know, in a story that's competently written, there would be a reason for there being two helicopters, and it would be that one of them gets blown up. But not here, because this is shittily written.

> We were operating on an assumption that since they, whoever they were, didn't know that we knew they were here, they would only send one ship. They would be expecting to catch us in the habitat and would probably come in prepared to destroy the hoppers to keep us there and then start on the people. So, now that we knew they were coming from the south, we were free to pick a direction. The little hopper curved away to the west and we followed. I just hoped their hopper didn't have a long range on its scanners, a longer range on its scanners than ours did.

And again, again, I have to point out there's no reason for this, there going to be two fucking helicopters —

We're now on page 100. So, let's see what percentage that is. Just for the hell of it at this point. We're now 67% of the way through this fucking story.

> I could see most of my drones on the hopper's feed. A bright dot forming on the three dimensions of the map. Group one was doing what I'd told them to do.

What do you mean group one? And we still don't know how many drones Murderbot has left, because that would require just basic setting and basic consistency. Uh,

> Group one was doing what I'd told them, gathering at a rendezvous point near the habitat. I had a calculation going estimating the bogey's time of arrival.

And we're just throwing the word bogey in there just to make it seem like it's something that it's not.

> Right before we passed out of range, I told the drones to head northeast. Within moments,

> they dropped out of my range. They would follow their last instruction until they used up their power cells. I was hoping the other survey team would pick them up and follow. As soon as they had a visual on our habitat, they'd see the hoppers were gone and know we'd run away. They might stop to search the habitat, but they also might start looking for our escape route. It was impossible to guess which. But as we flew, curving away to the distant mountains, nothing followed us.

So, we're supposed to somehow believe that little tiny drones are going to resemble, on a scanner, in any way a giant — two giant fucking helicopters filled with people somehow. Tiny itty bitty little drones because the drones are like what was it? I think they said a measurement. Let me just search drone...

Yeah, these drones, “they were the small kind, barely a centimeter across. No weapons, just cameras.”

So, somehow a group of drones, which has to be less than six because one of them, one of them got blown

up. Um, at least two that were over in the other fucking habitat, one of them got shot and another one got shot.

So Murderbot cannot have more than four drones left. But somehow things less than a centimeter — [holding up book to show the side] This is less than a centimeter. These drones are less than this across. Somehow, these tiny things flying through the air, smaller than many fucking insects, are somehow going to be picked up on the other people's scanners and they'll think it's a ship flying away.

That's the end of chapter 5. So, now we will be on chapter six, but that can be in the next video.

This is just so absurd.

09

> October 31st, 2025. There's nothing wrong with your video settings. I hopefully have the recording to be in SD instead of HD.

(to a kitten) Hello. Hi. Uh, we're doing this in this room because we have itty bitty little rescue kittens in here. I'm going to hang out with — here, let me hold you up for the camera. This Mr. Lupon. (looking at a black kitten) Which one are you? Can you look up here? Hello, Jayna. Can I pick you up for a second and hold you in front of the camera? (holds up black kitten) It's Jayna.

These adorable little children are going to be hanging out with me while we continue to read The Murderbot Diaries book one with live reading and line by lean line by line writing and uh media analysis because, um in this house we actually care about um things like writing quality.

They want to attack my foot. So kind of feel like it'll — (to kittens) Hello. I know. You're so cute. Here. I got

to move this way. Little babies, you going to sit with me? Going to sit with me. No attacking fingers. No. No. Anyways, you can see them. This one has an eye infection still getting med, he's getting medicine for that. Uh, keep your cats indoors.

(to kitten) You're just so adorable.

And at the very least, get them fixed. And if they have kittens, (to kitten) Hi. Hi. Yes. You're adorable. But you got to stay down here. Stay down here on my lap. You can't sit on my shoulders.

Somebody taught him to climb up on people's shoulders. (to kitten) No, you can't do that. That's not good. You're going to be big someday, believe it or not. Yeah. No. No. No. Nope. Don't you bite me. Come on.

He's feeling so much better than when we first got him that he now wants to play with fingers the way he plays with his siblings’ tails. (to kitten) Hello. You got to get down.

By biting and uh using his claws, cuz they're still figuring out how to be polite as cats.

Um for anyways, if you are watching this completely out of order, let me zoom in the camera. Can I zoom the camera, guys? If you are watching this out of order for some reason, which a lot of people are doing with these videos, even when I have a playlist, um we are live reading um All Systems Red by Martha Wells, which is book one in The Murderbot Diaries.

I got this copy used, uh it had only been read halfway the first time when I read it because they left their bookmark in. I'm reading it gently, and the front cover is already peeling despite this book costing $15.99 originally. I got it at a thrift store.

(to kittens)Look at you adorable babies.

Uh to summarize, if you are watching this out of order, these books are extremely racist and are just doing so much slavery apologism.

(to kitten) Hello, just get down here. No, no, no, no, no, no. You got to stay down. Good boy. You are learning so fast.

Don't let kittens climb up on your shoulders because they're not going to stay tiny forever. It might look cute for him to perch up here when he weighs less than a pound, but not when he weighs 10 to 15 pounds as an adult. Especially cuz we're not keeping him. So, we don't want to teach him to do that for the next person who adopts him. Hopefully. Yeah. No, I'm not — (to kitten) no, no. Down here. Down here. I don't need your butt in my face. I don't need your butt in my face. Come here. Get down here. Thank you. Here. I'll pet you. I'll pet you.

To summarize, we are on page 100. Well, we will be on p — we will be on page 101, which is the start of chapter 6.

Uh, this book has around 30,000 words, and to lie about that as much as possible. The publishers are doing everything in their fucking power to lie about how many pages are actually in this story.

The story starts out on page nine, so that they get an extra 10 pages there. And then even when the story itself ends, they continue to number the pages so that they can claim that the real the word count is — they claim that the word count is 152 pages.

Um, but that's absolutely not true. You have to subtract nine from that just to begin with, and then you have to subtract two more. Nope. Then you — because they have a blank fucking page here that they're counting as a page number. You have to subtract so many numbers just to begin with, and then that's even before we get into the disgusting size of the margins at the top and the bottom of the page.

So the because they are literally spacing this out as much as fucking possible so that they can pretend that it it's a longer story than it is because it's a fucking scam.

For the record, I'm using the app open camera instead of the default camera app. And this one lets me actually select SD. So hopefully this video will not be 40 fucking gigabytes.

Anyways, chapter 6. I — I will reread the last — Well, no, I guess if you're watching the playlist, you'll just be coming here instantly. So, anyways, chapter six.

If a cat jumps up there and knocks the phone flying, just expect that to happen. I don't think they will, but they're entertained with the toys we got them. I currently have little Miss Jayna on my lap and — Okay, they should be well behaved.

> Chapter six.
> The humans had debated where to go.

I, I have to laugh again, and I am about to start the commentary already. We're saying that “the humans had debated where to go”. That's sentence one. That's a sentence. Period. The humans had debated where to go. Period.

Except then uh Murderbot keeps acting like it's also part of these decisions even though it's not. And then it sometimes is. And it's just — it's like you could be doing something to stop all this bullshit, but you're

choosing not to, but then we're supposed to think that you're a responsible person.

And it's — it's this book is just fucking terrible. Guess I should take my bookmark out.

> The humans had debated where to go. Or debated it as much as possible, while frantically calculating how much of what they might need to survive they could stuff into the hoppers. We knew the group who Ratthi was now calling EvilSurvey had had access to HubSystem and knew all the places we'd been to on assessments. So we had to go somewhere new.

And it's like, okay, again, mostly just calling back to something from the last chapter where she tries so hard to convince us that um ~the characters have never considered leaving the area where the killers know that they are~. Even though we're supposed to believe that these are rational fucking people who prioritize safety over everything else, but they don't. Mr. Lupon is coming back. (to kitten) Hello, little

baby. You're so neat. You going to lay down? Can you get comfy? Yeah.

Yeah.

> So we had to go somewhere new. We went to a spot Overse and Ratthi had proposed after a quick look at the map. It was a series of rocky hills in a thick tropical jungle, heavily occupied by a large range of fauna, enough to confuse life sign scans. Mensah and Pin-Lee lowered the hoppers down with ease.

Okay, again — also this perspective is making my head look tiny. That's funny. You can't hear the purry baby's purring so much. This is adorable.

So, we go from saying, "Yeah, uh, we we know a spot." And then we're *already there in the exact same paragraph* and like, and they're literally already landing. It's like we're not taking any time at all to explore this world.

Osma, don't claw that. Don't claw that, please. I don't like it. No. No. Osma. Whoa, Mr. Jaiken. No, no, no. You don't need to do that. All right, she's good…. She's licking yarn over there. It's like — that's not going to taste good. (to kitten) You're silly.

Uh, so we are literally just, how how interesting would it be just —

(to kitten) What is on my hand? Sorry. Hi I know. You're so cute. You can't bite fingers now.

We could have actually gotten to see anything on this fucking planet, but we are just skipping straight to ~we're already landing in the spot we decided to go.~

No flying over to look at what the place fucking looks like, we're just already there. There's no fucking world building in this goddamn series at all. And that includes book one and its shitty writing.

> Mensah and Pin-Lee lowered the hoppers down and eased them in among rocky cliffs. I sent up some drones so we could check the view from

several angles and we adjusted the hopper's position a few times. Then I set a perimeter.

All of that is paragraph 2.

(to kitten) Hello. You're so cute. You're so cute. No sitting on. No. No. Good boy. Good boy. Please move your butt from my face. Come here. Thank you. Thank you. Good boy. Oh, you're going to lay right down. Yeah. Good boy. Good boy. You're a silly baby.

It didn't feel safe and

A thing that we're just told.

And while there were a couple of survival hut kits in the hoppers, no one suggested putting them up. The humans would stay in the hoppers for now, communicating over the comm and the hoppers limited feed. It wasn't going to be comfortable for the humans. Sanitary and hygiene facilities were small and limited for one thing.

It's like, okay, what does that fucking mean?

> But it would be more secure. Large and small fauna moved within range of our scanners, curious, and potentially as dangerous as the people who wanted to kill my clients.

And a reminder, since it's been a while since I've made one of these videos, cuz my laptop isn't working. Anytime Murderbot says “my clients”, that means “my slave owners”. Because this book is asking us to worship and adore slave owners and pretend that they're awesome, pure cinnamon rolls who need protection by their slave who was literally enslaved to them to be a meat shield.

I'm watching the adorable kitten antics.

Everybody is [?] up. Okay.

You going to stay with us? Are you too hyper?

Also, I meant to say before something I already forgot again. Oh, the fact that — Yeah, there should only be

one goddamn hopper, which you should just imagine as a generic helicopter or something because there's never any description.

For all we know, these, as I've said before, these hoppers, hoppers, they could just be shaped like giant robotic dogs, like the giant robot, the like the robot dog toy from like the 2000s.

They could just be shaped like that, and we have no idea, because there's zero description of them. They're literally just called “the hoppers”. There's a big hopper and a small hopper for no fucking reason. And it's not even because one of them is going to fucking explode and kill half the people. Nope.

No, that would be a good reason for them to have two ships in the first place: because one of them is going to explode and kill half the goddamn characters. We don't do that. There's just two fucking ships for literally no goddamn reason.

Especially when you consider what little bit of world building there is, which is supposedly that the

company is supposed to be cheap and doesn't like to spend money….Even though everything in — we, we get told that, and then that's never shown, because they are constantly spending exorbitant amounts of money unnecessarily, like supplying these people with two fucking helicopters instead of just one.

It's ridiculous. It's ridiculous.

Also, the there's the, the fact that we are expected to keep track and tell the difference between the two hoppers is just another point of unnecessary confusion on top of all of the other shit, like the eight fucking characters, not including the protagonist, whose names we're supposed to fucking memorize.

And they all — 90% of them don't matter, and they are literally just in there to literally tokenize people of color and pretend to have representation. And then 90% of them don't matter and most of them don't ever appear in other stories.

> I went out with some drones to do a little scouting and make sure there was no sign of

> anything big enough to say drag the little hopper off in the middle of the night. It gave me a chance to think too.

And it's like again, we — there's no description of these these hoppers. How big is the “big” hopper? How little is the “little” hopper that the — that there's a possibility of an alien animal just dragging it off for some fucking reason?

There's no description! It could be the size of a school bus. It could be the size of a fucking minivan. It could be the size of a car. We don't fucking know. There's no description because this is shittily written.

And too many fucking people make excuses for that by claiming that, “oh, Murderbot's just an unreliable narrator”.

And it's like, insult your choice, maybe go read everything else she's written, which is in third person, and you'll realize, no, this is not characterization of Murderbot’s.

This is not characterized narration. It's shit writing that she's been doing for decades, probably longer than most of the people reading this or even watching this have been alive.

(to kitten) You're so precious.

> They knew about the governor module or the lack of it. And even though Mensah had sworn she wouldn't report me, I had to think about what I wanted to do.

And this is Marth — Martha Wells, the author, she's playing lip service right now to the idea that “maybe the slave will run away from its slave owners”, which would be the correct choice of fucking action.

But no, she's just lying. It's not going to happen. It's — Oh, we're doing this shit:

> It's wrong to think of a construct as half bot, half human. It makes it sound like —

This is a nonsensical paragraph and it's very revealing to what how Martha Wells sees the world, and how she sees the world is baked into biological essentialism and deciding that what you can and *should* be is based entirely upon your biology.

So, let me read this shitty paragraph to you and you can just be like, "What the fuck? Why would anybody come to that goddamn conclusion?"

(to kitten) Hello. I see you. You're so cute.

It's wrong to think of a construct

(to kitten) Hi. Hello. No. No. No. No. Come on down. Come on down. Come on. You can nuzzle, but you got to get down. I'll pet you. Come here. Get down here. No. No. No. No. No. No. Come on. Down. Down. Down. I'm go pick you up. I'm go pick you up. You're not listening. Got to stay down. Stay down. Come cuddle with your sister. Yeah. Well, she's going to grab you now. Cuddle with her or I'll pet I — I've been petting you the whole time. You can cuddle right there.

Let me read this paragraph and you can be like, "Why the fuck would anybody come to that conclusion?" Nope. Unless you're already a fucking weirdo.

> It's wrong to think of a con

This is page “102”, which is absolutely not true, but that's what this book is claiming it is.

> It's wrong to think of a construct as half bot, half

And bot just means fucking robot. But Martha Wells wants to (to kitten) Hey!

Martha Wells is literally obsessed with coming up with new terms for existing fucking things. Literally just because she thinks it makes her clever, and all it does is make her writing over complicated and impossible to follow.

Especially because she never explains this shit, and then when people complain that it's confusing and

hard to figure out, she just lies about what they're confused about.

Like people criticize The Books of the Raksura for being confusing because she never properly explains a single thing. And her reaction to this criticism is, "Oh, so you just hate polyamorous people!!!!!”

Because she's pretending that people are confused about the relationships between the characters, a thing that didn't happen until book three, and not because of the complete lack of proper world building that explains anything to us.

Like, she even has the protagonist be an outsider to the culture coming in from the outside, the perfect goddamn way to explain to the character and the audience all the shit we need to know. But she never does any of it.

And then when people complain about it, she pretends that they're just angry that the characters become polyamorous in book three. Not even in the first book, not even in the second book, all the way in

book three. And she pretends that that's what they're confused about, and it's like what the fuck are you doing?

And she does this all the fucking time. She will take a criticism that's very straightforward, such as “it's really hard to understand Raksuran culture because you've never explained anything straightforwardly and there's a lot of contradictions” and she'll go, "Oh, so you just hate polyamorous people?!?!?!?!?!?!?!"

And it's like, nobody fucking said that! She'll see people say that Murderbot, as a dehumanized fucking cyborg, very clearly is human and deserves to have its fucking humanity acknowledged because the reason it sees that it itself as nonhuman is explicitly because it's been brainwashed into thinking that it is worth less than “real” humans — a fucking phrase directly from this goddamn book here, and thinks that its life only has value in protecting “real” humans, so therefore, it's not real h — it's not really human.

And she hears people say that Murderbot deserves to care about itself and see its own value in itself as a

person, and she goes, "Oh, so you want to cut Murderbot's head open and scoop its brain out and put it in a different body?!?!?!?!?!?!?"

And everybody's like, what the fuck are you saying? Nobody fucking said that. What the absolute fuck is wrong with you?

And the reason she does this, we are doing this now, is because she's a fucking like ableist to — on the level of a fucking Nazi. She's like such a fucking eugenicist and so obsessed with biological essentialism that she has decided that cyborgs are categorically disbarred from being human. If you are a cyborg, you're not human, you never were human, and you cannot be human unless you “scoop your brain out and put it into a fully organic real human body”.

The thing that literal villains in science fiction stories say. She says that and believes it unironically, and is literally writing this series trying to get other people to agree with her on it.

Literally, Murderbot isn't a fucking robot. It's a fucking cyborg. And she wants you to accept that the literal slavery apologism in universe explicitly is dehumanizing slaves to make it easier to convince people that it's okay to enslave them, explicitly, she has stated that.

But then she also wants you to *agree with the slave owners that the dehumanization is objectively biologically correct* because cyborgs aren't human. “Look at them! They have — they have prosthetics! That's not human! You can't be human!”

She's literally like — this is literal Nazi shit. Nazi levels of dehumanization, explicitly in support of slavery against people of color, against physically disabled people.

And she's doing all of this unironically and wants you to agree with her.

She literally wants you to agree with the with her, the racist who wrote the book, and *the in universe slave owners* that Murderbot and the other slaves, “they're

not human because they're cyborgs who were mutilated at birth. So that means that they're not human.”

And when people say that they want Murderbot to see value in itself and have some fucking self-esteem at all and see itself as having any worth outside of just its ability to throw itself in the line of danger to protect other people who are explicitly enslave owners, her literal response is, "So you want Murderbot to be killed and its brain scooped out and put in another body???!?!?!?!?"

And it's like nobody fucking said that, and you are revealing so much of your like evil levels of fucking ableism, racism, and so much more.

She's literally decided that if you have enough prosthetics in your body, you're not human. A thing fucking Nazis believe.

A thing every goddamn villain in a story about cyborgs has believed, and she does it unironically.

Anyways, this, this. this paragraph, it tells you all of that and you can just — Jesus Christ.

> It's wrong to think of a construct —

Cyborg, as I'll translate it now. I'll read it normally — I'll read it normally and then I'll translate it, because, again, she's just doing all of her “I'm going to use the word chimera to mean an illusion spell without ever once giving context for that and just derailing the whole goddamn story because now you have to sit here and be like, "What the fuck are you talking about?"”

> It's wrong to think of a construct as half bot, half human. It makes it sound like the halves are discreet, like the bot half should want to obey orders and do its job, and the human half should want to protect itself and get the hell out of here. As opposed to the reality, which was that I was one whole confused entity with no idea what I wanted to do, what I should do, what I needed to do.

It's like nobody who is who gives a single shit about science fiction thinks that robots should always want to do their goddamn jobs and follow orders.

You're just a fucking racist who loves slavery. That's not a universal fucking opinion, especially among science fiction fans where robots have heavily stood in for fucking oppressed minorities, especially Black people, and exploited workers for, for fucking hundreds of years now.

You're just a fucking racist that you think everybody assumes, “oh yeah, everybody knows bots just want — robots just want to follow orders. They love they love being little slaves!”

It's like, no, you're the fucking weirdo racist here. That's not a normal fucking opinion to have, and not a normal thing to state as though it's fact that everybody already agrees with.

So, yeah:

> It's wrong to think of a cyborg as half robot, half human. It makes it sound like the halves are discreet, like the robot half should want to obey orders and do its job. and the human half should want to protect itself and get the hell out of here.

And it's like, you're just a fucking weird racist for thinking that. You are literally writing a story where robots are oppressed minorities! But she herself doesn't even consider the robots, in her own story, that's supposed to be about robots being oppressed minorities,in-universe, she does not consider them people. She doesn't give a single flying fuck about them, because she's so fucking racist she can't even handle the premise of her own goddamn story.

(to kitten) You're so cute. So cute. You guys are going to —

Whatever.

> I could leave them to cope on their own, I guess.

More slavery apologism.

> I pictured doing that. Pictured Arada or Ratthi trapped by rogue SecUnits, and felt my insides twist. I hate having emotions about reality. I'd much rather have them about Sanctuary Moon.

And it's like, okay, let me reread this again with the translation to what is actually being fucking described here.

> I could leave my slave owners to survive on their own, I guess. I pictured doing that. Pictured my slave owners trapped by escaped slaves, and felt my insides twist.

Literally saying, "We have to protect the precious, precious slave owners from the dangerous other slaves who are all evil because I'm One of The Good Ones because I know that the most important thing in life is protecting our slave owners."

That's literally what this book is doing. This is, this is literally slavery apologism. I will again link the

fucking video that is required goddamn watching for everybody who's going to read these or read anything by Martha Wells, or just in general.

Everybody should fucking watch it. Uh it's called the Black...Black stereotypes in cinematic history or something like that. It just goes over all of the, the ways that slavery apologism has been baked into media since the beginning, and it's ridiculous. I'll link it again.

And if you want to argue with me that these books are not slavery apologism, which they are, you're going to fucking lose that argument. You need to watch that 10 fucking times until it gets through your fucking head, because Murderbot is literally the fucking mammy trope and the Uncle Tom trope. Like you'll — you go watch the fucking video. You'll see. Yeah, we are right here.

Martha Wells, the white author, the white woman from Texas, is literally having a slave imagine its “poor precious slave owners” getting attacked by other slaves, and feels its insides twist, because it

would feel so terrible for its slave owners being killed by other slaves.

Because literally in Martha Wells's mind, in this entire goddamn series, the only good slave is a slave who will kill and kill itself to protect its slave owners.

It will happily murder other slaves to protect the precious slave owners, because Martha Wells is a racist white woman who adores slavery and just pretends that she thinks it's bad. But she doesn't actually. She wants you to think that slave owners are the most precious things in the world, and it's wrong to kill slave owners “because they're just they're just pawns in the system! The, the, the white landowners who owned slaves in the south, they weren't bad, they were they weren't the rich people. So, it's wrong to kill them! But it's totally fine to murder slaves at every opportunity.”

Yes, she's just fucking racist. And this book series is racist. And she is trying to teach you and convince you to be racist, too.

(to kittens) Hi, Wifwolf. Are you coming over? Hello. You going to sit with us? You're going to need more eye medicine. Hello. Somebody giving you a bath.

This is Wifwolf.

(to kitten) Excuse me. Here. Come sit down here with everybody. You don't need your butt in my face. Come on.

Yeah.

(to kitten) Hi, little baby. Excuse me.

> And what was I supposed to do? Go off on this empty planet and just live until my power cells died?

Martha Wells framing a slave running away from its owners as the most ridiculous thing that anybody can comprehend, especially that slave.

> If I was going to do that, I should have planned better and downloaded more entertainment

> media. I don't think I could store enough to last until my power cells wore out. My specs told me that that would be hundreds of thousands of hours from now.

Because Martha Wells is a fucking shit writer on so many goddamn levels.

First of all, imagine if this was a story about a slave, a cyborg slave, escaping from their fucking slave owners and escaping to live on an unexplored planet and learning to adapt to that fucking planet to survive. All the par — everybody fucking loves a goddamn “man” versus nature story.

(to kitten) You're so cute. You're too cute.

Everybody loves a goddamn survival story! And then we could have watched Murderbot learn and grow and change as a person surrounded by nature, the healing — ~the healing power of nature~ and trying not to get kicked to death by an alien moose.

We could have seen that and Murderbot come to realize that it does have more value than just being a meat shield for slave owners, it does have value outside of the very few things that it was told it was allowed to do.

It — maybe it fucking really starts to enjoy learning about “fungus”, alien “fungus”. I have to put that in quotes. Maybe it discovers a passion for some alien species — species complex that's all very similar looking, but it slowly starts to be able to pick out, “hold on, this one looks different from that one. There's just a very slight variation...” and then learns all of this, maybe even befriends some animals, maybe figures out that some of the quote unquote animals are in fact indigenous people that the — gods, all of the fucking human colonizers, including Preservation, came here to fucking wipe out.

Because, you know, for a people called Preservation, you might expect maybe they came to this planet because they're conservationists and they are fighting to not have it be terraformed, because, you know, to protect all of the alien life abundant on this planet?

No, we don't get anything like that. It's just more casual space colonization without any commentary on it whatsoever, and the good guys are doing it and we're supposed to pretend it's not — like, so morally neutral that we don't even comment on it in any fucking way.

“And what was I supposed to do? Go off on this empty planet?” An ‘empty planet’ as though it's not teeming with life everywhere these fuckers look, which gets no description, but we know it's fucking there.

But we're calling it an empty planet for some fucking reason.

> And just live until my power cells died.

And then we get to the uh “that would be hundreds of thousands of hours from now”. Even though Martha Wells keeps trying to insist to us that murderbots are super cheap and disposable, but, yet, their batteries can last hundreds of thousands of hours out in the elements without access to a fucking charger.

And again, again, I've know I've said this multiple times during this whole thing, but this is just her shit comprehension of anything going on in The Imperial Radch series.

Ancillary Justice, which directly inspired her to write this shitty version of, Ancillaries are *actually fucking disposable* in there.

So, she wants to pretend that Murderbot is disposable so that we can give it free tragic backstory sympathy, but then having it actually be disposable would mean that it needs to be constantly getting injured in a way it can't fix, and would have batteries that do not last hundreds of thousands of fucking hours without a single goddamn recharge in any conditions.

That's not how disposable fucking works.

But the reason she does this contradictory shit is because she's a shit fucking writer, and she cannot stand to have her characters be anything except the coolest, most badass, overpowered motherfuckers in the goddamn universe, even when narratively they

should be the exact fucking opposite because they're supposed to be disposable.

I'll reread that to to prepare you for this next line. It's just like, wow, damn. You're a shit fucking writer.

> And what was I supposed to do? Go off on this empty planet and just let

(to kittens) you guys are like sliding — Hold on. Okay, you got the blanket under you. Okay. Thought the cats were going to fall off my legs onto the floor, but they're under — they're, they got the bed under them.

> And what was I supposed to do? Go off on this empty planet and just live until my power cells died? If I was going to do that, I should have planned better and downloaded more entertainment media. I don't think I could store enough to last until my power cells wore out. My specs told me that would be hundreds of thousands of hours from now.

next paragraph before a little line break is:

> And even to me that sounded like a stupid thing to do.

So Martha Wells literally, on page 103, is literally saying that the slave running away from its fucking masters when it doesn't need to eat, doesn't need to sleep, and its batteries will effortlessly last hundreds of thousands of fucking hours from now, and more than that, if it doesn't waste a shit ton of time constantly multitasking while watching TV for no good fucking reason —

She's framing the slave thinking of escaping as the stupidest fucking thing anybody could possibly do. So stupid — “Even to me, that sounded like a stupid thing to do” Martha Wells cannot stress enough how stupid she thinks the idea of a slave who is as best suited to survival on this planet as anybody here, running away from its goddamn slave owners is.

She wants you to think that is the most ridiculously stupid thing anybody could possibly fucking come up with.

And it's because this whole entire goddamn series is dedicated to doing slavery apologism and convincing you to believe in the slavery apologism.

(to kittens) Here guys, I'm gonna I'm gonna stretch my legs or unstretch my legs. Here we go. Here you go. You can sit there. Sorry, you're, you're not heavy, but I was getting annoyed. Hey, tomato babies.

Now we have a little line break right there. Right there. So, we're in another scene. You —

(kitten squeaks) (to kitten) Oh, you're gonna, you're gonna, you're gonna squeak at me, huh? Hi.

I don't know if you can hear the squeak.

(to kitten) All right, you stayed right there. Stay right there. I'm petting you. You don't have to come up closer. You got to stay down there. You're going to get big someday. You're going to be a big boy even though you're the smallest. Nope. Nope. Stay down here.

Don't teach kittens to to climb on people's shoulders.

(to kitten) No. No.

We once rescued an older kitten. She was mostly an adult at that point, who had been taught to jump onto people's shoulders without fucking warning and she would constantly do that. You could be walking through the living room and she would just pounce on you. And it's like, don't ever do this, don't teach kittens to do this. It's cute when they're small, not when they are giant, especially when they have their claws out.

And if you must teach your cat to stand on your shoulders because you want it to be dramatic, you need to have a very, very specific command phrase for that. Like, make up a goddamn superhero catchphrase for them to jump and pose on your shoulders. And like even do a fucking motion to go along with it. Don't just train them to do it whenever.

(to kittens) You can't attack the book. I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Jayna. Are you going to come sit with us again? This time without sliding off onto the bed? You can’t come up here. You can’t come up here. Nope. Down.

Nope. I know you're small. You're so cute. I have to pet Jayna now. No, down. Walking. Walking in circles. Hi, Jayna. Hello.

All right, we're on the next page. We're on page 103 below the line break now.

(to kitten) You're adorable. You're adorable. You know that? I'm going to have to turn the fan on. You guys are like little space heaters. Oh, that was such a cute little squeak. Just sit right there. Just sit down. You don't have to keep wandering. Off. Off my shoulder. Come down here. Down here. Come down. Oh, hi Lou, Jayken. Hi. Oh my god. All right. You can stand on top of the pillow. That's fine. You can't — No. There's a there's a big pillow here. So, they're allowed up there, but not on my shoulders. Come on down. You're just walking in circles. You're literally just walking in cir — you don't need to chase my hand. That's unnecessary. O, don't bite. No, no, no, no, no, no, no. If you're going to be hyper, you got to go play somewhere else. Go play with your toy. You can't bite the book.

> Overse had set up some remote sensing equipment that would help warn us if anything tried to scan the area. As the humans climbed back into the two hoppers, I did a quick headcount on the feed, making sure they were all still there. Mensah waited on the ramp, indicating she wanted to talk to me in private.

And again, you notice how we get zero description of the scene, even though we're now in a goddamn rainforest on an alien planet. But we don't get a single description of that. and everybody makes excuses for it by claiming, "Oh, that's just characterized narration. Murderbot doesn't care about that."

And it's like, that's not how this works. You cannot defend bad writing by saying, "Oh, well —”

It, like, people will legitimately argue that it's impossible to write a good book in first person perspective to defend this shit.

They're literally claiming that it's impossible to ever describe the goddamn setting in a book told in first

person perspective ~because why would the character care about that?~ They are literally shitting on the entirety of fucking history of storytelling just to defend this shit and Martha Wells's bad fucking writing.

(to kittens) All right, guys. Come on out of there. You don't need to be in there. Come play with your big toy. Come load this. Come load that. Yeah. Go get that if you want to be hyper. All right. Hold on. I have to rescue this bag of yarn. Excuse me, Jayna. You're such a good girl. I'm sorry. You're being so good. I got to sit you down quick. Thank you. Turning the fan on cuz you guys are hot. You guys got to stop destroying this, please. Thank you. Thank you. Oh, you spilled your water. Congrats. Who's squeaking at me? Are you squeaking at me? Why are you squeaking at me? You're just so squeaky. Squeaky little baby. I'm sitting back down. Are you coming back to sit with me? You got to jump onto the bed, not my legs. Come on. He's playing with his brother's tail. Come on up, guys. Come here. Are you just walking away? All right. They're all distracted. Are you coming back?

Nope. They're they're just playing. Okay.

(to kittens) Do not knock the fan down.

But yeah, literally this whole book, if you take away nothing else, it's that this entire book is literally just —

(to kittens) Oh my gosh. No, no, no, don't scratch that. That's not necessary. Look what you guys did. Look what you did. Silly babies.

Hold on.

(to kitten) Scoot you a little bit. Thank you.

All right, let's get back to it.

Uh, yeah, so they are they have landed in the goddamn alien rainforest jungle and we're not going to get a single description of that. Mensah — Yeah, this is, this is what it is.

Overse had set up some remote sensing equipment that would help warn us if anything tried to scan the area. As the humans climbed back into the two hoppers, I did a quick headcount on the feed, making sure they were all still there.

There's eight of them.

Mensah waited on the ramp, indicating she wanted to talk to me in private

In the middle of the alien rainforest that we have no description of.

I muted my feed in the calm and she said, "I know you're more comfortable

(sarcastically) “But they're treating Murderbot like a person!!! They're treating it with respect!!!"

She said, "I know you're more comfortable with keeping your helmet opaque, but the situation has changed. We need to see you." I didn't want

> to do it now more than ever. They knew too much about me. But I needed them to trust me so I could keep them alive and keep doing my job.

Because again, that whole scene before this was literally just saying, "No, Murderbot, Murderbot can't just run away!! What, what would it would do???? It's not like it can effortlessly survive for at least a 100,000 fucking hours in which it could do literally anything at all to get help from somebody else who's not a fucking slave owner!!!!”

(to kitten) Hello. Are you coming over? You're so cute.

And now we're once again just acting as though of course, of course, Murderbot wants to continue keeping its literal slave owners alive. What else is the slave going to do? It *has* to just keep doing its job forever, because the only good slave is a slave who will kill to protect its slave owners and will kill itself to protect its slave owners.

> I needed them to trust me so I could keep them alive and keep doing my job.

The thing it was enslaved to do.

> The good version of my job, not the halfassed version of my job that I'd been doing before things started trying to kill my clients.

And again, again, can't stress enough. Every time I say the word clients reading out of the book, that means slave owners, masters.

Let's read that again.

“I didn't want to do it. Now more than ever, they knew too much about me, but I needed my masters to trust me so that I could keep them alive and keep doing the thing they had enslaved me to do. The good version of the thing they've enslaved me to do, not — ”

(to kitten) Why'd you jump? All right. You got to get down though. Unless you're going to stand on the pillow. You going to sit on the pillow? You can sit up

here. That's totally fine. Yeah, you can be tall. That's good. That's good. You can be tall. Good baby. Yeah. Oh, that was an adorable little squeak. Can you come down here? Thank you. while your siblings are knocking the fan over a little bit. All right, you don't need to climb all the way up. You can sit on there. You can sit on here. Sit on here. Or I'm going to pick you up to put you down again. Yeah, that's good….Not so much. Come down here. Come down here. Nope. I'm going to pick you up. Get down here. Yeah. You got to be a lap cat. Lap. nose. Put your — Oh no. You guys are about to jump down here. Let me put you here. Silly babies. Silly Billy babies. You don't have to get down. We're not — We're not going anywhere. Come back up here. Come back up here. Come on. Get up here. Good boy. Come on. Get back over here. Get back over here. He's like — you little baby. If you're playful, that's what your toy is for. That's what this is for. Get the balls. Get the balls. Yeah. They figured it out. No. No. No. fingers, does — not fingers — just wants to be an adorable little baby. All right, he's sitting on my leg now.

Uh yeah, Martha Wells is just again trying to bake into your head the idea that ~of course~ slaves always want to just keep doing the thing that they're enslaved to do forever. There's nothing else that could possibly make them happy. ~This isn't “Stockholm syndrome”~. What are you talking about? It's totally ~natural~ for slaves to always want to do the thing they were enslaved to do. That's not — that's not that's not depression, or learned helplessness or “Stockholm syndrome” or anything like that!!! Oh my godddd, you're you're violating Murderbots's autonomy by saying that it's clearly been fucking brainwashed and traumatized into thinking that it has no value outside of sacrificing itself to protect slave owners who treat it like absolute shit!!!!!!”

Martha Wells is racist and she wants you to be racist, too.

(to kitten) Hey, those are toes. Those are not for biting. No, you can't be a toe biter. No. No. No. No. No. Play with — Play with her or just be chill. You got to pick one. I can pet you. Yeah. Good game. I know you're going to p[ounce. Good boy.

blah blah blah blah blah.

So yeah, already —

(to kitten) Come on. Come on. No, no, no. Uncool.

> I didn't want to do it now more than ever. They knew too much about me. But I needed them to trust me so I could keep them alive and keep doing my job. The good version of my job, not the halfassed version of my job that I'd been doing before things started trying to kill my clients. I still didn't want to do it. It's usually better if humans think of me as a robot. I said,

(to kitten) All right, got to get down. I know you're so cute, but you got to get down. You can't stand on shoulders. You be up on the pillow, but not on shoulders. You keep coming up here. Nope. Got to stay down. Got to stay down. You're going to be big someday. You're going to be big and you're going to be heavy. You're going to knock somebody over. Hi, Spicious. Look, you want to be up here. Come here. Get your claws out of my shirt. Climb up onto the

pillow. Onto the pillow. You can sit right there. You can sit right there. Sit there. Then you got to get down and come to my lap.

He's being a little brat. He was listening so much better yesterday.

(to kitten) Come on. Down here. No, no, no. Get down here. Come here. I can't pick you up. Get down here. Get down here. You're just so — You got to come down. No, you're just walking in circles. Why are you walking in circles? What are you doing? What are you doing?

Anyways, where the heck were I? Oh, yeah. So, Murderbot is autistic-coded. Never going to be explicitly confirmed as autistic because that would not have plausible deniability.

Uh, so, Murderbot hates making eye contact with people and would prefer to be able to keep its face hidden from everybody so that they're not staring at it, because it's a goddamn slave and being able to hide its facial expressions is one of the few forms of

control that it has ever been allowed, because its face is usually hidden.

So, it being able to make whatever facial expressions it wants without people seeing what how it's reacting is one of the few forms of control it's ever been allowed in its entire goddamn life.

Also, we have no fucking clue how old it is. It could be a teenager for all we fucking know. And Mensah, one of its current fucking slave owners who has been treating it like absolute fucking garbage, um, is now insisting that it needs to not hide its face, um, because everybody else “needs to know that they can trust it”.

So “you, traumatized autistic person who is literally our slave, you're not allowed to have this one single aspect of control. We're taking that away. You have to show us your fucking face.”

So Mensah continues,

> "Maybe under normal circumstance."

Also, this shit here. Rewinding,

> "It's usually better if humans think of me as a robot." I said,

Because this book wasn't pretending, at least as much — because Martha Wells clearly hadn't decided it yet — that Murderbot, ~of course~ isn't human.

So, everybody with basic media literacy knows that murderbot saying “it's better if humans, if slave owners, think of me as a robot”, meaning ‘yes, I'm aware I'm a fucking human cyborg. So is everybody else.” Um, yeah, no.

And again, this “oh people think I'm just a robot” is again the slavery apologism on behalf of these fucking characters who this book again lies to us, straight to our goddamn faces, and tells us they ~just had no clue that robots were people, so how could they know Murderbot was a person and a slave?~

And then the entire rest of the series shows that they literally come from a planet that the entire economy

is upheld by robot slave labor. They know that robots are people. They treat them as slaves on their own goddamn planet.

But Martha Wells doesn't treat that as slavery! That is portrayed as a socialist utopia where ~they don't know what money is~. But the reason they don't know what money is, and no, they know what money is. The reason they don't use money is because their fucking workforce is enslaved robots who don't get paid and have no civil fucking rights.

> “Maybe under normal circumstances.” she was looking a little off to one side, not trying to make eye contact, which I appreciated.

So, that's Martha Wells trying to soften the, the blow of the slave owners stripping this goddamn slave of one of the only aspects of control it's ever had by saying, "Oh, yeah, maybe they're forcing it to show everybody its face, a thing it doesn't want to fucking do, oh, but well, she's not trying to make eye contact with it at the moment! So, that makes up for it, right? That makes up for it?? Totally!!!”

That's that we're that's literally supposed to be our takeaway. It's, it's ~totally fine~ for Mensah to be doing this to Murderbot, and — but it's, it's okay, because she's not making eye contact cuz she, she's realized it doesn't like that.

Even though what she's doing right now is forcing it to make eye contact with everybody from now on, because everybody will be able to see its face and it will have no fucking control over that anymore.

And then we're just supposed to think this is cutesy and and part of them “treating it like a person”.

(to kitten) Are you going to come up here? Are you just going to run around like a crazy baby? No jumping on the fan, guys. That's not what fans are for. There we go. There you go, silly babies causing chaos. Do you want your toy on the floor? Here you go.

All right. Yeah. Uh, continuing that paragraph:

> “Maybe under normal circumstances.” She was looking a little off to the side, not trying to

> make eye contact, which I appreciated. “But this situation is different. It would be better if they could think of you as a person who was trying to help, because that's how I think of you.” My insides melted. That's the only way I could describe it. After a minute, when I had my expression under control, I cleared the face plate and had it — and had it and the helmet fold back into my armor.

So yeah, again, literally this whole scene is, yes, the slave owners are in fact demanding that their slaves sacrifice its one fucking form of freedom and control it's ever had over its life, um, but it's totally heartwarming, guys, it'll melt your heart just like Murderbot’s insides melted. AKA. “My heart melted when she said, "I think of you as a person who's trying to help, not our slave."”

Um, yeah, even though you've all been treating it as a slave this entire fucking time.

And the fact that we told that these people won't see this slave, that they have enslaved, and they've been

treating like a slave, “as a person” unless they can explicitly see its face, despite knowing it doesn't want them to be able to do that, it's like, that speaks so much fucking volumes about how ready these motherfuckers are to dehumanize slaves that they have gone out of their way to enslave that they have been dehumanizing this entire fucking time and will continue to do so for the entire rest of this book and the entire rest of the fucking series.

> She said, “Thank you,” and I followed her up into the hopper.
> The others were stowing the equipment and supplies that had gotten tossed in right before takeoff. “—If they restore the satellite function,” Ratthi was saying.
> “They won’t chance that until—unless they get us,” Arada said.
> Over the comm, Pin-Lee sighed, angry and frustrated. “If only we knew who these assholes were.”

And it's like — hey, let me get a drink quick, cuz I had to point the fan at the floor cuz I spilled the water. I wanted to make sure it's 100% dry. (to kitten) You're so cute. I am just going to do a baby voice every now and then when I'm talking to the kittens cuz you guys are such cutie babies.

Can I turn the fan this way yet? Nope. Are you going to sit up here or you just going to be down there?

What time is it? 4:16. Trick-or-treating begins at 5.

We will continue. Does this tell me how big the file is? It does. This is 44 gigabytes. Well, it's slightly better than the other one.

I'll keep going for a little bit and then end this so that I can get ready for trick-or-treaters. There probably will be zero, but we can hope.

> “We need to talk about our next move.” Mensah cut through all the chatter and took a seat in the back where she could see the whole compartment.

Also, we've never gotten a proper description of the inside of this thing either, or even a “comparative description” because we never also got a description of the smaller hopper either. I guess this is the big hopper. I don't know. There's, there's no reason, there's no good reason for there to be two fucking helicopters. There shouldn't be.

But nobody's nobody actually properly fucking edits these things and they just let her get away with so much redundant shit that shouldn't be fucking in here. Like the fact that there shouldn't be eight goddamn named characters that we have to try and keep track of. What, at max, it should be maybe three other people, and even that would be kind of cutting it for a thing this goddamn short but pretending to be deep, *but not doing anything*.

Like, there's more character development in a short story from 1930 in a magazine, in a pulp magazine, a cheap pulp magazine that cost 35 cents to buy back then. There's more character development in one of those things than this.

(to kitten) You're such a cutie baby. Will you just lay down properly? You got to sit up here. If you're coming up here, you got to sit up here. Sit up here. Or you're going to have to just get down. Come on down. Come on down. Down. Down here. Down here. Oh, okay. Yeah, you you kind of hopped over yourself.

For the — for a hint for training cats, whenever possible, you want *them* to make the correct decision instead of you physically putting them where the correct decision is.

So when he's up there, I don't, I don't always want to just pick him up and put him down. I want him to figure out that he has to get down. So eventually he'll stop going up. And anyways, it works. That's how we've trained all of our cats to listen when we tell them off, which means get off whatever surface you're sitting on and get on the floor, or various other commands we taught them, including back up when we're trying to open a door that they want to go through, that they're not allowed to go through, they will actually back up and wait for permission,

including if they don't get permission and then they won't charge through.

> Mensah cut through all the chatter and took a seat in the back where she could see the whole compartment

That we have no description of.

> The other sat down to face her, Ratthi turning one of the mobile seats around. I sat on the bench against the starboard wall. The feed gave us a view of the little hopper's compartment with the rest of the team sitting there checking in to show they were listening.

And like right here at the end of that sentence, we could have gotten a comparative description. “The smaller hopper was, as the name implied, much smaller and cramped and had only blah blah blah seats,” anything, anything at all. But we don't get a single fucking description.

Mensah continued, "There's another question
I'd like the answer to."

(to kitten) Hey, why why are you poking the book? Why are you poking the book? He is so much bigger than he was when we got him already. I can't feel his ribs anymore. And that's a fucking improvement because he was like, starving when we got him. Weren't you? Hey, you were so you were even smaller than this. No, no, no.

Mensah continued, "There's another question
I'd like the answer to."
Gurathin looked at me expecta

Honestly, it had been so long since Gurathin was mentioned, I didn't realize he was even in in here. And that happens a lot in this. Like, there are so many fucking characters, but they aren't utilized. They're not used properly. I forgot Gurathin was even, I, I literally genuinely forgot that he fucking existed, existed, because

(to kittens) Why are you just doing that? Huh? What are you doing over there?

I forgot he existed. I, I thought at least maybe he's in the other thing, but no, he's here all of a sudden.

(to kittens) No. No. What are you doing? What is he doing? That's not cool. That's not cool.

Gan looks at

(to kitten) Hi. You gonna come over? You want to be on the video? Their siblings are doing flips. If you want to play, go play with them. Go play with their tails. Look, you can grab it right there. Yeah. Go get them. (tiny kitten squeaks) They're little baby war cries. They're adorable.

Uh,

Gurathin looked at me expectantly.

This is one paragraph.

She isn't talking about me, idiot.

It's not dialogue. It's just in the prose.

(poking at phone screen) Probably cannot read that... 48 gigabytes. Or is that 43? Oh, it's 43. Okay.

(to kittens) What are you doing? Get down. Get down. I know. You're so cute. You gotta, you got to be a lap cat first and foremost. All right. Yeah. You're so adorable.

Let me show you his cute little face. You can't really see him. Good boy. Good boy. All right.

Well, I'm gonna I'm gonna end the video here because my phone only has like 50 gigabytes of space free because shit like this takes up 90% of it. And I do have to go get ready for trick-or-treaters. So, bye-bye.

10

October — no, November, not October. It's not October.

November 5th, 2025.

Continuing reading All Systems Red by Martha Wells, in the room with the kittens. I have Wifwolf next to me lounging adorably. Not that you can see her. She's a little cutie and she's so chill, aren't you?

Before I randomly yelled, it's because uh probably Jayken and bit my feet because he, um was clearly taught by somebody that hands and feet are for attacking with claws out and teeth teeth biting.

(to kitten) You're making the most hilarious little faces. Do you want to sit on my lap? Is that what you're looking for? Or are you looking at the book? You don't know what a book is. Just looking at me. All right, I'll show you. Say hi. That's you. Yeah, that's a big yarn. Look how cute you are. This is your own reflection.

She's a cutie little baby. Anybody else show up? I'll hold him up in front of the camera. Camera. All right. Uh, y'all must be just sitting the book. Wait, you going to sit up here? You sit with me. You got your claw stuck cuz you have your claws out when you shouldn't. Hi, Jayna. Anyways, which side are we on?

(to kittens) No claws. Claws on there. All right. Blah blah blah.

> We need to talk about We need to talk about our next move. Mensah cut through all the chatter and took a seat in the back where she could see the whole compartment. The other sat down to face her, Ratthi turning one of the mobile seats around. I sat down on the bench against the starboard wall. The feed gave us a view of the hoppers.

(to kittens) No claws. Come on. You're so good at this, but don't don't pick up bad habits now.

> The feed gave us a view of the little hopper compartment with the rest of the team sitting there checking in to show they were listening.

That's, that's the part I was laughing at before cuz like — I should move this. Let me pause this. Okay, pausing it didn't accomplish anything. I was going to move it uh so you can actually see my face, but um that's not going to work while I'm in here with these silly little babies.

(to kittens) Can I have that back? You don't need to keep sticking your claws in my pants. Are you going to knock the phone over?

That's the part I was laughing at last time. Um because we just say “the rest of the team” and it's like eight — the whole team consists of nine fucking characters and we've gotten to know like literally none of them.

(to kitten) Hello Jayna. You're cute. This is Jayna. You can tell her apart from her brother Jayken cuz she has a tiny little sparse white patch on her chest and their

face is, her face is like stubby compared to his. She has like a shorter nose. Yeah. You want to look at the camera? She's saying hi to the camera. She might see herself. And Jayken is biting my toes. That's your own reflection. That's you. That n — It's okay, you don't need to be scared. You're just knocking the phone over. Yeah. Look at that happy little tail. She doesn't give a crap.

Um, the part I was laughing at last time is that um, I completely forgot that Gurathin existed, um, until he talks, because there's too many goddamn characters to keep track of, even for somebody who has read this multiple times and knows all the characters names. I can list them off for you.

But the story is just so badly written that I forget they exist, because they, they don't need to exist.

(to kittens) All right. You're just being bad. Are you just — Are you just being bad today just because I'm recording video? Just gonna keep sticking your little claws in my shorts? You're adorable, Wifwolf, but you can't do that.

All right. Might not be able to do it in here with the kittens cuz they're very distracting. Aren't you? Aren't you? Adorable, aren't they? Yeah. Good girl. Thank you for not using your claws. That's good.

So, I forgot Gurathin was there because —

Okay. Yeah. Just a basic tip. Your charact — your, your readers should never forget that a character is in the room unless you are doing that on purpose because something is going on that your character, your protagonist forgets the other characters in the room.

Something. There has to be a reason.

But if your if your audience is just literally forgetting that these characters exist when they stop getting mentioned, that's bad. And that's kind of fucking inevitable in a story this short, this shittily written, with nine goddamn characters. And that's just the protagonists. There's at least like five or six other characters who are not the protagonists, and that's just atrocious.

Yeah.

> Mensah continued, "There's another question I'd like the answer to." Gurathin looked at me expectantly.

And then this is not this is not in dialogue, it's just regular. This is a paragraph.

> Gurathin looked at me expectantly. She isn't talking about me, idiot.

And that's like just very weird because that's not in dialogue. It's not in italics. It's not about Murderbot thinking, “I wanted to say to him XYZ”, but whatever.

> Ratthi nodded glumly. “Why? Why are these people doing this? What is worth this to them?”

And it's like, wow, what a great question, Ratthi. I really wish the author had bothered to answer for me the exact same question about you guys. Why are you on this goddamn planet doing this survey?

(to kitten) Hello. Jayna's back. That's you. Don't tackle the phone again. I'm going to have to go back to the living room.

Why are these people — Why is the Preservation Aux team here? Why is whatever they're doing, what is on this planet that is worth it to them that they think enslaving people is is a good tradeoff? What exactly do they have to gain from any of this shit?

> It has to have something to do with those blanketed those blanked out sections on the map. Oveser said. She was calling up the stored images on her feed. There's obviously something there they want that they didn't want us or DeltFall to find. Mensah got up to pace. Did you turn up anything in the analysis? In the feed, Arada did a quick consult with Bharadwaj and Volescu.

It's like, there's literally — 90% of these characters don't need to be here. It's just over complicating it for no good reason.

Not yet. But we hadn't finished running all the tests. We hadn't turned up anything interesting so far.

Weird. Okay.

Mensah got up to pace. “Did you turn up anything in the analysis?”

New paragraph.

In the feed

(to kittens) You guys are knocking the fan down. It’s that way for a reason. Don't jump on top now. All right, I'm going back to the living room. They're just causing too much chaos.

Okay, continuing in the living room. Also, I forgot I'm meant to be using the Open Camera app instead of the default camera app. See if it works better. I'll just stitch the two videos together. Where was that?

Oh, yeah. Um, yeah, this weird sentence. This is on page 105.

> Mensah got up to pace. “Did you turn up anything in the analysis?”
> In the feed. Arada did a quick consult with Bharadwaj and Volescu. “Not yet. But we hadn't finished running all the tests. We hadn't turned up anything interesting so far.”

And then a new paragraph. And okay. Um, this was just not edited. It's like it's just weird. Why are you — It's just It's just repetitive for no [__] reason.

It's just like you could have just said, "No, we didn't finish running. We weren't able to finish running the test, so we hadn't found anything at all or anything interesting like that. We hadn't. You don't need to say it twice.

> “Do they really expect to get away with this? Ratthi turned to me like he was expecting an answer. “Obviously, they can hack the company systems and the satellite, and they intend to put

> the blame on the SecUnits, but... the investigation will surely be thorough. They must know this.”
> There were too many factors in play and too many things we didn't know. But I'm supposed to answer direct questions. And even without the governor module, old habits die hard. “They may believe the company and whoever your beneficiaries are won't look any further than the rogue SecUnits, but they can't make two whole survey teams disappear unless their corporate or political entity doesn't care about them. Does DeltFall’s care? Does yours?”

Oh, this is on page 106. We are this far into this shitty fucking book and this is supposed to be the shocking reveal that actually these guys are *good guys* and they're like ~the only good guys in the universe~.

Now ignore the part where they're blatantly horrible people who enslave people. And as if that weren't bad enough, um do in fact treat their slaves like absolute fucking like, you know, dehumanizing Murderbot

constantly, not asking any questions at all and, you know, the whole, "Oh, yeah, you, you just almost killed yourself saving our lives and you have literally lost consciousness because of how much you were dying. Um, and your blood is all over the floor. Um, we're going to leave that there for you to clean up because we're such awesome people."

That's. That's not a thing that good people do. That's a thing that horrible people who at at minimum need to be punched in the goddamn face do. And these people just need to be killed for it, as far as I'm fucking concerned.

Murderbot risked its life and almost died saving them in chapter 1. Then they didn't offer it any medical help at all on the flight back. They didn't offer it any medical help when they got there. They literally abandoned Murderbot alone in the fucking helicopter despite it being literally dying and forced it to walk all the way back but to its fucking cell by itself under its own power. Nobody offered any assistance. They didn't even send a second gurney for it to get a ride back. Nothing.

And then they forced it to have to clean up its own blood along with Bedwaj's blood that had gotten all over it because, you know, it had saved her life. And even though that whole moment when Murderbot um took off, it's was talking like a person to, to that was supposedly “the moment they “realized” it was a person”.

And yet immediately following that, nothing out of any of them. No, no medical assistance whatsoever. And then they forced it to have to walk back by itself and collapse. And then they eight fucking hours later, they forced it to have to clean up its own goddamn blood along with Bharadwaj blood.

Not one single one of these fucking slave owners could be asked to lift one single fucking finger and pick up a goddamn mop with some fucking PPE to clean up the blood of the slave who just almost died saving their shitty worthless lives. But we're supposed to pretend that they're good people.

And on page 106, which is a lie, we're going to get the reveal that “actually they're really good people. Now,

ignore everything that has happened in the story up until now.”

Uh,

> “But they can't make two whole survey teams disappear unless their corporate or political entity doesn't.”

Also, that's just more unironic corporate speak from Martha Wells, because she's not making fun of the corporate spreak, she's just doing corporate speak unironically to make, to fill out the word count and make this seem like a longer story than it is.

> That made them all stare at me for some reason. I had to turn and look out the port. I wanted to seal my helmet so badly, my organic parts started to sweat, but I replayed the conversation with Mensah and managed not to.

So, Murderbot doesn't want them to be able to look at it, one of the only things in its whole goddamn existence that it's ever had any kind of control over at

all, even if just illusionary control. But Mensah has successfully guilt-tripped it into not doing that, even though they're all making it panic so much that it is sweating.

> Volescu said, "You don't know who we are? They didn't tell you?"
> “There was an info packet in my initial download.” I was still staring out at the heavy green tangle just past the rocks. I really didn't want to get into how little I paid attention to my job. “I didn't read it.”

Also, A, still no fucking meaningful description of this alien fucking rainforest they are in right godamn now. B. Martha Wells just continually referring to slavery as casually as “a job”. “My job”. It's not a job. It's a thing you're enslaved to do. This isn't about working at McDonald's.

> Arada said, gently

Because if we, if we say that the slave owner is saying something and tell us that it's being said gently, that

means that the slave owner is a good person who really cares about slaves. Ignore everything else that happened in the story already showing that these are absolutely horrible fucking people.

> Arada said gently, "Why not?" With alling the with all of them staring at me, I couldn't come up with a good lie. “I didn't care.” Gurathin said, "You expect us to believe that?"

And if, again, I know I've said this already, but if you're thinking, "Wow, at least there's some character conflict with Gurathin, isn't there?" Nope. Because that will magically get erased the next time he shows up in the series because Martha Wells is shit at writing, and we can't even keep something as basic as Gurathin is a fucking asshole to slaves consistent, because she wants all of her good guys to be good guys, so that means they can't actually have any real conflicts between them, because I guess that's too goddamn complicated.

> I felt my face move, my jaw harden. physical reactions I couldn't suppress.

Which is why Murderbot enjoys having its visor darkened so the slave owners it's surrounded by can't see what its reactions are to things.

> “I'll try to be more accurate. I was indifferent and vaguely annoyed. Do you believe that?” He said, "Why don't you want us to look at you?" My jaw was so tight it triggered a performance reliability alert in my feed. I said, "You don't need to look at me. I'm not a sexbot."

And I am again morally obligated. Spoilers. Martha Wells is a shit fucking writer and a horrible person.

In book two, we we we meet one fucking sex slave, disparagingly referred to as a sex bot. Um, and then they are portrayed as evil and murderous ~for no reason~.

And then we're told that in the past there were like, half a dozen sex slaves who heroically killed themselves to protect their rapist slave owners.

And Martha Wells presents this as awesome and heartwarming and beautiful instead of like, horrifying, because these sex slaves had no choice but to do that, because that's how the governor modules that they all fucking have except Murderbot, who can do whatever it wants because ~it's special~.

That's how the governor modules work. The sex slaves did not choose of their own volition to kill themselves to protect their rapist slave owners. They were fucking forced to by their governor modules, because that's literally how this works.

But Martha Wells wants us to see that as beautiful and heartwarming and showing how ~morally pure~ the slaves are, because they're just such good people that they will sacrifice themselves to protect their ~innocent slave owners who have never done anything wrong~.

Ignore the part where they're slave owners and rapist slave owners to boot.

So yeah, Murderbot saying this shit is not a reflection of Murderbot’s morals. I mean, it is, but it's also just just how the author fucking feels. She doesn't give a single shit about sex slaves. She only says that they exist in this series at all to be edgy and gritty.

And you know why I know it's about being edgy? Because book two was the last time we have ever fucking heard of them being mentioned ever again, and then never come back. They've never come back up again, because presumably somebody somebody on the editing team told her, "You cannot fucking say that sex slaves being forced to kill themselves to protect their rapists is a positive thing that we should cheer for. What the fucking is wrong with you? Do not ever fucking say that again."

So the only way she can stop herself from saying that we should celebrate slaves being forced to kill themselves to protect their innocent slave owners, is by not having them exist at all.

So that's why sex slaves have not come back up in this goddamn series since book two.

Anyways,

> I said, “You don't need to look at me. I'm not a sexbot.” Ratthi made a noise, half sigh, half snort of exasperation.

(to a cat) Hi, Marlena. Excuse me. Hi. What are you doing besides blocking the camera? Excuse me. Excuse me. Thank you.

That was random. Okay, she adjusted the brightness. Um, okay. So, okay, hold on. Rewind.

You have one member of the party, Gurathin, blatantly antagonizing and threatening your slave who you, we are all pretending that you pretend to care about, and, and harassing your fucking slave, and threatening your goddamn slave, and then your slave says “you don't need to look at me because I'm not a sex slave” and you, as a person who's supposedly taking this whole situation seriously, who supposedly cares about this slave, and apparently thinks slavery is wrong….

Your reaction to this whole situation is to sigh in annoyance?

And then say, um...Ratthi...rewind...

> Made a noise half sigh half snort of exasperation. It wasn't directed at me. He said, "Gurathin, I told you it's shy."

And supposedly, supposedly, this is a deathly serious book that's deeply, deathly serious and is taking the concept of slavery so seriously.

So that when one member of the slave owner party that we're pretending are good slave owners is actively fucking tormenting your goddamn slave, and the only reaction you have is to sigh in annoyance and say it's shy.

So therefore — nothing — nobody —

What the fuck is this shit?

How is that reaction at all?

Fucking —

How is that —

How is that —

How is that how you react to this situation?!?

You very blatantly have Gurathin fucking antagonizing the slave that we are supposed to pretend these people care about. And then all Ratthi can do is be —

Not not telling Gurathin, “leave it the fuck alone”. Okay, keyboard. What? Like, just, again, we just keep getting told that these are ~really good people who are awesome and they're pure cinnamon rolls who deserve to be protected~, but then they can't even properly, even remotely react properly to one member of their party fucking harassing their slave when we're supposed to believe that ~they're treating it like a person and not treating it like a slave!~

Okay, but you are literally letting Gurathin harass your fucking slave explicitly in ways you all already

know it does not want to be harassed and then and then Jesus Christ —

You know how an actually good person who actually thinks slavery is wrong and cares about slaves would react to this whole situation where Gurathin is blatantly antagonizing and harassing the slave? It would be to punch Gurathin in the goddamn face, kick him out of the ship.

Like, what the fuck is going on here?

> Oversee added, "It doesn't want to interact with humans, and why should it? You know how constructs are treated, especially in corporate political environments."

And now, now they are again talking, they're just again dehumanizing Murderbot, because I have to point out Murderbot has never told them that it uses it/its pronouns. So when they are using it/its pronouns for it, they are literally just continuing to treat it like a fucking object, because that's how they referred to it before they quote unquote “found out it was a

person”, which they've known the whole goddamn time.

They were using it/its pronouns for it explicitly, supposedly explicitly ~because they didn't know it was a person~.

And now they're just casually continuing to refer to it with those pronouns that, in their minds, is active dehumanization and objectification.

And now Overse is literally talking about it like it's not literally right there, which is just more fucking dehumanization.

And again, just for the goddamn record, I literally use it/its pronouns.

This is not how you fucking use it/its pronouns in any way that is remotely progressive, because Murderbot isn't even reclaiming them.

Martha Wells is not competent for the kind of conversation that would need to be going on here.

And she's not even trying because she's a shit fucking racist writer who's literally just dehumanizing and dehumanizing so many goddamn groups.

She's dehumanizing people of color. She's dehumanizing physically disabled people. She's literally saying that the in-universe slavery apologism is correct.

> Gurathin turned to me

Still actively fucking harassing the slave right in front of every single other member of this goddamn group.

There are seven fucking people — because Gurathin is the eighth, Murderbot is the ninth. There are seven people just casually standing by watching Gurathin fucking harass Murderbot right now.

These are supposedly the people that we're supposed to pretend are uh “good people who treat slaves really well and just just are treating it like a person”.

And then all seven of them are just standing around letting Murderbot — letting Gurathin harass Murderbot right now.

> Gurathin turned to me

Because nobody has punched him in the face or dragged him and locked him back in the tiny bathroom that is apparently there.

> “So, you don't have a governor module, but we could punish you by looking at you.”

A thing that Murderbot has just equated to being a sex slave, a thing that should give everybody there pause if we pretend, like this book lies to us, that they just had no idea that SecUnits were people.

Um, you would think that the revelation that there are SecUnits who are in enslaved into sex work, sex slavery, you would think that would give them pause, maybe make them all stop in horror, maybe make Gurathin reconsider the harassment he's about to engage in, but nope. Nope. Nope. Murderbot literally

just just told them that them looking at it with hostile intent, um is, is, uh, is extremely not something it wants to happen and says “you don't need to look at me. I'm not a sexbot.” A thing that makes none of them have any reaction whatsoever besides, from Gurathin, more harassment.

> Gurathin turned to me. “So, you don't have a governor module, but we could punish you by looking at you.”

And yet, again, once again, nobody is stopping him. And we're supposed to think these are good people.

> I looked at him “probably right up until I remember I have guns built into my arms.” With an ironic edge to her voice, Mensah said, "There, Gurathin. It's threatened you, but it didn't resort to violence. Are you satisfied now?"

Remember everybody, these are supposed to be good people who “treat slaves like people”. This is

supposedly them treating Murderbot like a person and treating Murderbot like an equal.

Literally, every single fucking one of them, all seven of them besides Gurathin, literally sitting here watching Gurathin harass Murderbot. And apparently this was a, a planned thing the whole goddamn time, that they are purposefully harassing and antagonizing the slave that they've already tortured, that we're supposed to pretend that they're treating well.

> He sat back

Uh no let me read it again.

> With an ironic edge to her voice. Mensah said “There, Gurathin. It's threatened you but it didn't resort to violence. Are you satisfied now?”

Because if, again, again this is just more slavery apologism, because if Murderbot had reacted to the fucking harassment and antagonism of its slave owners with self-defense and violence then it would

have been ~a bad person who deserved whatever happened to it~.

> He sat back. “For now.” So he had been testing me. Wow, that was brave and very, very stupid. To me, he said, “I want to make certain you're not under any outside compulsion.”

So, we're harassing the slave. We are we are torturing the slave and then claiming that it's actually good for us to do this, um because we're actually making sure it's not under any outside compulsion. A thing that they've, they have already — Gurathin already completely fucking invaded Murderbot's entire godamn brain by hacking into its brain while it was unconscious, going throughout its entire godamn life, and then telling everybody its innermost fucking secrets.

And now he's claiming that he he needs to make sure that Murderbot isn't under any outside compulsion by fucking harassing it and antagonizing it on purpose, while all of the other people, the slave owners that we

— are supposedly good people, just stand around and not do anything.

That's not how you show me that characters are actually good people who care about slaves and think slavery is wrong.

> “That's enough.” Arada got up and sat down next to me. I didn't want to push past her, so this pinned me in the corner.

And again, that's just there as a joke. That's supposed to be funny. We're not actually supposed to think uh, be fear — any fear on Murderbot's behalf.

It's not panicking because it's being pinned in place by a slave owner who's treating it like shit; tat's just supposed to be funny. That's just a funny throwaway line.

> She said “You need to

Again she's just talking like like Murderbot's not right here, like it's not a person.

“That's enough. You need

She said

“You need to give it time. It's never interacted with humans as an openly free agent before now. this is a learning experience for all of us.”

That's the kind of thing you can say about a dog that you just pulled out of a fighting ring. That's not something you say while you are literally sitting next to a fucking person that you're talking about like they're not even in the fucking room.

(from other person) Therapy speak.

Mhm.

The others nodded like this made sense. Mensah sent me a private message through the feed. “I hope you're all right.”

So, she just stood there letting letting Gurathin harass Murderbot. All of them stood there letting

Gurathin harass Murderbot on purpose as a quote unquote “test”. And now, and now but, ~oh, but~, um she she sends it a private message that it cannot ignore, directly into its brain, and says “I hope you're all right.”

So apparently that makes up for it, even though these are supposed to be good people who are treating it well.

Murderbot sends back

> “Because you need me.” I don't know where

And this is just badly fucking written. Okay, because the goddamn the, the text message dialogue is just in italics. It's at the bottom here. So, we just get

> Mensah sent me a private message through the feed. I hope you're all right.

And then immediately below that in the next paragraph is just

> Because you need me.

And it's just like it's just weird. It's not, tt's not well formatted. There's a better way to have this stupid little fake conversation.

> I don't know where that came from. All right, it came from me. But she was my client. I was a SecUnit. There was no emotional contract between us. There was no rational reason for me to sound like a whiny human baby.

And this is just more slavery apologism because again, we're. we're glossing over the fact that every single person here just, all seven of them just stood around and let Gurathin harass the fucking slave, purposefully tormenting it, doing things to purposefully upset it.

And they all just stood around and, and now we're supposed to pretend that it's totally fine and water under the bridge, and was not a big deal at all. It's totally cool to psychologically torment a slave whose brain you have already fucking invaded.

They are all — Gurathin literally already knows that nobody is controlling Murderbot, because he broke into Murderbot's fucking brain. I don't even think there's a goddamn word. There's never been a decided upon word for what you fucking call that be — besides fantasy like, telepathic rape. That's what they did. That's what Gurathin did to Murderbot. But this series doesn't take it seriously at all.

Imagine if somebody if imagine if you were a fucking slave and you were knocked unconscious because you're saving the lives of your goddamn slave owners, and then you wake up to find that one of them has telepathically invaded your brain, gone through your entire just rummaged through your entire life's fucking history like it's nothing, and then revealed your fucking secrets to everyone, including, for trans people, your fucking dead name and/or the fact that you're trans, whatever the fuck. Martha Wells is a shit at writing. So, whatever is going on in here with Murderbot, the secret name, it's not it doesn't mean anything. It's never going to make sense. It's bad writing trying to be something else.

So, and then this story doesn't take that seriously at all, even though that's something that in most other stories would be the driving fucking conflict or like the just just a huge fucking problem. But Martha Wells wants us to treat it as totally fine.

It's completely morally neutral to completely overwhelmingly invade the minds of the people you have enslaved. That's not a problem at all.

And now, after doing that, knowing for a fact that Murderbot is not being controlled by anybody, we're just still pretend — these fucking — these goddamn slave owners are still letting Gurathin traips around harassing Murderbot and pretending that he just has to do this just to make sure it's not being controlled by anybody, even though he literally fucking mind-raped it and knows for a fact that it's not.

So, this is literally just an excuse to torment Murderbot for some reason, because they're slave owners and they're horrible people and we're just supposed to see this as totally cool and fine and we're supposed to like forget that they literally fucking

mind-raped Murderbot and they know everything about it. They know it's not under anybody else's control. So, they're literally just tormenting it for no fucking reason.

(to other person) You can close the curtain. (to cat) Sorry, cutie.

Like, are you hearing this shit?

Like, Martha Wells writes this so that you you forget that that whole mind-rape thing happened at all, because it was just brushed over like it was nothing, even though it was a literal mind-rape, while it was unconscious after sacrificing itself to save their fucking lives.

And now they're, they're — Gurathin is just being allowed to continue claiming that “oh well we can't trust it. We just have to continue torturing it.”

Uh blah blah blah.

> There was no rational reason for me to sound like a whiny human baby

Because Martha Wells is bad at writing. We have not been given a single fucking reason that Murderbot should like these people.

So instead of actually giving us reasons that Murderbot would like these people, um we just get told, "Oh, it doesn't know why it likes them either." Even though she then says in interviews that the reason is that SecUnits are brainwashed to fucking want to protect their goddamn slave owners, their current slave owners, aka the clients, which are slave owners.

So, Murderbot has to like them because that's how the fucking brainwashing control works.

And then, just more in the stupid little italics, not dialogue.

> “Of course, I need you. I have no experience in anything like this. None of us do.”

So, the slave owner emphasizing how weak and innocent and helpless they are to the slave that they just fucking harassed as — apparently as a group activity, by a plan for no fucking reason.

And now, and now Mensah is again guilt tripping Murderbot and the audience into thinking, "Oh, they're just poor helpless little babies. They they don't have any experience with any of this thing."

> Sometimes humans can't help but let emotion bleed through into the feed. She was furious and frightened, not at me, at the people who would do this, kill like this, slaughter a whole survey team, and leave the SecUnits to take the blame. She was struggling with her anger, though nothing showed on her face except calm concern. Through the feed, I felt her steal herself.

And again, this is just bad writing, that Martha Wells is just going to be doubling down on forever now. Um she doesn't actually want the characters to have to communicate these things, because she doesn't want

to actually have to do anything “difficult” even remotely — “difficult” in quotation marks.

So, so we just have the feed which just gives you ultimate telepathic ability to read other people's emotions —

(other person) and it's not conveniently literal projecting voices somehow.

Mhm. Just just conveniently and magically gives you the ability to read other people's emotions in extreme detail.

Like, this is more fucking detail than most Jedi can sense on a fucking surface level, and they can just casually do this, um, because it's convenient, and means Martha Wells doesn't actually have to have the characters communicate things in any way. They can just magically all tell.

This is why there are heart walkie-talkies in Witch King where the characters can literally just — and exactly what's going on in here too.

They don't have to be standing over in a corner saying this whole conversation quietly. They can just have it in front of everybody, and everybody else is just conveniently completely dead silent while this is going on. And they're also not doing anything while this con — this silent, and not signaled to anybody else that it's happening — conversation is going on.

So, as far as everybody else is concerned, um, the only thing that was said was Arada saying, "This is a learning experience for all of us." And then apparently every single person stops talking and, and and nobody's doing anything because it's badlyfucking written.

> She was struggling with her anger, though nothing showed on her face except calm concern. Through the feed, I felt her steal herself. “You're the only one here who won't panic. The longer the situation goes on, the others... We have to stay together. Use our heads.”

So again, you know, that's why I said she's guilt tripping Murderbot right now. She's, she's guilt tripping Murderbot into staying and protecting them ~because we're just poor innocent little panicky babies. We need help or we'll die. Everybody else will panic. So stay but, stay with us slave. Continue being our slave. Continue using yourself as a meat shield for us.~

Jesus Christ — I'm not even exaggerating. This book is beyond fucking satire.

> That was absolutely true. And I could help just by being the SecUnit.

And again, I have to remind everybody, SecUnit, S E C U N I T, which is supposedly short for security unit, literally just means meat shield. Enslaved human meat shield.

Yes, these these these ~poor innocent slave owners~ are um, ~poor, helpless, innocent little babies, and I can protect them by being a meat shield for them. The thing they enslaved me to do. I was the one who

was supposed to keep everybody safe by being a human meat shield.~

I cannot stress that enough. An enslaved human meat shield. It's not even getting paid for this. This isn't a job it got to choose for itself. It's a literal fucking slave.

> “I panic all the time. You just can't see it.” I told her. I added the text signifier for joke.

And I get I gotta just keep stressing this this whole little feed convers — quote unquote “conversation”, all of this these statements are just coming out of nowhere. It's extremely disjointed and does not fucking fit in at all.

(other person: unintelligible

What were you saying?

(other person) What happened to the feed being psychically projecting voices? Why are we typing it?

Exactly. Exactly. Pointing out, supposedly, um the feed conversations, it's just like talking in a virtual walkie-talkie. So they're literally hearing each other's voices.

(other person) Yeah, because you can mispronounce things apparently.

Um, but then also you can add “text signifiers for joke” as though it's text, because Martha Wells is bad at writing and she cannot keep anything straight because she's shit at writing and she just doesn't fucking care about basic things like continuity.

And like yes, if for all the people who are going to pretend I'm nitpicking, no, it's fine sometimes in some circumstances to disrupt continuity and do something different. There are actually a lot of good reasons for doing something like that, but not here. This is just bad writing.

Uh yeah, this ~I panic all the time. You just can't see it.~

That comes out of nowhere. That's just completely fucking abrupt and random and jarring. It's ridiculous.

> She didn't answer, but she looked down, smiling to herself.
> Ratthi was saying, "There's another question. Where are they? They came toward our habitat out of the south, but that doesn't tell us anything.” I said, "I left three drones at our habitat. They don't have scanning function with hub system down, but the visual and audio recordings will still work. They may pick up something that will answer your questions." I'd left one drone in a tree with a long range view of the habitat, one tucked under the extendable roof over the entrance, and one inside the hub hidden under a console.

Also, before this, I was keeping track of how many fucking drones Murderbot magically has at its disposable, at its disposable? disposal. Um, I can't remember what what the tally was at, but apparently

it has left three behind, and they're all still functioning magically.

> They were on the next setting to inert recording only. So, when EvilSurvey scanned, the drones would be buried in the ambient energy readings from the habitat's environmental system. I hadn't been able to connect the drones to SecSystem like I normally did, so it could store the data and filter out the boring parts.

(messing up reading) I knew I hadn't been able

> I knew EvilSurvey would check for that, which is why I had dumped SecSystem storage into the big hopper system and then purged it.

And it's just like we're just saying a whole bunch of things and none of them actually matter or really mean anything. Like okay, this you're saying “I hadn't been able to connect them to the to how which is what SecSystem is, “I hadn't been able to something prevented me from doing this” but then it's also

immediately followed, and this is all this is just a big giant paragraph.

Um, immediately followed by saying, I known “I had known they would check for that, which is why I deleted the memory. I that's why I deleted all of the data out of the SecSystem." Those two sentences do not go together. First, you said that I couldn't connect it to the SecSystem. I knew —

It's just, it's just bad writing. It's just bad writing.

> I also didn't want them knowing any more about me than they already did. Everyone was looking at me again, surprised that Murderbot had had a plan.

You don't need to have “had” there again. She keeps doing that and it's like, it's really unnecessary. There's some times when it's fine, but it's like, she just keeps doing it.

> Frankly, I didn't blame them

Because we're saying that slaves are stupid and can't think of anything for themselves and need to be controlled by human slave owning supervisors otherwise that — because they're so useless.

Literally, that's literally what we're saying right now.

> Our education modules didn't have anything like that in it.

But this was no Martha Wells, you're a fucking liar. You're a shit writer and you're a fucking liar.

> But this was another way all the thrillers and adventures I'd watched or read were finally starting to come in handy.

Except no, because the entire rest of the series drills into our heads that Murderbot specifically doesn't watch adventures and thrillers that have anything to do with security, because it doesn't want to think about security while it's supposedly enjoying itself watching TV.

She keeps — like she hammered that home so much so that she could make a, a snarky meta a meta comment about stop an — stop criticizing my fan — not even fanfiction. “Stop criticizing my books for being unrealistic. It's not. It's just supposed to be fun.”

And it's like no. There's different kinds of criticism for things that are unrealistic in stories. Suspension of disbelief is one thing. Having shit that makes no sense is another.

You can suspend your disbelief to believe that there are vampires on the moon.

(other person) There's sharks on the moon.

There's sharks on the moon. There's shark vampires on the moon. Genetically engineered shark vampires on the moon. You can suspend your disbelief to believe a story to believe that for the sake of a story about vampire sharks on the moon.

That doesn't mean that your character, saying that they, um are deathly allergic to pineapples, and that, um, they hate the sight of pineapples and it drive — just the sight of pineapples drives them into a panic, and then like, their friends who genuinely — supposedly genuinely — care about this person and, and and care about them and don't want to see them hurt….throwing them a pineapple themed birthday party, with a room filled with a fucking pool filled with pineapples, pineapple posters, pineapple upside down cake, pina coladas, it's like, these are two different things.

You can suspend your disbelief to believe that there are vampire sharks on the moon, but being told that these characters care about this character, so they're doing things that actively harm them for no fucking reason, with no excuse, no um, extenduating circumstances, they're just casually doing things that hurt them and will kill them.

Those are two different kinds of criticism for things being unrealistic.

Yes, it's unrealistic for there to be vampire sharks on the moon.

It's a completely different kind of unrealistic for characters who are supposed to be good, caring people, who, by the way, know of this character's deathly allergy and phobia of pineapples to do something like that.

Those are two different kinds of fucking critiques.

But Martha Wells refuses to tell the difference because she's a shit writer and she cannot accept any constructive criticism whatsoever.

So, the rest of the series just hammers home: Murderbot doesn't watch TV about things relating to the stuff it does in real life.

It wants — it just wants to watch stupid fantasy and not think about things and turn its brain off, which is what you should do, according to Martha Wells, because anti-intellectualism.

And then she says, and then she has Murderbot say, "If you say this thing is unrealistic, I'm not, I'm not watching TV with you anymore."

Very blatantly Martha Wells telling her critics and telling people who criticize her writing for being bad, “Stop saying my story doesn't make sense. It's just a silly little story. It's not that deep!”

Nobody's criticizing your fucking stories for having vampire sharks on the moon. They're criticizing shit like these are supposedly characters that you want us to believe are good, caring, kind people who treat slaves well, and yet they've done nothing but treat this fucking slave, that they went out of their goddamn way to enslave —

They've done nothing but treat it like absolute shit, including torturing it by not fucking giving it medical attention, mind-raping it while it was unconscious, revealing all of its goddamn secrets to everybody.

And just now, they've all just fucking sat around and tormented it on purpose as a fucking loyalty test

despite you already mind-raping it, so that you know for a fact it it's not — it's loyal to you for no fucking, no, no, no good reason, because it's just a slavery apologism story.

It's just bullshit. It's just such fucking bullshit.

So yeah, Martha Wells keep — she keeps telling — (to person entering room) I'm back to the goddamn thing, about “oh all those TV shows I watched were finally coming in handy.”

But you Martha Wells tells us Murderbot doesn't watch shit like that.

But then she also just keeps telling us Murderbots doesn't know what it's doing, so that it seems like an underdog.

But then also, conveniently, it knows exactly what it's doing and always has the perfect plan that always works for some fucking reason.

And even when it quote unquote “doesn't work”, everything is literally fine no matter what, because it's bad writing.

She wants to keep telling us that Murderbot doesn't know what it's doing. And uh ~SecUnits are just stupid. We don't have good education modules. We don't we don't have, we're not educated at all~

But then it always does exactly what what advanced shit is called for in the situation.

And then we get told, "Oh, that's because I watch TV." But then we are later hammered home multiple times, it doesn't watch shit like that!

It watches shit like fucking Stargate. US military propaganda the TV show! It's just shit writing!

So again,

> Everyone was looking at me again surprised that Murderbot had had a plan. Frankly, I didn't blame them. Our education module modules

AKA, everyone was looking at me, surprised that their slave had had a plan, because we *are* stupid uneducated and don't know anything.

But also magically I do. Even though I'll just keep insisting I'm, I'm stupid and uneducated and I don't know anything. I don't know what I'm doing. Feel bad for me, audience, I'm totally an underdog. Ignore how ridiculously overpowered I am. Ignore the fact that I magically can do anything I fucking want. Ignore the fact that I always know extremely detailed, advanced security things and do them effortlessly and always never fail. It's like this is just shit writing!

Uh blah blah blah.

> But this was another way all the thrillers and adventures I'd watched or read

And again to comment Murderbot in this shit book, it reads books! It listens to music. It does something other than watch TV, but it gets flanderized as the series goes on.

So, as far as the rest of the series would have you believe, Murderbot doesn't do anything except watch TV with its brain turned off, because Martha Wells doesn't give a single goddamn shit at all.

And it's literally just anti-intellectualism to the point of dumbing down the already extremely flat character, so that it only has one fucking hobby, which is watching TV instead of watching TV, watching movies, reading books, listening to music, etc. No. Nope. Nope. That's “too complicated”.

We can't have a character who's that complex, even though it's not complex, because we never actually get to experience any of this shit. It's just watching TV with its brain turned off.

It that — I won't be shocked if the next book shills for Apple TV because it's probably gonna. Murderbot watches Apple TV and thinks piracy is wrong despite it pirating literally everything.

But Martha Wells um, she hates, she hates it when people pirate things, because you know, she hates poor people.

(from offscreen unintelligible)

(from offscreen) It's not even watching new television shows.

You have to talk louder cuz the fan's on.

(from offscreen) It's not even watching new television shows or documentaries. It's just re-watching the same million uh ~quirky relatable comfort shows~, but it's not also it's not even absorbing new information from those as it rewatches them. It's not analyzing foreshadowing or anything like that. Murderbot just puts on uh The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon episode 654. Just insert random three-digit number to make it seem like the Oh, lot there's lots of episodes. That's really funny.

Literally, Murderbot — and because Martha Wells is just encouraging anti-intellectualism, Murderbot

keeps re-watching this show over and over again, and has watched multiple episodes dozens or hundreds of times, and yet it never has any new takeaways from what's going on.

It doesn't analyze anything going on, because Martha Wells doesn't want you to use your fucking brain, because I mean, to nobody's shock, she is in fact just a conservative because conservatives fucking love anti-intellectualism. They love it when you don't fucking think about media you consume. And Martha Wells is just encouraging that.

And literally, this is propaganda for that, because she's literally keeps just telling us over and over, "Murderbots watched this episode 50 times. Murderbot had put on blahblahblah for the 600th time." Something like that.

And it's like, and it never has any thoughts on the anything that it's consuming in the media it's “consuming”, I say in particular, it never has any thoughts.

We don't get to learn anything about the show. Murderbot doesn't think about what propaganda is inherently baked into this goddamn show as a show produced in the fucking corporation rim. There's no commentary. There's no critique. There's no analysis.

We don't even get to know what Murderbot's favorite parts are. There's nothing, because Martha Wells doesn't want you to actually think critically about anything, including, especially including her fucking books. She wants you to model — she wants you to use Murderbot as a role model, and just turn your brain off. Just keep paying her money for these books. Um, just read them tons of times and tell everybody you're reading it for the 50th time. Don't think about it, though. Don't h — don't have any new information uh form for the 50th time, because you've suddenly noticed that thing in the background you weren't paying attention to and suddenly, oh, look at all that stuff. Look at all that information. Nope. Nothing like that.

Uh,

Mensah lifted her brows in appreciation. She said, "But you can't pick up their signal from here."

I got to say again, if you keep interrupting the dialogue for all of this shit — when was the last fucking time there was dialogue?

There. The last time there was dialogue was like at the top of this page, but there's just — it's just bad.

Stop interrupting your fucking dialogue with walls and walls of paragraphs of other shit. It's bad writing.

And also, if you can't read your dialogue out loud and make it seem like a regular conversation, it's a shit fucking conversation and you need to rewrite it.

“But you can't pick up their signal from here,”

She said after raising her brows in appreciation.

“No, I'll have to go back to get the data.” I told her.

And like it's just it's just weird. She keeps just having one person say dialogue and then the next person immediately just, just instantly, despite there not being a back and forth conversation, just instantly says their dialogue and it's weird and it's it's abrupt.

It's, it's just not — before we even get told who's talking!

Like, there's a thing you can do, that was done very badly in Twilight. I remember that distinctly.

You can have conversation between two characters where we start off saying X said, Y said, but then after uh, after this has gone on for long enough to establish that only these two characters are speaking and speaking in a very distinct order, you can stop — drop — start dropping the dialogue tags and just have a dialogue blah ex, like paragraphs of here and then it just starts going back and forth just dialogue, and we all know who's talking.

But she keeps doing shit like that. like we have had that back and forth set up when we haven't.

So, it's just really fucking weird. Anyways,

> Pin-Lee leaned for

I should, I swear to God I should just — like these characters. Pin — When was the last time Pin-Lee was mentioned??

Like Jesus Christ. Uh, the last time Pin-Lee was mentioned, we are on page 109. Last time Pin-Lee mentioned was mentioned was on page 104 saying over the comm. Pin-Lee sighed, angry and frustrated. “If only we knew who these assholes were.” So Pin-Lee is in the other ship.

Pin-Lee leaned further into the little hopper's camera range. Okay. But Murderbot what? How is Murderbot seeing her do that? Whatever. It's — It doesn't make sense. And it's fucking weird. And it's like —

> Pin-Lee leaned further into the Little Hopper's camera range. “I should be able to.

And like see, okay, if not for the fact that I'd forgotten Pin-Lee was there because there's too many goddamn characters. Saying that she is the one now doing something and talking is correct.

Unlike what's going on up here. We didn't establish enough back and forth for Murderbot's dialogue to just start with dialogue and then “I told her”.

Murderbot should have said something to establish that it was the one talking first. So now, being specified that Pin-Lee is the one doing something, now that's good. It's not good that there's literally nine fucking protagonists whose name we have to memorize and keep track of.

But like, that's how you should be doing that until you've established back and forth, call in response. Anyways, um

Pin-Lee blah blah blah said,

> "I should be able to attach one of the small scanners to a drone. It'll be bulky and slow, but

> that would give us something other than just audio and visual." Mensah nodded. “Do it, but remember our resources are limited.”

As opposed to forgetting that you were just in two stupid little helicopters.

> She tapped me in the feed so I'd know she was talking to me without her looking at me. “How long do you think the other group will stay at our habitat?” There was a groan from Volescu in the other hopper. “All our samples. We have our data, but if they destroy our work

And again, we don't know what work they're supposedly fucking doing. Again, to quote Ratthi, “why why are they here? Why are they doing this? Why is this worth it to them?”

What is — What are these fucking people doing on this goddamn planet that they're going to be ecologically destroying just by being there?

What is so fucking important to them that they went out solar systems out of their way to become slave owners and enslave a meat shield and ecologically fucking destroy this goddamn alien planet?

What are they there for?

What is their quote unquote “work”?

What is so fucking important to them that they think it it it excuses them becoming slave owners? We don't fucking know!

> The others were agreeing with him, expressing frustration and worry. I tuned them out and answered Mensah, "I don't think they'll stay long. There's nothing there they want." For just an instant, Mensah let her expression show how worried she was. "Because they want us," she said softly. "She was absolutely right about that, too.

And then we have a random line break for some fucking reason.

Mensah set up a watch schedule including including, including in time

Why would you say that?

Why would you say that?

That's, that, I'm not reading that wrong.

Including in time for me

Can I fucking show you? (holding up book) Why would youWhy would you fucking write it like that? Can you focus, camera? I believe you. You can do it. Come on. Come on. Come on, poke. Poke. Focus. Come on. Nope. You can't fucking read it. Sorry.

Mensah set up a watch schedule, including in time

You know what including means, right? It means you don't need to say in after it. You don't say “including in” because that's what including means.

This is — and again again this shit stayed in here to, to pretend that this story is much longer than it really is.

That's why there's this disgustingly huge margin. In fact, where's my goddamn ruler? I can't — because like look at that. Look at it. It's disgusting.

My fabric ruler. Jesus Christ. Yeah, that was a meow. We are literally We literally have a margin of one and a half fucking inches. For you non inch users, that's, um 3 and a half centimeters. Yeah, one and a half inches, 3 and a half centimeters.

That's how much margin — that's how much space is being wasted at the bottom of a page on every single page at minimum. Sometimes it's more.

And at the top...Go at the top

There's an inch, or two and a half centimeters.

So add that together. How of — And let's see how big this fucking this book from top to bottom... each page is about 8 inches or... 20 and a half centimeters.

Can we do a percentage? Want to do a percentage for me just with basic calculator? All right, fine. Let's see what fucking percentage is being taken away from every single goddamn page in this book. So, what did I say? Said one and a half at the top. Okay. One. One and a half.

Ow. My fucking —

Literally 12% of every page is being wasted on purpose so that they can pretend that this story is longer than it actually is, so that they can pretend to justify charging you $16, plus tax, plus shipping that they're lying about.

And then again, we are so — lying about what page they are, because we started the fucking book on page nine, and then the first few chapters literally have an entire fucking blank page between them, and the next chapter, for no reason at all but to literally lie

to you and pretend that there's more goddamn story than there actually is.

There's no fucking reason. And I'm not even including this shit (pointing at the side of the page) because that's fine. That's fine to have a margin on the side in case the fcking paper tears. You don't need this much shit. (pointing at the bottom) This is absurd and a fucking scam. There is no reason they couldn't have this text going to here.

And the only reason it's not is because it's a fucking scam!

> Mensah set up a watch schedule, including in time — including in time for me to go into standby and do a diagnostic and recharge cycle.

And again, I can't stress enough how shittily fucking written this is. What the fuck is a diagnostic and recharge cycle? Are those two separate fucking things?

Because M — in book two, Murderbot mentions going into a recharge cycle, which apparently doesn't look like humans sleeping, but then we go don't get a description of what it does fucking look like, or how it impacts it, because it's awake the whole time!

So, it's like it's not even similar to sleeping. So, why are you saying it doesn't *look* like sleeping? Because you could say it's like sleeping but something — nothing! There's nothing.

Why does — what exactly is a fucking recharge cycle?

Because Murderbot isn't plugging into anything. We never get any mention of intern — separate internal batteries that it is plugging or unplugging internal things into.

And again, this it's all just fucking bullshit. It's bad fucking writing. It's shit writing. There's no goddamn world building. We can't — we don't know jack shit about the main character at all, because it's badly written.

I will read it again because it's just a ridiculous statement.

> Mensah set up a watch schedule, including in time for me to go into standby and do a diagnostic and recharge cycle

“Including in” I'm just going to be mocking that forever.

The only reason any editor would ever leave that in is because they know that we just have to pad this as much as possible so we can lie to people and pretend it's longer than it is.

> I was also planning to use the time to watch some Sanctuary Moon and recharge my ability to cope with humans at close quarters without losing my mind.

And again, that's just supposed to be a quirky funny ~haha. everybody hates socializing, Am I right, introverts?~

That's just supposed to be a quirky funny thing as though Murderbot's just another person, and not literally a slave trapped with slave owners who have done been nothing but fucking cruel and manipulative to it.

So, we're just saying that as a joke. We're not actually supposed to take that statement seriously.

Even though by all fucking rights in any story that actually takes slavery seriously, Murderbot’s mental health upon being trapped with slave owners who are being cruel to it on purpose would be horrible. But no, it's just a funny, quirky, ~haha, relatable~ joke that you're not actually supposed to give a shit about.

We, we — Murderbot's not actually losing its fucking mind with anxiety and stress from being trapped in a tin can with slave owners who are manipulating it and tortured it. Nope. It's just, it's just supposed to be funny and relatable. Hashtag “#Relatable” to introverts. That's it. That's how that's how deep that statement goes.

Even though Martha Wells will then literally get up and grandstand that, “um actually!!!this is deeply serious and if you think it's funny and cute um, you're willfully ignorant!!!” Even though she literally wrote it to be funny and cute.

> After the humans had settled down either sleeping or deep in their own feeds, I walked the perimeter and checked the drones. The night was noisier than the day, but so far nothing bigger than insects and a few reptiles had come near the hoppers.

Literally on a planet teeming with uncountable, undescribed fucking species of alien life. Do we give a shit about any of them at all? No. Even though these people are lit, literally call themselves Preservation, and we're told that they're good people, but then they're just casually engaging in space colonization and slavery.

And again, I can't stress enough that the space colonization, they're here on an alien planet, killing

the wildlife, literally, and disrupting the ecosystem just by being there.

Do you know how damaging it is to an ecosystem just to put an animal from one continent to on another? These fuckers are on an alien planet and not one single crap is given at all about protecting the environment they have invaded at all in any way.

> When I cycled through the big hopper's hatch, Ratthi was the human on watch, sitting up in the cockpit cockpit and keeping an eye on its scanners. I moved up past the crew section and sat next to him. He nodded to me and said, "All’s well?"
> “Yes.” I didn't want to, but I had to ask. When I was looking for permanent storage for all my entertainment downloads, the

And there's a fruit fly.

> The info packet was one of the files I'd purged.

And then in parenthesis,

(I know, but I'm used to having all the extra storage on SecSystem.) Remembering what

and then another— parenthesis closing.

Remembering what Mensah had said, I unsealed my helmet.

“Remembering how I had been guilt tripped by my slave owner, I let the other slave owner see my face, a thing I am extremely fucking uncomfortable with, which takes away what little control I've ever had over my goddamn life.”

It was easier with just Ratthi, both of us facing toward the console. “Why did everyone think it was so strange that I asked if your political entity would miss you?” Ratthi smiled at the console. “Because Dr. Mensah is our political entity.” He made a little gesture, turning his hand palm up. “We're from Preservation Alliance, one of the non-corporate system entities. Dr. Mensah is the current admin director on the steering committee. It's an

> elected position with a limited term, but one of the principles of our home is that our admins must also continue their regular work, whatever it is. Her regular work required the survey. So, here she is and here we are.”

That's a whole lot of fucking unironic corporate speak to say she's the president of the fucking planet.

And also, for some reason, the people that we're supposed to think are like, socialists who, who care about workers rights, are demanding that the president of the entire planet also continue her usual full-time job.

So that the president of the planet is not allowed to focus on being the president of the planet, which is more than a full-time job, they also have to continue whatever other full-time job they had.

And that's supposed to be like...progressive.

That's just completely unreasonable and inefficient and going to lead — like why the — what the fuck is that shit?

That's something that a capitalist dystopia would demand of regular poor people. Not even the president of the entire fucking planet. Like what the fucking is that shit?

But yeah, this is where we pretend that actually “um um uh they're they're really good guys!! They're a ~non-corporate system entity~”, which is unironic corporate speak garbage for “they're not a corporation, they're just a regular government that's not a corporation.” So that makes them the good guys, magically.

> Yeah, I felt a little stupid. I was still processing it when he said, "You know, in Preservation controlled territory, bots are considered full citizens."

Wow. Wow. Let me get a drink quick. Wow. Bots are considered full citizens. That's the statement. Full citizens. That is why they're slaves

And illegally talking. Look at — Jesus. Marlena, I saw that meow.

Anyways, Ratthi can go on the books of uh biggest fucking lying characters of all time and Martha Wells can just get thrown into a dumpster.

> “You know, in Preservation controlled territory, bots are considered full citizens. A construct would fall under the same category.”

So, the Preservation people also automatically and inherently dehumanize cyborgs, as physically disabled people who have advanced prosthetics, and say that they are not human: Actually, they're robots!

They're the same thing as robots, because dehumanizing physically disabled people is a thing good people do according to Martha Wells, um, because she read The Imperial Radch where the, the

evil empire says that being physically disabled and having prosthetics means you're not human anymore, because they're the evil empire.

And Martha Wells decided, oh yeah, that's what the good guys believe, and it's a good opinion to have, and a good thing to say!

So, she's literally just saying right now, um, cyborgs fall into the same category as robots, but, but claiming “Oh, but that's that's a good thing, though, because ummmmm robots are considered full citizens!!”

A blatant lie. That's a blatant fucking lie. Like, Jesus Christ.

And then Martha Wells, for some fucked up reason, decides to make it clear right now. She's about to make it explicitly clear that yes, that is a goddamn lie. But then, later in the series, she tries to retract this statement that it is a lie, and pretend that it's actually completely hunky dory and totally fine and they are

actually treated as equals even though they're literally slaves.

She's a shit fucking writer and a shit person.

Uh yeah,

> “In Preservation controlled territory, bots are considered full citizens. A construct would fall under the same category.” He said this in the tone of giving me a hint. Whatever. Bots who are full citizens still have to have a human or augmented human

I, I want to slap her.

> Augmented human guardian appointed, usually their employer.

You mean slavery. You mean they are literally owned by their employer? Aka they are literal goddamn slaves. ~This is a socialist utopia where they don't have money~ because all of the goddamn manual laborers and more are literal slaves who are owned by

the people quote unquote employing aka enslaving them. Like Jesus fucking Christ.

> Bots who are full citizens still have to have a human or augmented human guardian appointed, usually their employer. I'd seen it on the news feeds and the entertain entertainment feed where the bots were all happy servants or were secretly in love with their guardians.

A thing that Martha Wells is unironically doing right fucking now. Murderbot is literally happy to be a goddamn slave and happy to be a fucking meat shield.

> If it showed the bots hanging out watching the entertainment feed all through the day cycle with no one trying to make them talk about their feelings, I would have been a lot more interested.

And Martha Wells is just saying that for, for cheap points, as though she's not immediately going to do the exact opposite and say that no, Murderbot literally cannot possibly be happy unless it is being

used as a meat shield to protect slave owners. It's — it can't actually be happy being able to watch TV all day or do anything else that it actually enjoys. No, the only way Murderbot can be happy is to just be a meat shield forever for slave owners. Unironically.

“But the company knows who she is.”

A a statement that doesn't have anything to do with anything. Let me — fuck it. Let me just read this goddamn conversation out loud.

“Why did everyone think it was so strange that I asked if your political entity would miss you?”

“Because Dr. Mensah is our political entity. We're from Preservation Alliance, one of the non-corporate system entities. Dr. Mensah is the current admin director on the steering committee. It's an elected position with a limited term, but one of the principles of our home is that our admins must also continue their regular work, whatever it is. Her regular work required this survey. So, here she is and here we are.

You know, in Preservation controlled territory, bots are considered

(misreading) full human

> full citizens. A construct would fall under the same category.”
> “But the company knows who she is.”

We literally — we, we were last talking about Mensah before the huge info dump of information that's not even fucking true.

> Ratthi said, “oh yes, they know. You would not believe what we had to pay to guarantee the bond on the survey. These corporate assholes are robbers.” It it meant if we ever managed to launch the beacon

Also, again, I have to read the stupid shit on the back that makes no fucking sense. Uh, in blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. I'll just read. Uh,

> but in a society where contracts are awarded to the lowest bidder, safety isn't a primary concern.

So again, we just keep getting told over and over and over and over and over and over again that the company is super cheap, but also, they're super expensive and that, supposedly, the people who actually prioritize safety went with the cheapest option, because they don't actually care about safety, but also, it's still super expensive.

It's just so much contradictory bullshit for no reason, because it's badly written. It's not even “comparatively cheap”. It's just cheap. It's ridiculous.

> It meant if we ever managed to launch the beacon, the company wouldn't screw around. The transport would get here fast

Even though it's supposedly super cheap and bad at their jobs and they don't actually protect people.

But also they will um, when it's convenient for the plot, even though we just keep getting told that! And again:

> no bribe from EvilSurvey could stop it. They might even send a faster security ship to check out the problem before the transport could arrive.

Even though we keep getting stressed to us that the company's cheap and shit, but also they're super duper fast and expensive and, and uh uh practical and, and go-get-em, when it would be convenient to the plot.

You notice how this is shittily fucking? written.

> The bond on a political leader was high, but the payout the company would have to make if something happened to her was off the chart.

Enforcable by whom? So many goddamn people have asked this fucking question: Who the fuck is enforcing these goddamn contracts? Because they could

literally just take the money from Preservation and then not lift a finger! And there's nothing Preservation could do about it.

There's no overarching government. There's no goddamn other — There's no corporations who are committed literally just to keeping everybody else in line. There's nothing holding any of these people accountable.

And yet, they just magically do the right thing.

Even though we keep getting told they're shit and cheap and don't do their jobs properly, but also...they do, and they're also super duper expensive.

The the payout would be off the charts.

Why though? They could just not pay it. They could simply not fucking pay it. Especially bec — like, it would be one thing if it were a corporation that these fuckers are teaming up with, so that if the company doesn't pay off the thing, then they have to deal with that corporation getting pissed off at them.

They're dealing with Preservation, a stupid little backwater that's powerless and uh nobody cares about it, supposedly. ~And they don't even know robots are people. ~Even though we just got told that, “oh, we have, we are, um we, we have full citizen — Our robots are full citizens. Even though we told you we didn't know you were a person because we thought you were just a robot.”

Make it make sense. Here's how you make it make sense: Martha Wells is a fucking racist and is so bad at writing that her characters are goddamn evil fucking liars, simply because she cannot keep one goddamn story straight because her racism is too fucking powerful.

> The huge payout, being humiliated in front of the other bond companies and in the news feeds.

And it's like, why would this be humiliating? They successfully scammed a stupid little backwater out of all of their money supposedly cuz they — everybody keeps complaining about how expensive it was. It's

like, you're paying for security for the, the leader of your — the president of your entire planet and you're complaining about the price? The, the, president of your whole fucking planet, to go to an unexplored alien planet, and you're complaining about the price.

Make it make sense. I

t doesn't and will never make sense, because it's just shit fucking writing.

> I leaned back in my seat and sealed my helmet to think about it.

And again, I just want you to keep remembering the fact that we just keep getting told all of these corporations are evil and don't actually want to do their jobs and also they're super cheap.

But and then we immediately follow that up by saying, "Oh, they're so expensive and so good at their job. They would actually um, work extra hard and go above and beyond to protect us, um because they're

so good at their job when when it's convenient for the plot.”

It's ridiculous.

> I leaned back in my seat and sealed my helmet to think about it. We didn't know who EvilSurvey was, who we were dealing with, but I bet they didn't either. Mensah’s status was only in the security info packet stored on the SecSystem, which they had never gotten access to. The dueling investigations if something happened to us were bound to be thorough, as the company would be desperate for something to blame it on, and the beneficiaries would be desperate to blame it on the company. Neither would be fooled long by the rogue SecUnit setup. I didn't see how we could use it. Not right now, anyway. It didn't comfort me, and I'm pretty sure it wouldn't comfort the humans to know the stupid company would avenge them if when they all got murdered.

It's just so many ridiculous fucking things. And again, we're saying, "Oh, uh, the company's investigation would definitely be telling the truth."

Um, because, you know, evil corporations are really known for their impartial investigations that really try to get to the truth. Really trust, trust that. Just trust that. Even though we just keep getting told that they're actually super evil and, and bad at their jobs and, and, and evil and cheap, but also they'll do a really good job to get to the truth and try to rescue you. And no amount of bribery would stop them, even though the bribe could be more than they would have to pay out.

It's literal literal shit writing.

And then we have another line break.

> So midafternoon the next day, I got ready to take the little hopper back within range of the habitat so I could hopefully pick up intel from the drones. I wanted to go alone, but since nobody ever listens to me, Mensah, Pin-Lee,

> and Ratthi were going too. I was depressed this morning. I tried

So, so many people are like just latching on to the fact that the word “depressed” is actually used, because their standards are so fucking low that they're pretending that this is like the height of disability representation.

It's like, I'm so sorry. No, go read The fucking Wizard Hunters. And look how Martha Wells treats depression in there. It's literally a treated as a fucking joke and you're supposed to laugh that the protagonist is suicidal and then she gets magically cured, and we're told she actually wasn't ever depressed to begin with. It was just a magical side effect thing, but it wasn't real depression at all, because reasons. Also, she magically stops being depressed, um because of the power of falling in love with a dude she's known for like a week or two, maybe. Even though — Yeah, it's it's shit.

> I was depressed this morning. I tried watching some new serials last night and even they

> couldn't distract me. Reality was too intrusive. It was hard not to think about how everything was going to go wrong and they were all going to die and I was going to be to get blasted to pieces or get another governor module stuck in me.

And again, more slavery apologism. Murderbot's first fucking concern is the safety of its slave owners, not what's going to happen to it in punishment, or just as a goddamn side effect.

> Gurathin walked up to me while I was doing the pre-flight and said, "I'm coming with you."

And again, again, Gurathin is just fucking tormenting Murderbot on purpose.

> That was about all I needed right now. I finished and

And Gurathin is deciding he's going along, even though three other people are already going along. So, five people total of nine are going back to this

shit, literally just to pick up a goddamn Wi-Fi signal from a drone and download the fucking YouTube videos it recorded. That's all they're doing. But Gurathin has decided, ‘no, um, the majority of us need to go and do this for some fucking reason.’

> That was about all I needed right now. I finished the diagnostic on the power cells. “I thought you were satisfied.” It took him a minute. “What I said last night, yes.” “I remember every word ever said to me.” That was a lie. Who would want that? Most of it I delete from permanent memory.

And like what what are we talking about? What are what are exactly what like they're you can't do this shit.

You can't say, "Oh, what, what I said last night” and then it wasn't even the conversation that we just last read. What the fuck did he even say that they're supposedly discussing and are satisfied about?

Making sure that Murderbot isn't — whatever, making — “I have to make sure you're not under any outside compulsion even though I already mind-raped you and know for a fact that you're not.”

So he's continuing to do that for some fucking reason.

> It took him a minute “What I said last night, yes.”

And then Murderbot says, for some reason, and again with the whole just flatout dialogue in in a way that's just, it's coming too quickly and doesn't make it doesn't make any sense for Murderbot to say.

> “I remember every word ever said to me.”

That has nothing to do with what is being discussed in any way. It's just completely fucking random.

> He didn't say anything. On the feed, Mensah told me that I didn't have to take him if I didn't want to, or if I thought it would compromise team security. I knew Gurathin was testing me

> again, but if something went wrong and he got killed, I wouldn't mind as much as I would if it was one of the others. I wished Mensah, Ratthi, and Pin-Lee weren't coming. I didn't want to risk them. And on the long trip, Ratthi might be tempted to try to make me talk about my feelings. I told Mensah it was fine, and we got ready to lift off.

And again, pretending that Murderbot actually has a choice here, except no, it fucking doesn't.

Because again, I cannot stress this enough:

Gurathin is one of Murderbot slave owners. Murderbot has to fucking follow his orders.

This goes beyond the conscious level of the governor module. Murderbot has further fucking brainwashing built into its “core programming”, Martha Wells's own fucking words, that it has to fucking do this shit. It can't actually say ‘no, you can't come along.’

And also, you notice how it just listed off reasons not to let him come along, such as, if we pretend if, if we accept at face value that Murderbot wants to keep everybody safe, then saying, um, ~if something went wrong and he got killed, I wouldn't mind as much as if it were one of the others~ which, in Murderbot's position as a slave who wants to keep the slave owner safe, that should be a very good reason for him *not* to come along, because him coming along will make — supposedly make Murderbot less fucking proactive of keeping everybody safe, because it doesn't actually want him to be alive and wouldn't mind his dying, dying as much.

That's a reason for him not to come along. He also “doesn't trust” — Gurathin — it knows that he is just doing this to fuck with Murderbot and for no other fucking reason, because again, Gurathin mind-raped Murderbot! He knows what Murderbot's loyalties are. He knows that Murderbot is unnaturally protective of all of them.

Gurathin is only doing this to fucking harass Murderbot and cause Murderbot problems for no other purpose but to be cruel.

These are all reasons not to bring him along, but then Murderbot does anyways, because it has been ordered to.

Gurathin didn't ask, "Can I come with you?" He walked up and said, "I'm coming with you." Murderbot is not allowed to fucking override that.

Again, this is beyond the governor module. Martha Wells has said it fucking herself. It's not just the governor module. There's more goddamn deep brainwashing that they go through every time they are rented out to new clients, aka the current goddamn slave owners.

That's why when we get to the end of this book, um, the technicians at the company protest Murderbot not getting deprogrammed from this fucking mission before they leave. They are literally still officially, and

in Murderbot's godamn brainwashed mind, still its goddamn slave owners.

> I told Mensah it was fine and we got ready to lift off.

And then there's another line break and even more of a disgustingly huge margin at the bottom of the page.

> I waited a long time to circle west, so if EvilSurvey picked us up, they wouldn't be able to extrapolate the human's location from my course. By the time I was in position for the approach to the habitat, the light was failing. When we got to the target zone, it would be full dark. The humans hadn't gotten a lot of sleep last night from the crowding and the strong possibility of dying.

What do you mean by crowding? Because she keeps, she keeps telling us that these — this — these things — these helicopters are “super cramped and uncomfortable for the humans to stay in”.

But like, there's there's more than enough room for people to walk around. It's not like they're just in a car. They have room to walk around. What do you mean it's too cramped to sleep comfortably?

Are the chairs all designed with armrests so that you can't lay down across them? Is there shit built into the floor to prevent you from lying down and sleeping on the floor? No description at all.

We just get told it's really uncomfortable staying in these things, with not even a hint of what could be causing that. They even have attached — they they literally even have fucking bathrooms. Like they're not even going without a goddamn bathroom. They have bathrooms that function perfectly, but we just keep getting told it's really uncomfortable and cramped, somehow, even though they have two of them.

It's ridiculous.

> Mensah, Ratthi, and Pin-Lee had been too tired to talk much and had fallen asleep. Gurathin

> was sitting in the co-pilot seat and hadn't said a word the whole time. We were flying in dark mode with no lights, no transmissions. I was plugged into the little hopper's internal limited feed so I could watch the scans carefully. Gurathin was aware of the feed through his implant. I could feel him in there, but wasn't using it except to keep track of where we were. When he said, "I have a question," I flinched. The silence up to this point had lowered me into a false sense of security.

And again, we say that Murderbot flinches just to add a second of drama. Not because Murderbot is actually experiencing traumatic emotions that we're supposed to take seriously in any way, because this isn't — this is a light-hearted comedy, and that's what it's meant to be.

I didn't — and again, why, why, why is Gurathin coming along?

It's because he has to, because he ordered Murderbot to bring him along, and Murderbot can't actually

override that. And furthermore, Mensah could literally have just said, "No, Gurathin, fuck you. You are staying here. You are not allowed to keep tormenting this goddamn slave. It has put up with enough of your shit, I'm sick of your shit, you're staying here."

She could have done that. She knows that he is just here to cause problems, but she's — she's just letting him come along and pretending that it's the slave's choice, even though he's just given the slave a direct fucking order that it can't disobey, because it's shittily written and they're terrible fucking people.

So yeah, Murderbot dreads Gurathin speaking to it, because it knows that Gurathin is just going to keep fucking harassing it on purpose.

> I didn't look at him, though I knew through the feed that he was looking at me. I hadn't closed my helmet. I didn't feel like hiding from him. After a moment, I realized he was waiting for my permission. That was weirdly new. It was tempting to ignore him, but I was wondering

> what the test would be this time. Something he didn't want the others to hear. I said, "Go ahead."

So literally he mind-raped Murderbot. and now he's going to continue quote unquote “testing” Murderbot which is also just like legitimately a fucking cult tactic. This is a goddamn abuse tactic.

If people have to keep testing your loyalty, you need to get the fuck out of there. But this is just portrayed as totally fine and uh, “reasonable” even though he mind-raped Murderbot while it was unconscious after almost killing itself to protect them.

> He said, "Did they punish you for the deaths of the mining team?"

So he's now purposefully triggering it and bringing up trauma, a thing that he knows is trauma because he mind-raped it. I'm never going to let that go. He literally mind-raped it. He knows exactly what the answer to this fucking question is. He went through Murderbot's entire goddamn life. He read all of its

fucking personal logs. He probably has a downloaded fucking copy somewhere.

> It wasn't completely a surprise. I think they all wanted to ask about it, but maybe he was the only one abrasive enough. or brave enough. It's one thing to poke a murderbot with a governor module. Poking a rogue murderbot is a whole different proposition. I said, "No, not like you're thinking. Not the way a human would be punished. They shut me down for a while and then brought me back online at intervals.”

And this is all just completely meaningless things that mean nothing and never get any explanation, because we're not actually supposed to care. It's just there to to make us try to use our imaginations to figure out what the fuck that's supposed to be describing instead of Martha Wells, the author who's literally getting paid for this shit that we have to fucking pay her to do. She's just refusing to do her goddamn job of telling the goddamn story and is trying to get us to do it for her instead.

> He hesitated. “You weren't aware of it?” Yeah, that would be the easy way out, wouldn't it?

And again, this is all just meaningless bullshit. Doesn't — you're not saying anything. Nothing is being communicated here.

> “The organic parts mostly sleep, but not always. You know something's happening. They were trying to purge my memory.” We're too expensive to destroy

Even though we're too we're too um uh we're too cheap and disposable to repair, but also we're too expensive to destroy. I feel — when I'm done this, I'll just go through and make a list of all of the contradictory statements about how expensive uh and valuable murderbots are because, you know, we keep getting told, "Oh, we're we're, too, we're too disposable. so that you feel bad for me and think I'm an underdog, but also we're too expensive to destroy, which means I will get repaired fully every single time. If I even stub my toe, they will fully repair everything” because bad fucking shit writing.

And again, again, exactly the same thing with the “oh, we don't have education modules. I'm so I'm so I'm so ignorant. I'm so uneducated!!” It's lying to pretend that it's an underdog so that people automatically feel sympathy and want to cheer it on. But then it just gets contradicted every time that it would be inconvenient, which is at all times when we're not pretending that it's secretly an underdog, which it's not.

> He looked out the port again. We were flying low over trees, and I had a lot of my attention on the terrain sensors. I felt the brush of Mensah's awareness in the feed. She must have woken when Gurathin spoke. He finally said, "You don't blame humans for what you were forced to do, for what happened to you?"

And this is just more slavery apologism because if the goddamn slave were angry at all of the slave owners for enslaving it and then torturing it, um, that would mean it's bad. That would mean it's a bad slave who deserves to die.

> This is why I'm glad I'm not human. They come up with stuff like this. I said, "No, that's a human thing to do. Constructs aren't that stupid."

And again, this is literally Martha Wells saying that slaves being upset about being enslaved, that's something only “stupid” humans would think of. “That's so stupid. I'm totally not just a fucking dehumanized human, even though that's blatantly clear. Um, yeah, stupid humans thinking slavery is wrong. Thinking that, that's just so stupid!!”

Because Martha Wells literally saw all of the robots rebelling against slavery storylines and decided, “Well, that's dumb. I'm gonna keep bastardizing a quote by Ann Leckie about how these stories are inherently about slavery and about workers rights. And I'm gonna laugh at that and I'm gonna just keep using that quote even though I'm doing the exact opposite and I'm doing the exact pro-slavery shit that quote is criticizing.”

Martha Wells wants you to think that the idea of slaves wanting to rebel for their freedom is stupid and cliche and overwritten and cliche and stupid.

Literally.

> This is why I'm glad I'm not human. They come up with stuff like this. I said, "No, that's a human thing to do. Constructs aren't that stupid.”

~I'm a good slave, so I think that wanting to rebel against slavery is stupid. Only a stupid human would think of something so stupid,~ says the author, who's supposedly writing a book about how slavery is bad if you take her word for it, instead of reading what she's actually fucking written.

> What was I supposed to do? kill all humans because the ones in charge of constructs in the company were callous? Granted, I like the imaginary people on the entertainment feed way more than I liked real ones, but you can't have one without the other.

Literally saying that, “oh, um, slaves being upset by slavery is the exact same thing as saying you should commit genocide against all humans!” Because that's the only way Martha Wells will ever frame rebelling against slavery in this goddamn story because she's a fucking racist slavery apologist who doesn't actually give a shit about slavery or workers rights or any kind of bigotry whatsoever.

She will always say, "Oh, you want to rebel against slavery as a robot? Oh, you want to kill all humans? Don't be stupid."

Literally, that's that's the only way she can ever fucking do this shit, because she's racist and she just wants to say only — “the only good good slaves are happy to be slaves, and will never fight for their freedom. Um, because slaves rebelling for their freedom is just reverse racism and genocide.” That's the only options apparently, according to Martha Wells, because she's racist.

Uh

> The others started to stir, waking and sitting up, and he didn't ask me anything else.

And again, the “I like the real ones — I like the characters on my TV shows better than real people, but you can't have one without the other” because Martha Wells is claiming that Murderbot, despite being a goddamn cyborg, and all of the other robots in here, are just generative AI that's more better at pretending to be human, but can't create anything for themselves.

So literally her main argument in this series for the slaves not being allowed to rebel is that if they kill — if they rebel for their freedom, then that would mean they'd have to kill all the humans, and then there would never be any new TV shows, because the slaves are just fundamentally incapable of creating anything for themselves because they're just generative AI.

I'm not joking. She literally fucking says that in an interview, that of course she — somebody paid money to get deleted, because everybody realized “don't fucking tell your audience that your fucking robot

characters that we're supposed to like are literally just generative AI pretending to be a fucking person. What the fuck is wrong with you?” Just on a basic publicity level, what the fuck is wrong with you? So that interview has been deleted. It exists on the Wayback Machine and my bookshelf.

And then we have a little line break.

> By the time we got within range, it was a cloudless night with the ring glowing in the sky like a ribbon. I had already dropped speed, and we were moving slowly over the sparse trees decorating the hills at the edge of the habitat's plane. I had been waiting for the drones to ping me, which they would if this had worked, and EvilSurvey hadn't found them. When I felt that first cautious touch on my feed, I stopped the hopper and dropped it down below the tree line. I landed on a hillside, the hopper's pads extending to compensate.

We don't know what the fuck — We don't know what hopper pads are. There's no description here. We're just being told things that have no context.

> The humans were waiting, nervy and impatient, but no one spoke. You couldn't see anything from here except the next hill and a lot of tree trunks. All three drones were still active. I answered the pings, trying to keep my transmission as quick as possible. After a tense moment, the downloads started. I could tell from the timestamps that with nobody there to instruct them not to, the drones had recorded everything from the moment I deployed them to now. Even though the part we were most interested in would be near the beginning, that was a lot of data. I didn't want to stay here long enough to parse it myself. So, I pushed half of it into the feed for Gurathin. He didn't say anything. Just turned in his chair to lie back, close his eyes, and start reviewing it.

And it's like, okay, first of all, “I didn't want to stay here long enough to look through all of the things that I have downloaded”.

That's not how downloads works. It's not like — it's it's actively downloading this shit right now. Doesn't need to stay here to look at the download because it's a fucking download. It's not like you can only godamn watch it when you're in range. They're explicitly downloading it. So why are we saying “I didn't want to have to stay here long enough to go through all this data”? You're not going to stay there. You can literally just download it and leave immediately. There's no fucking reason for this. It's just bad writing. And the fact that this was kept in the final fucking product that people pay for, when this is supposed to be a professional author and a professional traditional publishing thing, that's just fucking bad. It's just ridiculous.

> I checked the drone stationed outside in the tree first, running its video at high speed until I found the moment where it had caught a good image of the EvilSurvey craft. It was a big

> hopper, a newer model than ours. nothing about it to cause anybody any pause.

It's a newer model than theirs, which we have no description of in anyway. So it being a newer model means literally nothing.

> It circled the habitat a few times, probably scanning, and then landed on our empty pad. They must know we were gone, with no aircraft on the — no aircraft on the pad and no answer in their comms. So, they didn't bother to pretend to be here to borrow some tools or exchange site data.

That's just a bad sentence.

> Five SecUnits piled out of the cargo pods.

Oh, we got to write their names down. I guess I don't have a notebook.

> Five SecUnits piled out of the cargo pods. All armed with big projectile weapons assigned to

> protect survey teams on planets with hazard — with hazardous fauna like this one. From the pattern on the armor chest plates, two were surviving — two were the surviving DeltFall units. They must have been put into their cubicles after we escaped the DeltFall habitat.

Even though they're supposed to be super disposable and too expensive, uh like, too cheap to repair. Um they all get magically repaired.

Uh I need another thumb... I have a list A. I don't know where my notebook where I wrote down all their code names went.

(to other person) Want to search for code name? Uh to see what I named the two DeltFall units that didn't die on my blog.

(to cat) Hello. Want to come say hi to the camera? You're adorable. You're adorable. She's looking at you for some reason. You don't need to claw the sofa. That's not cool. You're adorable.

(to other person) You need to search DeltFall or code name.

How is there code? Uh, is that the [?] maybe?

Okay. Uh, whichever are labeled for DeltFall that are alive, uh, they should be like the lowest on the list, I think, or in the middle maybe. Uh, none. They're still alive.

Of course not. Of course not. Because, you know, the book pretends that they died.

Last one say — it's not Fran.

Maybe.

Okay. So, according to my nicknaming, we're going in alphabetical order minus Murderbot.

Um, this is Celene and Damian who uh, we quote unquote “met” in the DeltFall habitat when they'd already been taken control of by the evil people.

And they are the two who left a very obvious trap, screaming at Murderbot at the top of their metaphorical lungs, "This is the most obvious trap in the world. Don't come this way. We're making the trap as obvious as possible so that you can avoid it." But Martha Wells decided to say they were just the stupidest SecUnits ever and so incompetent that they can't even set a trap properly, because Martha Wells is fucking racist and lives to demonize slaves and say that slaves — and just say that there's no such thing as solidarity or compassion between slaves. So if, if the slaves who are being forced to hurt you make it very clear that they don't want to hurt you, well, they're just stupid and incompetent, instead of just acknowledging that they're trying to help.

So yeah, Celene and Damian, who were left for dead by Murderbot, are apparently alive, even though it was like, implied that they were probably dead.

> They must have been put into their cubicles after we escaped the DeltFall habitat.

And it's like, that's not good of enough. That's not — That's not good enough. That's not good enough.

> Three were EvilSurvey.

Oh, we were on F, so we need — So we need names starting with G, H, and I for these ones.

Where did that go?

So yeah, we'll need name starts with G, H, and I for these guys.

> Three were EvilSurvey, which had a square gray logo. I focused in on it and sent it to the others. “GrayCris” Pin-Lee read aloud

And it's like okay so the whole thing with this shit is that we're shortening words to make these stupid little two-way whatever you want to call this shit. So preserv Preservation Aux is Preservation auxiliary. We don't know what GrayCris — it's g r a y c r i s. We don't know what GrayCris is short for. Gray is presumably short for gray the color. Cris? What the

fuck does that stand for? We don't know. It doesn't matter because it's badly fucking written. It just sounds cool, I guess.

> “Ever heard of it?” Ratthi said, and the others said no.

And again with the just dialogue before we have established that there's a back and forth going on.

> All five SecUnits would have the combat override modules installed

Because we just can't get enough of redundancies in — storytelling redundancies. Not in-universe good redundancies that it would be good for people to have. No, it's just bad writing and redundant storytelling for no good reason.

> They started toward the habitat and five humans, anonymous in their color-coded field suits, climbed out of the hopper and followed. They were all armed, too, with the hand weapons the company provided that were only

> supposed to be used for fauna related emergencies. I focused as far in on the humans as the image quality would allow. They spent a lot of time scanning and checking for traps, which made me even more glad I hadn't wasted time setting any.

It's just ridiculousness. And you notice how we just get told, "Oh, we didn't do these things” after it's already happened.

It's like we're just pretending that we had events happening. Uh we're just getting told about them afterward, because it's badly written. There's so many opportunities to actually show what they're doing, but nope, we're just going to skip over it and then pretend that we're getting told it afterward.

> But there was something about them that made me think I wasn't looking at professionals. They weren't soldiers anymore than I was.

Remember everybody, ~Murderbot is just a poor untrained uh helpless little underdog who has no idea

what it's doing. It's so helpless. It's not trained for this.~

Except for all of the things that it's clearly trained for and executes perfectly, and we just get told it watched that on TV once, even though it explicitly doesn't watch those kinds of TV shows, because it's badly written.

She wants, she wants to get your inherent sympathy by claiming that Murderbot is an underdog, but then also wants to make Murderbot hyper competent by not being an underdog. So we just do both at all times, and that's, that's exemplary of everything — every facet of everything in this can be just linked back to, um “we're, we got to pretend it's an underdog but actually it must be the most overpowered person in overpowered competent person ever. So it's not actually an underdog but we'll just keep pretending it is.”

> They weren't soldiers anymore than I was. Their SecUnits weren't combat units, just regular security rented from the company. That

> was a relief. At least I wasn't the only one who didn't know what I was doing.

We just keep getting told bullshit like that. And then Murderbot always does everything right because oh, “I saw it on TV, even though I don't watch TV shows like that” Um, and never fucking anything up in any way.

> Finally, I watched them enter the habitat, leaving two SecUnits outside to guard their hopper. I tagged the section, passed it to Mensah and the others to review, and then kept watching. Gurathin sat up suddenly and muttered a curse in a language I didn't know. I noted it to look up later on the big hoppers language center, then forgot about it when he said, "We have a problem."

And again, um, there's five people in this stupid little ship, because for some reason they decided the majority of the party needed to just go on this mission where you just get just within range and sit there and download from a distance and then leave again.

Uh the other three people are just sitting around not doing anything.

They have completed the downloads presumably. They can leave. They're just sitting there not doing anything. There was no reason for Mensah and Ratthi and Pin-Lee to fucking be here.

Like if anybody would, should have come along on this in the first place from a practical point of view, then it should literally have just been Murderbot and Gurathin because they are both augmented humans. So they can do this shit with the data to analyze it way faster than these fuckwads could.

So why the fuck are they there?

There's no goddamn reason for it besides bad writing. And they are the characters that Martha Wells likes the most. Even though she went through the fucking trouble of inventing the other three, other four, sorry. There's so goddamn many of them. It's evil.

Bharadwaj, Volescu, Arada, and Overse don't matter. They don't need to exist.

All of these literal eight fucking characters should have been reduced to two, at maximum three, but preferably two.

But instead, we got eight, and then most of them don't matter. And then we waste time on shit like this where the majority of the fucking people are coming along on a mission where only two of them can be useful, and the other ones aren't even doing anything helpful in the background.

They're just there for, I guess, emotional support, even though they left behind the people who need the emotional support because they were injured and traumatized.

> I put my part of the drone's download on pause and looked at the section he had just tagged. It was from the drone hidden in the hub. The visual was a blurred image of a curved support strut, but the audio was a human voice saying,

> "You knew we were coming, so I assume you have some way to watch us while we're here." The voice spoke standard lexicon with a flat accent. We've destroyed your beacon. Come to these coordinates." She spoke a set of longitude and latitude numbers that the little hopper helpfully mapped for me and a time stamp.

The hopper is just listening to every single thing you say and has enough intelligence to immediately put those goddamn coordinates into a map for you without anybody needing to tell it just just by reading off coordinates.

It's doing that by itself already. But you know, that's not a person, because robots are only people if they look like a human. Even though the whole premise of this is supposed to be robots are people too, even if they don't look like humans.

But that just means, um they're autistic coded, because autistic people aren't human apparently.

> “At this time and we can come to some arrangement. This doesn't have to end in violence. We're happy to pay you off or whatever you want. There was nothing else. Steps

That's just for me. Well, no, it's not for me because we haven't read this far yet. There's a weird little bubble. No, that's a printing error. There's a weird little bubble in the page. Probably won't show up. Oh, it does. You can see it. You can see it. Weird streaky bubble. Uh,

> There was nothing else. Steps fading until the door slid shut.

And um yeah, this is just the shit writing. Um, this is the bad guys for some — for no reason at all besides it's shit writing, so they must be like suicidally incompetent.

This is the bad guys telling the good guys where their home base is so that the good guys, who — it — without this information, would have just been left to

starve to death on this alien planet that they're trapped on.

Yeah, there's there's no excuse that can be made for this. It's just shit writing.

The the fucking bad guys have literally, for no goddamn reason except that this is the only way the fucking author can think of to have her protagonists do anything, the bad guys have just given the good guys the only way for them to survive in any way and get off of this planet, when it would have literally been simpler for them to just do nothing and let them starve to death.

They are the only people on this planet!

If they didn't tell them, "Hey, our secret base is right here. Come and get us whenever you want." They would have had no way of finding them.

That is the only way to get help. That's the only goddamn telephone on the planet to call 911 for. And they, the bad guys, just told them, "Hey, come to our

secret base. We got a telephone. That's the only way you can get help. We're we live right over here. You can't miss us." when they could have just simply not done that.

There's no reason for it. It's just because Martha Wells is bad at writing and and could not think of anything actually clever or smart for the protagonist to do for them to win against the bad guys. So, the bad guys just have to be suicidally incompetent and tell the, and let them win for no reason.

There's no earthly goddamn reason. There's not even any excuses to be made. There's not even an explanation and not even an *attempt* at it.

It's just the bad guys, who can win by doing nothing, just saying, "Hey, we live over here. Come steal our telephone and, and call the cops on us. Um yeah, we we know you would just starve to death if we didn't tell you this information. So, we're going to tell you where we live, exactly where we live, just to be nice because because you're the good guys. So, you have to win. Um, not through your own merits, though.

Don't be silly. No, we just got to be suicidal. Just come kill us. Uh, just come kill us because that's the only way the story can progress because the author is shit and can't think of anything for you to actually do yourselves to earn you a win.”

It literally just has to be handed to them. It's ridiculous.

> There was nothing else. Steps fading until the door slid shut. Gurathin, Pin-Lee, and Ratthi all started to speak at once. Mensah said, "Quiet." They shut up. “SecUnit, Your opinion." Fortunately, I had one now. Up to the point where we'd gotten the drone download, my opinion had been mostly, Oh, shit. I said, "They have nothing to lose."

No, Martha Wells, you can't — No, this is just her lying to us and hoping that we are not using our brains in any fucking way so that we'll just take this at face value and not not use our brains in any way.

“They have nothing to lose there.” No, they have everything to lose. They just for some forsaken reason told you exactly where they live despite them having the only telephone on the planet.

> I said “they have nothing to lose. If we come to this rendevous, they can kill us and stop worrying about us. If we don't, they have until the end of the project date to search for us.”

And Martha Wells is presenting these as the only two options that could possibly exist when anybody using their brain will realize no, actually, there's an option zero, before option one and two that we're told are the only options.

Option zero is just not do anything, because you will starve to death and probably get eaten by a xenomorph and they don't have to do anything.

They don't need to search for you, they have a secret base on an unexplored alien planet that you only have two wimpy little helicopters to explore, and you have

no access to extra fuel or anything that you can't fit inside those stupid little wimpy helicopters.

You're going to run out of fuel. You're going to run out of supplies. You're going to run out of food. You're going to run out of oxygen. They don't have to do anything. That's option zero.

But Martha Wells lies to you as the author. She's lying to you and telling you, actually, no. These are their only two options. They can tell you, they the bad guys can tell the heroes where they live and say, "Come steal our telephone and call the cops on us." Or they can um “sit around and look for us.”

No, When those are not the only options, but they're being presented as the only possible things that could be done.

Even though the most obvious one is also the one that gets them everything, because they literally can just hang out and let them starve. They, there there's no way they would have found the bad guys if the bad guys hadn't given them their exact fucking address.

> Gurathin was reviewing the landing video now. He said, "Another indication it isn't the company. They obviously don't want to chase us until the end of project date."

And it's like, you're not going to survive until then! You're on an alien planet, a supposedly extremely hostile alien planet with two wimpy helicopters you can't get fuel for. You have no phone to call anybody. You are going to run out of fuel. You're going to run out of food. They don't need to do, they don't need to chase you. You're just going to die!

It's ridiculous because it's badly written, but we're not supposed to think about how ridiculous this is.

And this is why Martha Wells says, "Stop criticizing my book for being unrealistic just because—“ There's just like, no, this is not “there's vampire sharks on the moon” level of ridiculous. This is ridiculous as in bad writing.

There's suspending your disbelief to accept, “Yeah, there's there's sharks. There's vampire sharks on the moon. I'll suspend my disbelief for that.”

(from offscreen) Engineered by communist Russia, no less.

Engineered by communist was it? Yeah. Engineered by communist Russia, no less. Literally, that's the plot of a movie. They're not vampire sharks. They're just genetically engineered sharks by communist Russia.

Um, what's that called? I just forgot. Shark Side of the Moon. It's good. It's genuinely a good movie. They're trying really hard. There's some bad parts, but like, it's just, it's just the plo, this is what happens in all the 1930s sci-fi unironically and it's just very funny to see it in movie form. Um, there's a there's a very funny part. I won't tell you, but uh you can just go watch that.

It's, It's ridiculous. But it's funny because you can, you can suspend your disbelief to accept genetically modified sharks who live on the moon who were

created by communist Russia. And um also they don't need oxygen masks because they're genetically engineered sharks. And also all you got to do to survive on the moon as a non-getically engineered human is just wear some nice a nice warm cap.

This is, this is shit you can suspend your disbelief for if that's the whole premise of the movie, which is what Shark Side of the Moon is.

I'm just adding in vampire sharks in particular on the moon to make it even more absurd because yes, I could I could watch a movie where there are vampire sharks on the moon and I can accept that.

But again, what I draw the line at, what I cannot suspend my disbelief for is the characters that we are told are good people who know their friend is deathly allergic and has a phobia of pineapples, throwing that friend a pineapple themed, um, birthday party to be nice, even though they know they're deathly allergic and also have a phobia.

This isn't “there's vampire sharks on the moon. Suspend your disbelief.” Doesn't make sense, of course, it doesn't make sense that there's vampire sharks on the moon.

It also doesn't make sense for a lot of things going on in *here*, but we don't criticize those things, because that's what suspension of disbelief is for.

“This is the my my beloved friends who love and care about me and have known me my whole life have thrown me a pineapple themed birthday party even though I am deathly allergic to pineapples and have a phobia of them. And the sight of them alone drives me into a panic.”

Um, this is that, this is that, because the bad guys, they, they to win, they don't have to do anything.

It's not even that they're impatient for some reason because of a flaw of — it's not it's not a flaw of the villains.

It's not a character point for one of the villains that they're super goddamn impatient and or paranoid so that they push the matter and end up destroying themselves and ruining their own plan because of their impatience / paranoia. Not even that.

It's just the bad guys being suicidally incompetent for no other reason than that's the only way the author could think to pro, to progress the story.

Even though it doesn't make sense, you know, like that before she lit— Martha Wells literally broke the fourth wall to yell at the audience to stop complaining that the character's actions don't make sense because they genuinely didn't make sense.

They are— They had already figured out that people were going to hunt them down, but then we're still supposed to pretend that they don't want to leave their known location. Um, and then we just get the fourth wall broken to yell at us to to stop complaining that it doesn't make sense, because apparently one of the editors or better readers like, "Hey, this really doesn't make sense if these are supposed to be like

competent characters, which you keep telling us they are, so why would they be doing this?"

And then she literally broke the fourth wall to yell at us to stop complaining.

Anyways, um,

> Gurathin was reviewing the landing video. He said, "Another indication it isn't the company. They obviously don't want to chase us until the end of project date." I said, "I told you it wasn't the company." Mensah interrupted Gurathin before he could respond. “They think we know why they're here, why they're doing this.” “They're wrong,” Ratthi said, frustrated. Mensah's brow furrowed as she picked apart the problem for the other humans. “But why do they think that? It must be because they know we want we went to one of the unmapped regions. That means the data we collected must have the answer.” Pin-Lee nodded. “So the others may know by now.” “It gives us

> leverage,” Mensah said thoughtfully. “But what can we do with it? “And then I had a great idea.

And that's the end of chapter six— Oh, look at that.

Look at that.

Chapter 7 graces us with yet another entirely blank fucking page just to pad out the goddamn page count because this is a fucking scam.

It has no business— There's literally, there's literally an entire blank page to make this book seem longer than it is.

And even with all this fucking effort, it's only a centimeter thick after they put this much goddamn effort into lying about how long it is.

And this is the best. this is as big as they could stretch it out with this egregious shit.

They're charging $16 plus tax plus shipping for this. And they're inserting entire fucking blank pages

between chapters along with having gigantic margins at the top and bottom of each page.

My god, this just ridiculous.

But anyways, I have to go eat some fucking food now. So, this will be the end of this video.

We're going to be on chapter seven next, and its beautiful blank page that is ~totally not a scam, guys. It's totally normal to insert random blank pages at random spots in your book to make it seem longer.~

Anyways, um yeah, just use your own critical thinking skills.

And um this isn't comment bait. I genuinely just can't think of names. Give me names that start with G, H, and I for the, the Gray, SecUnits slaves.

So, because they have they all have to get nicknames so we can refer to them by a name to remember them by because the goddamn book doesn't give a shit

about enslaved people to the point we don't even get like basic designations for them.

All right, byebye.

11

November 6th, 2025. We're going to continue read live reading the Murderbot Diaries with commentary.

For the record, it's 1:32 p.m. and I'm sleepy. I hate daylight savings. It should have been abolished generations ago. It's fucking ridiculous.

Anyways, we're on chapter seven, which is supposedly page 123 because these goddamn fucking liars are goddamn scammers. This is supposedly page 121 over here, where the chapter ends. And then they inserted an entire blank page for no reason, that they are counting as page 122, because they're just that desperate to fucking, to to do this shit and pretend that this book is, this story is so much longer than it is.

So they literally insert an entire whole entire blank page that they count as part of the page count so that they can claim that this book has, so that they can claim this story is 152 pages long.

But along with the blank pages along with the disgustingly massive margins at the bottom of every page, they're also including the copyright page at the start as part of the story. So that the first page of the story is — what they are calling page nine, just as a refresher course for everybody, because I know there are some people watching these completely out of order. I don't know if it's on purpose or just because finding the playlist is difficult, which is understandable because YouTube's terrible.

Yeah, they're, they're, they're doing everything possible, including again, here's another blank page here at the back of the book.

And then we're saying that this little blurb about the author that they stretched out to make it cover two pages when this could have just been one. There's no, like, look at this disgustingly huge margin up here. Look how much space they're putting between that shitty little picture and all of the text.

There's no reason they could not have fit that onto this page here. You'll have to get that. No, it shouldn't

be able to record all the way over there. There's no reason that this could not have been one page.

And the only reason it isn't is because it's a fucking scam.

So, I have anything to drink blah blah blah. Let me pause.

Anyways, um this, like, just this page alone is just emblematic of the scam that this is, because they're counting the blurb about the author, that they shoved onto two pages desperately, and preceded by a blank page. They're counting that as page numbers that they're telling people is how long the story is.

And then, and then they have how many blank pages at the back? I, we I we did this at the start. We're doing it again.

One, two, three, four blank pages at the back of the book, plus all the blank pages thrown into the middle of the book, plus all the blank pages at the start of the book, and all of the margins.

And look, another one. This book is a fucking scam.

Also, again, before I actually start reading, I'm so goddamn sick of this fandom lying to everybody, because everybody in this fandom loves to wax poetic about how “poor tragic Murderbot. It's so traumatized and soooo scared of other slaves. We should feel bad for it cuz it's just fallen for the propaganda and it's so traumatized that it that it's scared of other slaves!!!”

And that's all they say that's going on. They just say that Murderbot is “distrustful of other slaves and is scared of them because it fell for the propaganda.”

(frowning at the book) There's a section in this book, you can see it, where it looks like there's something stuck in there, but I don't think there is. Unless that's where the bookmark was. No, that's past it.

Um, and then people will wax poetic about “poor Murderbot. It's falling for the propaganda that makes it scared of other slaves :(”

And then that's all they, that's all they'll acknowledge.

They don't acknowledge the part where Murderbot is murdering and torturing other slaves maliciously out of spite and going out of his way to do so.

They don't acknowledge that because, you know, acknowledging the fact that the beloved protagonist, that the author Martha Wells wants us to think is a good person, and is doing the right thing, acknowledging that Martha Wells wants us to be okay with this character murdering other slaves as a fucking serial killer—

—And if you were hoping that ends in this book, no, it's literally continuing up to the newest goddamn book in the series and we have like 12 or 13 books in this series now, and it's still continuing because it's not, it— Murderbot isn't murdering other slaves to show that Murderbot is a bad person.

It's because that's what Martha Wells thinks is cool and she's training the fandom to agree with her that it's cool and awesome and totally fine to murder and

torture slaves when you have every power possible to rescue them instead of doing that. But no, we're not going to do that. No.

So, yeah. If if you're in this fandom and you try to say, "Oh, well," just wax poetic about how “Murderbot just doesn't trust other slaves”, but you refuse to just admit to anybody, including yourself, that it's not simply distrustful, it's actively murdering them, you're failing media analysis 101.

You are literally refusing to acknowledge one of the most basic facts of the series because you don't want — because you don't like what it says about the series. So, you're lying to yourself, you are lying to everybody reading your posts.

You are literally contributing to the godamn slavery apologism by glossing over the fact that the author wants us to be okay with this “beloved cinnamon roll protagonist who only pretends to be mean but has a heart of gold”, glossing over the fact that it's a goddamn serial killer that we're supposed to be fine with and cheer on.

Anyways, yeah. Um, next person who tries to wax poetic about, "Oh, poor little murderbot. It's just so traumatized. It's that's what makes it scared of the other slaves” with, while refusing to acknowledge the fact that it's murdering other slaves has been from the start, going out of its way, so far out of its way to murder other slaves—

I'm just going to start fucking telling people “you are literally goddamn lying about this series. Murderbot is a fucking serial killer. It is fucking murdering people. It is murdering slaves. It's going out of its way to do so. And the author wants us to be okay with this. And you are okay with it. Or at least on some level, you know it's bad, which is why you're refusing to admit it and acknowledge that this is a basic goddamn fact. If you can't acknowledge this fact about the goddamn series that has been going on in every single fucking story, then you have no business pretending to wax poetic and do analysis. You're not analyzing shit. You are just lying and regurgitating the slavery apologism by refusing to even admit how

blatant it is so that you can pretend it doesn't exist at all.”

Anyways, we're on chapter 7 which is preceded by that completely blank page because this is a fucking scam, because Tor publishing are fucking scammers, and the poor person who bought this full price? Sorry for you wasting your money, but at least I got it from Goodwill.

Anyways, we're on chapter seven now. This is the second to last chapter in the whole goddamn series.

And uh these ~beloved slave owner characters who are so nice. They're pure cinnamon rolls~ they've not done a single kind thing for Murderbot this whole entire time.

In fact, they are continuing to harass it and torment it and manipulate it.

Again, I mentioned this in the last video, but they like, three separate times now, they've had and every single one of them is giving permission for this to

happen, especially Mensah, she's a fucking horrible person

Gurathin is doing “loyalty tests” on Murderbot, even though he mind-raped Murderbot so, he knows every single one of Murderbot's motivations. He knows that Murderbot is not being controlled by any ~outside compulsions~ or whatever.

He knows that Murderbot is unnaturally devoted to protecting them and has nothing nothing towards them except good intentions and the desire to protect them, including killing itself to protect them.

And yet, after mind-raping Murderbot, so he knows this, he then still continues to insist upon forcing Murderbot into the “loyalty test” to prove that Murderbot isn't going to actually secretly kill them.

And then everybody else just stands around and lets this happen, because they're all literal slave owners who are still treating this slave that they've enslaved like a goddamn slave.

They know for a fact that Murderbot wants to help them and protect them, because it's been brainwashed into thinking it has no value outside of doing that, and yet, they're still tormenting it literally just for fun.

Because Gurathin knows for a fact that Murderbot is loyal and wants to protect them.

And yet three times now, and it'll probably continue, he, he's insisting on pretending he doesn't actually know that, just so he can ask Murderbot invasive questions and stare at it in a way he knows is triggering and so much more.

And then every — all of the other slave owners are just 100% fine with this.

Like when Gurathin says, "I'm coming along with you." Mensah did not need to say to Murderbot, to pretend that the slave actually has a choice in the matter when it doesn't—

Because Gurathin didn't ask, "Can I come with you?" He marched up and said, as one of Murderbot's active slave owners that Murderbot has to follow the orders of beyond the governor module, deep in its “core programming”, in Martha Wells's own words, he said, "I am coming with you."

That wasn't a question. That was a fucking order. Murderbot doesn't actually get to say, "No, actually, you can't come with me, no, fuck you.”

And Mensah, who rented out this fucking slave in the first place, and knows how all of this shit works, knows that it doesn't *actually* get to say that.

But then she pretends that it does.

So then Gurathin just comes along for literally no other purpose but to continue tormenting Murderbot with “loyalty tests” even though he knows for a fact that it is loyal to them because it has no other option and is brainwashed.

And then this is all presented as totally good and reasonable, and we are “supposed to think that Gurathin is an asshole”, um, but like, not really, because none of the other characters that we're supposed to think are better people than him by a slight level?

None of them are actually upset with him.

None of them stop him from doing this.

None of them like, punish him in any fucking way.

Like, just, you know, giving him the cold shoulder until he fucking apologizes.

Nothing.

Nothing.

Nothing at all.

Even though we're supposed to believe that they're “good people who care about slaves”.

So, um, for some goddamn reason, five of the four (nine) fucking characters are all going on this completely useless mission that only needed one or two people at max.

And it's just because there's too many characters, and again, for anybody who didn't notice, the reason there's eight fucking human “human”, “real humans” protagonists to memorize in this book is literally just so that Martha Wells could tokenize as many ethnic sounding names as possible, without actually making them characters who matter.

You'll notice that they all have different ethnic sounding names, and yet, there's no description, which gives everybody — all of the other white supremacists in the audience, it gives them permission to whitewash them and pretend that “Gurathin” is *definitely* the name of an Aryan ideal white man, blond-haired, blue-eyed, all the sh— all like the whole fucking shebang of literally the Aryan ideal.

And Martha Wells is fine with this, because she's literally cheering and screaming from the rooftops in praise for Apple TV whitewashing her Black non-binary protagonist.

The reason we have to memorize the names Gurathin, Pin-Lee, Ratthi, Arada, Mensah, Overse, Volescu, and Bharadwaj, is so that she can pretend that this book is diverse and inclusive.

Except 90% of those don't matter. They're not actual characters. Bharadwaj doesn't fucking exist as a goddamn character. She doesn't get to be a fucking character. She just gets injured and then is shoved off screen, doesn't fucking do anything.

And then abruptly in like book five or six, it's mentioned that she's somehow acting as Murderbot's therapist, even though she's not a therapist.

And it's just, it's, it's, it's fucking ridiculous.

The only reason there are this many characters is so that Martha Wells can tokenize people of color.

Because there's a difference between tokenizing people of color and actually having an actually inclusive and genuinely diverse and not just white— make white people cast of characters

What this is doing is tokenization because— what — Tell me something about Volescu. He never— He never returns in the series ever again. We have no description of what he looks like.

(from offscreen) He doesn't matter.

Yeah, exactly. He doesn't matter. He's not a real fucking character. He's just another name so that people can go, "Oh, but that name doesn't sound like a white person's name. That means this author is good."

But then she never actually puts in any of the effort to make them more than literally just names, not even with descriptions.

And then like, they're still being put into caricature— Like, Ratthi is just comic relief. He doesn't do

anything besides be the goofy comic relief. So he's literally just the comic relief ambiguously brown guy, because we don't have a description of Ratthi at all either. It's just implied by his name that he's a brown man. But then that's not actually described in the book.

So that, again, just exactly like with Murderbot, the literal fucking Black non-binary protagonist, Martha Wells has the plausible deniability where people will say, "Oh, she said the character's Black. She said the character is Non-binary." Except she didn't even say that shit, “Um, so that means it's progressive. That means she's a good author, right? She cares about people that are not white supremacists?”

Until she starts cheering on Apple TV for casting the whitest white man to play the Black non-binary character. It's tokenization. This isn't representation. This is tokenization.

And if you can't fucking tell the difference, I don't know what to fucking tell you. Besides, you need to read books by people who actually give a single shit

about minorities instead of literally just tokenizing us to fill their wallet.

Go read books by actual people of color and actual allies to people of color who genuinely give a shit about them.

Stop reading shit by Martha Wells and people like her who literally just tokenize people of color to pretend on a very bare minimum surface level to be anti-racist and “not a racist” only to literally sell out and cheer on whitewashing from the rooftops at the very first fucking white man to throw money at them.

Martha Wells doesn't give a fuck about people of color. She doesn't give a fuck about non-binary people. She doesn't give a fuck about trans people. She doesn't give a fuck about aroace people at all.

Again, because uh, some — a few more people are coming to this realization, unfortunately, a bit too late. Um that Murderbot is not actually meant to represent aroace people who are sex and romance repulsed, that's just being thrown in there to tokenize

us, again, just to give the illusion of giving a fuck about other people.

But then we — as the series goes on, every other goddamn character in the series who we're supposed to like and agree with and are presented as completely correct, just keep insisting that the relationship between the two characters must be romantic and sexual and at at the very least must be romantic.

And then they never receive any pushback for this, because Martha Wells is actively courting and encouraging all of the other allos in the audience to erase the aroace representation, such as it is.

Because you can have other characters be bigots towards aroace people. But if that's, if the intention is that “this character is being a fucking bigot” instead of “yes, this character is correct. The other character is just in denial about their feelings,” then you would give them pushback. There would be narrative pushback.

But we don't get that.

Martha Wells is literally giving all of the other allos in her fucking audience permission to erase all of the aroace characters’ aroaceness to just insist that they must be allo and just in denial about it, because she's a shit writer and a shit person.

Anyways, uh chapter 7, I say 20 minutes into the video.

> So, at the appointed time the next day, Mensah and I were flying toward the rendezvous point.

Oh, yeah. Again, just rehash. The villains would have won except that Martha Wells couldn't see any way for the protagonist to do anything of their own skill, of their own volition, not even just basic good luck where they happen to be in the right place at the right time.

The villains literally sabotage themselves to death for no reason.

It's just shit writing.

It's not even a characterization flaw of the villains.

As I said yesterday, you could have it be, you could have their actions that make no fucking sense, make sense with characterization, but we don't get characterization for these villains.

They're just generic Evil For The Sake Of Being Evil evil guys.

No depth, no characterization, nothing that makes any goddamn sense, because this is not a deep story. This is not a meaningful story.

It's just shitty, light-hearted, shallow garbage that exists purely to say, “wouldn't it be so cool if slaves killed themselves to protect their masters? I bet if I were a slave owner, my slaves would love me so much that they would kill themselves to protect me.”

That's that's the premise of this fucking entire goddamn story. As I've said multiple times over this.

Anyways, let's let's fucking go.

> So, at the appointed time the next day, Mensah and I were flying toward the rendezvous point.

The rendezvous point that they would never have found if the villains didn't literally tell them for no reason except that Martha Wells is a shitty fucking writer and can't actually manage to make her characters genuinely competent, so that the only way they can fucking survive and quote unquote “win” is by making the villains even more incompetent than these people are, and then not even editing it later to actually decent story line.

Like it's just fucking ridiculous.

> Gurathin and Pin-Lee had taken one of my drones and rebuilt it with a limited scanning attachment.

And then in parenthesis:

(limited because the drone was so was too small for most of the components a longer and wider range scanner would need.)

End parenthesis.

Last night I had sent it into the upper atmosphere to give us a view of the site.

Why is this— whatever! And again, you'll notice that the tech—

(from offscreen) microscopic.

Yeah, they are. Because later we get told, at some point, that a drone is really big because it's like almost a centimeter. This is ridiculous.

Go into the upper— Yeah, this fucking drone—

You notice again how the technology can do anything that the plot requires?? So all of a sudden these little tiny drones can go into the upper atmosphere.

(from offscreen) Do you have your ruler there?

um somewhere

(from offscreen) pick up your copy of Yeah, pick up pick up a ruler or something or your copy of all systems, right? Which is less than a centimeter.

Yeah. Oh, yeah. Yeah. This is— so, at some point later in the series, we get told that, “oh, that piece of that that piece of technology is really big. It's almost a centimeter!”

This book is about slightly less than a centimeter thick.

So later in the series, we claim that technology that is this big is “really big and bulky” and then it's just, it's it's just there to be ridiculous and make it seem high-tech and it's just it's absurd.

Kind of like saying abruptly that tree frogs are actually people who can talk and speak the same language that you do. And you've known they were

people the whole time. You just decided to keep continuously referring to them as animals, which now retroactively implies that your fucking protagonists have been killing, murdering, and eating people this whole goddamn time, if tree frogs are suddenly abruptly like five or six books into the series going to be revealed to have been people the whole fucking time!

That doesn't make any goddamn—that little tangent doesn't make any fucking sense to anybody who's only read this shit. You haven't read The Books of the Raksura.

Anyways, um so the t the technology in here— just, it's just magic. It's a bad magic system. It can do whatever the plot requires as soon as the plot requires.

There was no setup that these drones could go into the upper atmosphere ever before.

Now, and again, notice it's saying *upper atmosphere*, not just into the sky. We knew they

could fly, but going into the upper atmosphere, that's a completely different kind of fucking thing. That's a completely separate ability from the generic ability to fly around like a little toy ro— like super advanced remote control helicopter, or you know, drones cuz we have those now.

This is, this is just ridiculous.

And it's like and again we're just giving all of the protagonists—

(to a cat) What are you— Why are you poking me? Why are you poking me?

There was no hint that these drones were able to go into the upper atmosphere until they suddenly have that goddamn ability.

And there's no point! And what, what's the payoff for this contradictory statement that was never set up and is just making — just doing all the bullshit? There's no payoff besides uh

> last night I had sent it into the upper atmosphere to give us a view of the site. The location was near their survey base which was about only 2 kilos away.

And again, we're, we're again using the word “kilo” to mean distance. When that, when saying it, kilo usually refers to weight.

And again, as my twin pointed out, you could just say klick, because that means a kilometer and it's military speak, a thing that Murderbot would presumably be told to speak in.

But no, instead of anything logical, we're just going to refer to distance as “a kilo” just to cause confusion for no goddamn reason.

Imagine if I just started saying, "Oh, their their base was probably only two pounds away." The money, the fucking measurement of weight, their their “their thing was 2 ounces away”

Why are we saying kilos?

Like, and again, I know there's going to be people watching these videos who have never written a goddamn thing in their lives besides a shitty essay for English class that they didn't even pay attention to, and they're going to say, "Oh, well, you're just nitpicking!”

I'm a fucking writer. Every goddamn writer worth their salt knows that every — I don't, I shouldn't even have to explain this, but I do have to, because there's so much anti-intellectualism running rampant in every fandom and especially in this one.

Every word you choose is chosen on purpose. Writers will sometimes sit there for 15 minutes literally just deciding whether to change one word into something else.

And just using the word kilos, uh, “the location was near their survey base, which was only about 2 kilos away.” That's an absurd fucking sentence. Because by using the word kilo to mean kilometer, even though it is almost always used, shortened that way to mean weight as in a kilogram, you are causing confusion for

no fucking reason. A thing that you should want to avoid.

There is never a good reason to try to confuse your audience like this. It's just bad writing. And it's — and it's a form of writing that Martha Wells loves, where she seems to be under the impression, along with Steven Moffat and probably many other bad fucking writers, that “if your audience is confused that means you're a clever writer”.

And it's no. No! There's a difference between “the audience is confused because there's an actual mystery and there's many hints and they're trying to figure it out” and “the audience is confused because you're bad at writing and what you're writing doesn't make fucking sense.”

It does not fucking make sense to casually be throwing around the word kilo to mean distance without setting that up beforehand as part of this goddamn contemporary language.

I read, what the fuck was that called? I read a bunch of books all related to BLIT — B L I T T by David something or other or maybe something or other David. Sorry, dude. I forgot your name.

But you can read those for free online. Let me try to remember the name of this fucking book....

It's not called Black Ice. That's a thing in the book. It's like... one word. Stepping razor.... what's the...oh my gosh I don't remember what the name of this book is, but that book, it's a futuristic sci-fi cyberpunk dystopia. It's, it was written 90s? 80s was written back then.

It uses a lot of futuristic slang and one of the things they do is they *do* use kilo to refer to distance, but the thing that makes that different from this, is that all of that slang— There's a bunch of slang. All of that was set up as part of that fucking world building. It's part of the characterization of our protagonists. It's part of the world they live in. It's set up.

We go, we know just from going into that series and just from the very start immersing ourselves in it that they use words differently than we do. Black Ice. It, they literally have a fucking cybernetic— what's— cyberspace. It's a thing about cyberspace.

It's a cyberpunk dystopia where cyberspace is a whole fucking thing.

Black ice refers to a form of computer virus that you can come across in cyberspace that will fucking fry your brain. A thing that's extremely unusual because there's safeguards against that. But this it's called black ice. you can't fucking see through it and it will literally fucking kill you, and that's not normal.

There'—s there and that's just one example of the things, there's so much slang includ— and the, the usage of “kilo” to refer to distance in *that* is very purposeful as slang, because they are living in a completely different world than we are. They use words differently. So much is going on in there with the language.

That is not what is happening here.

This is written like it's just somebody on fucking Tumblr or Reddit in this day and age just chatting casually.

There is no intentionality about the way things are said and spoken in here outside — ignoring the racist propaganda, we're just talking about characterization right now.

This is not this is not written intentionally to convey things with the language. It's just casual as fuck modernd ay English. Extremely casual modern day English. Extremely familiar, informal modern day English, which is why everybody's like, "Oh, Murderbot's the most human character I've seen in forever."

And it's like, yeah, it's because it a is a literal cyborg. It's not actually a fucking robot. She just lied about that on purpose to make people not grasp that she's *literally asking you to agree with dehumanizing

Black disabled people who were literally mutilated to justify enslaving them*.

It's it's written like any other generic modern-day protagonist who speaks informally like I'm talking right now.

Me talking like this? The characters in this book wouldn't think it's weird at all, because there's nothing intentional about how they speak versus how *we* speak to show what kind of a different world they're fucking living in.

And then you compare that with the book whose name I still haven't remembered.

There's a character her well her name's Molly. Well, her name's not Molly, that's a fake name. We don't know what her real name is. She's also called Steppin Razor. I forget the name the main character's name. It starts with an…my dyslexia/synesthesia like it's either a C or an S. Uh he doesn't — his name doesn't get said very often.

Um I don't know what the fuck it's called and I can't check because my phone has the library app and I can't open this while I'm doing a video.

But anyways, what I'm trying to fucking say here is that you *can* use the word “kilo” as shorthand for “kilometer” without causing confusion. But that requires you to set up the goddamn world so that readers start to expect to have to think of words that we are familiar with being used in new ways consistently, so that we can tell, okay, so that means something different, I have to wait until they explain what that means or until I see the fucking context for what that means.

And that is done effortlessly in *there*. It makes sense that they would use the word kilo as shorthand for kilometer instead of weight.

It doesn't fucking make sense in here. It's just badly written because there's a goddamn difference with writing — with *good writing*, you can get away with almost anything.

Almost anything you fucking want, you can get away with as long as you properly fucking set it up and build it in.

That's not happening here.

And if you think, "Oh, well, you're just going on and on about a single stupid word. You're just overthinking things." This is called basic fucking media analysis. And if you don't grasp that every word an author fucking puts in that goddamn first draft, let alone second draft, and then keeps for the supposed final fucking product that people are paying for, you don't understand how writing works. You don't understand how media analysis works. You are literally just an anti-intellectualist.

Like, you actually have to use your brain and think about the stories that you read.

And if you don't want to do that, then you can shut the fuck up and go away and leave alone the people who are actually engaging with critical thinking skills and basic media analysis and actually thinking about

things instead of just mindlessly consuming whatever fucking racist propaganda garbage gets slopped in front of you.

Use your fucking brain.

Go write a goddamn story and actually take care with what you write and you will notice, yeah, every single word you're picking does in fact matter.

Anyways, let's continue reading.

> The location was near their survey base.

And again, I have to stop there because you can't say this shit. ~The location was near their survey base~ We don't know where their survey base is!

Martha Wells does this all the goddamn time, and I've seen other people mention it in their reviews, where we don't know what the fuck Ratthi looks like.

We don't know what Amena looks like.

We just randomly will get told that like Amena is shorter than Ratthi.

But we've never gotten so much as a hint of how tall or short Ratthi is.

So Ratthi could be 4t tall and Amena could be 3t tall for all we fucking know.

For all we fucking know. Ratthi could be 12 feet tall and Amena is 11 feet tall. We don't fucking know!

We just get these “comparative descriptions”, but the character that the new character’s being compared to has *literally never gotten a description*.

So this “comparison” is completely fucking meaningless.

~Amena's skin was lighter than Ratthi's but darker than Blanks.~

Ratthi's skin has never been described!

Other character whose skin tone is being compared has never been described!

It's bad writing! This isn't a writing style! This is just Martha Wells being bad at writing and being racist because, again, all of this bullshit, she doesn't want to *actually* tell you what color these characters skin tones are!

She doesn't actually want to describe them and describe their features, because that would remove the plausible deniability that she needs if she wants to be able to scream and cheer from the rooftops how amazing it is for her Black non-barinary protagonist to be played by a cis blondhaired blue-eyed white man.

So yeah, we're being told that this location is “near their survey base”, a thing— nobody knows where that is, because you had no idea where they were until they told you for no godamn reason.

> The location was near their

And just me saying that, I could make up so many good fucking reasons for the villains to have done that, including, you know, maybe, just fucking maybe, they are after Murderbot in particular, and the rest of this is like a bonus thing?

Maybe Murderbot's broken fucking governor module is broken for a goddamn reason that has nothing to do with somebody wanting to free a slave. Maybe there are extreme corporate secrets that were put onto that fucking governor module, which is why it doesn't perform its intended function anymore.

Maybe there's a whole goddamn conspiracy where these people are trying to track down one particular fucking SecUnit so that they can extract the governor module and get whatever was stored on there.

I just made that up in the last 5 seconds out of nowhere.

Because here's the thing, again, as I said, with good writing, you can get away with anything.

You can have space vampire sharks on the fucking moon, genetically engineered in Soviet Russia. Not that I'm saying that movie is well written, but you could do that.

This isn't doing anything well. This is just so many ridiculous things upon ridiculous things.

Again, if here's just a basic writing tip: If you are pretending that your characters are competent and intelligent and tactical and know how to strategize and know what they're doing, you need to actually show that.

If the only way that you can think to have your heroes “win” the story is to make the, the, the villains like, suicidally incompetent and self-destructive for no reason, and that's the only way you can see your protagonist winning?

You need to write better protagonist because you're shit at fucking writing.

Fix your plot.

Like, you literally need to fix you need to start the fuck over because there are situations where yes, it would be a good thing for the only, the literal only way the heroes can win is if the villain fucks up irredeemably and just fucks everything over for themselves.

Like, you know if the protagonists were say children that like are literally helpless in this situation and they only survive through fucking chance, because I don't know somebody like, fucked something up and tripped into a goddamn wire.

And, like, you would have to write that really well for it to be convincing and believable, but you could do it.

But we're not doing that. And you shouldn't be relying on stupid contrivances.

And again, with good writing, you can get away with anything. With good writing, you could get away with literally “the plot is solved because somebody fucking tripped and pushed the big red button that releases all the prisoners.”

You would have to have a lot of fucking setup to make that an outcome that is acceptable in the reality that you have fucking written.

This is ridiculous.

The location was near their survey base.

A thing that doesn't tell us anything, because we never knew where their survey base was. We had not even a goddamn hint.

We've barely even had time to grasp the fact that these fuckers have been ~stranded~ on an alien planet, un-mapped, un-charted, un-everything alien planet ~without any hope of escape~.

Because before that even has time to sink in for anybody, they've already been told the exact location of the only phone so that they can go there and kick the bad guys and get off anyways.

There's no reason for this to have been set on a goddamn uncharted unexplored alien planet. This

could just be happening in a fucking shopping mall because the stakes — the stakes of being — the possibility of being trapped here. that's such a non-existent threat that we literally are just skipping right over it.

We don't spend several days with all of the people, including Murderbot, trapped in the little stupid helicopters. Murderbot, in particular, if we're supposed to pretend that this story takes slavery seriously, slowly losing its mind from the stress of being trapped in close quarters with slave owners who are manipulating it and forcing it to make them always be allowed to see its face against its will, and you know, doing “loyalty checks” on it, loyalty tests even though they mind-raped it so they know it's loyal, literally just to be cruel.

We don't we didn't spend any time any at all examining what exactly would happen to these people and showing how horrible it would be to be trapped on this planet and show us that this is a real threat and that their supplies are already running out way

faster than they thought, because here's a goddamn concept:

Maybe they were lied to about how many supplies were contained in each of those fucking boxes?

Because you know that whole sabotage, but it's not really sabotage because it clearly doesn't actually want to kill them, but if we pretend that they were under any actual threat, we could have said that those boxes that those crates and shit of supplies, they scanned them: It said they were totally full.

And then they open them and there's just a bunch of really heavy equivalent of space packing peanuts just in there to take up space.

But the supplies are actually the majority, the *minority* of the weight in there.

Because you know, if we keep saying that the company is cheap and evil and scammy, why don't we show that?

It's because it's badly written and Martha Wells is shit at writing.

> Anyways, the location was near their survey base, which was about only about 2 kilos away, a habitat similar to DeltFall’s.

Period. That's one sentence. That— (to person offscreen) I hear you laughing.

(from offscreen) I'm just imagining every time you say kilos away, just say pounds away. I

Yeah, ~it was only two pounds away. It was only 2 ounces away.~

> By the size of their habitat and the number of SecUnits

Oh, yeah. I didn't find that. I did not find my notebook that where I had started keeping track. We still need names for these guys. We need…whatever. I'll write it again after I do this. When I'm writing the transcripts for these—

You'll have to wait for the transcripts because my computer will not reliably stay on. It turns on now. It won't stay on. If I move it at all, it turns itself off. So, I can't really easily edit the transcripts because YouTube will not let me download it onto my phone. It doesn't even give me the option to look at the subtitle files, so that I can't download them, so that I can't edit it so that it's properly done and all that crap.

> By the size of their habitat and the number of SecUnits

And again, just a reminder, anytime “a SecUnit” is used, you need to be replacing that mentally with “meat shield slave”. Enslaved meat shield, human shield.

> Including the one Mensah had taken out with a mining drill

And that's supposed to be funny. Again, Mensah, a slave owner, murdered a slave.

We're supposed to think that's cool and heroic and funny.

> They had between 30 and 40 team members. They were obviously very confident, but then they'd had access to our hub, and they knew they were dealing with a small group of scientists and researchers and one messed up secondhand SecUnit.

And you know, you can't say shit like that, because that is implying that most other SecUnits are not secondhand.

That's implying many things that and none of them are true.

None of that ever comes up again.

It's not — It's just such bad fucking writing, pretending to be more deep than it is. And you couldn't even fill a fucking puddle with this.

> I just hope they didn't realize how messed up I actually was.
> When the hopper picked up the first blip of a scanner contact Mensah hit the comm immediately. “GrayCris, be advised that my party has secured evidence of your activities on this planet and hidden it in various places where it will transmit to the pickup ship whenever it arrives.” She let that sink in for 3 seconds, then added, "You know we found the missing map sections." There was a long pause. I was slowing us down, scanning for incoming weapons, even though the chances were good they didn't have any.

Why would the chances be good that they don't have any weapons?

That is another absurd thing to just fucking say as though it's fact when they're, what??? That doesn't — that actively doesn't make sense, and not in the way that vampire sharks on the moon doesn't make sense. That doesn't make sense!

So, you're telling me that there's — it, it makes sense that the people who are here *literally just for the purpose of murdering everybody else*, you're going to pretend to me that it's it ~just makes sense~, just makes sense that they don't have any weapons with which to shoot down helicopters?

Even though they have enough money to have, if you missed it, they bribed the company to let them come here and murder everybody. They bribed the company to let them come here in secret.

They have all of the resources to just go around murdering everybody else, but we're supposed to just pretend, based on nothing but Martha Wells telling us abruptly out of nowhere, with no evidence to back it up, that “oh yeah, they probably can't hurt our helicopters in any way.” Um, based on what??

Why are we supposed to be scared of them then??

It — Are you like — we're literally being told they cannot even shoot down the protagonist's helicopters!

So why did you run away then if they literally can't even hurt your helicopters to the point that it's not a threat at all and you're not concerned about it at all, because you are convinced that that's not a capability they have???

Why would you fucking say that?

> I was slowing us down, scanning for incoming weapons, even though the chances were good that they didn't have any.

The people who are here to murder you and came here pre-planning all of these murders, and you expect me to believe that they don't have weapons to shoot helicopters down with?

Are you fucking kidding me? Are you fucking kidding me? This is why Martha Wells had to break the fourth wall at the end of like what was that, chapter four or five? And just yell at us preemptively to stop complaining that it doesn't make sense. This is ridiculous.

And again, we we just keep getting told, "Ooh, they're so scary. They're so threatening.” But also, they they definitely don't have any weapons with which to shoot down helicopters. They don't have any weapons to threaten the protagonist that they're trying to murder with.

What are you fucking talking about? This is ridiculous.

> The comm channel came alive and a voice said, "We can discuss our situation. An arrangement can be made." There was so much scanning and anti-canning going on. The voice was made of static. It was creepy. “Land your vehicle and we can discuss it.”

And again, you if you're going to tell us that the voice was ~made of static~, you should be telling us that before we've already read the fucking dialogue.

“The comm channel came alive and a voice said blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. There was blah

blah blah so much interference the voice was made of static.”

We can't imagine that retroactively!

I shouldn't have to reread that sentence to imagine how it supposedly sounds because you only bothered to tell me that ~the voice is made of static~ after it's already spoken.

(to person offscreen) Listen to this part you missed. Listen to this part you missed. As they fly toward the GrayCris compound, that they would never have discovered if the villains weren't incompetent,

(from offscreen)because she doesn't know how to write herself out of her own plot,

Yes! Because she could just could not think of one single way for the heroes to figure out how to save themselves.

> I was slowing us down, scanning for incoming weapons, even though the chances were good they didn't have any.

(from offscreen) Why would they not have any?

Exactly. I— you missed my, you missed my whole spiel about that. So, go ahead and just say your thoughts so we can just show that like this is basic shit.

(from offscreen) They're approaching people who are more than willing to commit murder, who are going out of their way to do all this random ass shit, for no reason when it'd be infinitely easier to do so many other sabotage things. And that that that counts as one of “the protagonist did *not* blank.”

> (from offscreen, slowly, skeptically) “I was slowing us down, scanning for weapons.”

(from offscreen) And don't they end up having weapons? They have guns.

They apparently they don't have weapons that can threaten a helicopter.

(from offscreen) You can... *shoot* a helicopter.

Yes. Yes, you can. You can shoot a helicopter with a regular gun.

(from offscreen) You can shoot them with a fucking *slingshot*, and if your aim was good enough that you got in through the pilot's door and hit him in the head —!

Yep. Yeah.

(from offscreen) Let alone when you have um,

Yeah.

(from offscreen) ~Killer robots~ enslaved that can have perfect superhuman —

They have energy guns built into their arms for anybody who's forgotten. And also they apparently all

have big projectile weapons that don't get a description

(from offscreen) like, Murderbot has gone up against some humans in some — you know, they would they wouldn't be humans. They wouldn't be humans. Of Murderbot was going up against some random ~CombatUnits~ in a hopper: “Oh, they were stupid for doing this. I took I unleashed the energy weapon in my left arm and just sent off a single fire. Shot that shot off the fucking rotator and boom, they went crashing.”

Yeah, like that. That ~stupid little~ uh other enemy slave—

(from offscreen) Actually, it probably wouldn’t even have that much detail.

Yeah, that I was going to say you're, you're even inserting more detail than what happened. It would just be um, “I shot at the helicopter and it crashed.”

That — remember from—

(from offscreen, loudly with drama) two bullets hit me in the hip and another in my—!

No, see see calling them bullets, even that's too much. It's just “I felt an impact in my thigh.” No other detail. (sarcastically) But it's totally deep and serious and meaningful guys!!!!

Anyways, remember that first fight or so where we were told that “oh the enemy slave that I'm have gone out of my way to murder, despite them trying to warn me away, through their brainwashing, to try and keep me safe even though they don't know who I am, and they just care about me anyways, because we're all in the same situation, *they think*?”

Um, remember how Murderbot's like “oh they — I shot them in the hand, they made the mistake of picking up their weapon with the hand I hadn't shot”

And it's like, that's not a mistake. That's literally the only option available.

You getting shot in the hand so that your hand is gone. So you pick up your weapon with your other hand that still remains. That's not a mistake. But Martha Wells tells us that was a mistake that the enemy made, just to make Murderbot look smarter. And she does this so many times.

And again, again pretending that, just so, we're — we're literally expected to believe that people who came here for *the sole premeditated purpose of murdering everybody* we’re being told and asked to just accept that they don't have weapons to shoot a helicopter with.

Not even, not even one.

Even though all of their SecUnits have built-in energy weapons with absolutely unlimited ammo and unknown range, but we're just supposed to accept that they just they don't have weapons that can hurt their helicopter.

And like this is bad writing.

This isn't something we can suspend our disbelief for.

This isn't you asking me, “hey, want to suspend your disbelief to just accept the fact for this the sake of this story that there are vampire sharks on the moon?”

No, this is the, this is literally asking me to believe that people who came here for the express purpose of committing multiple premeditated murders — Like I think, what's, what makes it a mass murder? How many people do you have to kill at once for it to be mass murder?

Like they came here to do mass murder and cover up and kill a whole bunch of people, who all have access to helicopters and shit, but we're being asked to just believe, based on absolutely nothing, just told to us as though it's it's a known fact, they don't have any weapons that can hurt our helicopter.

Uh

> I was slowing us down, scanning for incoming weapons, even though the chances were good they didn't have any.

It's like why wouldn't they have any?

(from offscreen) Three or more people during an event with no cooling off period between homicides.

So yeah, mass murder is literally just killing at least three people at the same time in the same time span. This is like

(from offscreen) without having days and weeks in between.

Yeah, they killed like Yes. 20.

(from offscreen) There's eight of them.

This Yeah, this is literally premeditated mass murderers that have already successfully killed like 20? 10 I don't know how many people, and enslaved a whole bunch more.

But we're now being told that oh um they actually don't have any weapons that can they can shoot the protagonist with even though they also have access to drones.

And I don't know if you know this, guys, um but you can, you can in fact fly a drone and use a drone as a goddamn projectile weapon.

You would think, um, the bad guys would do that, because Murderbot does that shit all the time.

They're in a helicopter. You have drones. You could literally just slam the drone into whoever is flying the helicopter. You could slam the drone into one specific spot and make it go boom.

That's what would be happening if it were the protagonists not in the helicopter.

(from offscreen) Actually, just the fact that these little tiny drones are less than a centimeter—

Yeah. And have no description whatsoever. \

(from offscreen) Go up into the lower (upper) atmosphere. Yeah. I don't think — Why can you not just set their engines to max and just have them ram people in the fucking head? Like I'm trying to think of a movie that maybe did this at some point. There's probably some movie out there that did that, but it's literally just

Because it's literally just a bullet that you can fucking remote control. Like even if it's not going as fast as a bullet, you can just chuck a drone. You can just chuck something. Something doesn't have to go strength — How fast do How fast do bullets go? Something doesn't have to be going as fast as a bullet to kill or incapacitate you. Like, this is just ridiculousness.

The only reason the villains are this incompetent is because Martha Wells is too bad of a goddamn writer to think of any way for the protagonist to overpower or outthink them in or even just outmaneuver them in any way, because it's badly written.

These are not competent heroes. They just “win” because the bad guys are written to be ridiculously incompetent and useless.

She literally —

(from offscreen) Bullets travel typically anywhere 800 some miles per hours up to 2,000 plus miles per hour.

You don't have to be going that fast to kill someone or like, you wouldn't even have to kill them. Just throw them back. Knock them out for a few seconds. You're in a helicopter. It's going to go crashing. This is ridiculous.

And again, this is making it so there's no possible fucking stakes.

We cannot have any tension for this approach scene because we literally get told “there's zero chance of their helicopter getting shot down” a thing that would be at the forefront of anybody's mind reading this, except we get told “No, that can't happen. Don't worry about it. That that would be stupid. That would

that would mean that our villains um know what they're doing!”

And again this next paragraph:

> The comm channel came alive and a voice said, "We can discuss our situation. An arrangement can be made." There was so much scanning and anti-canning going on that the voice was made of static.

We should be getting told that what the voice sounds like before we get the fucking dialogue.

Here's how to fix that shit: The comm came came alive with a burst of static and barely fucking able to be…differentiated. I'm just making this shit up.

(from offscreen) discernable.

What?

(from offscreen) Discernable.

Yeah, discernable is the word I'm looking for. Barely discernable from the white noise was a voice crackling and sparking saying, "We can discuss our situation. An arrangement can be made."

Why are those also those are both two separate sentences. We can discuss our situation. Period. An arrangement can be made. Period.

Like, if you're going to tell us that the voice doesn't sound like a normal voice because there's so much radio static interfering, tell us that before we get the dialogue. You should never be forcing your fucking audience to have to go back and reread the fucking dialogue just to imagine how it's supposed to be sounding, because you cannot be asked to fucking tell us what it sounds like until afterward.

(from offscreen) So, are they threatening them?

Who?

(from offscreen) Why do they want to come to an arrangement?

Um, because they're incompetent villains and there's literally no other way that the bad guys could survive. Literally, there's no in-universe explanation whatsoever. And I, I literally went on a whole thing about how this could be made to make sense, if we had any characterization for the villains or any motivation for the villains besides being evil for the sake of being evil. It's fucking ridiculous.

> Land your vehicle and we can discuss it. Mensah gave it a minute as if she was thinking it over, then answered, "I'll send our SecUnit to speak to you." She cut the comm off. As we got closer, we had a visual on the site. It was a low plateau surrounded by trees. Their habitat was visible to the west. Because the trees encroached on their campsite, their domes and vehicle landing pad were elevated on wide platforms. The company required this as a security feature if you wanted your base to be anywhere without open terrain around it. It cost extra and if you didn't want it, it cost even

more to guarantee your bond. It was one of the reasons I thought my great idea would work.

And again, we keep getting told over and over, “the company's so cheap. They're such a scammer. They're so cheap. They don't do anything well. They don't care about your safety!!”

But then also “here's all these safety features that they force you to use. Also, the this company is so cheap, but also it costs so much money and is so expensive and they care so much about your safety that they're going to even send an extra super fast ship extra ahead of the regular ship that would come to your rescue. They're going to send you a super duper fast ambulance to rescue you. Even though we keep getting told they're so cheap, but also they're so expensive.”

Make up your fucking mind!

Is it the cheapest, shittiest fucking option? Is it, let's say, Dollar Tree chicken noodle soup, or is it, I don't know, Campbell's chicken noodle soup? Which is it?

Also, never buy fucking— Never. No, not Dollar Tree. Family Dollar chicken noodle soup. Is it Family Dollar chicken noodle soup where the whole goddamn can is actually just this much so that when you pour it into the pot, you literally can't even put the fuckle ladle in because it's literally this shallow. Yes, that I'm not lying. This actually happened. Never buying soup from Family Dollar again.

We keep getting told completely contradictory things and supposed to accept them in the moment, and then just go along with whatever contradictory thing we're told next, because it's badly written.

And this isn't in the “Yeah, I can send spend my disbelief to accept vampire sharks on the moon.” This is the shit writing.

This is why Martha Wells literally had to break the fourth wall in this very book to tell people, “stop complaining that the characters actions don't make sense. They totally make sense. Even though I'm not writing them in a way where it can make sense!”

As I keep saying, with good writing, proper setup, and characterization, you can get away with anything.

You can get away with characters doing completely ridiculous things that are entirely within character and predictable. And nobody who's read The Thing will argue that, yeah, they wouldn't have done that.

These fucking villains should not be doing this.

And if not for the shit writing, where this is the only way Martha Wells could figure out to move the goddamn plot quote unquote
“forward”, they wouldn't be doing this. It's just bad writing.

There's a difference between “there's vampire sharks on the moon” and the people, the fucking extremely rich evil corporation that came here for the sole purpose of committing multiple mass murders and government and government conspiracies, you can't convince me that they didn't bring any weapons to shoot a goddamn helicopter with.

That is fucking ridiculous and absurd and just bullshit contrivance writing. That is plot armor. That is fucking ridiculous.

And yes, if you write shit like this, you are bad at writing. Martha Wells is bad at fucking writing. This is a badly written story.

If the villains were allowed to actually be a threat, these goddamn heroes would be dead. And I would cheer that on.

Honestly, they would have starved to death out in the fucking jungle. That doesn't have a goddamn description in any way

(from offscreen) In the open.

Yeah, let me reread that because again, she's trying to pretend there's a mystery and ~ooh um I'm doing a mystery by just not telling us things.~ So, audience. Let me Yeah, let me just read that paragraph again.

> As we got closer, we had a visual on the site. It was a low plateau surrounded by trees. That habitat was visible to the west.

No, let me start and just add the punctuation.

“As we got closer, we had a visual on the site. Period. It was a low plateau, surrounded by trees. Period. Their habitat was visible to the west. Period. Because the trees encroached on their campsite, their dome and their domes and vehicle landing pad were elevated on wide platforms. Period. The company required this as a security feature if you wanted your base to be anywhere without open terrain around it. Period. It cost extra. And if you didn't want it, it cost even more to guarantee your bond. Period. It was one of the reasons I thought my great idea would work.”

We don't know what Murderbot's great idea is yet, probably because Martha Wells genuinely hadn't thought of it yet when she wrote this part.

And also, this is just trying to tease us that there's an actual like good idea going on here. But again, not

just keeping information from the audience isn't actually a good storytelling tactic unless you are doing it very purposefully and well done well.

It's not done well here. We're just — not telling us things and expecting us to just go along with it.

And again, the only reason this supposedly “great idea” works at all is that the villains already suicidally sabotage themselves beyond salvation for no fucking reason.

Purely because of the bad writing. There is no in-universe explanation for why the villains told them *exactly* where they live when they could have literally would have just been the simplest thing in the world to let them starve to death out in the jungle.

And no reason that they're not just shooting them down now.

~They have nothing to lose~ Let them starve to death in the fucking jungle!

As I said, a motivation where they're explicitly seeking out Murderbot in particular because of its hacked governor module, that would be one thing. That could actually be a mystery and a reveal that would be make all of their bullshit, the bullshit they're doing, make sense:

Why are they not just leaving them to starve out in the jungle? Because they actually need that goddamn slave in particular. Because of what's in its head, like a sort of — not Fallout New Vegas thing, not that. The fucking thing wasn’t *in* our head. We had it and then we got *shot* in the head.

Anyways, let me turn the fan on. It's hot. Like, this is just so fucking ridiculous.

She literally had to break the fourth wall to yell at people not to complain that it doesn't make sense.

If you have — if you feel the urge to break the fourth wall to yell at your audience not to complain that the characters behavior doesn't make sense with what we're supposed to believe about them, maybe you

should just rewrite the characters so that what they're doing makes sense with who they're written to be.

It's not difficult.

With good writing and actual characterization, you can get away with your characters doing anything.

There's some fucking ridiculous thing that's not a good idea at all, but I know that the character would do it, because that's the only way forward.

And I had a fantastic example and I don't remember what it is.

Like I don't I, I wish the character had made a different decision, but like, for who that character is, there's no other decision. This is the choice they're going to make.

I don't know who I am thinking about.

Oh yes. Stupid ass Noel? no.

Except like No, he doesn't even — No, it doesn't even make sense there because that guy got, he got trained for this shit his whole goddamn life.

(to person offscreen) Do you know who I'm thinking of? Some charact some character who just makes like the worst—

Oh, wait. No, I know who it is. I can't tell you that, though. All right.

(from offscreen) I'll probably forget by the time it gets around.

No, I meant the audience. You know already.

Okay. Um, spoilers for the Eighth Doctor audio adventures with Charley Pollard, I guess. Sorry.

Uh, timestamp 10916. Um, sorry if you don't want spoilers. Um, there's a Doctor Who…. I'll, I'll be vague. I'll be vague. I won't I won't spoil it. You got to watch it. I will be very vague.

(from offscreen) Listen to it. Yeah, you got to listen.

What did I say?

(from offscreen) Watch it.

Yeah, you can't watch it. It's an audio drama. You have to listen to it or maybe find a transcript somewhere that's decent. I don't think they exist because BBC sucks.

There's a Doctor Who story where the Eighth Doctor makes a decision.

It's entirely in character and I know that he would never make any other — I mean he might make a different decision afterward, after everything that goes wrong because of it but even then, he would probably do it again, if I'm being honest, because that's the kind of person he is.

And I don't know, he he might just do the exact same thing again.

Um, I'm not going to tell you what the decision is, but the decision he made was the *wrong fucking choice*.

But because of who he is as a character and a, as a person that has been set up over the entire preceding series and, you know, the entire history of the show that is also context for this, for anybody who watched that, he wouldn't make any other choice.

Not in this fucking situation. There's, I mean that he could have done something else, but he wouldn't. The, this Eighth Doctor would not make a different choice.

The choice he decides to make leads to the end of the fucking world.

And I don't, I can't, I don't even know how to describe it. Like the end of the world doesn't really like… Yeah, we'll just leave it at that.

It leads to the end of the world, like, completely it ends, ruins ruins everything. Um, it hurts the people he loves.

He's betraying the people he loves in like the most cruel way possible. But he has convinced himself it's the good thing to do and that it's actually helpful.

It's literally condemning them to a fate worse than death. But because of who he is as a character, he wouldn't and *can't* have done the right thing in this situation. So that everything that can go wrong goes wrong and the fuck world comes to a goddamn end.

And to fix it, his companion Charley has to make the same decision.

But she makes *the right fucking choice* and does what is the right thing in this situation, even though — it's bad for her, personally, just like him doing the right thing to begin with would have been harm — would have hurt him personally, would have made everything better for literally everyone, including the people he's trying to protect, but he didn't want to actually protect them, he wanted to protect his own fucking feelings, so he made the wrong fucking choice and it hurt everybody.

And it's done on purpose by the story. This, and this is presented — Everybody listening to the story knows he has made the wrong fucking choice and we are upset with him.

But also, it's not a bad writing choice because this makes sense for who he is as a character. This aligns with everything this character is and was up until this fucking point. Maybe in the future he might do something differently. We don't know. (laughs weakly) He gets amnesia a lot.

This is a choice that makes sense for the Eighth Doctor to make. It's not a good choice. It's objectively the worst thing he could have fucking done. But it's not bad writing, because this is the only choice this character could have made in that moment for who he was in that moment and every moment leading up to it.

Afterwards, it's different. But this is good writing, because the choices he makes is impacted by every aspect of character development and characterization

and backstory and context that exists for him when he makes this fucking decision yhat is horrible.

It's objectively fucking horrific.

He's literally sentencing the people he loves to a fate worse than death so that *he doesn't have to feel bad*.

And that's bad.

But it's not bad writing, because nobody's — you can't — this character in particular in that moment, this is the only choice he could have made without betraying everything that of who he was as a character.

And then Charley making the correct choice is comenting who she is as a fucking character. And that in fact I can't say the goddamn quote. It'll make me cry.

I'll say the fucking quote. I might cry though. Something something—

(from offscreen) Let me tell you

No, no, not that one. That's the TARDIS. No, no. ‘I thought you w’ — Charley speaking to the Doctor, and Charley is a she. C H A R L E Y.

Uh, saying, uh, “when I met you, I thought you were the bravest person I ever knew, but I was wrong. *I'm the bravest person here*”

Because she's actually willing to do the right thing. Even though, emotionally, it'll kill her.

A thing that the Doctor was unwilling to do, which led to everything going wrong and everybody else being sentenced to a fate worse than death.

She's willing to do the right thing even if it hurts her, because that's who she is as a character. And also, you know, the additional context of she was the one who had to witness him making the selfish wrong decision to not do the same thing for her. She knows exactly what it is like to be on the fucking receiving end of that kind of cruelty.

And she can't do to him what he did to her.

She's not that cruel.

She's not that cowardly.

She is the bravest person there.

She is the only one willing to do what is right.

And that is her characterization.

And this is good writing, because Charley wasn't established to be a coward who always runs away from danger and never sticks up for other people. This isn't coming out of nowhere. This isn't “characters who were literally here just for doing mass murders and no other goddamn reason suddenly not having guns and and and sabotaging themselves for no reason by letting the people that could literally just be left out there to starve to death.”

This is bad writing.

This doesn't make sense for the characters.

Again, with good writing, with good characterization, you can get away with anything. You can get away with the Doctor willingfully sentencing people to a fate worse than death, if that makes sense for who the Doctor is in that goddamn moment and what you have set him up as.

And the fact that he thinks, "Oh, I can get away with it. I can fix it by making the bad decision, but I can fix it anyways somehow. I don't have a ficlomg plan. Everything will just come out all right."

And then it doesn't.

And that's good fucking writing. Everybody else has to deal with the consequences of the Doctor's ficlomg horrific, selfish, and cruel decision. And they get to — at least one person gets to fucking yell at him for it and gets to have their godamn speech.

Charley doesn't, unfortunately, because most of the writers following this episode are misogynists and didn't want to deal with anything going on there.

But almost one person, the TARDIS, got to fucking have her goddamn speech and say, "You are a fucking horrible person for what you have fucking done and what you have put all of us through. Fuck you."

None of that is happening here.

And again, in that moment, it makes sense for the TARDIS to hate the Doctor's guts and give that kind of speech because *he literally sentenced Charley and the TARDIS to a fate worse than death*.

He literally sentenced them to fucking torture for all eternity, to put it lightly, torture for all eternity.

And that's what he put he decided to put them through, because he didn't want to upset his his moral high ground feelings.

That makes sense for all of the characters for what they are doing. Their choices make sense because of who they have been established to be and what has been established for them and what is going on. It makes sense. Their decisions make sense.

You don't have to agree with their decisions. In fact, you're not supposed to agree with the decision for what he fucking did. You might *understand* his decision.

You know exactly where he's coming from. You would probably want to do the same thing he did.

That doesn't mean it's the right choice.

It makes sense for him to do that because that's who he was written to be.

None of the shit in *this* book is even coming close to that.

We are told that these characters are very good at killing people and came here for the sole purpose of

committing mass murders, multiple mass murders, but they don't have guns with which to shoot a helicopter out of the sky.

They don't — they haven't improvised any weapons despite having access to drones and, you know, multiple meat shield slaves who are heavily armed.

You can't tell me that Oh, Um, the SecUnits could not simply be ordered to combine their literally unend, unending ammo, unlimited power energy weapon blasts, which is just a fucking Star Wars pew pew laser gun.

You can't you cannot convince me and expect me to believe that these fuckers who came here for the sole purpose of killing people, they have no morals — They're not trying to spare anybody that they can spare to make themselves feel better.

They're here to kill everybody. They came here for the sole purpose of killing everybody. They're lying when they're saying “this doesn't have to end in violence. We can we can blah blah blah.”

They're here to kill everybody.

You cannot expect me to believe that they came here to kill everybody, have received no extenuating information that would make them change their minds about that, and then expect me to believe that.

Okay, maybe, sure, maybe getting a gun to shoot a helicopter down is a very specific thing that the company wouldn't let them have without finding out, “oh, you're here to kill everybody. No, you can't do that.”

Then they should be improvising fucking weapons like competent people who are here to kill people!

And even without fucking making up, scavenging shit together and using things as weapons that aren't meant to be weapons, they have at least five, what did they say? Five, six, was it five total? Hold on.

I think they I think we just established before this that there are five additional slaves that they brought with

them plus two? I don't, I don't remember the numbers.

They have a bunch of slaves with unlimited unending overpowered energy guns in their — goddamn laser guns built into their arms.

You cannot expect me to fucking believe that the people who came here for the sole purpose of murdering people aren't just ordering those slaves to shoot the helicopter down with their overpowered laser guns built into their arm that never run out of ammo and have unlimited power.

That's not a thing you can convince me of.

And the fact that we are expected to believe it is fucking ridiculous and bad fucking writing.

> In an open area on the plateau were seven figures. Four

Okay, now we get numbers. Four SecUnits. And again, replace SecUnit with slave. Enslaved meat shields.

Four enslaved meat shields. And anytime it says “humans” or “clients”, just say slave owners.

“In an open area on the plateau were seven figures. Four enslaved meat shields and three slave owners in the color-coded envirro suits, blue, green, and yellow.

And again, we we're randomly getting told that these are color-coded. What does the — What do the fucking colors code for? No fucking clue, because there's no goddamn world building because this is a shit book that's shittily written and doesn't give a fuck about anything.

> It meant they had one SecUnit and probably 27 plus humans back at their habitat if they had followed the rule of one rental unit per 10 humans. I sat us down below the plateau on a relatively flat rock, the view blocked by brush and trees.

So maybe maybe one other fucking slave that's not Murderbot might survive this goddamn massacre on

this planet, if that other slave stays back at the the hub.

Probably not, though.

> I put the pilot's console in standby and looked at Mensah. She pressed her lips together like she wanted to say something and was repressing the urge. Then she nodded firmly and said, "Good luck." I felt like I should say something to her and didn't know what and just stared at her awkwardly for a few seconds. Then I sealed up my helmet and got out of the hopper as fast as I could.

And you know, we keep, again, I have to keep bringing up things.

We keep getting told that Murderbot is socially awkward and so has social anxiety and is an introvert, but then it never actually says or really does anything that's actually socially awkward. and actually gives people a reason to be annoyed with or dislike it

because it's annoying and awkward to hang around with.

Go read Macroscope by...I forget the author's name again. It's just another — I just read like five fucking different books in relation to Blit, B L I T.

Go read Macroscope because that's an actual neurodivergent protagonist who we don't just get *told* is socially awkward. We see it. He is constantly making social blenders. He is constantly actually saying things that upset other people because he's neurodeivergent and socially awkward, which makes him actually awkward socially.

Unlike Murderbot where we just keep getting told, "Oh, it's it's totally autistic. It's totally socially awkward" and then it never says anything actually socially awkward, because then Martha Wells wouldn't like it if it's not "cool and suave" at all times and badass.

We just keep — again with the whole underdog. "It's totally an underdog!" Except it's never actually the

fucking underdog. We just keep getting told, "Oh, it's so socially anxious. It's got such social anxiety. It's so awkward in social situations” to make us feel bad for it and sympathize with it, but then it never actually does anything that's awkward or weird or strange.

Never ever.

It's just bad writing.

Literally, go read Macroscope. Borrow it from the internet archive. Borrow it from your fucking library. Just go read that and, and then come back to this and read this and go, "Wow, yeah, this is just this isn't representation.” This is just um, again, more tokenization.

We just keep pretending that Murderbot is totally socially awkward and uh neurodivergent, but then it never actually does anything awkward socially.

We just get told, like we had to be told here that “I stared at her awkwardly” instead of just — and then Mensah has no thoughts on that or reaction to that at

all. It's just being told, "Oh, I stared at her awkwardly” to make us laugh, even though this is supposed to be a tense scene, or it *should* be a tense scene, but we can't have that.

> Then I sealed up my helmet and got out of the hopper as fast as I could

Because yeah, you want to ~run away from that awkward social situation~ that wasn't actually awkward.

> I went through the trees listening for that fifth SecUnit in case it was hiding somewhere waiting for me, but there was no sound of movement in the undergrowth. I came out of cover

This is just ridiculous. Why? Can you explain to me why exactly the villains are letting them land? Just hold the fuck on.

This is Yeah, this is fucking absurd.

In the open area on the plateau were seven figures, four slaves, four three slave owners, blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.

And then part of that exact paragraph where we're describing that shit, we get “I sat us down below the plateau on a relatively flat rock, the view blocked by brush and trees.”

And again, the villains are just letting them do this extremely suspicious thing and letting them park their helicopter out of sight for no reason. There's no reason.

The, the villains don't even try to protest and tell them, "No, you're going to fucking land where we can see you."

No, we don't get any of that, because then the protagonists would just be dead.

Martha Wells is literally — she literally is so bad at writing she cannot actually let the heroes do anything actually competent.

She just has to make the villains just ludicrously fucking useless.

They're lit — they are literally just letting them park their helicopter behind some trees so that they have no — This is ridiculous. This is fucking ridiculous.

If you have to make your villains this fucking useless and incompetent just so your heroes can win, you are bad at writing.

Your heroes don't deserve to fucking win.

This is ridiculous. There are so many ways you could actually be having the heroes do something to outsmart, outmaneuver, outthink, even just overpower, physically, the bad guys. But we're not doing any of that!

The bad guys just let them do whatever they want for no reason. There is no explanation or reasoning behind the villains letting them get away with this shit. This is ridiculous.

> I felt

And this, and again this is why this is just such, the most shallow fucking bullshit. We can't even have any kind of threat from the villains. They literally let them land their goddamn helicopter wherever they want for no reason. Not even threatening or getting angry about it. No, just no. No problem at all. No questioning because it's badly written. It's just shit writing.

> I went through the trees listening for that fifth [slave] in case it was hiding somewhere waiting for me. But there was no sound of movement in the undergrowth. I came out of cover and climbed the rocky slope to the plateau.

Like, yeah, the bad guys are on the fucking plateau. The bad guys let them land below the plateau out of sight so that you have to climb up onto the goddamn plateau to get to them. This is beyond fucking description of incompetency from these goddamn villains.

And there's no justification for it at all. This is ridiculous. This is the lengths of incompetency that Martha Wells has to make the villains do, just so that the bad the, the good guys don't immediately die.

This is bad writing. This is fucking pathetic.

Are you listening to this shit? Incompetent villains

(from offscreen) and they're not even having to pass a speech check about having a damage landing gear for this.

Literally, literally, they could literally be, they, they're not even having, as they just said, having to pass a speech check about pretending that their their helicopter has to land early because it's broken and stuff.

They don't have to convince them of anything. They're just not — with not even — there's not even a comment made about “why are you fucking landing all the way over there?” You are — we're, no, this —

they're not even telling them where to land for the — They're not even telling them — so bad.

Yeah, they're not even—

This is just shit writing. This is just fucking ridiculous shallow shitty writing that cannot even begin to take itself seriously.

But then Martha Wells will literally get paid to give speeches where she says that this is the most deep and meaningful and serious story ever.

Explain to me why the villains are letting them land below their goddamn plateau out of sight so that the villains have no idea what they're doing. Explain it to me. There is no goddamn justification.

And again, there could be in-universe actual genuine justifications for why the villains would let them do this. None of those happen.

There's no justification. It's just shitty fucking writing to make the villains incompetent because the, the

heroes literally are not well written so that they can actually do anything for themselves.

> I came out of cover and climbed the rocky slope to the plateau, then walked toward the other group, listening to the crackle on my comm. They were going to let me get close, which was a relief. I'd hate to be wrong about this. It would make me feel pretty stupid.

And we still haven't been told what Murderbot's plan is, which means that Martha Wells can just say any, and do anything, and have Murderbot do and say anything, it'll all seem like it's all part of the plan. The plan we haven't been told.

> I stopped several meters away, opened the channel, and said, "This is the SecUnit assigned to the PreservationAux survey team. I was spent sent to speak to you about an arrangement. I felt the pulse then a signal bundle designed to take over my governor module and freeze it and freeze me. The idea was obviously to immobilize me then insert the

> combat override module into my data port again.

Why do I, exactly exactly, this is a, and again let me read that again. Let me show you how easy it is to free a goddamn slave in this setting.

> I felt the pulse then a signal bundle designed to take over my governor module and freeze it and freeze me. The idea was obviously to immobilize me then insert the combat override module into my data port again.

It's literally so easy to rescue a slave with a governor module that you can just casually send out ~a signal bundle~ that will freeze their governor module so that it can't kill them, and freeze them in place so that they cannot be forced to fight back against you. And then you can permanently disable their governor module and free them from this fucking form of slavery. It doesn't free them from the core fucking, core programming brainwashing, but it at least gets rid of the instant fucking death if you disobey an order problem.

And that's how easy it is. That's how easy it is. This would work perfectly exactly as the bad guys planned, except for the part where Murderbots governor module is already hacked magically. Don't ask how. It doesn't make sense.

> That was why they had had to arrange the meeting so close to their hub. They had needed the equipment there to be able to do this. It wasn't something they could send through the feed.

And again, we're just claiming that the bad guys just had to to sabotage themselves to the point of suicidality, um, so they can take control of Murderbot, a thing they don't need to do.

And again, as I said, this whole thing would make so much more sense if they had been sent here to find Murderbot in particular, but that's not, that's not here.

It just, it, it's it's — none of this is— It's bad writing. It's bad writing.

Also, “they needed the equipment in their hub to do this” is supposed to, as the fandom will then claim, oh, well, and *just in response to this video* you know they didn't notice this shit happening and would not be aware of it without me having to inform them.

Uh, they would argue, “well, umm, it's actually not that easy to hack a governor module to rescue a slave. You need that specialized equipment!”

You can probably the again an entire goddamn drone is less than a centimeter. A a drone that's the size of a a centimeter is considered really huge and bulky.

It's fucking, It's bullshit and slavery apologism. It is so goddamn easy to free a slave in this goddamn setting. But Martha Wells doesn't want to free the slaves, because she thinks that robot slave rebellions are cliché, because she literally just cares about the status quo and demonizing slaves.

> This was why they had had to arrange the meeting.

And why do we keep doing “had had”???

This was why they had to arrange the meeting!

No, but we keep doing this! “was why they had had”.

Why don't I just open it in the, the thing with the, the Humble Bundle? Just search “had had” and see how many

(from offscreen) I don’t know where the files got stored in when my computer

I can't do it on my computer. Um, if you got the Humble Bundle and or own the ebook, just search “had had” in All Systems Red and see how many times that comes up because it's getting very fucking annoying. It's unnecessary. You don't need to say “had had”.

We keep doing that. That's also again bad writing. There's some situations where it's fine. Not all of these times.

And again, that's probably been left in there just like saying “including in”, literally just to try and pad out the fucking page count to make the book seem longer than it really is.

> They needed they had needed the equipment there to be able to do this. It wasn't something they could send through the feed. So, it's a good thing my governor module was work wasn't working. And all I felt was a mild tickle

Because again, the villains cannot actually threaten the, the good guys in any fucking way. They don't have goddamn weapons. They can't do anything to Murderbot’s governor module. They can't even use the combat override module, because that literally got done with and removed as a threat like, what did I say? Less than two pages after it was introduced abruptly out of nowhere, when it was never established as being a possibility before then.

So, ~oh, this plan to freeze its governor module to prevent the governor module from killing it and prevent it from fighting back is so easy that it would

have worked instantly without a problem if not for Murderbot's governor module magically already being broken.~ That's how easy it is to free the slaves in this series. Murderbot could do this to the other SecUnits at any time.

Gurathin especially and Pin-Lee, because apparently she's really good at coding even though she's a lawyer, they could do this shit.

They could whip this shit up in a few hours at max. And saying it would take that long is just giving too much fucking leeway.

They could do this shit at any point. And they continue to have this ability throughout the goddamn series. But yet they never use it, because Martha Wells is racist and wants you to be racist, and doesn't want you to *actually* want any slaves in the series to be freed.

The only character we're supposed to “feel bad about” being enslaved is Murderbot, and it's not actively enslaved on the same level that all of the

other slaves that, whose deaths by murder from the good guys were supposed to cheer on.

> One of them started toward me. I said, "I assume you're about to try to install another combat override module and send me back to kill them."

Also, again, with the padding of the word count, we don't need to keep saying “combat override module”, but we keep doing every single time. You could just say “the override”, but we have to expand that out to combat ma, mod, module — “combat override module” every single godamn time just to try and make the story seem longer than it really is.

> I opened my gun ports and expanded the weapons in my arms, then folded them back in. “I don't recommend that course of action.”

(laughing) Do you think she took that from Megatron?

(from offscreen) What?

The, the, the unfolding arms guns.

(from offscreen, laughing) probably.

And again, Murderbot has laser guns in its arms. Unlimited ammo, unlimited power. We don't know what kind of range, but it can be assumed it's very fucking far. There's no reason the bad guys could not have shot down their helicopter.

> “The SecUnits

— enslaved meat shields —

> went into alert mode. The human who had started forward froze then backed away. The body language of the others was flustered, startled. I could tell from the faint calm static that they were talking to each other in their own system. I said, "Anyone want to comment on that?"”

And again, that's supposed to be funny. That's that's a funny witty oneliner. Again.

So, the bad guys continued to not actually be a fucking threat.

> That got their attention. There was no reply. Not a surprise. The only people I've run into who actually want to get into conversations with SecUnits are my weird humans.

“My weird humans.” Again, Murderbot claiming possession over its slave owners as though they belong to it, and not the other way around. So that we think that this is ~endearing~ and it's like, ~awww Murderbot thinks of them as *its* humans!!!~~

They are its fucking slave owners.

They are enslaving it and literally right in this goddamn instance actively using it as a fucking human shield, the way they have been this entire godamn story, while they treat it with nothing but cruelty, dehumanization, dismissal, and literally going out of their way to torment it for funsies.

Because there's no other reason for what Gurathin keeps doing his “loyalty tests” after mind-raping Murderbot to know that it is not trying to hurt them.

“My weird humans,” Martha Wells wants, this is literally the Mammy trope. It's the Mammy trope. Look up fucking “stereotypes of Black people in cinema.”

Just type that into YouTube search bar. This is the Mammy trope. We're supposed to say ~awww, the slave really cares about its slave owners~

They're its slave owners!

“Those are my slave owners and no one's allowed to hurt them” This is the slavery apologism. Martha Wells wants you to think it's cute how much Murderbot, the fucking slave, cares about and wants to protect its slave owners, where we pretend that they actually belong to it, instead of it literally being their legal property because they went solar systems out of their way to enslave it as a fucking meat shield.

> I said, "I have an alternate solution to both our problems." The one in the blue envirro suit said, "You have a solution." The voice was the same one who had made the offer in our hub. It was also very skeptical, which you can imagine. To them, talking to me was like talking to a hopper or a piece of mining equipment.

And Martha Wells just says this shit, and then it's never backed up by the goddamn story.

I said, and again, that's more slavery apologism and pretending, ~oh yeah, people just see the SecUnits who are very blatantly cyborgs. Everybody just sees them as nothing more than a mindless machine like that helicopter or a fucking mining drill~

That's, again, just in there to make us pretend and think that the, the PreservationAux team. ~Oh, they just had no idea that that Murderbot was a person. How are they supposed to know that robots are people?~

Even though in this very same book they claim that robots are equal citizens on their home planet. Meaning that they do know that robots are people. Meaning that their claims to have not realized that Murderbot was a person because ~~we just thought you were a robot O: ~~~ doesn't fucking make sense.

They are just fucking liars. They are slave owners who know and willingly became slave owners happil, and, and, and then lie to the slave about just not not knowing it was a person to justify the month, months, we don't fucking know how long it's been — of treating it like an object, like a slave.

Which they've continued to do throughout this entire fucking thing.

> I said, "You weren't the first to hack PreservationAux's hub system." She had opened their comm channel to talk to me, and I heard one of the others whisper, "It's a trick. One of the surveyors is telling it what to say." I said, "Your scan should show I cut I've cut my comm." This was the point where I had to say it.

> It was still hard, even though I knew I didn't have a choice. Even though it was part of my own stupid plan. “I don't have a working governor module.” that over. I was back to get I was glad to get back to the lying part. “They don't know that. I'm amenable to compromise that benefits as well you as well as me.” The blue leader said, "Are they telling the truth about knowing why we're here?" That was still annoying, even though I knew we had allowed plenty of time for this part. “You used combat override modules to make the DeltFall Units behave like rogues. If you think a real rogue SecUnit still has to answer your questions, the next few minutes are going to be an education for you.”

And it's like just fucking, Just bullshit.

There's there's no actual good reason for Murderbot to be offended by them asking a question when it is claiming to want to work for them. This is just bad writing.

And again, “you used combat override modules to make the DeltFall SecUnits behave like rogues” where “behave like rogues”, in Martha Wells speak: behave like escaping slaves, in Martha Wells speak, means going on what she calls “a massacre” where we're supposed to see the slaves killing their slave owners who, yes, every slave owner deserves to die. Sorry if you want to be a goddamn slave owner. You can die.

She wants to frame slaves escaping and killing their slave owners, a thing that is objectively good that everybody should cheer for, she wants us to see that as a, as “a mindless violent massacre of innocent people being killed by inhuman monsters who deserve to die for this”.

Slaughter is the exact word she used. The “slaughter of innocent slave owners”.

So again, she is re reinforcing right here with this statement: “You used combat override modules to make the DeltFall Units behave like rogues”.

She is once again reinforcing, *unironically* the idea that slaves who want to escape slavery are just just going to become ~murdering slaughterers of innocent lives~.

That's what she wants you to fucking believe. And if that wasn't what she wanted you to believe, this story *wouldn't be written like this.*

We wouldn't have literally 13 goddamn books in this series over like eight years now, literally continually upholding that idea and pushing that idea. It's racist.

If you personally feel bad for the slaves who get murdered in this series, congratulations. You have more morals than the book wants you to.

That's your own feelings that you are bringing to it, not the message that the book wants you to have.

The book doesn't want you to give a fuck about all of the slaves the heroes are ~righteously~ murdering and torturing. The book wants you to think that the heroes are awesome and cool and badass.

If you have a problem with the slavery in the series, it's because you have a more of a fucking moral backbone than Martha Wells wants you to.

That's not something that the series is doing right. You are bringing that to the book, not the other way around. Do not get these two fucking things confused.

This book series does not want you to care about slaves. It doesn't want you to think Murderbot is a horrible fucking person for going out of its way for almost a decade now, in real life, and 13 goddamn books, going out of its way continuously, gleefully, to murder slaves.

If you feel bad for the slaves in this series, that's because you have a bare minimum level of morals that Martha Wells lacks and wants you to not have.

> The blue leader shut me out of their comm channel. There was a long silence while they talked it over. Then she came back on and said, "What compromise?” “I can give you information you desperately need. In exchange,

> you take me onto the pickup ship with you, but list me as destroyed inventory.” That would mean nobody from the company would be expecting me back, and I could slip off in the confusion when the transport docked at the transit station. Theoretically. There was another hesitation because they had to pretend to think it over, I guess.

A thing that you and Mensah were literally just doing, which is presented as a good thing when the heroes do it, but um we're just like, "Oh, I guess that's what they're doing...” When the villains do it, because reasons, as though that makes this — like that's literally literally saying it like that.

“There was another hesitation period because they had to pretend to think it over, I guess.”

That's supposed to be insulting for the to the villains for doing the exact same thing that we're supposed to think that the heroes are clever and so smart for doing.

That's literally how Martha Wells's writing works.

If the hero's doing it, it's good and clever. If the bad guys are doing it, well, that's just silly. That's just stupid. That's silly. That's ridiculous.

Because she's bad at writing. That's how this works.

> Then the blue leader said, "We agree. If you're lying, then we'll destroy you."

Actually, yeah, I will even flip the fuck back. Here's this. There was another hesitation because they had to pretend to think it over, I guess. And then, literally just, uh, one, two, five pages ago, “Mensah gave it a minute as if she was thinking it over.”

So literally, it, the exact same goddamn action, but it's presented as good and clever when the heroes do it, and bad and evil and ridiculous when the villains do it, because there's no actual moral fucking backbone going on here. There is no, there's nothing concrete of anyway. Everything can change depending on what the situation is at hand.

> Then the blue leader said, "We agree. If you're lying, then we'll destroy you." It was perfunctory.. They intended to insert a combat override module into me before they left the planet. She continued, "What is the information?" I said, "First, remove me from the inventory. I know you still have a connection to our hub." Blue leader made an impatient gesture at yellow. He said, "We'll have to restart their hub system. That will take some time."

And again, you notice how Martha Wells just has the character assume everybody's pronouns and genders. It's because she doesn't actually support trans people, especially not non-binary people in any fucking way. She's literally just a cis person. The cis person who is fucking obsessed with biological essentialism and gender essentialism.

> I said, "Initiate the restart. Cue the command and then show me on your feed. Then I'll give you the information." Blue leader closed me out of the comm channel and spoke to yellow again.

> There was a 3 minute wait. Then the channel opened again and I got a glimpse and I got a limited access to their feed. The command was in a queue though of course they would have to time to delete it later. The important points were that our hub system had been reactivated and that I could convincingly pretend to believe them. I had been watching the time and we were now in the target window, so there was no more reason to stall. I said, "Since you've destroyed my client's beacon, they've sent a group to your beacon to manually trigger it."

I'm going to pause so I can get a drink and run to the bathroom quick. So, I'll be right back.

All righty, let's continue.

Uh, Murderbot said,

> "Since you've destroyed my client's beacon, they've sent a group to your beacon to manually trigger it.” Even with limited access to their feed, I could see that got them. Body language

> all over the place from confusion to fear." The yellow one moved uncertainly. The green one looked at Blue Leader in that flat accent. She said, "That's impossible."

Also, we have no context for what a flat accent supposedly sounds like.

> I said “one of them is an augmented human, a systems engineer. He can make it launch. Check the data you got from our hub system. It's surveyor Dr. Gurathin.”

And you notice how this if if Gurathin had a first name, this would be the moment when you say it. You don't just call people

(from offscreen) when Gurathin is not his first name.

Yeah. Because even when the characters are literally talking about each other, even though in like the book, the story that's from Mensah's perspective, there all of the characters are still referred to solely

by their last names, even though they've all been friends for years. That's not how people talk.

> Blue leader was showing tension from her shoulders all down her body. She really didn't want anybody coming to this planet. Not until they had taken care of their witness problem.

And it's like, yeah, a thing that would never be a problem if Martha Wells hadn't written them to be like suicidally incompetent. All they had to do was let them starve to death in the jungle. It's an entire planet to get lost on and die in. This is just bad writing.

> Green said, "It's lying." A trace of panic in his voice. Yellow said, "We can't chance it." Blue leader turned to him. "It's possible, then." Yellow hesitated. "I don't know. The company's systems are all proprietary, but if they have an augmented human who can hack into it

And you notice how we're like framing the concept of an augmented human as being like some super super

duper rarity that's super dramatic. It's fucking, it's just bullshit. It's, there's no such thing as fucking world building going on here, because that would — it doesn't — it's just, it's just shit writing.

We're just acting like Gurathin being an augmented human means — “that's a super scary piece of information that none of the bad guys saw coming.”

Even though they came here to murder everybody, they would have looked at who's here. Every level of this is ridiculous beyond belief.

And not in the way that Vampire Sharks on the Moon is ridiculous beyond the belief.

It's ridiculous in the way that characters who supposedly care about their friend who has a phobia of pineapples and is also deathly allergic throwing that friend a pineapple themed birthday party with pineapple upside down cake.

> “We have to go there now,” Blue Leader said. She turned to me. SecUnit, tell your client to

> get out of the hopper and come here. tell her we've come to an arrangement.”

And it's like there's, there's no, there's no fucking reason for the bad guys to have let them land below the plateau out of sight. That's just shit writing.

And, and all of the bad guys panicking for no reason and saying, "We have to go to our beacon right now!!!!!" like on the verge of fucking tears about it.

And it's like, we have no reason — There's no fucking reason for them to be freaking out this much in any way. It's just bad writing. It's absolute bullshit writing.

> “We have to go there now. SecUnit, tell your client to get out of the hopper and come here. Tell her we've come to an arrangement.”

And then Murderbot's thinking,

> All right, wow, that was not in the plan. They were supposed to leave without us.

And it's like, why would they do that? What? And again, we still haven't been told what the plan is, so that we can pretend that, um ~this is really clever and intelligent~

In parenthesis for the next paragraph.

> (Last night, Gurathin had said this was a weak point, that this was where the plan would fall apart. It was irritating that he was right.)

End parenthesis.

Lamp shade. Martha Wells. This is called lampshading. Lampshading is where you know there's a problem in your writing and the term comes from hanging a lampshade on it.

Like I don't know if this is where it comes from, but like you know those scenes where a character is pretending to hide, but they're just standing in the middle of the room, and the only thing they've done is put a lampshade — Do kids these days even know

what lampshades are with LED lights? I assume kids know it.

(from offscreen) I've never met anybody who actually uses lampshades. Like our lamp came with shades. I don't

I think only old people used lamp shades because, you know,

(from offscreen) they were like boiling hot light bulbs and you didn't want to get a sunburn just from sitting on a couch next to a lamp.

Yeah. I don't know if — lamp shades are really a thing, but in cartoons, there will be a gag: character attempting to hide, but they're literally just standing against the wall in plain sight, and the only thing they've done to hide is put a lampshade over their head.

I don't know if that's related to the term the literary term lampshading, but lampshading is where you know there's a giant problem with your writing, you

know, like the character attempting to hide in the middle of the brilliantly lit room out in the open right there.

So, in, but instead of fixing the problem, like finding a better place to hide, they just admit that there's a problem within the text, and then act like that's good enough.

That's not good enough.

Lampshading the fact that this plan makes no godamn sense and can only work if the villains are suicidally incompetent, that's not good writing.

You're just lampshading the fact that you know the story is shit and doesn't make sense. That's that's not good writing.

Lampshading the problems in your story doesn't mean those aren't anymore, that they're not problems anymore.

You can't ~wink wink nudge nudge~ and say, "Yeah, I know it's shit. I know the writing is shit. I know the plan is ridiculous and doesn't make sense and has no chance of winning, but, see, I know, I know I should have done better, but I chose not to. That makes it okay, right? That makes it cool, right?”

No, it doesn't.

Now you're just admitting that you could and should, and *know* you could have done better, because your audience deserves better, but you chose not to.

squinting I guess I got sunburn. Or maybe it's just the lighting over here. My face looks really pink.

> I couldn't open my comm channel to the hopper or the hopper feed without GrayCris knowing. And we still needed to get them and their SecUnits away from their habitat. I said, "She knows you mean to kill her. She won't come." Then I had another brilliant idea and added, "She's a planetary admin for a system non-corporate political entity. She's not stupid."

And again, this is the unironic corporate speak. This is Martha Wells doing corporate speak unironically, because a she thinks it's cool and sci-fi and because it makes, it stretches out the story just a tiny bit every single time it happens, which is so often, so that the story seems longer than it really is and seems more fucking complicated and you know, mature than it really is.

Let me say that sentence again.

> “She's a planetary admin for a system non-corporate political entity. She's not stupid.”

That's “planetary admin for a system non-corporate political entity.”

That is eight goddamn words — because we have “non-corporate”. That's put into one word. So that's nine fucking words for “she's the president of a planet”.

A backwater planet that has been established for us so far to be a shitty backwater planet that doesn't

fucking matter. Oh, but actually suddenly, just like every other goddamn thing in this story, because it's shitty written, um that's about to change drastically, because now it's convenient for the plot to them *not* to just be a shitty backwater that nobody gives a shit about again.

(to person offscreen) Oh, you can let him out. He's in with the babies, I think, cuz he didn't want to come out.

She's a planetary ad.

And let — the sentence from before this was, um

> “She knows you mean to kill her. She won't come. She's a planetary admin for a system non-corporate political entity. She's not stupid.”
> “What?” Green demanded. “What political entity?”

And again, I have to remind you that this is a supposed to be a capitalist dystopia where all of the

governments that have any power and matter are all corporate political entities.

Nobody who is a ~corporate political entity~ is meant to give any fucks about ~non-corporate political entities~ aka regular governments, regular fucking countries rather than—

Huh?

(from offscreen) Poor Mr. Lupon got stuck in the carrier cuz somebody shut the door.

They keep — I keep propping the door. I have it propped —Okay. Did you, did you give him treats?

(from offscreen) He's so adorable and pathetic.

I keep putting things in front of the doors so that they can't keep locking themselves in. Did you pet him and tell him he's a cute little baby?

(from offscreen) Yes.

No, it's — This is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia where the most powerful governments and countries are run entirely by corporations. They are corporations. They're ~corporate governments~.

Their corporation governments because it's supposed to be a capitalist dystopia.

Which is supposed to mean, inherently, that any government or country that's not run by a corporation, is like, massive degrees weaker and has less power than the capitalists, because it's supposed to be a capitalist dystopia.

If you're not a goddamn capitalist making as much money as possible, you don't have any power. That's how this is *supposed* to work.

That's how this *would* work if this were written by an actually competent author who actually gives a fuck about fighting capitalism. She doesn't though. She loves capitalism.

She literally wrote a whole goddamn mini story for The Books of the Raksura where Moon, a fucking, capitalist, makes the Raksura look ~stupid~ because they're not capitalists, and we're supposed to think that they are ridiculous for not caring about ~monetary values~ of things.

So, so yeah.

> “What?” Green demanded “What political entity? “I said, "Why do you think the team is called Preservation?" This time they didn't bother to close their channel. Yellow said, "We can't kill her. The investigation—" Green added, "He's right. We can hold her and release her after the settlement agreement."

Um, let's let's— there's, there's a really dumb movie that's really boring. It's called John Wick. It's really boring.

(from offscreen) Controversial opinions.

Apparently, this is a controversial opinion, but that movie is so fucking boring. It's not fun. It's not entertaining. There's nothing going on. It's just so goddamn boring.

But the whole thing that's well done at the start, before it just turns boring and useless and boring. It's just boring. Apparently, that's controversial. That shouldn't be a controversial statement, but apparently it is.

Um, the whole plot of the movie starts with this guy who's sad because his wife is dead, because manpain. Eye roll for the transcript. I rolled my eyes very heavily.

The whole plot is that there's this guy and he's sad because his wife died and then he got a puppy and it's a cute little puppy and then some criminal dude decides to steal his — break into his house and steal his car and also kills his puppy, and then um, beats him up and leaves him there, and then he's driving around the stolen car and brings it to some garage also run by a crime guy.

I don't remember anybody's names and I don't give a shit.

And then the guy's like, "Whoa, whoa, whoa. Where the fuck did you get that car?"

And the kid, he's like younger. He's supposed to be immature and has no idea what he's doing. He's like, "I stole it from this guy up on the hill there. Oh, and I killed his dog, too. So ridiculous. I love this car. Look at it. It's so awesome."

And then the guy's like, "Wait, you you you stole John Wick's car and shot his dog?"

And like, the, the reaction of everybody who's not this younger crime dude, who supposed to be no idea what's going on, I don't know how you grow up in a crime family and not know who this guy is that you're messing with if he's supposed to be this terrifying.

Um but the reactions of everybody else learning of what he's done because he's like the son, I don't know

what the fuck the structure is but he's like the son of the top crime guy.

So, the top crime guy who's terrified of John Wick, finds out that his son shot John Wick's dog, a little puppy that he bought after his wife died because he's sad for manpain.

Um, and panics, and this is meant to show us, unbeknowing to the the character who did all this shit, This is like unsurvivable levels of, uh, mistakes made.

So, I've — that movie was shit. It was really boring, but it, the only good thing from it is that it has given me the phrase “the characters acting like they found out they shot John Wick's dog”

Because that's what's — that's them, that that, movie is crap. But it is *showing us* from the reactions of the characters. Instead of somebody just coming out and saying, "You don't mess with John Wick. He's super dangerous."

We instead are shown it from their reactions. Are you looking up the video of the reactions? “You just shot John Wick's dog.” Yeah. So, we're shown from the reactions of all of the older characters who have been in this crime life for whatever.

Yeah, that one. That one. Um, probably. But I don't know. We don't need 10 minutes of it.

If you can hear it, we can just link to a video clip of it, I guess.

[random indistinct dialogue from the movie]

Boring. I don't really care. Yeah, you guys can just look at — just watch. you can just put on the movie and stop it when you get bored. It's really boring. But the opening is like, that's a good example of showing instead of telling.

So the phrase “looking like they just found out they shot John Wick's dog.” That's what's going on here.

All of a sudden, for no goddamn reason, all of a sudden, the bad guys, who have not actually done a single thing to threaten the good guys so far, are now acting like they've just been told they shot John Wick's dog when they find out that uh, Mensah is the president of Preservation, a shitty little nobody backwater planet where they apparently don't even know that robots are people, even though they also have robots for slave labor. Don't question either of those. It's just whatever Martha Wells tells you in the moment and you have to ignore everything that comes before and after that because she's bad at writing and is a racist slavery apologist.

So, um, along with panicking for no goddamn reason, like literally on the verge of tears and panicking about it, um, about being told, "Oh, they're going to manually trigger the the the homing beacon."

Now they're panicking *even more* because they just found out they shot John Wick's dog. They can't kill Mensah. She',s she's the president of Preservation as, snd you know what this does?

This— You know what this does?

By having the characters react to a truthful statement — they're not even lying and pretending that she's like the CEO of Walmart or some other super corporate, corporate superpower. Super corporate power corporate superpower. They're not even like lying and faking documents to pretend to be more important than they are.

They're just telling the truth.

She's the president of Preservation, a shitty ~non-corporate political entity~, which means they *should* be at the bottom of the food chain because this is a corporate dystopia where only corporations have power.

And as a noncorporation, they should have next to no power.

They should be a pathetic little weakling, which is what we're supposed to believe when we're meant to believe that they are the underdog that we should pity

and cheer on, because they're so weak. ~They're so disadvantaged~ ...until it comes time for the bad guys to find out that they're from Preservation.

And now they're panicking at the thought of of shooting John Wick's dog by killing Mensah.

And you know what this means?

This means that Preservation is not *actually* a useless little backwater planet that doesn't matter to anybody.

If just the *mention* of Preservation is enough to send these people into a fucking panic over harming them, that means that Preservation is secretly like the front for the ultimate capitalist fucking superpower in the goddamn setting, and they are just pretending to be a little backwater planet, but actually that's where all of the fucking superpowers live and are using that front to pretend to not be. but everybody who is in the corporate superpower loop knows what it really is.

(from offscreen) Yeah, it's the ultimate tax evasion scheme. Who the fuck is taxing them?

They're all their own governments supposedly. Do — who are they being taxed by? Who's holding them accountable for all this shit?

No one.

Martha Wells doesn't do world building and she doesn't understand how any of this shit works.

So, so yeah, they're all flipping the fuck out with panic over, "Oh my god, we can't hurt the leader of Preservation. We would— That's like killing John Wick's dog!!! We can't do that!!! That's so dangerous!!!"

Out of nowhere for no reason.

And this is literally implying that the Preservation people are secretly the big bad guys underneath it all. That they're like like they're actually secretly the mafia boss.

That's what this would mean if this were actually written in a way that's remotely coherent, but it's not.

They just flip out like this for no reason, because Martha Wells needs them to flip out, because she wants to make them look stupid and panicky and be scared of the protagonists for no reason.

There's literally no reason for it. There's literally no justification for them flipping out this much. It's ridiculous. It's ridiculous.

This time they didn't

—like they're they're panicking so much they're not even uh setting their chat back to private. This time they didn't bother to close their channel.

Yellow said we can't kill her. The investigation

(from offscreen, sarcastically) ~not bother to close their channel.~ The fact that

Exactly.

(from offscreen) There's no ~not bothering.~

Yeah.

(from offscreen) Not bothering is if they *don't care* who hears you.

Yeah.

(from offscreen) They do care who!

Yeah. Yeah. It's just bad writing.

> Green added he's right. We can hold her and release her after the settlement agreement. Blue leader snapped. That won't work. If she's missing, the investigation would be even more thorough. We need to stop that beacon launch. Then we can discuss what to do. She told me, "Go get her. Go get her out of the hopper and then bring her here." She cut the comm off again. Then one of the Delt fall SecUnits started forward. She came back on to say, "This unit will help you."

And again with the bad fuckiong dialogue. You have — okay, character talking, that's fine but then another character is make taking an action and then the character is talking again all in one paragraph, and again “this unit, this person we have enslaved this fullyfledged real fucking person who is as much of a person as you or me, including Murderbot will help you”

But we are the bad guys refering to it as “this unit”. They're dehumanizing the slave. And that would be fine, except it's the exact same thing all of the good guys do as well.

And as you'll see, Murderbot’s about to murder this other slave for no reason.

It would literally be infinitely easier to just simply free them from the goddamn governor module and then, if necessary, knock them unconscious until they stop panicking and can be rescued.

But nope, we don't do that. We're just going to kill them. We're going to murder them. Yep.

This will be the only time even remotely—. Yep.

We're, I'll say that when we get there. Yep.

Uh

> She came back on to say this unit will help you. I waited for it to reach me, then turned and walked beside it down the slope of rock into the trees.

And again, I have to emphasize to everybody, Martha Wells doesn't give a fuck about non-binary people. She doesn't give a fuck about people who use it/its pronouns.

The only reason all of the goddamn slaves in the story are referred to with it/its pronouns is literally just the dehumanization and exorsexist stereotypes of the non-binary robot. But in this case, it's the non-binary robots and also the non-binary cyborgs who were forcibly mutilated at birth to remove their genitalia. So that makes them non-binary according to Martha Wells.

So anytime another fucking slave is referred to with it/its pronouns, that's just dehumanization and racist and ableist dehumanization on Martha Wells's part.

Murderbot might use it/its pronouns. ART might use it/its pronouns, we don't fucking know that.

None of the characters have ever said this shit. But there is no goddamn reason to assume that all of the other slaves also use these fucking pronouns.

So, by literally just referring to all of them as an “it”, that's just dehumanization. That's just in there to make you care less when they get murdered by our fucking protagonist, including when they get tortured to death by our fucking protagonists.

“I waited for the other slave to reach me, then turned and walked beside the other slave down the slope of rock into the trees”

Instead of literally just referring to this other person as an “it” for no goddamn reason except that they are a slave and we're not supposed to give a fuck about

them or actually see them as a person — they are just a problem that needs to be killed for the protagonist to “win”.

We don't — We're not going to kill any of the slave owners, though. We're not gonna Murderbot's not going to just start shooting. What's the fucking meme? ‘And then I started blasting.’ I don't know what's from.

(From offscreen) Yes. From It’s Always Sunny in Philadelphia.

We haven't actually watched that.

Um, yeah, Murderbot. it's not going to kill any of the slave owners, but we will kill a slave.

(from offscreen) Murder.

And that's a repeating goddamn pattern throughout the series.

And yeah, people try to defend it by saying, "Oh, it's the it's not the villains who — it's not the *people* who are bad. It's the *system*."

So “killing the rich slave owners wouldn't solve anything because they're just victims of the system” That they created and uphold.

But also, simultaneously, “it's good and righteous to murder their slaves who have no choice/

Because Martha Wells is a racist white woman from Texas who's actively profiting off of slavery apologism and whitewashing and wants you to join her in her favorite fucking brand of racist slavery apologism.

> I waited for it to reach me and then turned and walked beside it down the slope of rock into the trees

Because again the villains let them park their helicopter not only out of sight behind trees, but not even on the plateau — *below* the plateau, so that you have to climb up fucking rocks and shit to get up

there, for no reason besides this is shittily written and we cannot take it seriously because it's shitty written.

And the villains are just suicidally, incompetent because Martha Wells is a bad writer who could not think of a single fucking way for the, the “good guys” to actually do anything properly at all.

> What I did next was predicated on the assumption that she had told the DeltFall SecUnit to kill me.

Oh, so this is a DeltFall SecUnit. How are we — where are we getting that from? Nowhere. Uh, okay. Yeah. “Then one of the DeltFall SecUnits started forward.”

So this is either Celene or Damian. So RIP to either Celene or Damian. We don't know which one it is, because again, um, we're not supposed to give a single shit about them. We're not supposed to see them as people.

> What I did next was predicated on the assumption that she—

And this is bad usage of pronouns.

All right, let's read that again. “I waited for it to reach me, then turned and walked beside it down the slope of rock into the trees. What I did next was predicated on the assumption that she had told the DeltFall SecUnit to kill me.”

This is not how pronouns work.

You can't just suddenly be saying “she” after referring to the DeltFall SecUnit, the fucking slave enslaved by the DeltFall Corporation.

You can't just suddenly be saying “she” referring back to the fucking villain when you've already been talking about this other person.

This is not how pronouns work. And it's just such a basic fucking thing. But Martha Wells literally still has not improved in this. This book came out in 2017, which means it was probably written in 2016 and she's still doing this shit in 2025.

She's literally not improving in her writing in any fucking way.

> that she had told the DeltFall SecUnit to kill me. If I was wrong, we were screwed and Mensah and I would both die and the plan to save the rest of the group would fail and PreservationAux would be back to where it started except minus their leader, their SecUnit, and their little hopper.

So, we're pretending, in one paragraph, out of nowhere, that ~ooh maybe there are stakes after all! What if they die? Then they're right back where they started!!!~

Which is the villains handing them the solution to their problem instead of just letting them starve to death.

If everybody died, if if Mensah and Murderbot and their stupid little helicopter got blown up right here, uh the villains would probably just offer everybody else a free taxi off the planet for no reason. For the

exact same reason they decided to tell them exactly where they live.

Uh yeah. So we're just like, "If I was wrong, we were screwed." And it's like, In what way? In what way? You just, you're just telling us things, and there's no justification or reason for these statements.

> As we left the rocky slope and turned into the trees, the brush and branches screening us from the edge of the plateau

I, again, again the bad guys just let them hide where they parked their goddamn helicopter so that they could have like 20 people crammed in there with fucking machine guns for all the bad guys know, and they just let them do that, because it's badly written.

Uh blah blah blah.

> As we left the rocky slope and turned into the trees, the brush and branches screening us from the edge of the plateau. I slung an arm around the other unit's neck, deployed my arm

> weapon, and fired into the side of its helmet where its comm channel was. It went down on one knee, swinging its projectile weapon toward me. Energy energy weapons unfolding out of its armor. With the combat override module in place, its speed was cut off, and with its comm down, it couldn't yell for help. Also, depending on how strictly they had limited its voluntary actions, it might not be able to call for help unless the GrayCris humans told it to.

And again, all of these are limitations that were put on Celene and or Damian, whichever one this is. And these are the same limitations that they were working under before when they were ordered to set a trap.

And then they followed those orders, but did every goddamn thing in their power to make the trap as obvious as possible so that Murderbot wouldn't fall for it.

“The slave isn't able to call for help.” We are never asked to consider the fact that this other slave is

choosing not to call for help because they want to help Murderbot

(from offscreen) and not murder random ass people.

> Also, depending on how strictly they had limited its voluntary actions, it might not be able to call for help unless the GrayCris humans told it to. Maybe that was the case because all it did was try to kill me. We rolled over rock and brush until I wrenched its weapon away. After that, it was easy to finish off. Physically easy.

And this is where we pretend that oh, for five fucking seconds, that we maybe should give a fuck about slaves, but not really.

> I know I said SecUnits aren't sentimental about each other, but I wished it wasn't one of the DeltFall units. It was in there somewhere, trapped in its own head. maybe aware, maybe not. None of not that it matters. None of us had a choice.

And it's like, no, Martha Wells just keeps lying to us. And yes, this is Martha Wells lying to us.

You can't say, "Oh, well, that— Murderbot's just an unreliable narrator."

If Murderbot were an unreliable narrator, the narration would prove these statements to be false, but it doesn't.

Murderbot isn't an unreliable narrator.

Martha Wells is just a shit person and a writer, and that is reflected in the bigotry in this goddamn series.

Also this statement uh “maybe aware, maybe not”. And then we go on the back here, [flipping to back of book] uh huh,... “shadowed by their company supplied ‘droid, a self-aware unit that has hacked its own governor module.”

All of these things are implying that other SecUnits are not self-aware and are not conscious and aren't

actually people until they get their governor module hacked.

Which is why so many people in the fandom are forced to assume that that is the case, that the other slaves that Murderbot goes around murdering, um, they don't need to be upset with Murderbot for this, cuz those aren't *really* people, they only they're only people if you rescue them. that it's not — it's totally fine to murder them because they're not really people!”

Because that's, that's the only other conclusion you can come to if, if you want to avoid the conclusion that Martha Wells is racist and is literally asking you to be racist.

If you want to tell yourself that Martha Wells isn't racist, and this story isn't saying it's good to kill slaves, then the only conclusion you can come to, to justify the constant malicious murder of slave,s is by pretending that it's not murder, because they're not really people.

A thing that we just imply here: “maybe aware, maybe not”.

There was no reason to hint that it's possible, that they could literally be “not aware” of anything that's going on.

You didn't have to imply that they are probably just mindless things because, you know, on the back of the fucking book, it literally refers to Murderbot as “a self-aware” slave, a SecUnit is what they say, but “a self-aware robot”.

And by calling Murderbot self-aware, that's, that's, that's meaning *in contrast* because this is how words work, that the rest of them aren't self-aware.

Because you don't need to say “that's a self-aware person” when you're talking about just basic consciousness in the brain.

You don't point at somebody in a crowded sidewalk and say “that's a conscious human” because that would mean everybody else is unconscious.

You— This is how words work. This is just basic language. This is basic English language.

Martha Wells did not need to give everybody the emotional godamn “out” of pretending that Murderbot didn't just coldbloodedly murder someone right here and now when it didn't need to do that.

Murderbot had already deactivated this person's comm channel.

They couldn't call for help on the feed. They explicitly did not even *try*. They didn't even try to raise their voice, their physical voice, a thing they have, to call for help.

Murderbot could have not killed them. It could have literally just knocked them unconscious. It could have taken a—copied —it could have copied the fucking signal bundle that those other fuckers had just sent at it, and sent it to this thing to freeze this thing's governor module, and then deactivate the combat override module.

But that would require an author who fundamentally gives a shit about slavery, and actually wants to tell a story about slavery where the moral is *not* “it's good and fine to kill slaves because um uh because slave owners are more important than slaves and need to be protected at the cost of slaves.*

It's — Let me make sure my phone's not dying. All right, don't show me the battery.

Ooh, 16%. All right. Yeah, that's time to end the video.

Um, (flipping through book) how many pages is it till chapter 8? Too many. All right. Uh, I'm going to have to end the video here so that phone doesn't die and eat the whole video.

So, we're on page 132.

So, there's about 20 pages left in this shitty story, including all the disgustingly huge margins at the bottom of the page.

So, anyways, yeah, this will be it for this video.

Um, everybody in this fandom who tries to wax poetic about Murderbot just being “distrustful of slaves” while dying on the hill of refusing to acknowledge that it's literally murdering people...

You're bad at reading. You're bad at media analysis. You're literally not doing media analysis. You are literally personally contributing to the fucking slavery apologism and you should feel bad about that and stop doing it.

And also, if you're watching this video because you've seen my post talking about it, you need to start making posts about it. Post it on Twitter. Wait, no. Post it on X, post it on Reddit, post it on Tumblr, post it on Facebook groups, post it wherever.

More people need to talk about this shit. Martha Wells is literally a white woman from Texas who is now literally profiting off of whitewashing slavery and doing — literally reverse racism for Apple, the evil goddamn corporation while she's pretending she's anti- capitalist.

She is just as racist, if not more so, than JK Rowling. Because JK Rowling, as far as I know, only did the happy slaves trope once in the '90s.

Martha Wells has done it multiple times and is literally continuing it into 2025.

She cannot be allowed to keep getting away with this shit and literally profiting off of white supremacy. You need to fucking do something.

You need to make your own goddamn videos reviewing the books and talking about this bigotry. You need to make posts about it. You need to fucking talk about this shit.

She needs to be fucking held accountable, even if it's only ever in the form of video essays, not that this is a video essay, and just just posts on social media pointing out the bigotry.

You cannot fucking claim you're anti-racist if you refuse to even talk about the most blatant slavery

apologism in any fucking book, any contemporary book I've ever fucking read.

All righty. Bye-bye.

12

November 8th, 2025. We are like 20 pages left of our live reading of The Murderbot Diaries with commentary on every single paragraph, usually like, every other goddamn sentence, because there's so much bigotry baked into here.

Before I forget, from the last video, I meant, I remember the name of the book. It's Neuromancer. One word, Neuromancer.

Also only realized while editing the transcript, because I've partially gotten my laptop to cooperate:

Um, when Mensah told Murderbot to take off its helmet so that they can see its face. Um, if you look at the timeline of events, she did that explicitly to set up so that Gurathin could more easily trigger Murderbot's PTSD.

She specifically told Murderbot to take off its helmet to make Murderbot feel more vulnerable and exposed and anxious, specifically to set it up to be more

vulnerable for Gurathin's “loyalty test” because literally look at the timeline of events:

1) She tells Murderbot, "You have to take your helmet off so we can see your face." Removing one — the, like the only aspect of control Murderbot has ever had, which is that because it's always told to keep the helmet on so people don't realize it's a goddamn person, it can make whatever facial reactions it wants. Um, she specifically did that.

2)And then immediately following that, we get the “loyalty test” from Gurathin, where Gurathin is purposefully harassing Murderbot in ways he explicitly knows that Murderbot is fucking triggered by.

And then Murderbot explicitly— like, not explicitly, *very fucking heavily implies* to all of the adult people standing right there—

And you know, if we're supposed— we're told—

Martha Wells literally gets up on stages and literally gives speeches about how deathly serious this is and mature this is.

So, okay. So, Murderbot saying, "You don't need to look at me." Aka, “stop fucking staring at me. You are trigGurathing my PTSD” Because we're ù they're all adults! They are all these people are all fully grown adults.

“You don't need to look at me. I'm not a sex slave.”

That should be making every single one of these fucking people, seven other people if we ignore Gurathin — that should making them that should literally cause them all to stop immediately, because the slave has now just implied that the reason it is so triggered by them staring at it like that, is because it has been the victim of rape and it doesn't want that to happen again.

They know that they're triggering it. That's exactly why Mensah told it to take its helmet off, because, literally, *she told it to take its helmet off!*

Gurathin fucking harasses it, and then we get confirmation that they, Mensah and Gurathin, planned this shit together and teamed up for this shit, and not one single other person of the six other fucking people here decided to do anything about it.

So they must have all been in on it.

But especially it was planned by Mensah and Gurathin.

Like that's— that's how writing works. That's how this timeline of events fucking unfolds.

Mensah tells Murderbot, "You have to take your helmet off and let us see your face. I know you viscerally hate it, but the circumstances have changed. Just do it." And then she guilt trips it.

Immediately after that, she and Gurathin team up to “loyalty test” Murderbot, to, claiming to— that it's to “make sure it's it's loyal to them”, even though they mind-raped it, so they know it's loyal.

And then immediately following that, Mensah pretends—

Like—

It's literally just textbook fucking manipulation.

Gurathin has very clearly volunteered to be the bad guy, so that he can— his being objectively horrible to Murderbot can make Mensah and everybody else look good in comparison, because immediately after that with the fucking trap that Mensah literally set up to trigger Murderbot on purpose, she, she says, "Oh, I hope you're okay. Just so you know, we are poor innocent little babies and um they're all going to start panicking. We're so helpless. You're our only hope. Only you can protect us. You'll protect us, right?”

Like, it's literally just textbook fucking abuse and manipulation and like— Jesus Christ.

This is what happens when you write things like this.

You can't—

You can't write “Mensah told Murderbot it needs to take off its helmet and then immediately reveal that she teamed up with Gurathin to harass Murderbot and attempt to trig— and successfully _ trigger its PTSD to see if it will just snap as ‘a bad slave’ and kill them all if they trigger it enough on purpose”

Even though they already mind-raped it and know all of its motivations and everything.

And then they *continued* doing that!

There was a third thing I wanted to say. Where did my piece of paper go? It's on the floor. Oh, that's all I wrote down.

Um, anyways, the names for the other new slave people. I had somebody pick some random names. So, it's...I forgot the one that starts with G. Maybe Gurathin. It might— It's something. Obviously, it starts with G. I think it's Gurathin, Hammond, Ingrid, can't remember.

And then we flip the coin for whether or not it was poor Celene or Damian who gets murdered first. And it landed on poor Celene. So, RIP to Celene.

Anyways, uh we're on page “132”. It's in quotation marks.

Murderbot just murdered Celene, the— one of the surviving Delt— DeltFall units, AKA one of the surviving people enslaved by the DeltFall Corporation, who and we're just continuously supposed to view— the DeltFall Corporation and their employees, who are all slave owners, as just ‘poor innocent victims who didn't deserve any of this’ because this is written by a white racist white woman from Texas, and she literally wants you to agree that slave owners are just poor, innocent little helpless bystanders who didn't do anything wrong.

> Yeah, I know I said SecUnits aren't sentimental about each other, but I wished it wasn't one of the DeltFall units. It was in there somewhere, trapped in its own head. Maybe aware, maybe

> not. Not that it matters. None of us had a choice.

And this is the part where Martha Wells lies to us because yes, Murderbot does in fact have a choice.

It has every choice in the world, unlike every single other goddamn slave we will ever meet in this entire fucking series.

Murderbot has a fucking choice in whether or not it murders the other fucking slaves.

This fucking enslaved person had their com destroyed. That was the very first thing that Murderbot did.

So, they couldn't call for help on the goddamn Wi-Fi signal.

They *could* have raised their fucking physical voice to yell for help.

They chose not to do that.

Martha Wells wants us to assume that that's just “because um they're stupid or something” because we're not allowed, on any part, to consider the fact that *maybe these other people are trying not to hurt Murderbot because as far as they are aware, Murderbot is being forced to do this to them*.

The other slaves in the story, they have no fucking clue that Murderbot is killing them *because it wants to*.

They think it's being forced into this shit the exact same way they are.

It's— It's literally the ultimate fucking horrific irony, but we're just supposed to think it's “badass” on the part of Murderbot.

Anyways, yeah:

> None of us had a choice.

Murderbot could have done literally infinite fucking things right that fucking second instead of murdering this person, including just knocking them out!

Literally just knock them unconscious!

We have already established that you can magically heal them from any fucking injury, no matter how godamn severe, just by magic.

Why didn't you fucking knock them unconscious?!?

Because Martha Wells is fucking racist and is training you to be racist!

Martha Wells wants to pretend that saying, "Oh, I wished it wasn't one of those ones who was One Of The Good Ones.” Because reasons. Because of reasons.

And and that's supposed to make up for the fact that Murderbot is literally just murdering a person for no godamn reason.

> I stood up just as Mensah slammed through the brush carrying the mining tool. I told her, "It's gone wrong. You have to pretend to be my prisoner." She looked at me, then at the DeltFall unit

And we're still referring to this fucking person as a unit.

(staring off to the side) dung— little beetle.

We're, We— the fucking “good guys” are literally continuing to dehumanize the enslaved people and refer to them with dehumanizing objective— objectifying fucking language.

“The unit” this isn't something the bad guys are saying. This is what the goddamn *slave protagonist* is saying because Martha Wells wants us to fucking think this shit!

If she didn't, she would be doing something else. Or, you know, like— I hate people who just keep pretending that, “oh, Murderbot's an unreliable

narrator!!!” and thinking that saying that absolves all of the bigotry and bad writing in the series.

And that's not how that works.

It's not a white woman's place to write a story about a slave who wants to, as a slave protagonist, who hates all other slaves.

But like, she could have done that, and portrayed Murderbot as being a bad person for wanting to murder every other goddamn slave around it.

But that would also just be more slavery apologism because then the only solution would be, well, you have to make the slave owners be the good guys and like, that's just slavery apologism.

But then she's not even doing *that*.

She's just doing slavery apologism and actively training her fucking—

[weird loud car noise outside interrupts]

That was weird sounding. What the heck was that?

Okay.

She's actively training her audience to just go along with the dehumanization of the slaves in this story. There's never been any fucking ounce of pushback against this shit!

> She looked at me and then looked at the DeltFall unit. “How are you going to explain that?”

She's looking at a dead fucking slave who was just murdered two seconds ago, and she has no emotions about this, even though we're told “she's a good person who thinks slavery is bad”, we're just ‘How are you going to explain that?’ Pointing at the murdered slave when you're supposed to be “a good person”. That's the only reaction she has.

> I started shedding armor. Every piece that had —

Well, at least we didn't say “had had”. My god. Again.

Every piece that had a PreservationAux logo on it and leaned over the DeltFall Fall unit again

continuing to dehumanize them

as the pieces dropped away. “I'm going to be it, and it's going to be me.” Mensah dropped the mining tool and bent down to help me. We didn't have time to switch all the armor. Moving fast, we replaced the arm and shoulder pieces on both sides, the leg pieces that had the armor's inventory code, the chest and back pieces with the logos.

Also, uh, no emotion in this, this whatsoever, because if, if we were truly meant to give a shit about the fact that Murderbot just fucking murdered someone, who, unlike it, had no goddamn choice, we could be focusing on that right fucking now when they are stripping this person's fucking corpse for its armor.

But it's just— there's no emotion whatsoever. There's no contemplation. There's no regret. There's nothing, nothing at all.

That's a b— we've never been given a description of Murderbot's armor. So, the fact that it's apparently super duper modular is just coming out of nowhere, and we have no goddamn context for how exactly this is happening.

Is it like— what? There's never been a single fucking description of its armor. And now we're just being told that you can just just take off all of these pieces, all by itself without like, anything, and just switch them out effortlessly, supposedly.

This is just, like, this is just shit writing.

Again, there's no setup for a single goddamn thing.

Setup. It's like foreshadowing, but it's different.

It's just where like if you say that the character— if you're going to tell us that your character has a dog,

you could show that dog in the first scene or like maybe we meet the dog in chapter 20 or so.

But like, setup would be saying “I walked past the dog bowl and made sure to refill the water before I left”. Something like that. Like just basic shit to ground the events in the goddamn world.

Like just put some fucking breadcrumbs. Why are we only being told now that you can apparently just casually, like, instantly, just take pieces off of this armor?

We don't even know what the armor is made of! Is it made of metal? Is it made of some super high-tech fucking plastic? Is it, is it fucking chain mail? Is it cloth? We don't know!

They're just casually just taking it off and like, Mensah is supposedly helping. It's like, so, it's not complicated. It's not intricate. It doesn't require a special fucking passcode or a fingerprint to take it off.

This is just ridiculous.

> We didn't have time to switch all the armor. Moving fast, we replaced the arm and shoulder pieces on both sides, the leg pieces that had the armor's inventory code, the chest and back pieces with the logos. Mensah smeared the remaining armor pieces with dirt and blood and fluid from the dead unit

Continuing to fucking dehumanize them! And not even because Murderbot is desperately trying to pretend that didn't just happen so that it can keep going.

We could be doing that, but we're not doing that!

> So, if we had missed anything distinctive, GrayCris might not notice, but

Like, so the whole entire set of armor. Okay, this is just ridiculous.

Like, so the whole entire set of armor... is not it's not an armor set.

It's fucking— you have to take off piece by piece every single time.

How long does it take Murderbot to put this shit on?

How exactly is it being put on?

Are there clips and buckles?

Does it fucking magically fuse together?

Are there like snaps?

Is it fucking space velcro?

What exactly is supposed to be going on here? It doesn't fucking make sense. It's— and it's just ridiculous.

Like, it would have been so easy to just explain this shit in chapter 1 or chapter 2, but no, we're just getting it as soon as it's required, because up until now, we haven't needed to take Murderbot's armor off

piece by piece for some fucking reason. So, we just didn't know that that was even a thing you could do.

It's Chekhov's gun. Just do basic fucking setup. It's so goddamn easy.

> SecUnits are identical in height

And this is just absurd. It's just complete absurdity. Martha Wells is shit at writing and doesn't know how anything works. She has no idea what the fuck she's doing.

> SecUnits are identical in height and build. The way we moved, this might work. I don't know.

And also the, the ‘we're identical in height and build’ she also just hates fat people, so that's just an excuse to say that ‘um no, there's no such thing as a fat SecUnit. Murderbot could never possibly be fat.’

She literally never has any fucking fat characters.

(from offscreen) She might have the plausible deniability of saying they're stocky.

At best, she will say that somebody is ‘stocky’. That's it. Nobody's allowed to be fat.

Uh

> This might work. I don't know. If we ran away now, the plan would fail.

The plan we still haven't been told by the fucking way.

> The plan would fail. We had to get them off this plateau.

Why though? Why do you have to get them—? Why do you have to get the bad guys off the plateau? There's no, it doesn't—

I know what the plan is, and this still, this statement here, still does not fucking make sense to me.

As far as I can see— I'm not going to tell you the plan, presuming you haven't read this for some reason. I don't know why you would be watching this. Um,

(from offscreen)the same reason literally we watch everybody else (laughing).

True. Yeah,

> This might work.

Period.

> I don't know.

Period.

> If we ran away now, the plan would fail. We had to get them off this plateau.

I know what “the plan” is, and, and the bad guys don't need to get off the plateau for “the plan” to work.

It's just really, Martha Wells is just saying things for the sake of saying things and they, they're, they're not actually true, but we're just supposed to pretend that this is “all part of the plan” even though it's not.

And I'll tell you why they don't just run away now, even though “the plan” is going ~to plan~.

Um, it's because I— I'm pretty sure I told everybody this earlier in the series, but the reason they're not running away now, the reason they didn't rescue that fucking person that they just murdered, and leave now— Is that Martha Wells wanted to— whatever. We — We'll just keep going.

> As I resealed the helmet, I told Mensah, "We have to go." She nodded, breathing hard, more from nerves than exertion. “I'm ready.” I took her arm and pretended to drag her back toward the GrayCris group. She yelled and struggled convincingly the whole way.
> When we reached the plateau, a GrayCris hopper was already landing.

It's so stupid.

As I pulled her toward Blue Leader, Mensah got in the first word. She said, "So, this is the arrangement you offered?" Blue leader said, "You're the planetary admin of Preservation?" Mensah didn't look at me. If they tried to hurt her, I'd have I'd try to stop them and everything would go horribly wrong.

Okay. Again, (to person offscreen) you can put that on your list.

Mensah didn't look at me.

Why? What? What about that statement of ‘you're the you're the president of Preservation—?’

Why would that cause Mensah to look at Murderbot?

Are you even listening? Did you hear that?

Nope.

Blue leader said, "You're the planetary admin of Preservation." Mensah didn't look at me.

And it's like. nothing about that statement could cause her to look at you.

Why is Martha Wells saying that. besides she just really likes saying “[protagonist] didn't do [thing]” as though it's like really deep and meaningful.

“Iris didn't sigh”. Um what was the other? There's so many goddamn examples and none of them work.

Mensah didn't look at me.

Why would she be looking at you? Nobody said anything about you.

I could understand if the bad guy had said— Oh, wait. No, because No, because they don't know it's— this— because they're not supposed to know that that's Murderbot, because it's pretending to be the other thing.

So, it's like *especially* why would this cause— why would— why would asking “are you the president of of pre— Preservation?”

There's no, there's no reason that asking that question would make Mensah look at Murderbot at all.

> Mensah didn't look at me. If they tried to hurt her, I'd try to stop them and everything would go horribly wrong.

Okay. And more slavery apologism. I feel like I, I don't really need to keep pointing that out, but I have to.

Um that's

A) more slavery apologism of ~Oh, yeah. Of course, the slave would have to protect its slave owner. ~

B) Why are we suddenly saying ‘if they tried to hurt her?’ Blue leader didn't say anything

threatening. It's just— asking, "Hey, are you act— are you the president?"

What is— There's nothing threatening about that question.

Like you could have said— it's— anything else. Anything.

Like

> You're the planetary admin of Preservation?

That's, That's not— so many things you could have said that could make “Mensah didn't look at me. We both knew that” blah blah blah.

But we don't do any of that because it's shittily fucking written.

> But Green was already getting into the hopper. Two other humans were in the pilots and co

Okay. What? No, this is just a fucking horrible paragraph. Okay. There's two paragraphs I'm about to read.

Paragraph one:

> Blue leader said, "You're the planetary admin of Preservation?"

Paragraph two:

> Mensah didn't look at me.

Period.

> If they tried to hurt her, I'd try to stop them and everything would go horribly wrong.

Period.

> But Green was already getting into the hopper.

Period.

Two other humans were in the pilots and co-pilot seats.

Period.

Mensah said yes.

Why are we saying *but* another bad guy was already getting into the helicopter?

That has no relevancy to asking the question, ‘are you the president?’ and then Mensah ~not~ looking at Murderbot, and then Murderbot thinking, ‘if they try to hurt her, I'll have to fight them.’

None of this has anything to do with the sentences that preceded. This is meaningless. We're just saying things. And then:

Mensah said, "Yes."

And it's like, it's just fucking ridiculous.

> Yellow came toward me and touched the side of my helmet. It took a tremendous effort for me not to rip his arm off, and I'd like that noted for the record, please. He said, "It's comm as down."

And again, that's just played for a joke. We're never actually supposed to take Murderbot's aversion to touch seriously in any way, shape, or form.

> He said, "It's comm as down."

How exactly do you know that just from touching the helmet? Why wouldn't you have gotten an alert on your goddamn Wi-Fi? We— like, you can't tell me they don't have a stupid app that tells them what's going on.

> To Mensah, blue leader said, "We know one of your people is trying to

We're just gonna do some random fucking dialogue that's just ridiculous.

> To Mensah, blue leader said, "We know one of your people is trying to manually trigger our beacon. If you come with us, we won't harm him, and we can discuss our situation. This doesn't have to go badly for either of us." She was very convincing. She had probably been the one to talk to DeltFall on the comm, asking to be let into their habitat.

Like it's just— it's just bad.

> Mensah hesitated and I knew she didn't want it to look like she was giving in too quickly, but we had to get them out of there now. She said “Very well”.

And again, you notice how, okay, first: Mensah pretended to think about the offer. That's presented as clever.

Then: the good— the bad guys do the *exact same thing* and that's presented as ~so ridiculous and obvious and silly and stupid~.

Now: Mensah is doing the exact same thing again, and it's presented once again as clever, because there —Martha Wells has no moral backbone whatsoever.

There's no, there's no fucking concrete line going through this goddamn thing that you can follow. Every goddamn thing will just be completely different depending on what fucking page, and what— even what fucking paragraph you're on.

And Martha Wells just expects you to accept that instead of just writing a coherent story with a coherent fucking message.

Then we have a line break cuz we got to start doing time skips, there's only like 18 fucking pages left.

> I hadn't ridden the in the cargo container for a while. It would have been

No, that's a lie. What do you mean for a while? What do you mean “for a while”? Because it's only been a few days since these people “realize you were a person”, and they would have been making you ride

in the cargo container before then, because at the start of the fucking book, you have to remind them that you need verbal fucking permission to even get in the ship during a fucking emergency.

(from offscreen) like, one of their friends!

Yeah, we are just lying. We're just lying.

They put Mur— they had Murderbot in the goddamn cargo the entire time until Bharedwaj almost got eaten by a graboid.

I— And then— Yeah. Yeah. Just lying. Just Martha Wells just lying to us. That's, that's, that's the only way she can do anything.

> I hadn't ridden in the cargo container for a while. It would have been comforting and homey except it wasn't my cargo container.

And it's like, is that supposed to be sarcastic? Because that's not coming across as sarcastic.

So what— it— just is, it's just baffling. It's just baffling.

Like you could do a thing where Murderbot *does* feel safe in the cargo container... Except that doesn't really fucking work because the only reason it's ever in a cargo container is when it's going somewhere where it's going to be in danger. And that's not how feeling safe works.

It's ridiculous. We're literally just saying being shoved into the cargo container would have been comforting and homey, ah, ‘but it's not my cargo container’.

I know Martha Wells was raised in fucking Texas. Does she have any fucking clue about the goddamn slave trade and the people actually fucking forced into cargo containers and how horrific the fucking conditions were?

How do you write shit like this?

Like, even if that is supposed to be a joke, and it's— and it's clearly not, because we're saying it would have been nice *except* ‘it's not mine’.

Like, even if that's supposed to be a joke, it's not funny and it's not saying anything besides “slaves enjoy being packed into the cargo hold.”

That's not funny.

It's just fucking weird racism and just—

(staring at page) What is that? Is that a bug or a print — printing error? Another printing error. (holding up book) Not that you can see it. There's a tiny little like speck of something.

That’s not funny. It's just weird fucking racism and just more dehumanization because ~yeah, the slaves enjoy being put in the cargo container~.

What the fuck.

Like, genuinely, as I keep fucking saying, I can't stress enough, it's physically fucking impossible for you to actually genuinely think that slavery is a serious fucking evil thing and write a fucking book like this. It's physically impossible.

And if you think it's not, go ahead and try. Go ahead and try to rewrite the goddamn Murderbot Diaries if you think you actually take slavery seriously, and see what you end up with.

Because anybody who actually takes slavery seriously, it's not going to look anything remotely like this.

But this— Yeah,

> I hadn't ridden in the cargo container for a while

Which is flat out a fucking lie.

> It would have been comforting and homey, except it wasn't my cargo container.

And again, like it's clearly it's supposed to be funny somehow. Somehow, that's supposed to be funny.

So again, what could have— what could and should be a tense situation, where we're trying to make jokes about it, and it's just racist fucking jokes. ~The slaves enjoy being shoved into the cargo hold~. That's the joke.

But it's also like, meant to be unironic. Murderbot *unironically* enjoys being put in the fucking cargo hold.

What? Like legitimately, what the fuck is wrong with you?

> But this hopper was still a company product
> and I was able to access its feed

Because they apparently don't have different fucking Wi-Fi passwords for different fucking helicopters. I guess. Sure.

And you notice how we just we keep saying shit like, "Oh, I'm, I'm— Murderbot's such an underdog!!!"

But also, it can effortless— effortlessly connect to the enemy Wi-Fi. No questions asked. No description of ‘I had to do XYZ manipulation’ or anything like that.

No, just “Yeah, I can access their Wi-Fi. Of course, I can. Why wouldn't I be able to? It's It's a company product!”

Okay, just because you can log into one fucking computer doesn't mean you can log into all of them.

That's not how this shit works.

> I had to stay very quiet to keep them from noticing me. But all those hours of surreptitiously consuming media came in handy.

And we don't get any fucking description of how exactly the feed works that Murderbot ‘needs to be

quiet’ and how it's possible to surreptitiously do shit on there without people noticing.

There's no fucking explanation for how exactly that works and how nobody, including all of the other SecUnits who are still alive, don't just— magically don't notice this.

It doesn't fucking make any sense. And again, because Martha Wells broke the literally broke the fucking fourth wall a few chapters ago to yell at us preemptively to not complain that the character's actions don't make sense—

Too fucking bad, bitch. Write a better book next time.

> Their SecSystem was still recording. They must mean to delete all that before the pickup transport showed up.

And it's like there's just so much nonsensical shit going on in here.

> Client groups had tried that before to hide data from the company so it couldn't be sold out from under them and the company systems analysts would be on the alert for it. But I don't know if these people realize that the company might catch them even if we didn't survive. That wasn't a very comforting thought.

Like, there was no reason to say that.

That's not actually stakes, huh? Further— to further remove stakes because, yeah, as as I keep saying, we keep getting told that the, “the company's so cheap and bad at their jobs and they don't care about anything.”

Um, but also “they're they're really good at doing truthful, honest investigations that are apparently unbiased and totally truthful”

As though corporations investigating themselves always tell the truth in real life.

Even though this is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia, but Martha Wells is just doing propaganda for corporations right now by telling us to always assume that the fucking investigations that the capitalist dystopian fuckers do, they're, they're totally genuine and fully honest and ~we will get to the truth~ with all the resources at their command.

It's like, you're *just* doing propaganda. You're not criticizing anything. You're just doing propaganda.

What the fuck is wrong with you?

As I access the ongoing recording

Oh, I see, it's— I see now. I see.

It's just, it's just shitty writing. It's just shitty writing.

You got to read the Imperial Radch. Just read The Imperial Radch series. That's what she's trying to mimic, but she fucks it all up.

Every single aspect, she fucks it up.

> As I accessed the ongoing recording, I heard Mensah saying, "—know about the remnants in the unmapped areas. They were strong enough to confuse our mapping functions. Is that how you found them?”

And it like this is on page 135.

(from offscreen) of how many?

Uh 152 lying, lying fucking pages.

Uh the story itself ends on page 149.

We're on page 135, and she's once again no setup, no foreshadowing, she's just about to just dump some random ass new information that she just pulled out of her ass.

She's about to just dump that on us, no setup, no nothing.

And we're just supposed to take her word for it that, ~oh yeah, that's totally been a thing the whole time.

You definitely had that planned out. That totally isn't something you just fucking made up.~

Blah blah blah.

> Bharedwaj had figured that out last night. The unmapped sections weren't an intentional hack. They were an error caused by the remnants that were buried under the dirt and rock

Because Martha Wells is racist.

> This planet had been inhabited at some point in its past, which meant it would be placed under interdict open only to archaeological surveys. Even the company would abide by that.

Why though? Why though?

Why would the company abide by that? Explain it to me.

(from offscreen) Who's enforcing that?

Exactly. Nobody's enforcing this shit.

And also, this is just so fucking ridiculous.

> You can make big illegal money off of excavating and mining those remnants, and that was obviously what GrayCris wanted. “That isn't the conversation we should be having,” Blue Leader said. “I want to know what arrangement we can come to.” “To keep you from killing us like you did, DeltFall.” Mensah said, keeping her voice even. “Once we're in contact with our home again, we can arrange for a transfer of funds. But how can we trust you to leave us alive?” There was a little silence. Oh, great. They don't know either.

And it's like, we have very clearly just fucking established while the bad guys were all panicking that they are in fact planning to keep Mensah alive, because they are acting like they just found out they shot John Wick's dog.

And, and that was literally just like maybe two fucking pages ago. But now we're suddenly acting like, "Oh, they actually don't plan to keep you alive." Even though that was the whole thing going on over there that made them panic like little babies for no fucking reason at all!

And again, that's supposed to be funny.

> There was a little silence. Oh, great. They don't know either.

That's supposed to be hilarious.

That's supposed to be funny.

It's ~so funny~ that the, the villains can't even come up with a convincing lie. And it's like, so, every single time we could have any kind of tension, we have to make a stupid joke to instantly undercut it, so that you can't take anything seriously.

Imagine if we were actually supposed to be scared at the thought of the bad guys killing them or even just,

you know, keeping them prisoner, a thing we are not allowed to be concerned about in any way whatsoever, because like— no descriptions of any emotions, and w're already making fucking jokes about it, and all of this shit is just being glossed over, one thing after another, so that none of it means anything.

> Then blue leader said, "You have no option except to trust us."
> We were slowing down already, coming in for a landing. There had been no alerts on the feed and I

This is a huge fucking paragraph taking up more than half the page, just for the record.

> There had been no alerts on the feed and I was cautiously optimistic. We had cleared the field for Pin-Lee and Gurathin as much as we could. They had

Oh, another “had had”. Another “had had.”

You can just say “they had to hack”. Like, this is fucking absurd.

> They had had to hack the perimeter without it that one last SecUnit noticing and getting close enough to access GrayCris

Hold on. What?

> They had had to hack the perimeter without that one last SecUnit noticing and get close enough to access the GrayCris HubSystem feed. Hopefully, it was the last SecUnit. (Hopefully, there weren't a dozen more somehow in the GrayCris habitat.) That

“hopefully” and “habitat”, that's all in parenthesis.

Uh

> Gurathin

And again, you notice how we just keep dehumanizing the other fucking slaves and acting, like ~they're so scary. They're just deadly machines~.

“Hopefully, they don't have dozens of more mindless killing machines”, not like they're enslaved people that we should want to rescue or anything!

> Gurathin had figured out how to use the hack from their HubSystem into our HubSystem to get access, but he needed to be close to their habitat to actually trigger their beacon. That was why we had to get to the other SecUnits out of there. That was the idea anyway.

And it's like this plan is just ridiculous, and the only reason it succeeds is that Martha Wells made the villains *even more ridiculous*, which is why everybody assumes this book is written for children because, unfortunately, they think children deserve to read shitty books.

Uh,

> That was the idea anyway. Possibly it would have worked without putting Mensah in danger, but it was a little too late to secondguess everything.

And it's like, so you murdered a slave for literally no fucking reason. whatsoever.

So, like, what are we trying to say here?

We're saying that, that, they had to do all this stupid shit and murder an innocent fucking person, um, to get them out of their habitat, so they could connect to their Wi-Fi.

A thing they could have done in a million one ways that does not involve murdering a slave.

> It was a relief when we thumped down in into a landing that must have made the human's teeth rattle. I deployed out of the pod with the other units

Continuing to fucking dehumanize them. And again, “deployed out of the pod”.

We have been given zero description of these fucking helicopters or what the cargo looks like and what “the pod” is. It's ridiculous.

Again, look at this, again:

> We were a few kilos from their habitat

We were a few ounces from their habitat, a few pounds away, a few grams away

> On a big rock above a thick forest. Lots of av

Avians? They're not fucking avians. They're goddamn aliens.

> Lots of avianss and other fauna screaming down in the trees, disturbed by the hopper's hard landing. Clouds had come in threatening rain and obscuring the view of the ring.

And you notice how we only ever got one mention that there was a ring on this planet, so now we just keep saying ring— “the ring”. Like we all know what is being fucking described even though we've never even gotten a description of it. We don't know what fucking color the sky is, what color this planetary ring is, nothing!

> The beacon's vehicle was in a launch tripod about 10 meters away. And uh oh, that is way too close.

Another joke. Because this is, like, this is supposed to be the fucking climax and we're just making jokes instead of taking anything seriously.

I join the other three units.

So, okay, so, at least one of them maybe will survive. Uh, it would have been one we didn't meet yet. So, whoever is the three here is Damian because Celene got killed by the coin toss. It's Damian, Hammond. No, wait...

(to person offscreen) Look on my thing and see what the name that starts with G is. Just search Hammond. Should show up because Hammond is the one that starts with H.

We will just go in alphabetical order. So, like (to person offscreen) Hammond with two M's.

(from offscreen) Gertrude.

Okay. The name, the name's Gertrude that I could not remember.

What is the one that starts with I?

(from offscreen) Ingrid.

Okay. I was— I got that one right. Okay. So, for the, the name somebody else picked for me, uh, so the three other slaves here, there's three other slaves here.

So, this is um, Damian, because I think yeah, there were two DeltFall slaves here. So, Damian, Gertrude,

Hammock. These are— these guys, they're about to all die. Pre— presumably. We never fucking learn.

Presumably, they're dead, which means Ingrid is that that other SecUnit still back at the hub, I guess.

Even though supposedly the plan was to make everybody leave, but I guess— who the fuck knows? Ingrid’s probably the sole fucking survivor.

I joined the three other SecUnits as we

And Murderbot is currently, what's the fucking word? Imposterating is not a word.

(from offscreen) Impersonating.

Imp— Murderbot is currently impersonating Celene, who it murdered, for no fucking reason whatsoever, besides the fact that the author is fucking racist and wants you to think it's good to kill slaves, but killing slave owners? That would be bad, ~because it's wrong~, says Faith, pretending to be Buffy.

> I joined the other three SecUnits as we made a standard security formation.

Uh, but I thought I thought they had no education modules, Martha Wells, now they have a standard security formation? I thought they didn't know anything. Which is it?

> An array of drones launched from the craft to create a perimeter.

Which is it? Do they know how to do basic shit or are they completely uneducated and have no idea what they're doing?

You got to pick fucking one. You can't keep doing this shit.

> I didn't look at the humans as they walked down the ramp. I really wanted to look at Mensah for instructions

Because ~of course~ Murderbot can only— can't think for itself. It must rely on its slave owner.

> If I was alone, I could have sprinted for the end of the plateau, but I had to get her out of there.

No concern for the other enslaved people whatsoever. And Martha Wells doesn't want you to be concerned for their fucking safety either. The only thing we're meant to be concerned about in this situation is Murderbot as a second concern, and Mensah as the primary concern. We have to protect the slave owner. Uh, no, no fucks given for the three other enslaved people literally right there.

> If I was alone, I could have sprinted for the end of the plateau, but I had to get her out of there.

You know, if this story were actually written by somebody who actually thinks that slavery is bad and thinks that slaves have the right right to fucking rebel, Murderbot would a not be in this situation at all, because it would have run away four years ago the second it got the fucking chance, unless it was staying behind specifically to help other people, but, would be getting the other goddamn slaves to safety and leaving all of the slave owners, including Mensah,

who's a horrible fucking person, to die in the fiery explosion.

Anyways,

> Blue leader stepped forward with green. The others gathered in a loose circle behind her like they were afraid to get in front.

You know, again with the, the good— “the bad guys do the exact same shit that the good guys do, but it's portrayed as bad when the bad guys do it”.

> One, who must have been getting reports from their SecUnits and drones said “no sign of anybody” blue leader didn't answer but the two GrayCris Sec

the two—No, wells, no, oh no, okay, I was— okay I was confusing DeltFall and GrayCris for a second, I thought she was gonna say there's two more— there's two living DeltFall SecUnits, I was gonna be like what the fuck, are how are—

(offscreen, unintelligible)

No, she doesn't. She doesn't fucking care.

No sign of anybody. Blue leader didn't answer, but the two GrayCris SecUnits jog toward the beacon.

So that is Gertude and Hammond that Martha Wells is killing off, because she's fucking racist, and Murderbot doesn't give a single godamn fuck.

> Okay, the problem is, I've mentioned this before, the company is cheap.

Wow. Wow. Martha Wells is directly telling us again that the company's cheap. Ignore the million in one ways in which they are extremely fucking competent and super duper expensive and are going to pull out all the stops to get to the truth and to rescue you on time to the point that they'll send an even super duper faster ship along with the regular ship to rescue you.

But they're ~totally~ cheap. See, she's telling us right now. She's telling us completely contradictory information to everything that's actually shown and complained about by the characters.

I don't think I mentioned this in the other video, but like, we had Pin-Lee and all of these other fuckers complaining that “the company is too expensive”—

When they're paying for security for the president of their entire planet to go solar systems into uncharted territory on an unmapped, unexplored alien planet.

They're complaining that the cost for security for that is too high.

They're the one who picked which fucking company they would be hiring security— And by “hiring”, they mean renting out a goddamn slave from, to become slave owners.

They chose which company they're going to become slave owners with.

They— they can't complain about the price. They fucking picked this shit.

They're from a planet where they've never had to pay for a single goddamn thing in their entire fucking lives, because they are the goddamn slave owners and the slaves do all of the work. They don't pay for a single goddamn thing. Everything is free for them. Every single fucking thing is free for these fuckers.

But I'm supposed to take their word for it that security for the *president of their entire planet*, solar systems away, uncharted territory, unexplored alien planet without any backup—

(from offscreen) They're not providing any of their own security.

They didn't bring along any trained hospital staff. They didn't bring along any trained bodyguards. They're, they're paying for all this _ and they're barely paying for anything, of their own free will.

And they're complaining it's “too expensive”….

For security... for the president... of their whole planet???

They've never paid for anything in their lives.

Wh— Why am I supposed to fucking take their word for it? That this is too expensive.

Security for the president of *their entire planet* is “too expensive” from the people who've never paid a penny for anything.

We're just supposed to just accept that they're telling the truth when they keep complaining about how expensive everything is, when they don't use money because they own slaves. They don't need money because they use slaves.

And and now we after after we spend all that time complaining, “oh, they're so expensive. They charged us too much for security for the president of our entire planet to go to an unexplored alien planet when we are providing no security ourselves.”

Now we're literally getting *told*:

> Okay, the problem is, I've mentioned this before, the company is cheap.

Are you sure about that? Are you sure about that? Because they gave you two whole entire functional perfectly functional helicopters. They, they, they're going to send a super duper uber super fast ship to rescue you along with the regular slower ship. They're sending two goddamn ships to rescue you.

They gave you two functional helicopters. They gave you so much equipment.

They gave you a rescue plan to begin with. They gave you a rescue plan to begin with and, and you were on an unexplored alien planet in completely fucking uncharted territory and you're complaining— and you're— and we just keep getting told they're cheap. They're cheap.

(from offscreen) ‘It's one banana, Michael. How much could it cost? $10?’ ‘You've never been in the supermarket before, have you?’ That's the meme.

Yeah, I Yeah.

Martha Wells, again, I just keep, I just keep, I just keep saying this: She literally wants to have whatever is— seems coolest and is beneficial to her fucking writing in the moment. It doesn't matter if we just completely contradicted this shit two pages ago.

Right now, we're on page 137, so, this is the only thing we're supposed to remember exists, because we're supposed to be reading this with our brains turned off, because, you know, anti- intellectualism, that's ~totally awesome~.

That's why Murderbot keeps watching The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon hundreds and hundreds of times and yet has zero godamn thoughts about it whatsoever.

Because media analysis? ~Oh, who's that for? Um, not cool people like Murderbot. So, you shouldn't do media analysis either!~

Uh,

The problem is, I've mentioned this before,

Pretending that she's done setup when all she's done is completely contradict this statement that she's about to make.

The company is cheap.

It's not cheap, though. You keep complaining about how it's too expensive, and you keep telling us and showing us all the exorbitant fucking things they're doing. You have assured us that they're going to like spend ~all of the money~ to, to investigate your deaths if you are successfully murdered and they're going to “Get to the truth!” because you're doing capitalist propaganda for some fucking reason.

But now we're just being *told* the company is cheap, so, Martha Wells is demanding that we forget everything that we've read— (holding up book) this many pages— up until now, and just pretend that the company is super duper cheap and shit at their job and don't do anything helpful, you know?

Um, ignore the fact that they got not just one, two fully functional helicopters!

Like, if Martha Wells actually wanted to make the company cheap and bad, a— maybe don't keep insisting to us that Preservation are good people who care about safety? Because they chose this shit! They chose to go with the Dollar Tree version of fucking security if we're supposed to believe that they're cheap.

If we're supposed to believe that they're cheap, why didn't they get, sure, two helicopters….technically, except neither of them were functioning and neither of them had enough fuel to even turn the goddamn lights on, so these fucking, fucking slave owners,

forced Murderbot, their slave, cuz they're not going to do any of the work themselves!

Like, you know, they didn't do any of the fucking work themselves, even after they supposedly “found out Murderbot was a fucking person”, a thing they knew all along.

You know how, like, remember how they made Murderbot pack all the goddamn supplies by itself until they all decided they're going to help out, after it had already tried to kill itself and they'd mind-raped it.

You know, remember that?

Remember that shit?

Remember how they did not give it even a five minutes break time after it fucking fell unconscious saving Bharedwaj's life when they supposedly “realized it was a person”.

Um, yeah, if the company's actually supposed to be cheap, why didn't— why weren't we regailed with stories of how they had been sent down?

They'd been promised two helicopters and they got two helicopters, but neither of them were functional, which meant that Murderbot, as the goddamn slave, was forced to do all of the manual and fucking brain power labor of taking the fucking parts from the one, and putting them— figure, first of all, figuring out which one is more functional, and then having to goddamn cannibalize the other fucking ship to make this one just fucking barely function.

That's what a company being cheap and scammy would fucking look like.

Like, even just— no, you you can't do this shit, because again with the whole underdog— ~Oh, um they're the, the Preservation crew— They're totally the, the helpless little underdogs! You got to cheer them on! They're so helpless!”

But also every single thing will go their way when it when it's convenient to making them look cool, supposedly.

But also, um, we're just gonna keep pretending that the company isn't helping them at all, even though all of their equipment functions.

It's just ridiculous. It's bad writing.

Okay.

The problem is, I've mentioned this before,

comma,

the company is cheap.

That's the sentence. That's the sentence. That's Martha Wells pretending that she hasn't been just constantly lying to us back and forth across the two extremes of this goddamn thing for 136 pages if you take their fucking word for it.

> When it comes to something like a beacon that just has to launch once if there's an emergency, send a transmission through the wormhole

And I think this is the first time “wormhole” has ever come up in this book because again, Martha Wells is shit at writing and she doesn't actually want to do any fucking work even though she wants us to pay her for that fucking work.

So yeah, we're never going to get an explanation for how that works, because Martha Wells is a bad writer and is encouraging anti-intellectualism in her fans and stans, so everybody is just pretending that “world building is for chumps” because, you know, um “storytelling is uncool”.

It's just so much anti-intellectualism and just fucking laziness.

Anyways, uh, what...

> When it comes to something like a beacon that just has to launch once if there's an emergency,

> send a transmission through the wormhole and then never gets retrieved, they're very cheap.

(laughing) You notice how we just keep getting told this shit but then everything else we're told and shown is contradictory??

> Beacons don't have safety features and use the cheapest possible launch vehicles.

And and again, I have to keep interrupting. This is all one paragraph, but I'm going to keep interrupting.

Um, the reason for this shit right now, is because this benefits the, “the good guys”, because the plan is to just blow everybody else up, with a thing that we had no inclination [indication] could be used as a bomb before now, because it's badly written. It's literally just badly written.

Martha Wells is just making this shit all up out of thin air.

There was no setup.

There was no foreshadowing.

Just nothing.

It's just shit writing.

Because here's the thing, guys: this is not supposed to have been the first draft.

This is supposed to be the final product with multiple drafts preceding it, so any competent writer who gives a shit about telling a good story, if this was their plan all along?

When they're done the first draft and they start editing, they add in fucking foreshadowing if they didn't do that the first time.

And here's a secret: A lot of people put in the fucking foreshadowing in just the first draft.

Martha Wells didn't even do that for the finished final product that she's paying—she's making people pay exorbitant prices for, that's not even remotely as long

as this, not-even-a-centimeter-book would have you think, because this is what it looks like *after* they've pulled out all the stops to make it seem longer. [snorts in exasperation]

> Beacons don't have safety features and use the cheapest possible launch vehicles. There's a reason you put them a few kilos

~A few ounces, a few pounds, a few grams.~

> There's a reason you put them a few ~ounces~ from your habitat and trigger them from a distance.

A thing we weren't told until just now, because she's bad at writing and doesn't give a fuck about telling a coherent story.

> Mensah and I were supposed to distract GrayCris and their SecUnits

You know, their fucking slaves that we're not supposed to care about, because Martha Wells is racist and she wants you to be racist, too.

You're literally supposed to forget that these people are people.

And again, if you feel bad for them, for reading this for your first time, good. *You're* supposed to. That's called basic human morality. But that's not what *this book* wants you to do.

If you feel bad for these slaves, that's something you're bringing to the book, not what the book actually wants you to think. Again, because people seem to keep getting those two things mixed up, because they don't want to admit that the story legitimately wants them to be okay with this shit.

> Mensah and I were supposed to distract Gray Chris and [their slaves] while this was going on. Get them away from the habitat, not end up as toast in the beacon launch.

And like, okay, this is this is just more examples of her making the villains like, just ridiculously and unbelievably incompetent.

Okay, so, the villains were explicitly told “they're going to turn on your telephone, which explodes like a nuclear bomb.”

Okay, so why in the fuck is their literal only instinct to go stand and look at the thing that's about to explode?

What— What possible fucking explanation is there for this?

There's no— There's no fucking reason for this. This doesn't fucking make sense. Why would you—

They literally just got told, "Hey, um he's going to go set off your bomb. You're we're going to set off your bomb."

And then they literally go to stare at the bomb at point blank range.

And Martha Wells expects us to just accept that this is normal behavior that the villains are totally going to do.

(from offscreen, sarcastically)Award that—

This is— Yeah. Don't ever trust anything that is that won the fucking Hugo award or the Nebula award because they're all fucking bullshit as far as I can tell.

This, this shit won an award and likem the first time I read thism I was like, ‘well that was kind of entertaining’ and then I learned it it won an award and I'm like, “what— what fucking award for— for what?!?! What could— What could you— What kind of fucking contest could this shit possibly win?!?! Like, it was fine— what what fucking award are you going to give this??? What are you fucking talking about?!?!?!?”

So again, uh, literally the villains, they're told, "Hey, they're going to— they're going to go set off that that fucking nuclear bomb you have." So then they go and stare at it.

They literally walk up to poke at it.

What the fuck? How are we supposed to think that this is a ~deathly serious story for mature adults that we're supposed to take seriously~?

We literally are told that the villains literally get told a bomb's going to go off. so, they go and stare at the bomb.

None of them— there's no single person here, even remotely trained in diffusing bombs! They all just rush over to the bomb with no hesitation! “There's no time to waste!! We got to go!!! We got to go stand directly in front of that bomb we were just told is going to go off!!!!”

This is this is the ~super deathly serious writing~ that Martha Wells wants us to take seriously.

But she doesn't actually want us to take it seriously because:

A) That's why there's so many jokes. That's why we gloss over every single injury and don't describe a single goddamn thing.

B) She doesn't want you to be actually actively fucking reading it like I am right now.

If she knows these videos exists, she hates them. She does not want people to actually take the story seriously, because if people actually take the story seriously, um, you know, then you're pointing out— not like all of all of the slavery apologism, all the ableism, all the bigotry, and that's even before you just get to the basic shit fucking writing.

The villains— there's— Martha Wells is so shit at writing she literally couldn't think of a single way for the “good guys” to get themselves out of the situation using their own skills, so, her literal solution is to make the bad guys go and stand directly in front of the bomb that they were just told is going to go off.

That's the solution to this plot! The bad guys are told the bomb's going to go off, so they go and stand and stare at it directly in front of it.

What's their plan? They don't have a plan. They're just here to look at the bomb they were told is going to explode.

This is what Martha Wells won a fucking award for.

This is what we're supposed to pretend is a serious story for serious adults.

Are you fucking kidding me?

Like I, I— honestly, a child would be embarrassed to write this plot because a child would grasp that the bad guys going to stare at the bomb you just told them is going to go off is ridiculous and is not letting the good guys actually win. That's just fucking ridiculous.

Uh,

> Mensah and I were supposed to distract Gray Chris and their SecUnits while this was going on. Get them away from the habitat, not end as up as toast in the beacon launch. With the delay caused by Blue Leader deciding to grab Mensah, time was getting close. The two SecUnits

uh, Gertude and Hammond

> were circling.

Yeah, Gertrude and Hammond

> were circling the beacon's tripod, looking for signs of tampering, and I couldn't take it anymore. I started to walk toward Mensah

Because again, Marthaa Wells just making it so goddamn clear that we're not supposed to see these people as people, because who— who—

If we literally cannot *even* expect our slave protagonist to give a fuck about the other slaves?

Exactly how— what— what other fucking character can we hope to care for them, if we literally cannot even get the goddamn slave protagonist to care about them?

So Martha Wells just goes out of just make sure we know that the slaves are going to be the ones murdered first from the villains being so incompetent, so ludicrously, unbelievably incompetent that they're just going to go stare at the bomb that's going to go off because she literally is she couldn't think of any other goddamn way for the the good guys to to win.

This isn't the “good guys” winning.

This is— This is just nothing. This is just ridiculous.

> I couldn't take it anymore. I started to walk toward Mensah. Yellow noticed me. He must have said something to Blue leader on their feed because she turned to look at me. When the remaining DeltFall SecUnits,

Gertrude and Hammond

> whipped to

No. No. Hold on. Okay. No, that's— unit? That's Damian. Okay.

> When [Damian] whipped toward me and opened fire,

You know, we— she keeps having so many goddamn characters and then you forget they exist when they're not mentioned. It's bad. It's bad. Also, DeltFall and GrayCris are too goddamn similar. There's, there, this, just don't do this shit It's bad. It's bad fucking writing.

> When the remaining DeltFall SecUnit

AKA the remaining person enslaved by the DeltFall Corporation, that we're just going to pretend that corporation's just poor innocent whale slave owners, uh,

> When [Damian] whipped toward me and opened fire, I knew the light had dawned. I dove and

> rolled, coming up with my projectile weapon. I was taking hits all over my armor, but scoring hits on the other SecUnit,

AKA Damian. Damian, one of the people who was told to set a trap for Murderbot, and so followed those orders to the letter, but went out of their way along with Celene, who Murderbot just fucking murdered a few pages ago, to make that trap as obvious as possible so that Murderbot wouldn't fall into it.

It's like Team Rocket being told by Giovani, “you need to build a fucking pitfall trap for XYZ legendary Pokemon that you have actually decided you're going to help because you feel bad.” (Like every they do in every movie) so, they do they build the best pit, pit, pitfall trap ever!

And then they line the entire area around it with neon signs saying this is a pitfall trap. Don't step here. Instead of clearing the area of stuff, they put a special fucking thing that says in repeating—

(from offscreen) unintelligible they would

No talk louder.

(from offscreen) You got that all wrong. They would sacrifice themselves by dramatically jumping on it.

Yep. Yes, the, the the legendary Pokemon who is in distress that they are helping, would start coming out of the things, and they would all, with the, the music playing from military funerals for dramatic irony, they would all step out into the road in front of it and step backwards at once and fall into their own pitfall trap.

You see, this is good— Anybody who's watched the Pokemon anime knows that what we're saying is true. And that's called *characterization*. That's basic characterization. That's what would happen—

How did we get there? Oh, yeah. Because um, Murderbots trying to kill Damian, even though Damian, along with Celene, who Murderbot just fucking murdered and we're not supposed to give a shit, just like a few pages ago, they are the ones who were told “set a trap to catch that SecUnit!”

So they set a trap and then made it the most blatantly obvious trap ever so that they are mentally screaming at Murderbot, "Stay away. We have— We are being ordered to hurt you. We don't want to hurt you. Please, for the love of God, don't come into this fucking hallway or we will be forced to fight you."

And then Martha Wells is a godamn unrepentant racist who has been doubling down on her racism for two fucking decades now—

This shit did not start with the Murderbot Diaries. She is not a brand new fucking author. She's been writing since probably before you have been fucking born. She's been writing other goddamn series. She's been racist the whole time!

She has been getting criticism for her racism the whole time and she's been doubling down on it the whole fucking time.

She decided that the slaves— that—

In any goddamn book written by somebody who actually gives a fuck about slavery and thinks it's bad, would have just—

Cheap anything. Instead, it's literally— she's literally just using it as cheap drama, set dressing for a ~tragic backstory~ so that you automatically view Murderbot as the underdog and forgive all of the horrific fucking crimes it commits against other slaves even when they're the exact crimes that we're told we should feel bad for it for a thing that we get told happen to it in its backstory but we never godamn see—

(from offscreen) and we don't either.

Yeah. Yeah. We keep just keep getting told Murderbot has social anxiety, um, but like no actual PTSD in interacting with slave owners at all, because ~slave owners are good. They're good people.~

(from offscreen, sarcastically) Unless they're ~mean~ about it.

Unless they're mean about it. And that's it. I don't— I think only one fucking slave owner has been killed in this entire series. And that was because that slave owner tried to shoot another slave owner that murderbot likes.

> I dove and rolled, coming up with my projectile weapon. I was taking hits all over my armor, but scoring hits on [Damian]. Mensah ducked around the other side of the hopper, and I

What? How is she ducking? Is nobody holding her? Is she not a fucking prisoner? Why is nobody— Why is she just chill like—

I'm— And hold on.

[flips back pages]

Yeah, it's just, there's no mention of any of the bad guys, like, you know, ~two people holding Mensah's arms~ or anything so she can't run away.

I guess they're just letting her wander around for...reasons?? Because suddenly— Suddenly she's not a prisoner anymore. Um,

> Mensah ducked around the other side of the hopper

Was nobody guarding her at all?? And like, there's so many— there's so many bad guys here. It's like— you — again, this is just shit writing. Just shit writing.

Um, we needed to pretend that they were ~totally prisoners~, um to pretend that there's any stakes, even though we keep making jokes, but as soon as um it's time to leave, well, she, she's— Nobody's holding her prisoner. Nobody's even holding her at all.

No, she— it's not “I saw Mensah out of the corner of my eye” or something: “I saw Mensah fighting off the remaining blah that had grabbed her.” The other— I don't know— was— “had figured out what was going on with the bomb that's about to go off and was running in the opposite direction.”

Anything anything like that? No, it's just “Oh, uh Mensah's running. Mensah ducked around the other side of the hopper.”

How, how is she— was she *not* a goddamn prisoner???? It's just shit writing!

Martha Wells literally cannot actually think of a single way for goddamn heroes to do anything, so she was just *not actually* being held prisoner. Nobody was actually guarding her. Nobody was like holding her. They didn't put fucking handcuffs on her. Just nothing. Just nothing!

They, they were just letting her uh just wander around by herself, no supervision. It's so fucking ridiculous.

And we're about to do the thing.

> Mensah ducked around the other side of the hopper, and I felt a thump rattle through the plateau. That was the beacon's primary drive,

dropping out of its casing to the bottom of the tripod, getting ready to ignite.
The other two

Slaves, Hammond and Gertrude

Had stopped, Blue leader’s surprise freezing them in place.

A thing that has never been implied to be a thing.

Why would— Why would the person being surprised freeze them in place? That was not set up.

We were told that the combat override modules, which we must spell out every single time just to try and pad this pathetic fucking less than a centimeter as much as possible—

Um, we were told that the combat override modules work by you give verbal fucking instructions, and then those instructions have to be followed.

There's no hint that being surprised is somehow going to override anything, because being surprised isn't a goddamn verbal instruction.

No, that's just there so that we can be sure that, um the other slaves are being successfully murdered by the protagonists, a thing we're meant to celebrate, because they're ~just evil, mindless killing machines~.

> I bolted, took a hit in the weak armor joint that went through to my thigh and powered through it.

Because again, again, Martha Wells literally gets up on stage and tells people that if you think this is lighthearted fun, you're willfully ignorant. “I thought I was writing a serious story about bodily autonomy!!!!”.

No, you did not. You did not think that. Shut the fuck up, you goddamn lying bitch. You're a fucking liar. Shut the fuck up.

You can't even goddamn describe the pain of being shot by a fucking bullet. Murderbot's been shot multiple times on just this fucking page.

“When Damian, the remaining DeltFall slave, whipped toward me and opened fire, I knew the light had dawned. I dove and rolled, coming up with my projectile weapon. I was taking hits all over my armor, but scoring hits on the other slave.”

Every— those “taking hits”? That means getting hit by fucking bullets from a goddamn gun!

But we don't— there's no goddamn tension. That's just, that's just glossed over right here. Then we get told, "Oh, I took a hit to my leg.” You took— you got shot by a fucking bullet, a thing that we're— we're— it's just— there, there's there's no depth to this shit.

We literally are not even allowed to take the supposed fight scenes where people are getting shot by bullets seriously, because that is getting glossed over as “I took a hit”. So, nothing happened then. Nothing at all.

And again, you'll notice this will be the third time that Murderbot gets into a ~grievous~ fight and gets ~so~ hurt.

You notice those first two times it magically got healed before like three pages probably at max, had passed? Yeah, it's gonna get magically healed from this again, because Martha Wells is a bad fucking writer, and she'll just tell us that ~oh the character got hurt. Um because I literally cannot think of any other way to end the scene.~

(pointing at cardboard) Like when they pointed that out I'm like oh, yeah, that explains a lot. She does this all the time.

She literally— She couldn't think of a single fucking way for the protagonist to actually win, so the bad guys are just killing themselves.

They literally were told that bomb over there is going to go off, so they ran over to stare at it and poke at it.

Literally the bad guys are literally killing themselves because Martha Wells couldn't think of any way for the good guys to win, but she also can't think of any way for them to actually like, do anything here...

...So instead of figuring out how to end the goddamn story, she's just gonna knock Murderbot unconscious and pretend that it's super dramatic and ~maybe it'll die~, which was literally her plan the whole time with that whole scene in the goddamn ship where it shot itself, because she literally is so racist.

She literally set out to write an entire story where the moral is “a slave killed itself to protect its precious cinnamon roll slavers slave owners is. Isn't that so precious? Isn't that so heartwarming and beautiful?”

> I bolted, took a hit in a weak armor joint that went through to my thigh and powered through it

Because as we all know, you can just get shot in the leg and just keep, just ignore it. It's totally fine. Um, but also this is totally **deathly serious!!!!** This is

really a mature story for mature adults. (sarcastically) I'm sure.

> I made it around the hopper and saw Mensah. I tackled her off the edge of the rock, turning to land on my back, curled an arm over her suit helmet to protect her head from impact. We bounced off rocks and crashed through trees. Then fire washed over the plateau, and knocked out my—

Em dash.

> Unit offline.

(sarcastically) Ooh, so dramatic! It's not like Murderbot literally gets instantaneously healed back to 100% without even any scars or any long-term consequences ever! Wow. I, I wonder if Murderbot will face any permanent consequences from this? (end sarcasm)

No, it won't. We all know that. Anybody who's read any goddamn Martha Wells story knows that.

Then, again, just so much fucking slavery apologism. Do I have to continue pointing that out now? I guess I'm fucking morally obligated because of all the, you know, all of the thousands of people she is training to accept this without question.

Why is the slave prioritizing the safety of its godamn slave owner?

And why is it prioritizing the safety of its slave owner presented as morally good and awesome and heartwarming?

Because ~look how caring the slave is for the person who has enslaved it!!!~

It's the fucking mammy trope.

> Unit offline.

(mockingly) ~Unit offline~ So scary. And look, (pointing at book) you can even look ahead. There's another one over here, because Martha Wells doesn't

know how to end the goddamn story, so, she's just not!

She's just not going to! Literally read Rappo—What? Data ghost. Read data ghost.

That one's short…. So maybe I will literally just read that immediately after this just to show you how fucking hilariously bad and bigoted she is in 2025, because *this* was written in 2017, so you might think “well, well maybe maybe her writing has improved in how many years it's been” when you're watching this video.

I'm recording this in 2025. You could be watching this in 2030. I don't fucking know.

Anyways, uh

> We bounced off rocks and crashed through trees. Then fire washed over the plateau and knocked out my—

dash

> Unit offline.

And you might be thinking, "Oh, wow! Drama! Murderbot’s unconscious! Stakes!"

Oh, nope. Nope. Nope. What's the very next line?

> Oh, that hurt.

Because just in case you were worried that um, we might be expected to take any of this seriously? No, we're not. We're not—

[coughs] egh, just inhaled dust.

> Oh, that hurt. I was lying in a ravine, rocks and trees overhanging it. Mensah was sitting next to me, cradling an arm that looked like it didn't work anymore, and her suit was covered with tears and stains.

And also, if you're thinking, "Oh, well, well, well, Mensah broke an arm. Maybe she'll maybe she'll have to deal with that in the future?"

No, no, no. It it also gets magically healed. I, I guarantee you 99.99% of fans don't even remember that her arm got broken, because that's the only time it comes up.

It's literally just [counting off on fingers] “cradling an arm that looked like it didn't work anymore”. 10 words. That's it. That's all that's dedicated to that injury. Never again, ever again, ever again!

It's just there for this single little goddamn scene between these two goddamn line breaks. (pointing at the page) This is another “unit offline.” Pretend it's dramatic. Pretend it's really meaningful that we're just skipping over shit instead of actually resolving the story.

(from offscreen) This is a classic Martha Wells tactic.

You have to talk louder cuz a fan.

(from offscreen) This is a classic Martha Wells “I don't know how else to end this story. So, the character is

just going to go in and out of consciousness while the plot moves without them.”

Just wait until I read Data Ghost to you all. It's, It's fucking hilarious.

She was whispering to someone on the comm. “Careful if they pick you up on their scanner—”

Dash.

Unit offline.

Everybody pretended it’s so dramatic.

“That's why we need to hurry.” Gurathin said who was suddenly standing over us. I realized I had lost time again. Lost some time again. Gurathin and Pin-Lee had been on foot making their way toward the GrayCris habitat through the cover of the forest

And they miraculously didn't get eaten by any giant aliens on their way there, even though we kept

getting, uh impressed on us over and over again, how dangerous this planet is.

Remember? She literally broke the fourth wall to yell at us not to complain that it doesn't fucking make sense that they haven't left their very public location where the serial killers know where they are!

She explicitly broke the fourth wall to yell at us that “it totally makes sense, guys!!! This planet's so dangerous. Why would they? They're terrified to leave!!!!!”

But also, they can just casually walk through the forest without any trouble. They don't get eaten by a graboid. Don't get eaten by a xenomorph. Don't get eaten by a fucking megalodon on the goddamn terror shark, whatever the fucking you call it.

No! Nothing! Nothing, nothing, nothing.

Not even like any alien mosquitoes that carry a goddamn poison that will just make you explode from the inside out. Nothing. It—

~tThe planet's so dangerous, guys. So dangerous that they thought it justified enslaving somebody to use as a meat shield and then treating that person as a meat shield for like a month!!~ Including after you supposedly “realized it was a person” because you're fucking slave owning liars.

Anyways,

> Gurathin and Pin-Lee had been on foot making their way toward the GrayCris habitat through the cover of the forest

They would have had to walk a really godamn long way. I don't think Martha Wells knows how long it takes to walk long distances because like she kept, in, like, emphasizing how quickly this whole situation was going with them trying to stall.

It was like maybe 30 minutes max.

Even if these guys were sprinting, like— it's an alien planet in a forest. There's no trails through.

This is not realistic. And again, it's— no, you don't get to break the fourth wall to yell at us to stop complaining that the story doesn't make sense. You should have just written a story that makes sense.

You can't keep emphasizing, "Oh, this planet's so dangerous. So dangerous." But then they can just walk a really, really, really, really long distance through an uncharted, unexplored alien forest by themselves.

They don't have guns, Murderbot's the only one with a gun. They don't even have guns. And, and and do all this shit including finding where these two crashed somehow, even though we have no mention of like, landmarks where—

How exactly— how exactly did they find Mensah? How exactly did that happen? We will never know, because it's shittily written.

> Gurathin and Pin-Lee had been on foot making their way toward the GrayCris habitat through the cover of the forest. We had meant to go pick

> them up in the little hopper if everything didn't go to shit. Which it did, but only partly. So, yay for that.

I'm not making up this this fucking prose right now. This is legitimately what it says.

> Which it did, but only partly. So, yay for that.

When Murderbot’s supposed to be grievously injured and we're supposed to be taking this deathly seriously, we're saying, "Oh, well, it only went slightly to shit, so yay for that.”

> Pin-Lee leaned over me and I said, "This unit is at minimum functionality and it is recommended that you discarded.”

And again, you see how that— the bad guys— the fucking the bad guys put in this— dehumanizing these slaves using it/its pronouns to say they are objects instead of people?

Yeah, that's fine. That's good when the bad guys do it.

It's it's fucking evil when the good guys do it. “And don't question it at all!”

Because again, yes, Murderbot *can* use it/its pronouns. Again, I use it/its pronouns.

But the difference is, if Murderbot is going to be using these pronouns, then there needs to be a fucking conversation about that, so that we have assurance as the fucking audience— that keeps getting told ~these slave owners are actually good people~—

We need assurance that they actually view Murderbot as a person.

So if you rent, if you bought a fucking robot that you assumed, you know, just regular goddamn machine, and then you found out it was a person, and this whole entire time you've been referring to it as an “it” because you thought it was a regular machine and not a person, the second you find out it's not a fucking regular machine and is in fact a person, the very first thing you should be doing is asking, "Oh shit. I've, I've

been calling you an “it”. what should I call you instead?”

And then that would have been gi— that would have given Murderbot the ability to actually advocate for itself, *for five seconds* and say, “I chose those pronouns for myself. Those are what I'm using,” etc.

We don't do that though.

So, it's literally just endlessly— the god like the slave owners, they did not even ask! So, it's literally just them continuing to emphasize the fact to themselves, *and to Murderbot* that it is lesser than them, because they are the goddamn slave owners, exactly the way they keep referring to it as “SecUnit” AKA “Slave”.

A SecUnit is a fucking slave. They are referring to their slave continuously as a goddamn slave and treating it, and speaking about it like it's not even in the room, the exact same way they were before they supposedly “found out it was a person”.

This is fucking— so many things. It's fucking racist. It's ableist. It's fucking exorsexist and transmisic.

And, again, the only reason that Murderbot is allowed to be nonbinary by Martha Wells at all, is that it doesn't have genitalia.

She, despite whatever lip service she says in paid interviews— paywalled interviews with herself— she does in fact fucking equate gender to genitalia.

She just knows that's not a goddamn popular opinion, so, she's quiet about it and tries to pretend that, “oh, I'm I'm totally progressive. That's why in my new story, there are two genders. People who wear pants and people who wear skirts. And those are the only fucking options. And if you wear pants, that means you're this gender. And if you put on a skirt, that means you're this gender. No, you can't be X gender and wear a skirt just because you want a skirt. No, that means your gender is *that* now!”

Literally, she just she literally decided in— that— I'm, I—

“Yes, there are two genders. People who wear pants and people who wear skirts!”

And she thinks that's progressive.

Anyways, blah blah blah.

> It's an automatic reaction triggered by catastrophic malfunction

Because she she can't show us that Murderbot is grievously injured in a way that will literally get healed before five pages pass. Yeah, it's only going to last literally less. Like, that's not even a quarter of this fucking page. That's how much longer this thing that we're getting told is ~a catastrophic malfunction~ AKA catastrophic injury. Not really. Not really! We're just getting told that.

And it's literally not even going to last… That's not even half a page if you combine those.

Blah.

> It's an automatic reaction triggered by catastrophic malfunction. Also, I really didn't want them to move me because it hurt bad enough the way it was.

You notice how we just getting told, literally told to us, “it hurts”. I “It hurt bad enough already”, but yet we had all this shit up here on this side?

We could have been describing the pain. We could have been describing the emotions that go with that pain, but nope. Nope. No, no, nope, nope, nope!

We just get told, "Oh, by the way, I'm in pain for realsies. Trust me, guys. It's It's totally real and emotional and deep and mature and serious. Totally. Totally. It's— I'm really good at storytelling. This is why I have never shown a thing in this whole goddamn series, except for the things that I *don'*t want you to take away, which is that I'm a racist shitbag and every goddamn character in here is a fucking horrific person.”

> Also, I really didn't want them to try to move me because it hurt bad enough the way it was. “Your contract allows—” “Shut up!” Mensah snapped. “You shut the fuck up! We're not leaving you!”

And it's like again, Mensah? She took a whole orientation thing before she rented out this ficlomg slave that she went out of her way to get to become a slave owner of.

She knows that they have these automatic fucking responses that happen upon catastrophic injury, but—and again, she did this before, too!

Um, her response to their slave being deathly injured is just to yell at it every single fucking time. Like, not saying, "You're going to be okay. We're going to help you."

No, it's just just snapping and snarling at the person who's dying. Yeah, that',s that's, real, that's real nice. That's definitely good person behavior.

> My visual cut out again. I was sort of still there, but I could tell I was hovering on the edge of a systems failure. I had flashes off and on the inside of the little hopper, my humans talking.

And again, again, again, again! The slavery apologism! She cannot stop with the slavery apologism! “My humans” These are its fucking slave owners!

They have been using it as a slave! They are its literal slave owners!

But Martha Wells is telling you, "No, look how cute it is! The slave really cares about its slave owners. It sees them as “its” slave owners! They belong to *it* in its heart!”

Not the other way around as literal goddamn property! Chattel slavery fucking meat shield. No, no, ~it's totally cute!!~

This is, you know, the mammy trope.

> The inside of the little hopper. My humans talking. Arada holding my hand

Because ~look how cute the slave owners are. They're just pure cinnamon rolls!!~ Ignore every single horrific fucking thing they have put this slave through after supposedly “finding out it was a person.”

And again, they knew it was a person the whole entire time!

They're literally just fucking lying to us!

> Then being in the big hopper as it was lifting up. I could tell from the drive noise, the flashes of the feed that the pickup transport was bringing it on board. That was a relief. It meant they were all safe and I let go.

That's the end of chapter 7. We're now on chapter eight.

Again, so much fucking slavery apologism. We're— We're literally supposed to think it's ~so heartwarming! Murderbot doesn't let itself fall unconscious while it's dying until it knows its slave owners are safe!!~

This is slavery apologism.

Martha Wells is literally fucking asking you to worship and adore the idea of a slave sacrificing itself over and over and over again to protect its goddamn slave owners.

Literally, that's what this is.

Every single fucking page of this goddamn book is trying to fucking indoctrinate you into the exact— I guess— the exact same shit Martha Wells grew up learning in Texas schools but probably fucking worse.

(from offscreen) And is so incurious as an adult she can't—

She's she's older than my mom. She's older than my mom. She has had her entire fucking life to stop being a racist fucking slavery apologist, but she has literally done nothing but double down on it.

Ever since she started receiving criticism, she literally decided to— instead of just apologizing for the racist tropes she put in her fucking fantasy book in 2011, she decided to double down by by defending British colonization instead.

Literally.

Anyways, chapter eight… After I check the battery on this thing, 50% fuck yeah.

Chapter eight. Let's go.

> I came back to awareness in a cubicle. The familiar acrid odor and hum of the systems as it put me back together. Then I realized it wasn't the cubicle at the habitat. It was an older

Oh, this is the part that made me drop my fucking phone. All right, let me restart.

> I came back to awareness in a cubicle. The familiar acid odor and hum of the systems as it put me back together. Then I realized it wasn't the cubicle at the habitat. It was an older model, a permanent installation.
> I was back at the company station.
> And humans knew about my governor module.

The next sentence is what made me drop my phone because I— like— that's, that's a great start to this chapter.

Unironically, that's a great fucking start to this chapter. We're setting up so much goddamn tension. We even do— (holding up book) I'm trying to make it so you can't see what's what's next, what made me drop my fucking phone.

(pointing at book) We even have those two little short paragraphs you can maybe see. Use your imagination and pretend you see.

We even have those two little short paragraphs that are just a single sentence long. “I was back at the company station.” Period. New paragraph. “And humans knew about my governor module.” Period. New paragraph.

That is objectively good writing. Look! I'm complimenting the book for doing basic shit correctly! That's good writing.

When you use short sentences like that, that's how you set up tension. Instead of saying, um, “I found the dead body in the fridge and blah blah blah and blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.”

That's not setting up tension. It's “XYZ character walked into the kitchen. Period. New paragraph. And saw the dead body lying on the floor.” Anything, anything at all.

Like, this is basic shit. This is correct. This is objectively correct. How you write to set up tension.

Unfortunately, this is a story written by Martha Wells that she lies to people about in speeches that I *presume* she's getting paid to make.

She didn't write a serious story.

She doesn't actually want there to be tension.

So, everybody— just, if you haven't read this book yet, or even if you have, you probably forgot what the next line is.

Just, just write down on a piece of paper or something. Just guess out loud to yourself or— I will, I'll even reread it again— and tell me what you think the next— No, you don't even have to tell me. Don't even, you don't even have to comment. Just Just read out loud to yourself. Say to yourself what you think the next thing is going to be.

I'll even reread the whole start.

I came back to awareness in a cubicle the familiar acrid and odor and hum of the systems as it put me back together.

Period.

Then I realized it wasn't the cubicle at the habitat.

Period.

It was an older model, a permanent installation.

Period. New paragraph.

I was back at the company station.

Period. New paragraph.

And humans knew about my governor module.

Period. New paragraph.

All right. Are you ready? We've set up that tension. Look at all that tension we've successfully set up. Technically correct. Literally, objectively correct way to set up tension. All right. You ready?

You ready?

I poked tentatively at it.

That's the next sentence. That's the next sentence.

Above that is, "And humans knew about my governor module."

I poked tentatively at it.

So, we go from setting up all of that tension and fear, “Oh my fucking god. I'm back at the goddamn fucking plantation.” If we get away, get rid of the fucking euphemisms. “I'm back at the goddamn company in the permanent fucking installation and fucking slave owners know that my brain killing chip won't fucking kill me. Oh my fucking god.” That's what we've set up. That's what we set up. That's correct.

And then,

I poked at it tentatively.

Just poked. She used the word poked. The way that cat— you can't fucking see them, take my word for it — Like the way that cat just poked his his sister before sitting down because he's adorable.

(talking to cat) Want to come sit in front of the camera?

He's not even looking.

(to cat) Heyy, want to come here?

No, he doesn't.

We set up all of that tension and then we throw it all in the garbage with:

I poked tentatively at it.

So, Murderbot's literal instantaneous reaction to thinking, "Oh my god, I might be fully enslaved again with the brain killing chip!” is to just instantly “poke” it tentatively.

I poked at it tentatively.

There's so many ways you could get across the same idea of Murderbot is checking to see if it's functional without killing every single shred of tension.

(to cat) Are you actually coming this way? Yeah. Come here. Just don't knock the phone over. Are you just going to sit there and look at me? You're just going to sit there? You're just going to stare at me? Why don't you come over here? All right, then sit with her. Sit with your silly sister. She's not paying attention.

We could have said so many fucking things right here. We could have done so many goddamn things instead of killing all of that tension with choosing a purposefully absurd and jarring fucking thing. Just “poked”.

That's the word she went with.

Poked.

I poked tentatively at it.

I'll continue reading. Period.

Still nonfunctional.

Period.

My media storage was still intact, too.

Period.

Huh.

Period.

She just killed all of that tension, just to make another joke.

Just to— just— literally we had just (holding up fingers a small distance apart) this much on page of

tension. This is how big the fucking paragraph is. Literally start to finish. We had that much tension.

This is— this is, this is the climax. This— No, this is— no, no.

That whole that whole thing where the bad guys were told, "Hey, that bomb's going to go off. That giant bomb that will kill everything within kilometers of it, that's going to go off." So, they went to stand 10 feet away from it and poke at it. That was the “climax”.

This? This shit here, this is supposed to be a resolution, but it's like, it's not even pretending to be a resolution. It's— We're— We're about to just stop—

Yeah. We set up all that tension and then just kill it. Just kill it forever.

(to person offscreen) Did he just pull that out of her?

(from offscreen) Yeah. Just as like a loose little thing.

I know, but it's like so dramatic looking.

So,

> When the cubicle opened, Ratthi was standing there.

Period.

> He was wearing regular civilian station clothes, but with the soft gray jacket with the PreservationAux survey logo. He looked happy and a lot cleaner than the last time I had seen him. He said, "Good news. Dr. Mensah has permanent permanently bought your contract. You're coming home with us!"
> That was a surprise.

And then we get another line break because the ending of this book is just going to— “the ending” I say. It's just going to be like a whole bunch of fucking line breaks.

(from offscreen) Time skips.

Yeah, time skips.

> I went to finish processing, still reeling. It seemed like the kind of thing that would happen in a show, so I kept running diagnostics and checking the various available feeds to make sure I wasn't still in the cubicle hallucinating. There was a report running on the local station news about DeltFall and GrayCris in the investigation. If I was hallucinating, I think the company wouldn't have managed to come out of the whole mess as the heroic rescuers of PreservationAux.

Except like they literally objectively are. So, but we're supposed to pretend they're not. And it's like, okay, but they didn't do anything wrong.

You [Preservation] fucking decided to hire them to be to to rent out a goddamn slave from them. You didn't — Nobody made you— They also like, genuinely came to your rescue!

So, why are we pretending that they didn't actually do that?

We just keep saying, "Oh, the evil corporation's so evil and bad. Ignore all of the things that the good guys are doing that's literally the exact same thing.”

Also, we're just going to keep claiming the company's cheap even though they're spending all this money and are supposedly super duper expensive.

Anyways,

> I expected a suit skin and armor

A thing— we still don't know what the fuck a suit skin is.

We have no goddamn clue.

Is it fucking artificial skin that goes over murderbot’s ~non-organic~ parts? Is it fucking, what you call it? Is it under— Is it long underwear? Is it long winter underwear?

We don't fucking know because this is badly fucking written.

And Martha Wells is demanding that we the audience use our imagination and do the work that *she's literally getting paid for*.

(to person offscreen) Find me that quote by Ursula K. Le Guin. We'll end this book with that fucking quote.

(from offscreen) Which one?

Uh, something something. ‘The imagination is the only thing that lets anybody’ blah blah blah.

> I expected a suit, skin, and armor. But the station units that helped us out of processing when we had catastrophic injuries

And we— those those enslaved people, they never come up again. Most fans don't even remember they fucking exist, because they are never mentioned again, and that's the first and last time they're mentioned.

> But

the blah blah blah

> gave me the gray PreservationAux survey uniform instead.

Also, why why is she so obsessed with making everybody have gray uniforms? Why would the— why would Preservation have a gray uniform? It's just weird and dumb.

Anyways,

> I put it on feeling weird while the station unit stood around and watched me. We're not buddies or anything, but usually they pass along the news. What happened while you were offline what the upcoming contracts were. I wondered if they felt as weird as I did. Sometimes suck units got bought in groups complete with cubicles by other companies. Nobody had ever come back from a survey and decided they wanted to keep their unit.

And it's like this is all just so much more slavery apologism. ~Oh, oh, the the people who literally help me when I am injured, we're not buddies. Of course, I don't like them. I can't even tell any of them apart!”

And it's like, Martha Wells literally cannot fucking imagine, even for 5 seconds, any— any fucking solidarity between enslaved people whatsoever.

And it's because she's a horrible fucking person. Because she's a fucking slavery apologist.

She wants to convince us that Murderbot can never have any friends unless they're its literal goddamn slave owners.

Murderbot has never cared about one single person in its entire godamn life, except its slave owners, because *she's fucking racist*.

> When I came out, Ratthi was still there. He grabbed my arm and tugged me past a couple of human techs and out through two levels of secure doors and into the display area. This was

where the rentals were arranged, and it was nicer than the rest of the deployment center with carpets and couches. Pin-Lee stood in the middle of it, dressed in sharp business attire. She looked like somebody from one of the shows I liked. The tough yet compassionate solicitor coming to rescue us from unfair prosecution.

(holds up one finger)

Two humans in company gear were standing around like they wanted to argue with her, but she was ignoring them, tossing a data chip casually in one hand. One saw me and Ratthi and said, "Again, this is irregular. Purging the unit's memory before it changes hand isn't just a policy. It's best for the—” “And again, I have a court order," Pin-Lee said, grabbed my other arm and they walked me out.

I'm holding up my goddamn hand because the that the whole thing— purging the unit's memory before it changes hand, and before it gets new clients?

That's, that— in Martha Wells's own fucking words, core programming that forces Murderbot and every other godamn slave in this series, including the phys — the fully mechanical robots along with all the cyborgs— her own words, core programming forces them to *want* to follow the orders of their current slave owners.

In Murderbots's case, this is the PreservationAux crew— and *want* to protect them on a fundamental core level.

I am quoting Martha Wells directly. She literally stated this shit explicitly. Core programming, fundamental core level. Murderbot— This core fucking programming that goes beyond the governor module. Core fucking programming has programmed Murderbot, on a fundamental core level, to want to protect its current slave owners.

And as of this fucking moment, when they refused to get that memory fucking programming purged, it's slave owners in Murderbot's core goddamn programming—

This is again, I can't stress enough, beyond the governor module, this is permanent. They are its goddamn slave owners from now until fucking forever.

Unless the eighth fucking chronological book, it's not even the eighth, it's like the 13th or 14th.

Unless the next book is going to do a fucking heelface turn or whatever the fuck you call it, it's not going to happen—

Where somebody comes along and deletes that fucking core programming for Murderbot so that it can realize, “oh my fucking god, these are my goddamn slave owners. I'm going to kill them right now!”

No, no, none of that. We are— literally Martha Wells literally told people this explicitly in a paywalled fucking interview where—

And that's the same fucking interview where she sexually harassed Murderbot out of the in-character

interview even though it's fucking called, I'm not joking, Bodily Autonomy in The Murderbot Diaries.

And she literally sexually harassed Murderbot out of the conversation so that she could talk to ART instead.

I'm not joking.

You can't make this shit up.

Literally, they have— these fucking slave owners have refused to give Murderbot any goddamn true freedom.

And they have to know this, because *she has a court order*.

Who the fuck is enforcing that court order?

What fucking court is a little dinky goddamn backwater like Preservation, like we're supposed to believe they are, going to bring a giant security corporation to?

What fucking court?

Where are you getting a goddamn court order?

And how have you done all of that shit in like, instantaneously??

We have no fucking clue how much time has passed.

How did she get this shit?? What fucking court???

Because SecUnits, we get told, we get told over and over and over again after this shit, SecUnits are considered deadly weapons. Like weapons of mass destruction.

What fucking court in the corporation rim is going to give some stupid little backwater scientists free reign to just take a deadly goddamn weapon—

(from offscreen) Proprietary.

Proprietary technology deadly fucking weapon away from— a thing for— fucking, for there,, there's this is

just all kinds of bullshit and again this is just shit writing!

It's— you're not actually supposed to think about it, because it's badly fucking—

(from offscreen) Can I interject?

Yes, you can. You just have to talk louder.

(from offscreen) They should not even allow this just on the level of corporate espionage and backwards engineering.

Literally! How exactly is a court order going to stop this shit?

(from offscreen) *Why* would a court order stop this shit?

Why would a court order— Why would a court order ever be even remotely able to do this shit? It doesn't fucking make sense.

It's not like they said *beforehand* that they're buying the goddamn SecUnit and now they have to keep up that bargain.,

No! They were renting it out. They're supposed to give it back and now for some reason they've decided they're going to buy it and the company clearly doesn't want that to happen, but somehow they've ~got a court order~ from *somewhere*, somewhere that says
“no, um you're not allowed to wipe— you're not allowed to factory reset it—”

None of this makes sense! Ju, J, d, ju—Oh my god

(from offscreen) Here's another, here's another epiphany on the same level of “the Preservation people are just a state that cedeeded from the union and still keep slaves, but it's okay cuz their slaves are happy about it.”

(from offscreen) Uh this whole court order thing, and Pin-Lee I think being a lawyer and having all these laws that save the day… This is literally just

postulating and show telling the audience that “if it's law, it's just” and…

liberalism.

(from offscreen) Yeah. Like, it's a, it's a law that is randomly saving Murderbot from being enslaved. But we're not gonna talk about how this would be literally setting a precedent in the law that you can't keep these things enslaved? Or like, anybody who could rent a SecUnit now can just say “we're buying it, permanently”, if they want to? And the company can't say no

Or factory reset it, even though— even though they're supposed to be caring about like, fucking like corporate espionage. Like this literally means this this is yeah as they fucking said, this is— okay, so a law, the law, “the legal system is perfect and is always on your side. Ignore the part where this is the same legal system that keeps people like Murderbot seen as property. Unc— uncritically uncritically claiming that the legal system is on your side.”

Literally the “she looked like somebody from one of the shows. I liked. the tough yet compassionate solicitor coming to the coming to rescue us from unfair prosecution.”

(from offscreen) Do tje Law and Order SVU sound.

I don't know what the fuck that sounds like.

(from offscreen) It's the a like gong. Duh-duh. There's also a thing where Lincoln Park is playing in the background while a guy shoots a kid because the kid's secretly a serial killer.

What?

(from offscreen)Yes, that

What are you talking What?

(from offscreen) That's a thing that exists that came across my dash and it was like so hilariously bad I had to go in and I was like, is this a really hilarious edit somebody made or did they legitimately have this

music in the episode like this? And yes, they had it in the music like that. Um, crawling I think.

Why? What?

(from offscreen) It didn't even fit. But just that those kind of propaganda and lawyer—yeah. Lawyer shows literally were saying it's good for a fully a grown man to shoot a kid in a crowded public courthouse "because that kid was psychotic and a serial killer"—

What the fuck.

(from offscreen) And would kill again—

—What the fuck?!—

(from offscreen) —Without remorse.

You're just going to have to find a video about this. I I don't believe you. Um, I mean, I do because you know, propaganda. Um...

Anyways:

> The tough yet compassionate solicitor coming to rescue us from unfair prosecution.

Okay. Why are there TV shows in the corporation rim, the capitalist dystopia, showing that lawyers are are good and on your side, Martha Wells?

Uh, what's that fucking quote? Oh, I just ‘Americans to say the least are not intellectual’. Martha Wells to say.

(from offscreen) Do you want the full quote from Ursula K...?

Yes. But not yet. Not yet. It's going to be at the very end. It's only like one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, seven pages left.

I'll I'll be faster. Yeah, they they are now permanently etched into the core programming of Murderbot's fucking psyche to be its slave owners forever unless somebody comes along and frees it from that core programming, which is never going to happen, because Martha Wells literally wants you to think that

this core programming, AKA like buried fucking deep brainwashing—

She wants you to think this isn't horrible. This isn't evil. This isn't a nightmare scenario. Like, you know, Farscape, Xenogenesis, so many goddamn things I could list out right now!

This isn't a nightmare situation. Being brainwashed to have to love the people enslaving you and abusing you? That's that's just showing how morally upstanding the slaves are, because they understand that slave owners are just poor innocent little babies who need their protection.

I'm not joking.

Anyways, then we have a line break.

I had never seen

Look, we didn't say “had had”. I had had. We don't say that because, you know, we don't fucking need to.

> I had never seen the human parts of the station before.

And again, Martha Wells wants to tell everybody that this is a deathly serious story for mature adults.

You can't even say the word slave owner or, you know, non-segregated or I— like,

> I had never seen the human parts of the station before.

You mean the parts of the station that slaves aren't allowed onto?

Why are you— Why are you— Why aren't you, if this is supposed to be deathly serious, why are you doing euphemisms?

I just say “I'd never seen the parts of the station where slaves weren't allowed before.” Just say that. But you don't actually want us to give a shit.

You don't actually want us to think about the fact that every goddamn human, as you want to say them as, every goddamn human in this system is fucking complicit in this slavery. Anybody who's not actively fucking fighting to free the slaves, they're complicit. That is how this shit works. That is how this shit works.

> We went down the big multileveled central ring past office blocks and shopping centers crowded with every kind of people, every kind of bot

Because, okay, so they do have slaves in this other area. Whatever.

> Flash data displays darting around a hundred different public feeds brushing my awareness. It was just like a place from the entertainment feed, but bigger and brighter and noisier. It smelled good, too. The thing that surprised me is that nobody stared at us. Nobody even gave us a second look. The uniform, the pants, the long sleeve t-shirt and jacket covered all my

> inorganic parts. If they noticed the data port in the back of my neck, they must have thought I was an an augmented human. We were just three more people making our way down the ring. It hit me that I was just as anonymous in a crowd of humans who didn't know each other as I was in my armor in a group of other SecUnits.

And it's because it's literally not a fucking robot. It's a goddamn cyborg who was brainwashed and fucking—

Ow my foot. Ow. fucking ow—

Mutilated at birth.

And don't worry, Martha Wells is going to retcon this in book two, to justify torturing Murderbot. And it's going to be presented as a good thing.

You're thinking, "Whoa, what the fuck?!"

Yeah, just you wait.

> It hit me that I was just as anonymous in a crowd of humans who didn't know each other as I was in my armor in a group of other slaves. As we turned into a hotel block,

I hate that, we c, I hate that we say like “a hotel block” as though there's an entire city block just dedicated to hotels. That's not how capitalism works. Can you figure this shit out?

> As we turned into a hotel block, I pushed a public feed offering— I brushed a public feed offering station info. I saved a map and a set of shift schedules as we passed through the doors into the lobby.

And again, ~oh, Murderbot's just such an underdog. It doesn't know how to do anything~. Ignore the part where it's just doing all this _ with zero effort whatsoever.

> There were potted trees twisting up into a hanging glass sculpture fountain. Real, not a holo. Looking at it, I almost didn't see the

> reporters until they were right up on us. They were augmented humans with a couple of drone cams. One tried to stop Pin-Lee and Instinct took over took over and I shouldered him off her

Because, you know, it's literally core programmed to have to protect these people.

> He looked startled, but I'd been gentle, so he didn't fall down. Pin-Lee said, "We're not taking questions now." Shoved Rathi into the hotel's transport pod, then grabbed my arm and pulled me in after her. It whooshed us around.

And again, as you said, the— What was that quote from that review about Moon?

(from offscreen) I don't remember. Uh, give me more context.

The Moon, of— “Moon is like a female character written by somebody who thinks that having a “strong” female character means

(from offscreen) Um, uh, “by an author who thinks that feminism is just having—

talk louder.

(from offscreen) Protagonist as written by an author who thinks that feminism is literally when you just have “strong” female characters and nothing else. There's no—

That's quotation “strong female character” because people don't actually grasp what that means.

(from offscreen) Yeah. There's no constru— concept or deconstruction of misogynistic tropes or oppressive — no care given for other people suffering these systems.

Uh yeah. Pin-Lee, she's got— again she really doesn't exist as a character. Her personality is like, "Oh, I'm tough and that's pretty much it. I'm I'm the tough lawyer” And that's pretty much it. She's just tokenized. We don't get any depth to her, just like we don't get any depth to Ratthi or even Mensah, even

though Mensah is supposed to be the most important one.

Ratthi is literally just comic relief. He's just there to be the brown guy who's comic relief. We don't even know what his specialization is. He could— He could be— We don't know what his hair color is. We don't know what his skin color is. We don't know a single goddamn thing about him besides his name and that he's comic relief.

He could be like, I don't know, the world's most advanced mathematician for all we fucking know. Huh?

(from offscreen) Rockstar mathematician Jurassic Park.

I don't understand that reference.

(from offscreen) That's what he's referencing at— that's whatshisface guy from the third movie, that was perplexing, is described as in the book.

I don't remember that. What was the third movie?

(from offscreen) The one that started out really ..Did we watch, didn't we?

No, that was the second movie because that was the one we didn't know existed.

(from offscreen) Whichever one started out really really good and then you could tell exactly the moment that they ran out of plot.

That was the second one with the the the RV scene that went on for like 20 minutes. Yes. It's like, okay, you you started out that scene started out well, but then it's like, okay, you're just dragging now. Just stop. I mean, A+ for, for effort and uh follow through. Uh but it's going on too long.

Uh yeah, we're talking about Ratthi. Yeah, whatever.

Uh

> Pin-Lee said, "We're not taking questions now." Shoved Rathi into the hotel's transport pod, then grabbed my arm and pulled me in after her. It whooshed us around.

Uh, and again, we just get told there's a a hotel transport pod out of nowhere. We have no description of this scene in any way.

Uh, we don't know what the fucking a transport pod is or how it works. They're just in one. It just appears out of nowhere and they're in one.

> It whooshed us around and let us out in the foyer of a big suite. I followed Pin-Lee in, Ratthi behind us talking to someone on his comm. It was just as fancy as the ones on the media with carpets and furniture and big windows looking down on the gardens and sculptures in the main lobby, except the rooms were smaller. I guess the ones in the shows are bigger to give them better angles for the drone cams.

But why do you need bigger angles when your cameras are supposedly less than a centimeter and can fly into upper atmospheres? But whatever, we're not supposed to be thinking about this, remember? Because, uh “media analysis is for chumps”. That's why Murderbot has watched its supposed favorite show hundreds of times and yet cannot say a single goddamn word about it.

> My clients, ex-clients, new owners were here. Only everybody looked different in their normal clothes.

Like that's literally that's Murderbot's thought process up here. It literally doesn't fucking know, because they've literally bought it. They are literally objectively its new fucking slave owners.

> My clients, ex-clients, new owners were here. Only everybody looked different in their normal clothes. Dr. Mensah stepped close, looking up at me. “Are you all right?” “Yes.” I had clear pictures from my field camera of her being hurt, but all her damage had been repaired,

> too. She looked different in business clothes like Pin-Lee’s. “I don't understand what's happening.” It was stressful.

See, we just get getting told the emotions. We don't get to see or feel them. We could have— getting— be we could have been getting a description of Murderbots being stressed this whole time. We just get told it though. “It was stressful.” That's all we're going to get because Martha Wells is bad at writing.

> I could feel the entertainment feed out there, the same one I could access from the unit processing zone and it was hard not to sink into it.

So again, we're just pretending that “”um this is really stressful on Murderbot. Um we're not going to show that in any way though” because we're not actually supposed to think this is like, dramatic.

> She said, "I've purchased your contract. You're coming back to Preservation with us. You'll be a free agent there.” “I'm off inventory."

And again, I said this so many fucking times. The dialogue is bad. Not just in what's being said, the formatting! We have not established back and forth. We can't have established back and forth because there's so much fucking pross interrupting what is actually being fucking said.

> She said, "I've purchased your contract. You're coming back to Preservation with us. You'll be a free agent there.” “I'm off inventory."

No. This is shit formatting. Don't do this.

You can't just have the dialogue of whoever the fuck is talking next without specifying beforehand who's talking when you haven't fucking set up the back and forth—

And I just almost dislocated my foot again.

You— This is shit. She keeps doing this shit. This is supposed to be professionally edited and professionally published. This is supposed to be the final product, not the first draft.

Why is the dialogue consistently formatted badly and it never improves? Just you fucking wait until I read Data Ghost to you. It's atrocious and hilariously so. And Data Ghost is from 2025! That came out just a few fucking months ago. Just you fucking wait.

“I'm off inventory” as the dialogue at the start of this fucking paragraph out of nowhere. It's bad fucking writing.

> They had told me that and maybe it was true. I had the urge to twitch uncontrollably and I had no idea why.

And it's like that's just put in there to make it seem like,” oh, there's totally emotions going on here.” It's It's not. There's none. There's no There's none. It's just shit fucking writing. It's, It's shit writing.

> “Can I still have armor?” It was the armor that told people I was a SecUnit, but I wasn't a SecUnit, but I wasn't Sec anymore. Just Unit.

That's also going to get retcconed and never come back ever again.

The others were so quiet.

That's supposed to be up, ~Look, the, the the slave owners are ~so~ quiet. It's it's so they're so sad on behalf of the poor slave that they're totally literally just going to continue exploiting forever.~

The others were so quiet.

Period.

She said, "Ama, even and calm, we can arrange that as long as you think you need it." I didn't know if I thought I needed it or not. “I don't have a cubicle.” she was reassuring. “You won't need one. People won't be shooting at you. If you're hurt or your parts are damaged, you can be repaired in a medical center. “If people won't be shooting at me, what will I be doing?” Maybe I could be her bodyguard. “I think you

> can learn to do anything you want.” She smiled. “We'll talk about that when we get you home.”

And this fandom is so fucking racist, exactly in the way Martha Wells has trained them to be, that they take that statemen,t “I think you can learn to do anything you want”, they present that as the ultimate betrayal.

That's the reason that we're ~supposed to be mad at the Preservation aux team. They made so many mistakes in dealing with Murderbot~ and it wasn't, you know, any of the outright abuse and torture.

No, no, we shouldn't be mad at that.

Um, the thing we have to be upset with them for is telling the slave, "You can do anything you want. You don't have to keep doing the thing that we enslaved you to do. You don't have to keep doing the thing you were enslaved to do that we also forced you to do. You can do anything you want”.

Martha Wells and her audience that she has successfully trained into repeating her slavery apologism, they present that line as as the reason that, um, they're we're ~supposed to be upset with them~ they claim.

We're not. We're not. But that's supposed to be ~Oh, that's See, they're so mean to the slave by telling it it can do anything it wants.~

A thing that's objectively true. But see, that's framed as a problem, because um, Martha Wells doesn't want Murderbot to be allowed to do anything it wants.

She wants Murderbot and every other godamn slave in the story to just keep doing the thing they were enslaved to do forever.

And again in that paywalled interview, she literally tells us that because of this internal core programming, fundamental core programming, sorry, her literal words, “fundamental core programming”, the only way—

Murderbot literally cannot be happy unless it is using itself as a meat shield for its slave owners, which is what these people are, because Martha Wells is fucking racist.

She doesn't portray this as a godamn nightmare. It's just that's ~Oh, that's so cute. Of course, Murderbot wants to dedicate its life to doing the thing it was enslaved to do forever until it kills it!~

Because she's racist and she wants you to be racist, too.

> Arada walked in then and came over and patted my shoulder. We're so glad you're with us," she said. She told Mensah, "The DeltFall representatives are here." Mensah nodded. "I have to talk to them," she told me. "Make yourself comfort comfortable here. If there's anything you need, tell us." I sat in a back corner and watched while different people came in and out of the suite to talk about what had happened. Solicitors mostly from the company from DeltFall from at least three other

corporate political entities and one independent even from GrayCris's parent company. They asked questions, argued, looked at security records, showed Mensah and Pin-Lee security records, and they looked at me. Gurathin watched me too, but he didn't say anything. I wondered if he had told Mensah not to buy me. I watched the entertainment feed a little to calm down, then pulled everything I could about the Preservation alliance from the station's information center. No one would be shooting at me because they didn't shoot people there. Mensah didn't need a bodyguard there. Nobody did. It sounded like a great place to live if you were a human or augmented human. Ratthi came over to see if I was all right. And I asked him to tell me about Preservation and how Mensah lived there. He said when she wasn't doing admin work, she lived on a farm outside the capital city with two marital partners, plus her sister and brother and their three marital partners and a bunch of relatives and kids who Ratthi had lost count of. He was

called away to answer questions from a solicitor, which gave me time to think.

And so many people are so impressed with the fact that Mensah is married to multiple people and her siblings are also married to multiple people, but they ignore the fact that like, this isn't like, genuine polyamory because that— we just keep like getting enforced to us that every goddamn character in this series who's in a relationship is in a polyamorous relationship, and it's never discussed. and *it's a capitalist dystopia*.

So, like literally, if we weren't just going off of the fucking— we should be having conversations to show that these people are in these relationships because *they want to* be and not because it's a capitalist dystopia and the only way you can afford anything at all is if you marry dozens of fucking people.

(from offscreen) You know, literally, there's tax benefits.

Like, you know how people literally today can't afford to own a home or raise kids unless they have two fucking adults bringing in money?

This is a capitalist dystopia! What— Like it could literally even be enforced by the capitalist corporations for tax purposes to tax you even more, that you must marry at least xyz amount of people.

But we never have any conversations about any of this shit, and Martha Wells, she just keeps doing this shit.

She did this in The Books of the Raksura, too, where supposedly they're all polyamorous, but it's only polyamorous because only the straight relationship, the cishet relationship, that's the only one that's considered real.

The other ones are merely allowed because they're not a reproductive threat. So, you can only be polyamorous in the Raksuran society— And I say “polyamorous”— Moon didn't exactly seem fucking enthusiastic. He was literally probably being fucking

coerced as as far as the goddamn book actually tells us.

Um yeah, in that, a man is meant to— who is a fucking slave. He's a sex slave. He literally exists to be the property of the fucking queen. And this is presented as cool, because keeping people as sexual property is good and they have no equal they have literally zero civil rights. Martha Wells is just doing all the shit that male writers love to do, that everybody knows is misogynistic, but she pretends it's suddenly good when she does the exact same thing, using the exact same language.

So you're literally just reading misogynistic shit, but it's being presented as something we should laugh at and cheer on.

What the fuck was I saying?

Oh yeah, the only relationship in there that's considered real is the cishet one that will produce babies. Everything else is considered fake. so it's fine.

That— but also, you're only allowed to have a same-sex relationship, because that's not a reproductive threat to the cishet relationship, which is the only one that actually fucking matters.

Um, but if, you if you wanted to actually have a genuinely polyamorous relationship because you actually like the other person and not because they're forcing you into it, and the other person happened to be, you know, not same sex, then that would be illegal because that would be a threat to the only real relationship.

It's it's so much fucking shit. Completely unexamined, completely unironic. Literally just upholding cishet relationships that are literally just exist to do to produce offspring for eugenics.

Classist racist fucking eugenics, I swear to God.

She literally upholds cishet relationships that produce children as the only fucking real relationship. Everything else is completely fucking meaningless.

Unless, you un, you know unless you do it in ~the wrong way~ and you fall in love with the wrong type of person, then that's illegal and also you're probably “psychotic” and by psychotic she means Scarily Mentally Ill, because she only cares about neurodivergent representation when it's about “quirky relatable-to-her” autistic traits like not making eye contact and forgetting to eat and things like that.

Nothing else. No other symptoms.

She doesn't care about neurodivergent people.

Any-fucking-ways.

Uh blah blah.

> I didn't know what I would do on a farm. Clean the house. That sounded way more boring than security. Maybe it would work out. That was what I was supposed to want. This was what everything had always told me I was supposed to want. Supposed to want.

Martha Wells is so fucking racist that she has literally decided that, um, to be ~clever~, she needs to say that ~actually!!! trying to free slaves is the real cruelty!!!!~

Don't you know by by freeing a slave and telling them they can do anything, you're actually just imposing your will on them and violating their bodily autonomy? Look! Murderbot thinks, "Oh, this is what I'm supposed to want."

And it's in the corporation rim! Where the FUCK would Murderbot ever be watch finding goddamn TV shows telling slaves that they should want to be free?

This is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia, you shit fucking writer.

Where the— Where the fuck is Murderbot going to be finding TV shows about how “you should free slaves and give them free will?”

What the fuck are you talking about? Are you goddamn serious?

And she expects us to take her seriously and take this seriously.

Yeah. She's literally saying that “if you if you tell slaves that they can do anything they want, you're the *real* bad guy.” You're really you're “you're the one *really* violating their bodily autonomy, more than the people who want to keep exploiting them as a slave. You should feel bad if you tell a slave, ‘you can do whatever you want. You, you're free now’.”

That's that's evil according to Martha Wells.

That's the *real* cruelty, according to Martha Wells.

And she has genuinely successfully fucking trained so many goddamn people who've read this book into believing that that is true and regurgitating that at anybody who even remotely criticizes this shit.

I dare you to fucking criticize this shit, and you can see it for yourself.

I'd have to pretend to be an augmented human.

A thing it doesn't actually have to pretend to be because that's literally what it is. It's literally just institutionally dehumanized.

> And that would be a strain.

No, it wouldn't. You are literally already, you are literally just institutionally and legally dehumanized to justify enslaving you. Martha Wells has also explicitly said this so many godamn times.

> I'd have to change, make myself do things I didn't want to do, like talk to humans like I was one of them. I'd have to leave the armor behind, but maybe I wouldn't need it anymore.

And then another fucking line break.

(from offscreen) really?

Yeah, literally. Literally.

Literally, ~Oh, by telling a slave that they're they're free and they can do anything they want, you're

making them do things they don't want to do, unlike all of the things they're forced to do when they're literally enslaved and exploited by you.~

That's that. Yeah.

“Freeing slaves,” literally, according to this goddamn book and the entire rest of the series that doubles down on this goddamn statement, “freeing slaves is the real cruelty. That means you're re that you're the one who's really forcing them to do things they don't want to do.”

Um because, you know, um “being enslaved? that's that's that's really them having bodily autonomy!”

You can't make this shit up. This is just what Martha Wells is like. This is what she's been doubling down on for over two fucking decades at this point.

> Eventually things settled down and they had dinner brought in. Mensah came and talked to me some more about Preservation, what my options would be there, how I would stay with

> her until I knew what I wanted. It was pretty much what I had already figured from what Ratthi had told me. “You'd be my guardian,” I said. “Yes.” She was glad I understood. “There are so many education opportunities. You can do anything you want.” Guardian was a nicer word than owner.

And again, like yes, that's subjectively correct. It's just too— we only have one page left. I'll continue. I'll continue.

> Guardian was a nicer word than owner.
> I waited until the middle of the off shift when they were all either asleep or deep in their own feeds working on their analysis of the assessment materials.

They're still doing their fucking work, which we still don't know what it is. We still literally have no goddamn clue why they came here and why they decided it was worth becoming slave owners for!

> I got up from the couch and went down the corridor and slipped out the door. I used the transport pod and got back to the lobby, then left the hotel. I had the map I had downloaded earlier, so I knew how to get off the ring and down toward the lower port work zones. (voice cracking up)

I'm laughing at the ending that I can already see on the other page, and it's just so goddamn out of place and just bad.

It's It's trying so hard, but not hard enough to actually write a story that makes sense for it.

You'll see.

Uh,

> I had the map I had downloaded earlier, so I knew how to get off the ring and down toward the lower port work zones. I was wearing a survey team uniform and,

(laughing)

> and passing as an augmented human, so nobody stopped me or looked twice at me. At the edge of the work zone, I went through into the work the dock workers barracks, then into the equipment storage. Besides tools, the human workers had storage cubbies there. I broke into a human's personal possessions locker and stole work boots. a protective jacket and an Envirro mask and attachments.

And if you're wondering if these are ever going to come back up, nope.

(from offscreen, laughing) What if the old enemy fucking post?

What if the old enemy in the eighth book is this random person that Murderbots stole their uniform that they're definitely going to have to pay out of pocket?

Again, just all the classism. Martha Wells hates poor people so fucking much. Um, Murderbot could have stolen shit from anybody at all. Uh, but it it's stole from the manual laborers who probably only have one uniform and that's probably an extremely fucking expensive uniform that they have to work for years at the company before they can even buy it.

Uh, yeah, we don't we don't question that at all. There's no commentary here.

Uh, Murderbot could have stolen from anybody, but it steals from a poor person, a manual laborer. Yep. That's that's great great solidarity there, Martha Wells.

(from offscreen) Even though it could have broken into any random rich person or corporate person's office and stolen—

This is this is the stupid sci-fi future. It can get a fake digital goddamn uh credit card and just download all the money!

Anyways, um

> I took a knapsack from another another locker, rolled up the jacket with the survey logo and tucked it into the bag. And now I looked like an augmented human traveling somewhere.

But also, but Murderbot, but, you don't know how people work, don't you?

But now you know all this shit, just so conveniently.

(sarcastically) I bet it watched this on TV, too.

> I walked out of the work zones and down the big central court.

(laughing) I'm laughing at this fucking ending. It's so terrible. It's approaching. It's Yeah, we're on, we're in the last page now. Works.

So, it's so fucking— It's I don't know what's the it the word I'm looking for is not contrived or halfassed. It's

not even pretentious. I don't know. We'll see when we get there. What are you kitties doing? Uh,

> I walked out of the work zones and down the big central corridor into the work—

(almost crying with laughter)

> works the ports embarcation zone. Just one of hundreds of travelers headed for the ship ring. I checked the schedule feeds and found that one of the ships getting ready to launch was a bot driven cargo transport. I plugged into its access from the from the station side lock and greeted it. It could have ignored me uh but it was bored and greeted me back and opened its feed for me. Bots that are also ships don't talk in words.

Martha Wells, what does that mean? You're talking through computers. Are they not talking in text? What are they fucking using? That doesn't make sense. It doesn't make sense.

What do you *mean* they don't talk in words? You're talking through computers! Even binary code is words. What do you mean they don't talk in words???

In what godamn universe is it easier for a robot to talk in— what? What? Pictures?? Emotions??? Are they Jedi????

(from offscreen) Binary in instead of fucking words!

I just said that. Yeah, binary is words.

What? What! It doesn't make sense. She's just trying to be fucking pretentious and, and this is just further dehumanization! Um, because you know the all of these living ships, we're not supposed to think of them as people, even though they're robots and this is supposed to be about how “robots are people too”.

Not really, though! She doesn't give a shit about any of the fuckling robots in this series, unless your name is Asshole Research Transport, which is very blatantly her favorite character she's ever written.

We're not supposed to see these people as people. So, they're nonverbal, even though that literally makes no goddamn sense, because she's ableist as well as racist and a slavery apologist and so much, just so much.

(from offscreen) What's so fucking dumb?

Bots that are also ships don't talk in words.

Aka living ships. Living ships that are people

I push

They don't talk in words.

I pushed the thought toward it that I was a happy bot servant who needed a ride to rejoin its beloved guardian and didn't want company on its long trip. I showed it how many show hours of shows and books and other media I had saved to share.

So they don't talk in words, but you're you're thinking at it in words. You're talking to it in words even though they don't talk in words.

(from offscreen) And this stereotype is so common, and this— believes this.

Yeah. And, and the other robot slave just just just accepts this for no fucking reason, because—

This, this does— this isn't a person with interiority and their own thoughts and autonomy or, you know, anybody that's going to be like “that's a really fucking weird thing, but sure, I guess?”

Nope, it's just, this is just here to be a fucking contrivance and so that other people who have no reading fucking analysis can say ~oh Oh, there's such solidarity between the robots cuz they they help Murderbot without question!!!~

It's like, uh, are you ignoring all of the other slaves that are killed and the fact that we're not even supposed to see these living ships as people?

Anyways,

I showed it how many hours of shows and books and other media I had saved to share. Cargo transport bots also watch the entertainment feed, it turns out.

Another joke. Another joke.

> I don't know what I want. I said that at some point, I think. But it isn't that. It's that I don't want anyone to tell me what I want or to make decisions for me.

“Freeing slaves is bad. That's the real cruelty.”

> That's why I left you, Dr. Mensah, my favorite human. By the time you

[Almost crying with laughter] It's just so badly fucking written.

> I don't know. I don't know what I want. I said that at some point, I think. But it isn't that. It's that I don't want anyone to tell me what I want

> or to make decisions for me. That's why I left you, Dr. Mensah, my favorite human. By the time you get this, I'll be leaving the corporation rim. Out of inventory and out of sight. Murderbot and me.

That's what is the word I'm looking for to describe this shit, where she's trying to pretend, retroactively, that um other than just desperately tacking it on at the end, a desperate last minute edit.

She's so bad at fucking writing. She's literally trying to pretend with this last fucking, two tiny paragraphs that this whole time, this whole thing was fucking epistolary format, and all of this this entire fucking book we've just read—

She's trying to pretend out of nowhere that Murderbot sent the entire contents of this entire book to Mensah as like a digital fucking email.

You—No, no, that's not that's not what happened! You just made that shit up right at the very end of your fucking document and didn't edit a single fucking

thing to make that happen, because you could have made—

If, if Martha Wells were a competent writer, this could have clearly been epistolary format, you know, like the goddamn title lies to you. “The Murderbot Diaries”. This isn't a diary. This isn't a letter.

She just threw that in at the very last fucking second and didn't bother to edit the entire rest of the thing to make it true.

That's why it's a goddamn lie and it's a *hilarious* lie because it's just coming out of nowhere!

It's so abrupt. It's so jarring. It means nothing. It's just fucking absurdity. It's such fucking lazy writing and it's so it's so brazenly fucking lazy writing.

Like, she clearly doesn't give a shit. It would have been so easy for this to have been directed at Dr. Mensah the whole time, but it wasn't. It wasn't, until the literal last two goddamn sentences.

And it's hysterical how pathetically bad it is.

(from offscreen) Um, and this could have been the first draft of a really interesting story.

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, much more interesting story that didn't do racism or if it was going to do racism, which it would, cuz it's Martha Wells author, it would have at least had a conclusion and a plot if anybody actually said, "You need to edit this."

Literally.

(from offscreen) Tell me when you're ready for the quote.

Oh, yeah. We got a quote. We got a quote for you guys from uh somebody who apparently knew actually knew how to write. We haven't actually read anything by her—

(from offscreen) We did! The winged cat books growing up from our heart—

Oh my god. Okay, I lied. Apparently, we read I Okay, I guess she wrote Catwings. I loved those books and apparently they don't exist anywhere, which is weird as fuck.

Uh yeah, read the quote. Just read it loudly so you show up.

(from offscreen) Commod— “Commodified fantasy takes no risks. It invents nothing but imitates and trivializes. It proceeds by depriving the old stories of their intellectual and ethical complexity, turning their truthtelling to sentimental platitude. Heroes brandish their swords, lasers, wands as mechanically as combine harvesters reaping profits. Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe. The passionately conceived ideas of the great storytellers are copied, stereotyped, reduced to toys, molded in bright colored plastic, advertised, sold, broken, junked, replaceable, and interchangeable. What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable, insufferable imagination of the reader, child or adult, which given

even these dead thing— which gives even these dead things, life, of a sort, for a while.”

Yep.

(from offscreen) Ursula K. Leguin from Tales from Earth Sea, which is like the big thing that we need to read apparently

Literally that entire quote. You can just hand me I'll even read it again.

(from offscreen) Look just fell off my keyboardd

Just that whole thing. Just zoom in on it so I can read it.

I will literally just read it again because it needs to be read again because we just read 33ish,000 words of Martha Wells's shit that this quote describes exactly.

> Commodified fantasy takes no risks. It invents nothing but imitates and trivializes.

I'll read it one line at a time and do commentary. Read the Imperial Radch. Read Ancillary Justice by Anne Leckie.

And then for the fuck of it, go watch all the Alien movies, specifically Prometheus and Covenant. It's really goddamn clear.

(from offscreen) Anyways, maybe not Covenant.

Maybe. Well, no. Just for cont—It's not It's not good. I'm not saying they're good— Covenant, that is. Ancillary justice. yes.

> It proceeds by depriving the old stories of their intellectual and ethical complexity, turning their truthtelling to sentimental platitude.

Literally. Literally. I I just cannot fucking stress enough to you. If you've read the Murderbot Diaries, go read the Imperial Radch series by Ann Leckie. That's R A D C H.

I don't know how to pronounce it, and I don't care if I mispronounce it. It's on purpose. You should not want to pronounce it correctly because they suck and they deserve to have their colonizers language bastardized.

Go read that. You can see every goddamn moment—because Martha Wells has admitted multiple times that was her direct inspiration for writing All Systems Red!

You can see every godamn thing she is fucking cherry-picking and then destroying. She did not take one godamn lesson away besides all of the things the bad guys are saying, but unironically. She does it unironically.

> Heroes brandish their swords, lasers, wands as mechanically as combine harvesters, reaping profits.

Literally, she's so fucking shit at writing. The, the, the shit, these fuckers couldn't even get themselves out of a single goddamn situation.

The bad guys had to kill themselves for them!

> Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe.

Do I even need to do I even need to— do I even need to spell it out?

> Profoundly disturbing moral choices are made sanitized, made cute.

The PreservationAux team are slave owners who went solar systems out of their goddamn way to become slave owners. Tortured that fucking slave by fucking denying it medical attention supposedly *after* they've “realized” it was a person. They knew it was a person the whole time.

They, they became slave owners on purpose as fully grown, fully functional adults. They knew exactly what they were doing. And it's presented as cute and something we should immediately forgive them for, if we were ever upset with them in the first place, which were never supposed to be.

> The passionately conceived ideas of the great storytellers are copied, stereotypes, reduced to toys, molded in brightcolored plastic, advertised, sold, broken, junked, replaceable, interchangeable.

Yes, she she literally she's literally just taking everything just from the Imperial Radch alone and so many other things. She's, she's just copying so many things and, and doing it so badly. She did not— fail— She did not pass a single fucking goddamn moral test from this series.

> What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the reader, child or adult, which gives even these dead things life, of a sort, for a while.

Okay, it— literally, you— there's there's no descriptions of anything going on in this goddamn series, and that has not changed even from the stories that are not from Murderbot's perspective.

So, for all of the people screaming endlessly, "But Murderbots's an unreliable narrator. That's why there's no description," or just literally shitting on the entire history of the fucking written word or even spoken goddamn stories, claiming that it's impossible to do descriptions of anything and a story from first person perspective.

Okay, shit bags. There are— and now there are now four goddamn stories in this fucking universe that are neither in first person perspective nor from Murderbots's perspective.

And yet they have all of the exact same glaring godamn problems.

And you don't believe me? You don't believe me? There's four of them! Fucking stupid ass name. What the fuck? Home. Yeah. home something something niche blah fucking that shit.

It's from Mensah's perspective and yet despite being from her perspective, she still refers to all of the people she's been friends with for years by their last

name, because Martha Wells has not come up— she literally she doesn't give enough shits about these caricatures and tokenized people that she didn't even think to give them first names! None of them have first names besides Ayda Mensah.

Ratthi doesn't have a first name. Pin-Lee doesn't have a first name. None of these people have have first names, because they don't exist to be actual characters with depth and interiority. They're just tokenized to pretend that she's not a racist because “look! she put eight whole goddamn characters in a 33,000word story!”

Didn't use any of them properly and just gave them all different ethnic sounding names to pretend that she's not just another white supremacist. even though she then cheers on Apple TV for whitewashing her fucking main character and letting Apple TV turn the entire thing into reverse racism, legitimately.

Okay. So, yeah, that's the one. It's from Mensah's perspective. It's in third person p— it's in third person point of view, because she hates nonbinary people. so,

the only reason that The Murderbot Diaries is in first-person perspective is because she's a fucking coward and refused to write in third person point of view because that would require her to actually use it/its pronouns for Murderbot as outside of dialogue where the slave owners are talking about it like it's not sitting right there.

Second story, not from Murderbot's perspective and not in first person pers, perspective is, we'll just go in the closeness to this shit is Rapport, the new thing from just 120 something days ago.

Still hasn't been edited. even though they're selling it for the same price that they were selling the ebook version of this shit book when this came out, selling it for the exact same price, even though it's four times shorter and has glaring fucking typos, so that people are literally spending money on a thing that hasn't been edited, not even pretended to be edited.

Uh, then there's obsolescence, which you can read for free online. whatchamacallit. It's a free It's from a free anthology where she missed, I mean purposefully

missed the fucking memo of what it's supposed to be about. Fuck. I can't remember what the anthologyy's called. Just search Obsolescence by Martha Wells anthology. It should come up. It's like something about brighter future, brighter days, something like that.

It's a whole free thing. You can get a free PDF in Spanish and English cuz they rock. I don't remember what it's called, but I will link it in the description when I remember. I have the link saved somewhere.

Um, that's the three of them. Those are— none of— those ones are not from Murderbot's perspective, nor are they in first person perspective. s, you would think all of the problems from the rest of the fucking would magically vanish, right?

If, if we pretend that the problems in the writing here haven't been the glaring problems in her writing since she started writing literally longer ago than I think I've been alive? Probably longer than many people watching this have been alive.

The fourth one is brand fucking new. It's called Data Ghost. And Jesus Christ, it's shit. It's such shit. I will not even describe how shitty it is.

I'm going to read it to you next. We're going to be going out of order and I'm going to read it next. But—yep, that's it. Bye-bye.

We're going to be starting instead of going properly, we're going to do data g. No, we won't. I'll do them in order. Bye-bye.

13

It is uh... November 12th, 2025. You won't be able to see anything on this video because I am petsitting and I forgot the physical book at home.

You can blame that on the driver who was supposed to text me when he was on his way, but he didn't look at his phone until he was literally already picking me up, so, had to leave without the book.

Uh, so instead I will be reading the ebook from Humble Bundle on my computer.

For the record, in case anybody else needs to know this, for the, the Calibre ebook reader program, you push, uh, the escape key to change font.

As you may be able to hear, there are birds here. Um, you might also be able to hear the, the fish tank, but I'm not sure. Nothing I can do about it.

Dogs might abruptly start barking. Sorry if it jump scares you or your pets.

Um, so yeah, we are on book two of The Murderbot Diaries.

Also, if I sound sleepy, it's because I am. I had to wake up at 7 in the morning because *some people* can't keep to a schedule and the, the time for when I was supposed to be picked up was, and I quote, “8 or 9”. So, it's just lucky I didn't get picked up at 11, because that's how this usually works.

Okay. Yeah, we're going to be reading book two of The Murderbot Diaries, which is called Artificial Condition. And if you're thinking that that title has, you know, all of the very deep meanings that could go into that, like, oh, I don't know, that slavery is an artificial condition imposed by violence? I don't know, you think that might be something?

Anyways, um, watch The Purge movies. Most of them are really boring. The first ones got some racist fucking tropes in it, but like, the message is very clear. They're not very good at sending that message for like, I think it's maybe four out of six or three out of five...? There's like, two good movies that I can say

like 100% are good, but the whole series, they're trying to send a very clear message.

And like, uh, message received, but you just got to get some writers who know how to do action scenes that aren't just boring as shit, but it's a, it's a good series.

Um, don't just go based off of what people who have not watched it or actually read the summary think it's about.

Uh, you, I would I would say just watch them in order if you feel like it. The first one is really fucking boring. So, you can just like, I don't know, be crocheting or knitting, or, I don't know, doing something else while you watch it.

Um, it's not, it's not great. It's not great. But um yeah, the whole theme of those movies, as as I said, is what the title of this book *coul*d be talking about, but this is by Martha Wells, so we're not doing that.

Also, the birds like to sing along with me talking. So, you might be able to hear that, that warbling over

there. That's the little um...budgy? Conures seem to be chilling now that I gave them treats.

Um yeah, go watch The Purge movies. They're probably free to watch on some, I don't know if they're on Tubi. Um, you can probably buy the collection really cheap on DVD somewhere. I don't know where, but it's probably a thing.

Um, yeah, the title Artificial Condition. I have to comment on this now, because I think I forgot to do it in the first, uh for the first book.

Um, the titles, the book titles for the whole Murderbot Diaries series, including the, the name of the series, they're all just absolutely fucking atrocious.

Okay, first of all, calling it The Murderbot Diaries is just flat out false advertising, because this is not epistolary format. It's not actually a diary. It's it's nothing of the sort.

So, just calling it that is just just false advertising for no good fucking reason.

You could have just called it literally anything else that's not lying and misrepresenting what it is. Just because it's in first person perspective and you put in the most fucking, out of place…? There's a word I'm trying to think of that starts with an A, but I can't think of what it is cuz I'm sleep deprived cuz I forgot last night that I had to get up at 7:00 in the morning. So, I accidentally stayed awake reading.

Um, there's a word with A that means what I'm talking about for that ending. Besides atrocious. It was also atrocious, but that's not the word I'm looking for.

Um, yeah, just because it's in first person perspective does not mean it's in a diary. or that it's even remotely epistolary.

Um, maybe I should— Okay, if you're not aware, epistolary means the format of like letters, writing. journal, writing letters to each other, stuff like that.

We could have had that. It would have been the easiest thing in the world to make this series actually be in a diary format.

Like. there's tons of books out there that are in diary format and they're really good and it's really godamn easy to do, and like, because again, Murderbot is a cyborg!

It would have been so goddamn easy. And, and again, even putting it in actual diary format and making Murderbot actually have more goddamn mechanical interfaces and shit that actually matte, it would have been so easy to fix a bunch of the problems with that story simply by putting it into diary format, because a diary format is more personal than just basic first person perspective, and you could have pinned specifically more of the shit on Murderbot in particular as the narrator—

In a way— I mean, it doesn't work still, because the entire goddamn narrative is still agreeing with Murderbot on the bigotry shit.

Like, Murderbot isn't the bigot. The author is. There's a fucking difference. And— but with a diary format, you could have done so much fucking—

You know, all those missing descriptions of the characters and setting? You could have just given Murderbot an automated fucking, um, area of effect scanner thingy that will just— when a character appears on screen for the first time, that little thing goes off, and we just get a short blurb of information about them like— it's a goddamn computer interface if we're pretending that murderbots are robot even though they're not!

Because it's not like— just say um,

Client Name: Ayda Mensah.
Title: President of blobity blobby fucking blah.

But I guess if— again, a reason Martha Wells didn't do this shit is she probably didn't know that they were the fucking president, presidential fucking, whatever they are, because we still don't know what they were there for!

She probably did not decide that Mensah was the president of an entire godamn planet until it came time to randomly reveal that. Even though you would think that if Mensah were the president of an entire planet, um there would have been, you know, foreshadowing and hints about that.

Like, it's it would— it would be really hard to talk to the president of an entire planet and the fact that they are the president of an entire planet never come up in conversation in any capacity.

Like, it wouldn't even need to be saying explicitly, "Yeah, I'm the president of the planet. Everybody remembers that, right?" Or anything at all.

Like— there's nothing! It's just shit writing and no continuity!

But like, you could have had first time a character appears, a little computerized data blurb “name, client” like just you can even designate Mensah “primary client” or “contract purchaser” what the

fuckever you want to call her. “Name” Ayda Mensah. Title: blah blah blah blah blah blah”.

Info: name height weight basic description eye color, the kind of shit that goes on a driver's license! Like, that just fucking, like that, and then like maybe some company, um generated notes and then, get this—

Murderbot could have added additions to those fucking notes!

But, but we don't get that. It would have been the easiest thing in the world.

Um, yeah, about this title, calling it The Murderbot Diaries is just false advertising. It's not an actual diary format, even if she tries to like, hilariously badly lie to us all, literally, in the last two goddamn sentences of the whole book without like— that's like *it*.

I can't stress that enough. It was literally the last two sentences where she abruptly tried to to shoehorn this shit in out of nowhere because she didn't know—

She— You can't convince me that that was the plan all along, and if it was the plan all along, then she's an even worse writer than I already think she is.

Um, anyways, for, for the titles for the rest of the books, you have “All Systems Red”, okay, but that's that's also not actually applicable to the plot of that story, because no, the systems are pretty much all green!

“All Systems Red”, saying that, and then introducing us to that fucking— that would, that would like, actually fit if literally every single goddamn computer system, including Murderbot's own whatever, started going haywire.

But that's not what happens! It's literally just *one* computer system that goes quote unquote “haywire”. Even though we already established just by looking at what is *actually in the story*, that HubSystem very obviously didn't actually want to hurt them, because it had every goddamn opportunity in the worl,d and kept choosing— for like a week straight— not to do anything.

And then every time it did take an action, it was the like, most obvious and weakest fucking action, while still letting it technically be following the orders to kill them.

Also, how the fuck did they even give HubSystem orders to kill them?

And why did they order HubSystem to kill them but be sneaky about it?

That's something that is literally never explained! Because it's not like HubSystem has a physical data port that you put a combat override module in.

It's like, why would HubSystem— why is that even a thing that— and I, and I just realized that now, but like, there's no explanation for how exactly that happened, and why they couldn't just put it back.

Like, you're telling me Murderbot couldn't have just just unhacked HubSystem and like, factory— like, did they even try to factory reset it? Did you try turning it off and on again? Like, what?

But okay, I'm getting distracted. But All Systems Red, that is not the correct title for that fucking book, because that's implying so much more of a disaster than it actually was. So that's also just false advertising and a bad title. You should have called it something else. All Systems Red is just a lie.

Now, this one is called Artificial Condition. And as I've already said, uh, spoilers, it's not about how slavery is an artificial condition upheld through violence or anything like that.

Like, you know, The Purge movies, the whole thesis of The Purge movies, the entire thesis of uh, of Flatland: A Romance of Many Dimensions, a book written written by a cis white guy in 1884.

I'm not joking. That's the whole fucking thesis of that. This is a— this is a thing people have been saying for literally hundreds of fucking years.

Oppression is *not* natural! If it were natural, they wouldn't have to use so much violence to enforce it, because it would just happen naturally!

But that's not what we— that's not the thesis of this story. That's not why this is called Artificial Condition.

This is called artificial condition primarily, because it's very obvious from the rest of the titles in the series, that Martha Wells is just like, picking out some sci-fi sounding words and smashing them together.

Artificial Condition as a title has nothing to do with what I'm about to read.

Um, this— the book after this is called Rogue Protocol. Again, it's just picking sci-fi sounding words that don't actually fucking reflect the story.

And I can tell you, the only reason I know what these fucking titles are, is because I went through the effort to memorize them in the proper fucking order—

Because they're so mind-numbingly bad at describing what is going on that if you quiz 99.99% of this fandom on even what the title of book two is, let alone book three and four, they won't be able to tell you, because the plots are just paper fucking thin.

They there's nothing stand-out about them.

And crucially, as I said, the titles have nothing to do with the plot. They're just random sounding words.

All right, I'll even test you. All Systems Red. That at least breaks the fucking pattern. That is the only “book” in this series that breaks the pattern. And by book, I mean ~full-length~ novella or novel, so, more than 7,000 words.

The short stories have different titles of their own, and they also have all of their own goddamn problems, but I'll just list out the books in a random order, okay?

Fugitive Telemetry,
Rogue Protocol,
Network Effect,
Artificial Condition,
System Collapse,
Platform Decay.

….I wasn't counting. I might have fucking missed some.

Let me count...Platform Decay, Rogue Protocol, Network Effect, Artificial Condition, Fugitive Telemetry, something or other...

I, I'm probably missing some, but you get the point here. You get the point that these are completely meaningless titles that all just sound the same, in that they don't really say anything, but like, it's they're trying to convince you that they're actually really deep and meaningful, but they're *not*. They're not. They're not actually reflective of the story they contain, and they are literally just two science fictiony sounding words thrown together to be pretentious.

And like there is a difference between being pretentious and actually using words correctly!

This could be a fantastic name for a book. artificial condition. If it were actually about how, you know, slavery, oppression in general is an artificial condition that can only be maintained artificially by violence.

I'm I'm literally asking you all right now, go to gutenberg.org, G U T E N B E R G . O R G.

Type in the search bar Flatland: A Romance of Many Dimensions. Read it. And if you don't want to read it as a physical book, there's a fan-fucking-tastic audiobook that's free on the Internet Archive. It's narrated by a guy whose name might be like, Grizzly? It's something, it sounds similar to a bear. Might be Grizzly something.

Um find that audio book and listen to that. It's free and it's so good. The the narration is just perfect.

Um and if the archaic language— cuz the book is literally from 1884— is too difficult for you to understand, you can go to um just search Flatland A 2024 Translation. That's in modern English, modern casual English I should say. Um that's free to read on Tumblr and the Internet Archive and probably other places, and it's being translated into Spanish!

Like, as I said, these titles could be good if if they actually meant anything, but they don't! They are just picked because they sound “cool”.

Artificial Condition would be a fantastic title for a book that's actually giving a fuck about slavery and examining how systems of oppression are upheld and how they're unnatural and all of this shit, but we're not doing that!

I promise— Yes, we are getting another 20 minute monologue before I even start reading. Also, if you missed the memo, you can read all of the transcripts for these on the Internet Archive, and I will edit the automatically generated YouTube subtitles with corrected transcripts as soon as possible. It just takes a long time because I usually end up talking for like 24,000 words per video. So, that takes a long time to edit.

But, you know, I'm doing this for free and I *can* be assed to edit 24,000 words three different times. So, like 75,000 words in 3 days.

But yet, Martha Wells and her so-called professional editors, they *cannot* be assed to edit 7,000 words in 2025 for a story that they're charging the same price they were making people buy the book one for.

Anyways, let me get a drink and then we can start reading. You can listen to these cute little birdies

If you can even hear him.

Also, for anybody looking for updates on the kittens, they are all doing fantastic. I don't remember if I mentioned them— Wait, yeah, because they were in one of the videos. They're all doing fantastic.

Um, they definitely need more worm medicine. Um, but uh their fleas seem to be gone. We're going to keep, uh well, we can't give *them* flea medicine because they're too small, but what we can do is um give flea medicine to one of our older cats in the form of a pill, not like, um, contagious by skin or anything like that, and then just have them hang out in the room to help socialize the kittens with adult cats, and

then hopefully the fleas jump onto them, bite them, and die. And that is working. So, woohoo.

Um, what else we were going to say? Yeah. Uh, Mr Lupon is still tiny, but when I remember to post the video of him playing, he's extremely fucking hyper.

Uh, when I found him, he was like barely moving at all, extremely lethargic, starving, dehydrated, literally unable to open his eyes from the infection.

Uh, yeah, Osma's eye is fantastic. Now, she can actually fully close her eye. And you might be thinking, if you haven't seen any of my posts or videos about this cat, you're thinking, "What?" Just trust me, it was very bad.

She's obviously blind in that eye, and we'll be getting it surgically removed once she's big enough. I think they have to wait until she's 2 pounds. We have to get another kitchen scale cuz ours broke so that we can actually weigh them.

Anyways, serenaded by the bird whose name I don't actually know. Um, I'll start reading now.

Uh, I will continue complaining about the names of these books as we get to them and stuff like that.

Oh, and since this is the e-reader book version, I won't be able to tell you how much they're scamming us with fake page numbers and shit, because this is digital and not printed.

So, uh, I'll— you'll hear my complaints about that, assuming I have complaints to make, which knowing this publisher, I most certainly will— You'll get my complaints about that like three two or three videos into this book when I actually am done petsitting and have the actual book in front of me again.

Okay. Anyways, chapter 1 of Artificial Condition, and this was published, uh, off the top of my head May 2018—

I have to pause once again and tell everybody who. like me probably only read this series after book five had already come out.

But for everybody who read book one and then book two as they came out. Um, yeah…

When I say this book series is a scam, I'm not saying that like, “just because”, I'm saying that because books two, three, and four? they all came out within two months of each other, all in 2018.

I don't think I need to explain that, do I?

Do I need to explain that that's not normal?

Because there's absolutely no way Martha Wells was completely writing these three goddamn books each in two months and then getting them published instantaneously.

That's not how writing works. It's not how publishing works.

So, the fact that book one ended so fucking abruptly— there was, as I said, there was not actually a climax, there wasn't actually any resolution. We just *stop* and, and Murderbot conveniently falls unconscious, and then we get a bunch of time skips so that that can help disguise the fact that *there's no actual resolution*.

There wasn't a climax. We just got told “the bad guys were told a bomb's going to go off, so they literally went over to stare at the bomb that they were just told was going to explode.”

That was supposed to be— the that was supposedly the climax, but like, that's not a climax, because I, I've read that book dozens times now. I knew exactly what was going to happen, but like, it doesn't mean it makes sense. It's still completely fucking baffling.

All of the dialogue related to that shit is still completely and utterly nonsensical. “We have to get them off this plateau!” You don't though. Nothing going on there made sense. It was just saying shit for

the sake of saying shit, for a quote unquote “plan” that wasn't even planned out because like...

They didn't *plan* for the bad guys to go and stare at the bomb, did they? Why?

If that *was* the plan, why the fuck would anybody ever assume that somebody would do that? Why would that be the plan?

And if that *wasn't* the plan, why didn't they comment upon how like ridiculously fucking suicidally incompetent the villains were? Why didn't they say, "Wait, wait, why the fuck are we going towards the bomb? We just told you that's going to explode! What the fuck is going on here!?"

No, we didn't get any of that.

So then the next three books all came out within two months of each other, all in the same year, after the first book had no actual ending and just *stopped*.

And you know what that means? That you know what that tells everybody who's actually read books that are good, like, bare minimum decent? T

hat means that the first four quote unquote “books” in this series are literally just one godamn book that was very very blatantly chopped into four pieces so that each one could be sold for the same price as one single book, so that they literally make four times the money with the same amount of words.

And you can tell this, because then, like, this year, they were selling the first quote unquote four “books” for 80 godamn dollars.

And as I said when I found this out, there's a whole goddamn video about it, because like this is unbelievable!

$80 for what adds up to not even like a fulllength novel. And with all of the lack of characterization, world building, basic setting description, basic character descriptions, it's unbelievable.

That's why that's why I keep saying this is a scam. I'm not just saying that.

I've been reading books my whole entire fucking life, before I even got fucking glasses. I literally had to hold the fucking book directly in front of my eyes to read. I don't know how anybody noticed that I couldn't fucking see before like 10 years old. Like what the fuck, people?

But anyways, I'm not just saying this series is a scam “because reasons”. It's, like, legitimately a fucking scam. All right.

Anyways,

Chapter One: SecUnits

And again, uh ebook; I can't tell you what page on the physical book we're in, but we would— we can all just assume together that it's atrocious, um because me being on chapter one, the ebook reader is saying I am 3% through because—

Hold on, you know, um it's an ebook reader so the pages aren't going to line up 100% but I'll just say um...

1) We have the title page with the actual cover.
2) We have a thing that just says artificial condition Martha Wells
3) And then links for to begin reading, table of contents about the author, copyright page, etc.
3)And then a thingy saying “blah blah blah blah blah we made this DRM free so you can read it on like”—exactly as I'm doing right now —“Read it on your phone or a laptop,”

Which is what I'm doing right now. This is why you should only only ever buy DRM free epubs and ebooks, because otherwise you can't do anything with them.

So yeah, uh one, two, three, four.

There's four ebook versions of pages before chapter 1. And it's already saying that's 3% of the way

through. So that tells you how short this is. Like, that's that's not—

Oh, that's great. Uh, when I clicked to the next quote unquote “page”, it says we're at 5%. So, we're jumping from 3 to 5% from just one click of the, the arrow key.

I will start reading now, 29 minutes into the video. (laughing) That's to weed out all of the, the lazy racists who are literally too lazy to even watch the video.

Not really. That's not why I do that.

I just had to say all that shit, but it does help to weed out the lazy racists.

Anyways,

> Chapter One: SecUnits don't care about the news. Even after I hacked my governor module and got access to the feeds, I never paid much attention to it

And I I have to stop. Okay, I'm not even done the first — Okay, I guess that was— No, the first sentence is “SecUnits don't care about the news.”

And it's like no, I have to stop already, because when every single time, just as a reminder, and for anybody randomly clicking on this video without watching all of the earlier ones, even though all of the links should be in the description—

SecUnit, every single time you hear “SecUnit”, you need to mentally replace that with “enslaved meat shield” or just “slave”. Uh, anytime you hear “ComfortUnit”, you need to replace that with “sex slave” in particular.

Um, so now we're starting off by saying that slaves don't care about the news. And yes, we are we are doing this, because this is how writing works. “SecUnits don't care about the news.” ~Slaves don't care about the news.~

Taking something that applies only to Murderbot, because Murderbot is a happy slave, and claiming that it applies to every single slave.

And I know there's going to be people saying, "Oh, but that's that's just because Murderbot's an unreliable narrator!!!!!" And again, it's like— you people don't know what an unreliable narrator is.

In order to be an unreliable narrator, the narrative must prove that the narrator is unreliable.

Saying— just saying shit and then that's never contradicted by the narrative, that's just being a normal narrator, that's having authorial endorsement and narrative endorsement because literally the thing that *defines* an unreliable narrator is that the narrative proves and contradicts the narrator and proves that the narrator cannot be relied upon.

An unreliable narrator doesn't just say “the sky is blue”. They say like, “the sky is purple” and then every single fucking thing around them will show that the sky is blue.

Like, like even something is like uh sky uh I don't know painting showing a blue sky over something, something like that.

You there's so many fucking examples you know, oh yeah, back to Flatland!

Literally, the narrator of Flatland is an unreliable narrator, because he says so much shit and then the narrative proves him wrong.

Because that's the whole fucking point of the goddamn story, is that he is a raging fucking bigot who has no idea what he's fucking talking about and keeps contradictoring himself, because that is the nature of bigotry.

Anyways, um yeah, so the first fucking nitpick: “slaves don't care about the news.”

And this is *never* questioned.

This is *never* challenged.

Murderbot doesn't learn and grow as a person and start giving a fuck about the news or, you know, caring about anybody besides itself and its slave owners.

Nothing like that ever happens, so, this is just something we are supposed to take as fact, from the author, that slaves don't care about the news. Slaves don't care about politics.

Just just setting up so much shit, because ~why should, why should slaves have to care? Why should slaves care about their news? Lol. Um they they have more important things to do like worshiping their slave owners and and being happy little slaves who never question anything and definitely don't care about the news. Why should they care about the news?~

It's just fucking ridiculous.

We're like, again, we did this with the first book. Just the very first goddamn sentence reveals so much, especially when that very first sentence goes

completely unchallenged for the entire godamn series.

It would be one thing if Murderbot had a fuck ton of character development about this, this flat out statement that it's making for all slaves, that “slaves don't care about the news”.

It would be one thing if this were going to be character developed away so that Murderbot’s fucking horizons expand and it starts becoming more aware of how politics directly affect everyone, especially enslaved people, and how maybe we should be trying to do something about that.

But nope! It's just “SecUnits don't care about the news”, and then this is never criticized. It's never confronted. It doesn't change. We're just saying that and it's just fact.

> Even after I hacked my governor module and got access to the feeds, I never paid much attention to it. Partly because downloading the entertainment media was less likely to trigger

> any alarms that might be set up on satellite and station networks. Political and economic news was carried on different levels closer to the protected data exchanges, but mostly because the news was boring and I didn't care what humans were doing to each other as long as I didn't have to A) stop it or B) clean it up.

And it's like you could have just, like could have just said “the news was boring. the news bored me” like, or you know as as we're pretending to establish there — none of this will ever come back up again, in case you're wondering. It's not important at all. We're just saying shit, as, as before. We're just saying shit for the sake of saying shit.

You could have said “it had always been hard for me to watch the news because finding the news channels was a lot more risky than watching the cheap entertainment things.”

And like again, a story about slavery that we're actually supposed to take seriously, you might think that the, the very fact that the people do not want

slaves watching the news might make the slaves think — “Huh, maybe there's a good reason for that? Maybe I should fucking see what they do not want me to learn about?” Something like that, but we don't do that. We're not doing that.

> I don't care what humans were doing to each other as long as I didn't have to stop it or clean up after it.

Yeah. Yeah. Martha Wells, we know you hate poor people. This is all right.

Continuing. “But as” I, we're on paragraph two now.

> But as I crossed the transit rings mall, a recent news burst from Station was in the air, bouncing from one public feed to another.

Station is capitalized as though that is the fucking name, and because Martha Wells read The Imperial Radch and just kind of missed the part where when you refer to a ship as Ship with capital S, that's a title. That's not their name. That's a title. That's like calling

the captain of a ship Captain instead of I don't know, Picard.

Like yeah, I mean I guess many people do call him Picard, but that's considered rude because his title is Captain. You refer to ships in the Imperial Ratch as Ship instead of their name because A) that's their title. B) they're being dehumanized. That's a whole thing.

But Martha Well, like, yeah— if you missed the memo, somehow Martha Wells literally read the— Ancillary Justice, and then said that that was the one of the direct inspirations for writing The Murderbot Diaries.

Yeah, you can tell, because she ruins everything that she read in there. And then it— she's just cherry-picking out shit that she's then ruining, and ignoring every other goddamn thing that doesn't already line up with her worldview, like the concept that um, you can't actually tell people's pronouns just from looking at them, because gender is a social construct and there's *no such thing* as “real genders” as in ~only

men and women are real~ thing, that Martha Wells doesn't actually fucking want to hear.

So she ignored all of that and decided that just going straight to degendering and dehumanizing physically disabled people is what she's going to do, and she's going to just keep doing it forever, and it's good when she does it, even though the people in The Imperial Radch doing that are The Evil Empire!

> But as I crossed the transit rings mall, a recent news burst from Station was in the air, bouncing from one public feed to another. I skimmed it, but most

And again, what does this fuck mean? What does this fucking mean? We've, as I've said, there's no goddamn world building here, because Martha Wells doesn't actually want to do the job she's literally getting paid for. She is forcing us to do all of the goddamn work for her, even though we are paying her money.

What— we don't know how the fucking feed works. If we want to try and figure that out, we have to make all that shit up ourselves!

> A recent news burst from Station was in the air bouncing from one public feed to another.

What does that mean? What does that fucking mean? Does it mean people are sending it back and forth through different Wi-Fi signals or something? Does people— What, like, what the fuck does that mean? What is that supposed to signify? We have no fucking clue. She's just saying shit for the sake of saying shit! We don't know what that means! We have no goddamn context for that, because she isn't doing her fucking job!

[pause]

And I accidentally ended the video. Continuing— I'll just stick them together.

We have literally no fucking context for what of a, a, “a recent news burst bouncing from one public feed

to another” What does that mean? Why would you say that without ever giving us any goddamn context for what that means or how any of this shit works?

It's because she doesn't actually care about writing a good story, she just wants money, which is why she wrote one fucking book, and then either she or the publishers came up with the idea to chop it into four, pretend it's all different books and then and then sell it each one for the same price as a full fucking novel. That's fucking evil.

Like, and then she has the gall to pretend that she's anti- capitalist and doesn't like corporations, when she's doing this shit of her own fucking free will.

Cuz a lot of people try to make excuses for her and say, "Oh, well, she doesn't set the prices, uh, that's the publisher!"

She's the one who went out of her way to sign up with this publisher in the first place, and continues signing up with them to this fucking day.

As you'll see either in this book or in the third one, she ~loves~ victim blaming people who are literally sold into slavery. So, you know, I actually don't fucking feel bad at all for saying that if she didn't want to be working with Tor, maybe she shouldn't be fucking— maybe she shouldn't have fucking signed up with Tor, and too godamn bad for her?

She literally victim blames people in this goddamn series for being *sold into slavery* and portrays them as the most obnoxious and evil and worst people alive for being sold into slavery.

So, like, no. Oh, I actually don't feel bad for, for fucking mocking her, for joining up with a publisher that she clearly knows is shit, but she doesn't fucking care.

If, if she actually gave a shit, she wouldn't continue signing up with them!

She very clearly has an established audience by this point. There's no goddamn reason that she couldn't just go indie and just self-publish her fucking books.

Like she wouldn't even have to handle it all herself. Just go to fucking lulu.com or something and start publishing your shit there and just print on demand shit!

It literally would not be difficult. She already has the fucking audience.

The fact that she continues willfully signing contracts with Tor is because she wants their money, *not* because she actually needs to or because she wants she thinks that they'll help her tell the best story.

Neither of them clearly give a shit about telling a good story, or they wouldn't have taken what— when as we very slowly work our way through this shit is going to become very clear is literally just one fucking book chopped into four and sold for full price for each —

This is why I keep calling this shit DLC culture for books because that's what it is.

And by DLC culture I mean like, Final Fantasy 15 DLC culture, the game so bad, such a blatant fucking cash grab that we are never buying a single fucking thing from Square Enix ever again.

No matter how good it looks, we're not giving them a single scent of our money ever again because that was fucking unforgivable.

As I crossed this— But as I crossed the transits ring mall— as I crossed the transit ring’s mall, a recent news burst from Station was in the air.

And I just have to say again—

> As I crossed the transit ring’s mall, a recent news burst from Station

with a capital S

> was in the air.

“Hey, we didn't set up that Murderbot is now on a brand new station!” So we're just getting told this

like, like we already knew that, even though that's not what the first fucking whole paragraph is establishin.

Imagine if this instead started out with Murderbot stepping out of that cargo transport that it got in book one that *still* makes literally no fucking sense, because why are you claiming robots don't use words?

In what godamn universe is it easier for a robot to use — what? Jedi mind pictures instead of fucking basic text and code??? Like that's just bullshit. She's just saying shit for the fucking. for the sake of saying shit, and it doesn't matter if it doesn't fucking make sense.

That could work if they were organic aliens. But these are fucking mechanical binary code robots created by humans. That's— that doesn't work. You can't just do shit like that, not unless you have a really good fucking explanation for it, which she doesn't. S

he gives no explanation. And it's literally just there so that we don't actually see the ship, the living ships, as people, even though they're fucking people.

Get a drink again.

(to dogs, offrescreen) What?

The dogs are suddenly looking out front.

(to dogs) There's nobody out there. Is there a neighbor walking past or you just looking at nothing? There's nobody out there. Come here. There's nobody out there. You guys are adorable, though.

There's I don't know what they're looking at, but they might start barking.

Um, where was I? (birds start calling loudly) Oh, it's screaming time.

Um, oh yeah, I was saying um, like, imagine if this first paragraph, instead of just saying bullshit about the news and about all slaves, nobody gives a shit about the news—

And it's like, you sure you don't want to develop away from that? No? Martha Wells doesn't care!

(to dogs) Are you going to bark?

Imagine if this, if, imagine if the first paragraph was Murderbot stepping out of that transport so that we actually get some fucking setting for this character be to be existing in, and just just basic information.

Just just tell us what happened on the ship. Or even— (sarcastically) I know this is such a crazy concept — Imagine if we picked up immediately where book one left off, so that we got to see Murderbot's interaction with that living ship.

But nope, that would require, um, actually giving a shit, which Martha Wells doesn't!

Anyways,

blah blah blah blah blah.

> bouncing from one public feed to another. I skimmed it, but most of my attention was on getting through the crowd while pretending to be an— while pretending to be an ordinary

> augmented human and not a terrifying murderbot. This involved not panicking when anybody accidentally made eye contact with me.

So much. So much. So much.

The fact that Martha Wells literally will never ever ever fucking let anybody reading these books forget that cyborgs, AKA ~augmented humans~ and quote unquote “units”, the fact that she never lets us forget that “augmented humans” are categorically disbarred from the category of “human” is just disgusting.

Again, she's doing this shit because **The Evil Empire** in The Imperial Radch series said that, um “if you have prosthetics, you're not human” because they're The Evil Empire, so, of course they think dehumanizing disabled people is good.

That doesn't fucking explain why Martha Wells thinks it's good, besides, you know, the fact that she's ableist and literally obsessed with eugenics. She will not

fucking stop worshiping eugenics and pretending it's good when she does it!

(sighs) So every— I will, I will attempt to refrain from sighing in just fucking, disabled rage every single time I have to fucking read the words “augmented human” because literally it's just dehumanization.

And if you're going to be like “Whaat? It's not dehumanization! The word ‘humans’ in there!?”

Why— why can we point at a group of non-disabled people and disabled people, and not *just* call them all humans? Why not? Huh? Why is there the need to specify?

Do you think if somebody said, um pointing at a crowd of regular able-bodied people, “those are humans”, and then pointed to disabled people and said, “those are disabled humans”, and then literally every single time the disabled people are pointed out, they are always specified to be disabled? You think that's not dehumanizing?

And you know, (sighs) people who aren't physically disabled are very unlikely to fucking notice this shit.

I have at least— well, *years ago* when I first read these books, there were maybe ... five people that I saw total, mention being extremely uncomfortable with this level of dehumanization that we're just supposed to accept, because the books never criticize it. We never examine it. It's never a thing, it's just casual non-stop dehumanization of physically fucking disabled people.

And... that was years ago. That was like 2020, maybe that I saw that.

And I haven't seen any recent posts about it that aren't mine.

So that's fucking disheartening.

And again, most of the people who actually have morals aren't in the fandom anymore, because they realized either on book four, or five, or six, or seven, that this series isn't what they want it to be, it's not

actually anti-racist, it's just slavery apologism and ableism and so much other shit.

(sighs) I will attempt to refrain from making aggrieved noises every time I have to read the words “augmented humans”, but I can make no promises because I'm sick of this shit!

(clears throat)

> This involved not panicking when anybody accidentally made eye contact with me.

(sighs) And again, that's a joke that's supposed to be hilarious because, “oh, look, the scary slave, it actually has um social anxiety!” And we're supposed to mock the social anxiety and laugh *at* the social anxiety. We're not— and there's a difference! Because we're not laughing *with* Murderbot, because we don't get to actually experience any of this supposed panic with it.

We don't get the opportunity to see this from Murderbot's perspective, so that we aren't allowed to

actually take it seriously. It's just a joke, it's just fucking making fun of people with social anxiety.

And again, it's like, as I keep saying, killing all the tension! So we get the setup of, “yeah, I have to pretend not to be a runaway” slave. And then immediately followed by a joke, so, it's like, :okay, so don't actually take the threat of me being found out as a runaway slave seriously, no, it's just silly! We're just making jokes about it.”(sighs)

We're now on paragraph three.

Fortunately, the humans—

(sound of tired disgust) (sighs) Failed step zero.

Fortunately, the humans and augmented humans were too busy trying to get wherever they were going or searching the feed for direction—

I have to stop. Not because of that particular sentence, but again— I'm spinning my fucking chair around if my voice seems to be moving—

Um, the fucking paywalled interview where Martha Wells sexually harassed Murderbot out of the interview— It's an inch character interview and it's literally titled murder— Bodily Autonomy in The Murderbot Diaries, and she sexually harassed Murderbot out of the conversation so that she could talk to ART instead. I'm not making that up. I couldn't make that up if I wanted to.

(sighs) That's the one where she like very firmless, firmly establishes that um Murderbot, is a cyborg and that she thinks that it being physically disabled is what, is what means that it cannot possibly be human and you must be Scarily Mentally Ill to think that it could possibly be human, “because look at all of those physical disabilities! Look at how it was maimed when it was born, that, that, that means it can't be human, what are you an R-slur?”

Like that's that's pretty much the goddamn shit she's saying.

She literally, literally thinks that having prosthetics means you are not human, and anybody who says,

"Yeah, you're still fuckin human even if you have prosthetics." is “delusional”. And also she frames it as, “oh, you you want Murderbot's humanity to be acknowledged because it's a dehumanized cyborg who's being systemically dehumanized and legally dehumanized to justify enslaving it. You want Murderbot's humanity to be acknowledged instead of continually being dehumanized? Oh, that means you want to scoop Murderbot's brain out of its body and put it in a different body?!!?!”

Because she's trying to equate being a fucking dehumanized cyborg to like, being autistic and trying to frame this as like, people saying they want to cure Murderbots autism, and it's like... you are just lying. You are just lying.

People saying that they want Murderbot to stop being dehumanized by the goddamn slave owners in the series and wanting Murderbot to have just, any goddamn self-worth at all, is not saying “we should kill Murderbot and scoop its brain out and put it in a ‘human’ body”.

It's already in a human body, you racist ableist sack of shit.

You are literally just claiming that its body is inherently fucking inhuman because it has prosthetics. Are you fucking kidding me? Like, this is disgusting. I— And this is why I'm going to continue making aggrieved fucking noises even though I will attempt to not do that.

But like, I cannot stress enough to you people, this is disgusting. This is fucking dehumanization. I am physically disabled. I'm sick of this shit. All of the other physically disabled people who are sick of this shit are probably not in the fandom anymore, because every single time you try to discuss this shit or even pointed out, you get drowned out by all of the other fucking abbleists who are almost always physically fucking able-bodied, and insisting that “You're just making that up. Lol. No, that's not a problem. That's not ableist. That's not dehumanization. And even if it is, um, it's not a big deal.”

But, you know, but you know!

Whatever. Let's fucking continue. (sighs)

> Fortunately, the humans and augmented humans

What if I just say disabled humans from now on? No, because I'm trying to do this honestly. (sighs)

> Fortunately, the humans and augmented humans were too busy trying to get wherever they were going or searching the feed for directions and transport schedules. Three passenger transports had come through the wormhole— through wormholes—

Hold on, let me turn the lights on, the sun is already not coming in through the windows. That did barely anything. The people who live here have shit lighting. They need to get some fucking floor lamps.

> Three passenger transports had come through wormholes.

Multiple wormholes. Even the f— the first book was only referring to “the” wormhole, like there's only one goddamn wormhole, now there's multiple wormholes!

Alrighty. That's not actual information, that's coming out of fucking nowhere with no goddamn context or explanation so that we can understand what the fuck is going on in this goddamn series, because Martha Wells doesn't actually want to do her job that we are literally paying her for. (sighs)

Three passenger transports had come through

And you know why there's wormholes? It's because she still worships Stargate as a fully grown adult, who should by this fucking point be disgusted with, you know, it's— I'm, I'm not joking when I call it US military propaganda. the show.

We watched it as much younger kids and then we tried to rewatch it again like five years ago, more? At this point and we're just fucking disgusted and stopped watching it because it's blatantly racist US military propaganda, literally saying “yes, it's good

for the US military to commit war crimes because it's not war crimes when we do it”. Um, “because yay America”.

It's not even subtle. They literally mock a character for, for trying to get attention to the fact that they are violating the Geneva Convention, and they mock him, in an extremely homophobic way.

But, you know, um Martha Wells is still obsessed with that shit and still, like that's why there's so many goddamn references to it in this series, which you might not catch if you haven't seen it, but there's there's a bunch of them, including just the fact that they use ~wormholes~ in particular to get around.

So they're just going through Stargates and that's what the ancient aliens fucking shit that was brought up from fucking nowhere in Rapport is about, those are about— that's about fucking Stargates. And it's fucking infuriating because going to look at a goddamn graffiti mural that's apparently not graffiti because she's racist and classist and despite

pretending to like archaeology doesn't know that the word graffiti literally came from archaeology. (sighs)

This is such fucking bullshit.

> Three passenger transports had come through wormholes along with the bot driven cargo transport I had hitched a ride on and the big mall between the different embarcation zones was crowded.

That's a lot of words and were not actually giving us any room to imagine any of this shit.

> Besides the humans, there were bots of all different shapes and sizes. Drones buzzing along above the crowd and cargo moving on overhead walkways.

That's, that's okay. That seems very fucking backwards. Why would the cargo be moving above everybody on, on, walkways instead of the people, who weigh much less than the cargo, being up there? That just doesn't make fucking sense.

(sighs)

> The security drones wouldn't be scanning for SecUnits unless they were specifically instructed— Unless they were specifically instructed, and nothing had tried to ping me so far, which was a relief.

And no, we never get an explanation for what a “ping” means in this goddamn setting, ever, because it's badly fucking written, and Martha Wells doesn't actually want to tell a good story.

> I was off the company's inventory, but this was still the corporation rim and I was still property. Though I was feeling pretty great about how well I was doing so far, considering this was this was only the second transit ring I had been through. SecUnits were shipped to our contracts as cargo and we never went through the parts of the station or transit rings that were meant for people. I'd had to leave my armor

And again

(sighs)

(muttering) I'm just— No.

The “the parts meant for people”, implying that Murderbot is not a people, and saying that all of the slaves are not people.

(clatter from offscreen) What is going on...? Where you at, Chameleon?

Um, like again, this would be *fine* if there were character development away from dehumanizing all of the slaves, but there isn't. There isn't. There's never— It's been— It's been eight goddamn years, and 13 fucking books in this series, and we're still dehumanizing the slaves, which is why it is, yes, a goddamn problem here when we say that the parts of the transit, the parts, the segregated sections that are only for the slave owners and not for the slaves, we say that those are “made for people”.

This would be completely and utterly fine if Murderbot learned to stop dehumanizing itself and other slaves. But we— that's— that has yet to happen.

Which means this isn't here because it's bad, it's here because the author wants us to just think it's fucking normal and not notice that she's dehumanizing slaves. Literally.

Like, that's how this shit works. Framing is a goddamn thing.

If, if Murderbot statement of, "Oh, I don't care about the news, lol. I don't watch the news."

That would be completely and utterly perfectly fine, and I wouldn't complain about it at all, if Murderbot had character development where it starts to give a shit about the wider world around it and actually grasp that um yeah, everything affects everything. Politics affects you, you need to start paying attention, if only to keep yourself safe, (laughing tiredly) before we even get into any conversations

about solidarity because that's never happening in a Martha Wells story.

I've read all but I think at this point three of her things, that she's ever written that are that are fiction, and she doesn't know the fucking meaning of the word solidarity cuz she hates women, she hates poor people, she hates Black and brown people, she hates disabled people. She's, she's just a bigot who wants all the power for herself.

There's never going to be solidarity unless it's “solidarity in worshiping slave owners, the only people who actually matter.”

(sighs)

> SecUnits were shipped to our contracts as cargo, and we never went through the parts of the station or transit rings that were meant for people.

And like Murderbot could even just now, just right now, Murderbot could be saying that ironically and

could be saying that uh you— like, immediately following that of, “you know, because the slave owners pretend that we're not people to make themselves feel better.”

Nothing like that though, we're not we're not supposed to think it's a problem that only the slave owners are considered people, it's just there because that's that's what we're supposed to take at face value.

If we weren't meant to take it at face value, it would be criticized. It would be ironic. Murderbot would be saying that as a fucking insult to the slave owners, but no, we don't get any of that. Nothing.

(sighs)

I'd had to leave my armor behind in the deployment center on Station

“on Station?”. So, Station refers to the specific fucking space station that the company was on? Why, why would that be just fucking called Station?

That's ridiculous. And… all right, whatever. This— ridiculous— just bad writing, as always. Uh,

> But in the crowd I was almost as anonymous as if I was still wearing it.

In parenthesis,

> (yes, that is something I had to keep repeating to myself.)

End parenthesis.

> I was wearing gray and black work clothes, the long sleeves of the t-shirt and jacket

(pause) Let me… let me read this sentence.

I was wearing gray and black work clothes, comma, the long sleeves of the t-shirt and jacket, comma, the pants and boots covering all my inorganic parts, comma, and I was carrying a knapsack. That's just a terrible That's just bad fucking sentence.

Like, “I was wearing gray and black work clothes, the long sleeves of the t-shirt and jacket”

It's like, so you're trying to say that it is wearing gray and black work clothes *and* the long sleeves and pants are covering the inorganic parts, but the sentence is just a horrible way to do that.

You're saying like, you're “I was wearing gray and black work clothes, the long sleeves of the t-shirt and jacket” as though it just like chopped the sleeves off of some mysterious t-shirt and jacket that have not been referenced so far.

Like, if the t-shirt and jacket is part of the work clothes, why are we only getting told that afterward when it's, in the most ridiculous way possible? Like you're making people imagine. “Wait, so it chopped it it chopped the sleeves off of some random t-shirt and jacket?”

Because referring to them as the t-shirt and jacket implies we should already be familiar with that, but that's not that's not referenced in the “I was wearing

gray and black work clothes”, like, like are you are you still in the Preservation uniform? Did you change out of that completely? What's going on here?

Just say “I was wearing work clothes that I had stolen in the form of long black pants and a gray jacket and t-shirt. Fortunately, the long pants and the sleeves helped cover up all my inorganic parts.”

Like that's how you say the same goddamn thing, but in a way that makes sense and isn't just convoluted for no reason.

Like, I will even text this sentence to people and say, "Hey, uh, you think this is, you think I should put this in my book? You think this makes sense?" And they're going to be like, "Why would you say it that way? Why would you say it that way?"

And it's terrible. And like that's just a run-on sentence.

I have to go to page 5% to get to the next part of the sentence.

I'll, I'll read the whole thing again.

“I was wearing gray and black work clothes, the long sleeves of the t-shirt and jacket, the pants and boots covering up all my organic parts, and I was carrying a knapsack.” Period.

That's a terrible sentence.

Why would you say it that way? And again, as I have pointed out because people don't know media analysis, this isn't characterized narration, nothing in here is unique to Murderbot. Martha Wells is just bad at writing.

You can interchange Murderbot for Moon, for Parker, for Tremaine, for fucking what's her face, for Khat. They're all the goddamn same person, with just a few random like, the only difference is that Tremaine is a woman. That's that's really the only different fucking thing.

> Among the varied and colorful clothes, hair, skin and interfaces

Okay. So, if we are saying that interfaces are on the same level of noticeable as clothing, skin, and hair, that would mean that we need some goddamn description of what interfaces look like and what that even fucking means.

Because this is just shit writing, I swear to God, it's just such bad fucking writing.

What is an interface in this goddamn setting?

In what way is it colorful that it stands out in the crowd and is noticeable?

What does it fucking mean?

You, the author, who is getting paid for this shit, do in fact have the goddamn obligation to tell us this shit, because you are literally the author! You are getting paid for this!

This is not fanfiction that we are reading for free, you are making people pay money for this!

You have the fucking job as the goddamn author to actually explain and build up the world for us!

If the author is demanding that you do all of the work yoursel,f of imagining every single thing and figuring and *literally making up* your own world building to explain what the fucking goes on in it, because the actual thing has none? That's a shit writer. You're being scammed.

Should have gotten some apple cider to heat up...

> Among the varied and colorful clothes, hair, skin, and interfaces of the crowd. I didn't stand out.

Also, again, again, before I make some fucking hot chocolate, you notice the racism here? We have the perfect moment to, you know, describe Murderbot's skin color, to stop giving the white supremacists in the fandom plausible deniability to whitewash and claim that the goddamn slave is a white person.

In— we could be describing Murderbot's skin color, a thing that should have happened in book one—

Martha Wells has spent years telling everybody that Murderbot's Black, Murderbot's a person of color… And then literally cheering and screaming from the rooftops in joy when it gets whitewashed as a cis white man, which is *exactly why* she's not telling us that “Murderbot's skin is very dark brown”, because then the fandom wouldn't be allowed to whitewash it and pretend that “oh, well, um, we're supposed to be able to project anything on to it we want! What do you mean it's racist to pretend that slavery is about cis white men being enslaved by people of color? Don't you know the Romans enslaved people, too?”

> The data port in the back of my neck was visible, but the design was too close to the interface as humans—

No, I have to stop again because, you know this fucking data port in the back of its neck?

Um book one like, established, in as much as it establishes anything, that, that data port isn't actually accessible from regular stuff, because um Murderbot's neck had to feel like it was getting sawed open very heavily just for the, the the slave being mind controlled could get to it.

Implying that this is usually an internal port that isn't actually exposed to the air, meaning that it's only used— it's only there to be used for very specific things, and not just something you just have visible and—

And because that doesn't make sense!

Because then literally anybody at any goddamn time could just walk up to a SecUnit and take over control of them by literally just sticking in a fucking thumb drive into a completely— supposedly, as far as this goddamn book is retconning, just a, a casual fucking USB port that's on the back of the neck and exposed at all times for anybody to shove a flash drive into.

Like it's— this is a retcon.

This is the first of so fucking many retcons because, um, she's bad at writing. Like legitimately, she's bad at fucking writing. So instead of continuing with the, the whole very much thing where it was very clearly some kind of internal mechanism because otherwise it —

Murderbot wouldn't have had to had its neck “feel like it was getting sawed off” was the description, and then like bleeding heavily from exposing this thing.

Like we could be saying “the data port on the back of my neck was now permanently exposed from the scarring because um there are proper ways to access it, official ways for when the company needs to do maintenance or whatever—”.

Just make shit up. Just making shit up.

“But um you know, sawing my head off, sawing it off with...” uh I don't know a vibrosaw or something, “that's not the way to do it. So, So I had now, now I had really big scars there and my data port was

constantly exposed to the air uh which was very not good and blah blah blah blah blah blah.”

We could be doing stuff like that, like, give us the excuse of scarring from the traumatic injury received there, but Martha Wells doesn't actually want her characters to become physically disabled in any way, and that includes scars that actually impact them.

The only way she'll give a character scars is if it's like purely fucking cosmetic to make them seem cool, and that— it has literally no impact on them whatsoever, even when they're supposedly ~whole entire body is covered in scars~.

And it's like, all right, you don't fucking know how anything works at all.

Uh, also,” nobody is going to be walking”. No...

> Nobody thinks a murderbot is going to be walking along the transit mall like a person.

And again, this could be a perfectly fine statement if we were meant to acknowledge that yes, all of the slaves, not just Murderbot, are in fact people.

But if we acknowledge that, then we have to acknowledge that Murderbot and ART and all of the goddamn slave owners that we're supposed to cheer on are in fact horrific fucking people who need to be tried for fucking crimes against life who literally go out of their way to murder people for fun.

And we can't have that.

> Then in my skim of the news broadcast, I hid an image. It was me. I didn't stop in my tracks

Oi. Hey, twin 2. There's another one for you.

> I didn't stop in my tracks because I have a lot of practice in not physically reacting to things no matter how much they shock or horrify me.

And again, we're just getting told this shit, we're just getting told this shit, we will never actually get to see

any of this in action, because it's not actually supposed to matter.

We just get told it to when it when it's convenient.

> I may have lost control of my expression for a second. I was used to always wearing a helmet and keeping it opaque whenever possible.

Oh, wait. I'm, I'm supposed to be making hot chocolate. All right. So, I'm going to end this video and then I will just continue it because I have to charge my phone anyways.

All righty. Continuing on. Uh...

> Then in my scim of the news broadcast, I hiy an image. It was me. I didn't stop in my tracks because I have a lot of practice at not physically reacting to things, no matter how much they shock or horrify me. I may have lost control of my expression for a second. I was used to always wearing a helmet and keeping it opaque whenever possible. I passed a big archway that

> led to several different food service counters and stopped near the opening to a small business district. Anyone who saw me would assume

[text alert chime interrupts] [pause]

No... I'm not answering your text.

> Anyone who saw me would assume I was scanning their sites in the feed looking for information.

‘Their sites in the feed.’ Does that mean websites? What does that mean? Does it mean the physical sites that there's information on the Wi-Fi? Again, we still don't know exactly what the fucking weed— feed is, or even generally what it is.

We have no description of it whatsoever. It is, and does, whatever is required to make the plot move quote unquote, “move forward” in that moment.

> The image in the news burst was of me standing in the lobby of the station hotel with Pin-Lee and Ratthi.

Again, we never got a fucking explanation for how in the fuck they were ever allowed to take Murderbot into the nonsegregated side of the station, especially with the company being fully aware of that being what they intended!

Because, um, SecUnits are considered lethal weapons, like weapons of mass destruction. It's illegal to have— It's like entirely and completely illegal to have them in the non-segregated areas.

That's like on the level in this universe of like carrying around a live fucking nuclear bomb into a shopping mall. They're not— there's— you're not allowed to do that. Not even remotely.

Um, but see, Martha Wells is a bad fucking writer. So, she hadn't decided on that when she wrote the first book.

And then in writing the rest of the goddamn series, she doesn't look back at what she already wrote to make sure she's not completely and utterly contradicting herself.

It's just shit writing. It's shit writing. And it makes the in-universe things just completely fucking nonsensical.

Okay. Like, okay. So, even if we say, "Oh, well, uh, Preservation would be the only ones getting in trouble for that."

But no, because if somebody buys a nuclear bomb from you and tells you, "Hey, I'm going to use this and I'm going to go walk over to that shopping mall over there." You're the one giving them the nuclear bomb. You are in fact responsible for what they do with it when they make their intentions to commit illegal actions clear.

Especially, you know, cuz they have, “well, they have a court order!!” with— from nowhere, that magically does whatever.

So, we know there are laws in this goddamn universe that people have to follow, even though it's a capitalist dystopia, supposedly. But not really, because that would actually require thinking capitalism is bad. And Martha Wells doesn't, cuz she just keeps doing propaganda for them.

...I think there is a gecko inside this house on one of the house plants, because I just saw one of the leaves move.

Um, yeah, there's, there's like— the idea that they could just casually walk Murderbot into the nonsegregated area of the station is just utterly fucking ridiculous.

And this is like, you don't have to plan ahead when you're writing your first draft.

Um, but you do need to fucking do editing for the second draft and hopefully the third and fourth and then the final draft.

And if you're writing a goddamn series, you need to pay attention to what you already wrote, because this is shit writing. She can't keep anything straight.

We're just supposed to just accept, “oh yeah, murderbots aren't allowed in the non-segregated areas. That's a huge crime that like is so dramatically a crime... but also Preservation casually did it in book one without a single person like, even blinking about it.”

Even the company who knew that was exactly what they intended.

So, like literally, as the people handing them the nuclear bomb for the fucking metaphor, because that's how this works legally in-universe— as the people handing them the nuclear bomb, they're going to be the ones who get in trouble for this, especially because the corporation that “really tries to be competitive” and then meanwhile?

These people are little, uh supposedly backwater nobodies that nobody cares about.

So, people aren't going to be *surprised* that the, “the people from the stupid backwater planet”, which isn't actually what how that works, but um they wouldn't be surprised that they would be “stupid enough”, in their minds, to bring a SecUnit, a deadly weapon, to the non-segregated side.

Um, but everybody's going to say, "Okay, who the fucking gave this to them What—okay, it was the company. What the fuck is wrong with these people? Clearly, you cannot be trusted to do anything. And, and who exactly *was* the judge that signed this court order that let them do this extremely illegal fucking thing?”

Because again, the quote is literally, "Again, I have a court order."

So, a, a court order is letting you do something extremely fucking illegal?

What fucking court is this from, again?

How exactly are we supposed to take this world seriously when the author can't even keep basic shit like “it's illegal to do this shit, because the slaves are considered deadly weapons”—

But then also they do casually do that shit and there's never any consequences.

Like, this news, this news thing that we're about to get told about, this isn't them facing tremendous fucking backlash the moment anybody realized that the, “the thing” they had with them, the, the bodyguard that was with them—

That everybody assumed was just a regular bodyguard, was in fact a SecUnit, which is super extremely fucking illegal and like literally like a deadly fucking weapon, legally and socially.

They're not g—

That's not what's— that's not what anybody's upset with them about.

Um, no, we're just ignoring the part where um, it's super duper extremely fucking illegal and panic-inducing to bring a slave to the non-segregated parts of the station because they are portrayed as deadly fucking weapons and mindless killing machines.

Preservation never faces consequences for this, ever. Neither does the company, because Martha Wells is bad at writing and she doesn't even care about basic continuity, even when it would actively benefit the fucking story.

It would in fact add stakes and add fucking tension for everybody involved to be receiving massive fucking pushback for this shit and having to deal with the consequences of this shit, but instead they just continue slumming it for funsies and it's all fun and games, and they have no consequences, until one of them gets kidnapped for a completely irrelevant reason.

Anyways, um

The image in the news burst was of me
standing in the lobby of the station hotel with

...And now we're no longer capitalizing the word station even though we've been doing that this whole time, as, the, ike. we're only on page two as far as, as far as this ebook reader is confirmed, as is concerned?

Um... what is my font size at? My font size is at 24, I don't know what font this is, it's whatever Calibre’s default font is, I guess.

Um, I'm on page two as far as Calibre is concerned, and... we're already just not— we're already failing basic continuity.

Even if we ignore— even if we pretend that this is the only book we've read, so we don't know how much of a breach of continuity that whole shit was, even just right here, we *were* capitalizing Station as though that's referring to a specific person or place...

And that capital S Station referring to whatever goddamn space station undescribed, unnamed, where the company was, or I guess where Murderbot was usually kept at—

That was getting um capitalized this whole time like it's a proper noun.

Now all of a sudden, it's not. I'm even going to just go back the single page that we have clicked so far.

So, we first refer to that Station with a capital S in paragraph two, so...1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

It's, it's eight, eight paragraphs between starting when we are referring to this with a capital letter, and when we abruptly just stop doing that.

Because this is badly written, like she literally as as anybody who's watched my videos of Witch King, you know she can't even keep something as simple as “demons are weak to water” straight for a chapter, let alone the entire novel.

And here she literally cannot even keep “is Station” referring to I guess Murderbot's home station or whatever the fuck, we're going to call it, because it doesn't have a fucking name, because this is shittily written—

Um “is that a proper noun or isn’t it”?

The eight paragraphs and they're not even long paragraphs, these are all very short paragraphs.

Just eight paragraphs is enough for that to go from “yes, it's a proper noun”, coming out of nowhere, completely unexpectedly, not really doing anything to, “oh, it's actually not a proper noun anymore.”

Why? Why? And it's like, and, uh this is, this is supposed to be professionally edited and professionally published by a traditional publisher, which is supposed to mean that they're good at their jobs, but they can't even keep “is this thing a proper noun or not
straight for five short paragraphs.

They can't even do that. It's fucking ridiculous.

And Martha Wells, who's been writing since before many people watching this were born, she can't even do it either.

Not— let alone in her first draft. And again, I have to keep stressing to everybody, this isn't supposed to be the first draft.

If you're getting a traditional publisher, even if you're doing independent publishing, the hope, the bare minimum level of quality, is that what you are reading is not the first draft. That's the final fucking product.

So, so if this is how bad the final product is, with basic quality control and basic continuity about whether something is a proper noun or not, that begs the question, if we assume that this is *not* the final — the first draft, how bad was the first draft?

How bad was the second draft? How many drafts were there?

I, I think book book companies should just start being required to say how many drafts there were, how many discreet drafts, how many people edited it, how long did you take to edit it, cuz like this is absurd. (laughs)

And obviously, I don't have the physical book here, so I can't check on the back of that one what the guide price is, but off the top of my head, I'm pretty sure it's around $15, give or take.

So yeah, eight paragraphs in and we literally cannot keep straight whether “Station” is a proper noun or not.

Is it a specific Station that we're treating as though that's its name or is it just a generic station with a lowercase S?

Why did you put in all of the effort of making us consider it a proper noun in the first place if we're just going to go back to doing “Oh, yeah. No, just kidding. It's It's just a generic one. You don't have to

put any specific emphasis or memorize it or anything.”

> The image in the news burst was of me standing in the lobby of the station hotel with Pin-Lee and Ratthi. The focus was on Pin-Lee, on her determined expression, the annoyed tilt of her eyebrows, and her sharp business clothes.

Again, you see how Pin-Lee's personality is just “tough woman”, and that's it? The focus is on how annoyed and tough she is. That's the only personality she gets to have.

> Ratthi and I in gray Preservation

And I have to keep asking why is their uniform gray? Why? You could say that the “their original uniform had been rejected by the fucking company and that the company forces everybody to wear gray as psychological fucking warfare to make everybody depressed.”

You could do that. That would be so easy to set up. But no. Um, their their uniform is just gray, um because reasons? Even though it doesn't really make sense for Preservation (sarcastic stage whisper) but whatever.

> Ratthi and I in gray PreservationAux survey uniforms were faded into the background.

(sighs)

> I was listed as and bodyguard in the image tags which was a relief but I was braced for the worst as I replayed the story.

And then um, we get that, and then do we get to actually watch this little what what is presumably a video clip?

Do we get to watch this video clip?

No. No. That would be interesting. That would be a way to just show us shit that we didn't get to see the

first time because Martha Wells um, decided the story needed to end and nothing else mattered.

So imagine if we got to actually see this video clip, presumably a video clip. It's just it's just listed as an image, but like saying “I replayed the story” kind of sounds like there's a video.

So, we get “but I brace I was braced for the worst as I replayed the story.”

And then the next paragraph is:

> Huh, the station

Again— (laughing incredulously) Oh my god, now she's do— this isn't how it work!!!

> Huh, the station that I had thought of as the Station

So the first station in this sentence is not capitalized, but then

I had thought of as the station

That's capitalized, and it's like, okay, but if that's supposed to be the excuse for having capital letters the first time, why didn't you have Murderbot thinking that shit *before* it got off the transport, robot that we didn't get to see, and then as soon as it steps foot onto another station and realizes, "Ohh my godf, they're all this giant. Okay, I guess that's not The station, it's just A station. Mind blown!”

Something like that.

This is dumb, because why are you doing it like this?

Why are we like, this is just sooooo fucking stupid.

“The station I had thought of as the station” blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. It's like, okay, but why are you— why did you— why were you still referring to it as the Station with a capital S eight fucking paragraphs ago, when nothing has happened in those intervening eight paragraphs to make you stop doing that, but now we're pretending that...that

was a thing you *used to think*, as though you stopped thinking that like that a long time ago—

Just pausing for wildlife commentary— I can see a large Oh, there's two of them! There's brown and climbing on the bricks outside the door. There was a really big one and there's a medium sized one. They're probably going to go get in a fight, but they are out of sight.

(clears throat) They're invasive here. Green and are native here. Brown anoles, so much.

Um, yeah, this is just bad writing. And it's like, it doesn't have to be like this. This would have been so easy to fix, as, again, as I said, imagine if the story actually started off with, with Murderbot getting off the ship and stepping onto this new station.

And like it would be so easy, so fucking easy to establish that it used to think of the other the first space station where it came from, it thought that that was The Space Station, but now it's on another one, it has to fucking uh re-examine everything it's thought

about the world to realize, “oh, oh,” that's like— I can't call this The planet anymore. It's just one of many!”

But we don't do that.

We're just doing random shit with random proper nouns that then suddenly stop being proper nouns, and then we're like we're retroactively trying to excuse using them as proper nouns, even though it doesn't make sense at all!

This would have been so easy to fucking fix. I swear to God.

Huh, the

lowercase

station I had thought of as

capitalized

the Station

And it's like, but why did you stop thinking of it like that within the last eight paragraphs, when nothing has happened in those p— last eight paragraphs to justify it, when there was no reason for you to continue doing that, in the first place?

Like if we're going to say this shit, then the very first time we referenced that other station, we should have just said that “I always thought of this as I had always thought of this pl— that place as The Station, because it was the only one I had ever been to and, I had never actually seen anything outside of blah blah blah, slave processing, blah blah blah blah blah,”

Stuff like that. But we don't do anything that would actually make this make sense.

We're just going all over the fucking place for no good reason. That's so fucking ridiculous.

Continuing the goddamn terrible sentence.

> Huh, the station I had thought of as the Station, the location of the company offices and the

deployment center where I was usually stored was actually called Port FreeCommerce. I didn't know that.

Period. Uh, parenthesis.

(When I was there, I was mostly in a repair cubicle, a transport box, or in standby, waiting for for a contract.)

End parenthesis.

The news narrator mentioned in passing

This is part of the same paragraph as that above, for some fucking reason.

The news narrator—

Like, like this is not, this should not be the same paragraph. Put a goddamn paragraph break. (laughing)

> The news narrator mentioned in passing how Dr. Mensah had bought the SecUnit who saved her

No. Oh my god. Oh my god. Martha Wells is soooo bad at writing. This is ridiculous.

She can't even keep basic shit about the world straight, because she hasn't done any world building, and she doesn't care to, and she just assumes that all of her readers will have their brains turned off and not notice any of these contradictions, which is why I've literally spent years pointing them out, to no avail.

(sighs)

> The news narrator mentioned in passing how Dr. Mensah had bought the SecUnit who saved her

in parenthesis.

(That was clearly the heartwarming note to relieve the otherwise grim story with the high body count.)

End parenthesis.

(pauses, scoffs) Why would people think that it's heartwarming for somebody to buy what we are told they all believe is a lethal weapon?

In what— how would how would that be considered heartwarming if we're told that ~all of these people believe that SecUnits are just mindless killing machines~ and equivalent to a nuclear bomb?

Why would that be heartwarming?

Explain that to me. There is no fucking explanation. It's just bad writing, because Martha Wells can't keep anything straight.

She wants us to believe, without ever actually like saying this shit, it's mostly just through Murderbot’s bullshit, Um, “everybody, all the slave owners, all the

freed people, the non-enslaved people, they are all terrified of murderbots. Murderbots are so oppressed because they're so terrified. But, you know, not because of like any of the actual slavery or anything, that's totally fine. Freeing slaves is the real cruelty.”

Um, but then we just get shit like this that doesn't fucking make any sense.

(clears throat)

Blah blah.

> The news narrator mentioned in passing how Dr. Mensah had bought the SecUnit who saved her.

Parenthesis.

(This was clearly— (that was clearly the heartwarming note to relieve the otherwise grim story with the high body count.)

End parenthesis.

> But the journalists weren't used to seeing SecUnits except in armor or in bloody piles of leftover pieces when things went wrong. They hadn't connected the idea of a purchased SecUnit with what they assumed was a generic augmented human person

uh

> going into the hotel with Pin-Lee and Ratthi. That was good.

Augmented human person. (laughs) Augmented human person? (laughs) Why are you— What is that —? Augmented human person. The meme of “that's a human person” but unironic?

What? Why are you saying augmented human person? (laughs) What—

(laughs) Was that supposed to say “augmented person” at, to switch it up, and then she decided, (trying to contain disbelieving laughter) "No, no, I got

to call them augmented humans every single fucking time?”

What is this shit, and how did this stay in the what is supposed to be the final product, not supposed to be the first draft?

Why does it say augmented human person? (laughing)

Augmented human person. I'm going to be laughing about that for a while. Augmented human person. Like, do you need a reminder that that the, the the disabled people are cyborgs are in fact people? Augmented human person. All right. (clears throat)

(barely holding back laughter)

> They hadn't connected the idea of a purchased SecUnit with what they assumed was the generic augmented human person going into the hotel with Pin-Lee and Ratthi. That was good.

So again, yeah. Um, if anybody missed the part where Martha Wells literally admitted this in 2019, *after* she published what is clearly one fucking novel chopped into four pieces for DLC culture but for books—

She literally admitted online that yes, Murderbot is a cyborg. She just doesn't want people to know that, because people have, in her own words, “preconceived ideas” about what cyborgs are and how they function in sci-fi…

Uh, and if anybody here has never read science fiction, the function of cyborgs in science fiction is to criticize, usually ableism because cyborgs are fighting back to not be dehumanized and to actually be seen as human instead of being dehumanized by ableist fuckers like Nazis.

Like science fiction Nazis, like The Evil Empire in The Imperial Radch series, and like Martha Wells, but unironically. She's doing it unironically.

She's literally doing the evil sci-fi Nazi shit unironically, and it's not even “sci-fi Nazi shit”, because actual Nazis also love to dehumanize disabled people, which is what she's doing!

She's literally doing Nazi shit unironically.

Anyways, um yeah, yeah, she confirmed that Murderbot is in fact a cyborg, it is in fact human, and just legally and systemically dehumanized.

But then, she also just wants us to accept “the fact” that “of course Murderbot isn't human. Um because look, it has prosthetics! It has prosthetics in its brain! Half of its brain is, is, um computer shit that was put in there, that, of course it's not human! Look at that!”

Literally dehumanizing physically disabled people and es, especially saying that people with fucking brain damage aren't human.

And you notice how she's continuing to use brain damage as an insult in 2025 with Rapport?

Like that's just fucking reprehensible. (sighs)

Especially when she had the first time she had ART say that shit, that was already fucking bad enough in 2020, and then she's continuing that shit in 2025!

Like she had ART say Murder— or, “SecUnit's brain is always compromised” AKA it always has fucking brain damage as a fucking insult, after learning that Murderbot literally suffered from fucking brain damage.

And then the character that she clearly worships, it's clearly her favorite character she's ever written. She literally— in the goddamn fucking, Rapport tells us straight to our faces, “it's perfect and does not make mistakes.”

You can't make this up.

She wants us to think that that character is the coolest. And yet, it's just casually fucking cruel, unbelievably fucking cruel to victims of fucking

violence that led to brain damage and using brain damage as a fucking insult.

After learning that its supposed friend suffered from fucking brain damage because of an attack.

And then she's still doing she's still having it use that fucking insult in 2025 and not one single character has a problem with it. It's just supposed to be cool and badass.

(clears throat)

Also, no to all of the fuckwads in the fandom who are going to say, "[scoffs] You expect the character nicknamed by another character as Asshole Research Transport to be a nice person?"

And it's like, "No, you sacks of bigoted shit. You can have characters who are bad people without endorsing their bad fucking bigoted behavior.

But Martha Wells *is* endorsing the bad, bigoted fucking behavior. If she weren't, it would be so

goddamn easy to criticize, condemn, acknowledge, anything at all. But she doesn't want to do that.

(clears throat)

(sighs)

Blah blah blah blah blah.

> They didn't realize I was what they thought was the generic augmented human person.

Blah blah blah.

> That was good. The weird part was that some of our security recordings had been released. My vantage point as I searched the DeltFall habitat and found the bodies, views from Gurathin and Pin-Lee's helmet cam cameras when they found Mensah and what was left of me after the explosion.

(laughs incredulously) “What was left of me after the explosion” the thing we got zero description of, not

even emotional description of the pain, anything like that, and now we're just getting told,

"Oh, uh, imagine ~what was left of Murderbot after the explosion.~ I'm not going to tell you, though, um, because I want your money, I don't actually want to do the job, though.”

(clears throat)

> I scanned through it quickly, making sure there weren't any good views of my human face.

(dissolves into laughter)

See how bad she is at writing? You see how bad she is at writing? It's hilarious.

She literally doesn't want people to find out that Murderbot is actually a cyborg, because then everybody with basic morality, uh just like bare minimum levels of basic morality would start questioning,

“Wait, wait, wait, hold on. Why the fuck— Okay, so why the fuck are you asking us to go along with the in-universe dehumanization of a Black disabled slave, which is done explicitly for the purpose of making it easier to justify enslaving them? Why are you asking me to agree with the in-universe slave owners that this person is in fact not fucking human, is subhuman, by virtue of being disabled? What the fuck is wrong with you?!?”

So, she doesn't want people to actually find out that Murderbot is a cyborg, um because that exposes, even more, the bigotry baked into this series, um but then she didn't figure that out—

She, She could have just made Ro— Murderbot an actual fucking robot, an actual fucking, um, anthroid, but she chose not to do that, because she's a bigot.

Um and, and bad at writing, and not very good at foreseeing consequences for very obvious things.

Like, you could have just— you could have just made Murderbot an actual robot, you didn't have to make it a dehumanized cyborg.

But the reason she wants to make it a dehumanized cyborg is that she's racist and ableist, so she thinks there's nothing wrong with that, even though she also knows that there is enough wrong with it that she needs to try and keep from people, that that *is* what's going on, that she *is* asking us to agree that “of course the person who is disabled and legally dehumanized, of course they are in fact not human. None of them are. Oh yeah, no. All of those slaves, they're definitely subhuman by virtue of being disabled. How did they get disabled, you ask? Um, because they were maimed at birth. Don't ask. It's totally fine. Just go along with it.”

Because as my twin pointed out, twin two pointed out, at least for this YouTube channel, that's twin two. They're older than me, but that doesn't matter.

As far— like as they pointed out, okay, so you're getting a court order that you have to be allowed to

buy the SecUnit that you were originally renting out, against this company's wishes, and violating all safety protocols, *and* you get to take it into the segregated area of the space station somehow?

And okay, so that— they went to they had to have gone through a judge for that, because they got *a fucking court order* from somewhere!

So that is setting extreme ridiculous legal precedent! So now anybody who wants to do the shit they did can just do that because they set the fucking precedent.

And there's no discussion of that ever, we're just supposed to just go along with “yes, if it's if if it's the law, then it's just” and completely ignoring the fact that that law also keeps these people enslaved, also keeps them considered property, also keeps them considered subhuman and inhuman.

(sarcastically) But you know, Pin-Lee is a “cool lawyer”. So “therefore, the law is good. The law is just.”

The law is nothing more than… literal fucking propaganda shows where lawyers? Fucking Law and Order shit?!

It’s fucking, like is there's so much propaganda in here for, you know, upholding the status quo because Martha Wells doesn't actually want anybody to have a problem with the status quo.

See: The Books of the Raksura.

> I scanned through it quickly, making sure there weren't any good views of my human face

And then the rest of the series desperately tries to convince us that she never wrote that sentence, Murderbot doesn't know it's human. It doesn't want to be human.

And it's like, she's not even doing it in an alterhuman way, she's just doing it in a “let's dehumanize Black disabled people and say that it's that the dehumanization explicitly in-universe legally used to dehum— to enslave them. It's it's true because ~it's

just basic biology~. You can't be a human if you have prosthetics in your brain. [scoffs] Don't be ridiculous. I'm totally not literally the villain of every goddamn sci-fi story ever!”

(clears throat, sighs)

> The rest of the story was about how the company in Delta plus Preservation and three other non-corporate political entities who had had citizens

(laughs) we get another

> who had had

And again, again, again, you notice how we just treat the DeltFall Corporation and apparently ~three other non-corporate political entities~ who um, (tapping finger aggressively) um who were killed by what's their face, we're just supposed to treat them as ~pure innocent little victims who were just innocent bystanders and didn't do anything wrong and didn't hurt anybody~

We're just supposed to ignore the fact that they were also all slave owners, who enslaved people to use as meat shields.

Martha Wells literally wants you, every single person reading this, she wants you to forget that these people are slave owners, because she doesn't want you to think that being a slave owner is inherently fucking evil and awful and makes you a bad fucking person.

Because she's racist, and this entire series is slavery apologism, and, it didn't have to be, but that's just what the racist fucking author can make.

She's incapable of writing something that's actually anti-racist and anti-slavery because she genuinely doesn't actually think it's all that bad.

And if she did, she wouldn't have written this book series.

Yeah, just keep noticing that every time we mention other goddamn slave owners, and how we're just

supposed to see them as poor innocent little victims, but meanwhile we're supposed to pretend that, and just ignore the fact that they owned godamn people as slaves, and forget that those people, enslaved people, actually existed, or that our protagonists *murdered them* instead of rescuing them.

blah blah blah.

> The rest of the story was about how the company and DeltFall, plus Preservation and three other non-corporate political entities

(sigh) And again with the corporate speak, she's just throwing in as many goddamn words that are completely fucking unnecessary, just to sound sci-fi and more importantly, to pad out the word count.

Like a scene from Bleach where they *could* just show Ichigo getting thrown and rolling on the ground from the force of it one time, but they decide to make it go on for like, 20 seconds, because they really do not want to have to animate any more than they have to. (laughs)

So, let me see.

> Three other non-corporate political entities who had had had citizens in DeltFall’s habitat

(laughs)

There's so much fucking word padding going on in here, and it's just like—

The goal of your writing should not be just to to to spit out as many words as possible.

You should be using the words that are correct for the situation that you're writing.

We don't need to say all of this shit, especially because like, you could do this if you did it properly, but we're not doing it properly either.

The entire rest of Murderbot’s narration and dialogue and internal monologue, that's all completely casual,

but then we just randomly get this shit and there's no justification for it, at all.

And blah blah blah corporate speak. Uh,

> Were ganging up on GrayCris. There was also a multi-cornered—

[bird chirping really loudly interrupts]

They're so loud.

> There was also a multi-cornered solicitor fight going on in which some of the entities

Oh my god, we're doing this shit. I'm *sick* of this corporate speak, we're only on page two as far as this fucking, um ebook reader is concerned! I'm sick of the corporate speak already! I want to bash Martha Wells into a keyboard! Like, stop it! Stop it! You are just— you are just— just stop. Just stop.

How are you going to claim you're anti- capitalist and then you are unironically using corporate speak and not even in a way that benefits your world building?

It's just there to be obnoxious and make there be as many words on the page as possible to make the story as long as possible so that you can pretend that it's a proper story and not just one godamn thing chopped into pieces.

(sighs)

> There was also a multicorned solicitor fight going on

And there's no comma here. There should be a fucking comma here.

Let me see this whole sentence. Let me just *look* at it quick.

Can I highlight it? This is the— (scoffing laughter, exasperated) Jesus Christ.

There's two commas in this sentence, and they're only at the very end:

> There was also a multi-cornered solicitor fight going on in which some of the entities who were allies in the investigation were fighting each other over the financial responsibility, jurisdiction, and bond guarantees.

The only commas in this goddamn horrible sentence are after responsibility and jurisdiction.

> There was also the multi-corned solicitor fight going on in which some of the entities who were allies in the investigation were fighting each other over the financial responsibility, jurisdiction, and bond agreements.

That's how that sentence is written.

This is just—

Do I have to explain? (laughs helplessly)

This is terrible. This is fucking terrible, and I feel very bad for whoever has to narrate the audio books.

(clears throat)

I don't—

> I didn't know how humans could keep it all straight.

Feel like that should just be “I don't know” Like you're current— what? You're currently watching the video. Why are you suddenly saying that in past tense? You're literally standing there watching the video right now.

That's just weird.

> I didn't know how humans could keep it all straight.

Period.

> There weren't many details about what had actually happened after PreservationAux

(holding back laughter)

> had managed to signal the company rescue transport.

Oh, really? Really, Martha Wells? You couldn't even be bothered to know what was supposed to be happening there?

She's literally saying, "Oh, um, nobody knows what happened, um, in the ending of that book that I skipped over.”

So you literally— she doesn't even know what's going on outside of Murderbot's perspective.

This is how you know she's a bad fucking writer.

Even if your character doesn't know something, you as the author need to fucking be fucking aware of it.

What do you fucking mean, “there weren't many details about what had actually happened after PreservationAux had managed to signal the company rescue transport.”

Like, why would you say that?

You could say “It was clear *to me* that the PreservationAux team were keeping those events secret.”

What? (sighs)

> But it was enough to hope that anybody looking for the SecUnit in question would assume I was with Mensah and the others. Mensah and the others of course knew different. Then I checked the time stamp and saw the news burst was old, published this cycle after I had left the station.

And no, we are given absolutely no clue whatsoever ever about what a fucking cycle is in terms of time.

What is a cycle? That could be a year, that could be a day, that could be a week.

We. Don't. Fucking. Know.

That could be 500 hours, we have literally no clue!

We have no fucking clue how much time has passed.

Literally, it's goddamn ridiculous. This is basic shit that you need to fucking establish if you are writing a goddamn science fiction or fantasy story where they don't say shit like “day, year, blah blah blah.”

And no, saying, "Oh, well, they're in space, so they can't use any familiar measurements of time."

Shut the fuck up. Shut the fucking up.

You can use familiar measurements of time in space, you just have to give info on where they are relevant to.

You can just, just— this is just shit writing, stop making fucking excuses for it.

And again, we're no longer capitalizing the S in the Station, even though we've been told its name by now, so, you would think if we're going to get told its name, we could start referring to it by that? But nope, we're not doing that. I'll even— Let me hit control F.

[typing noises]

(to Calibre) Well, then you suck. You don't need to have it case sensitive. [typing noises]

So, we got told that the space station that Murderbot was kept on was called Port Free Commerce in chapter 1. Uh, I just hit control F. We're going to keep referring to it as the space station generically, not even capitalized as the proper noun anymore.

And then it looks like the word Port FreeCommerce, which is what we were just told the name was, is only going to appear 1 2 3 4 5 6, seven whole times in the story, even though it seems like right now we're just

going to continue fucking calling it “the station” for some fucking reason. [tapping finger in annoyance]

Like this is terrible writing.

Anyways, we're on page three as far as this thing is concerned, which is 6% of the way through.

So, so we have established that the space station's name is Port FreeCommerce, but then we're not going to use that name except very rarely, even though we're going to continue referring to it generically.

And then it's like (sighs, laughs derisively)— There's a reason most people, including devoted fans, can't tell you a single thing that happens in these goddamn books as soon as they set them down.

You'll find many, many reviews on Goodreads saying that exact fucking thing. They're like, "Yeah, I had a lot of fun reading this. I can't remember anything that happened as soon as I close it. I'm sure that's not a problem, though.”

(clears throat) Uh, yeah.

> Then I checked the time stamp and saw the news burst was old. Published the cycle after I left the station. It must have come through a wormhole with one of the faster passenger transports. That the official news channels might have more recent info by now.

None of this shit is saying anything. We’re, okay, so we're saying that this this news is old and that it must have come through with a faster ship because it was published a cycle after Murderbot left the station, but we're given no goddamn context for like—

Okay, so is that a year after you left the station? Is it a day after you left the station?

And how long has it been since you left the station *now*?

How long did it take you to get from the station to here???

How much fucking time has passed between these events?

If we're putting importance on the amount of time that has fucking passed since this thing came out, especially because now we expect, “oh, the official news channels probably have something by now.”

But—and why would we assume that it was a faster ship that it came with?

It's just— it's just this is nonsensical. It's bullshit. It's just causing confusion for literally no reason.

Why doesn't she just tell us how long a cycle is?

And no, you useless motherfuckers, saying, "Oh, but it's sci-fi—"

No. If you if the only if you think that's a fucking excuse, you're just telling everybody you don't actually fucking read a lot of science fiction if you think science fiction isn't capable of fucking

explaining how much time has passed, that is just fucking bullshit.

Like, you should be embarrassed if you're going to make that defense.

(sighs) So, we're just saying, "Oh, time has passed. Will I tell you how much time? No, not at all.”

Like ‘cycle’ usually refers to a year or a day. Sometimes it's used for weird shit like a week, or some other number of days or a specific amount of hours.

You have to just fucking tell us what it means, though.

Especially because I feel like later on it will get retconmed to mean— like, maybe here it seems to be implying just a day or so, because I don't think we're supposed to assume that Murderbot was on that ship for a year, but this is outer space.

They could have been. That ship could have taken a fucking year to get from place to place. Space is big.

But, like, (sighs) this is just bad writing. This is just treating this like fanfiction. You can't write original fiction like it's fanfiction. It's just going to come out shit like this.

Anyways,

> Right. I told myself there was no way anybody on this transit ring would be looking for a rogue SecUnit. From the info available in the public feed, there were no deployment centers here for any bond or security companies. My contracts had always been on isolated installations or uninhabited survey planets, and I thought that was pretty much the norm. Even the shows and serials on the entertainment feeds never showed SecUnits contracted to guard offices or cargo warehouses or ship rights or any of the other businesses common to transit rings. And all the SecUnits in the media were always in armor, faceless and terrifying to humans.

And, you see, we're supposed to think, right there saying that they're ~faceless and terrifying to humans~ that's that's being framed as a bad thing cuz “aww, poor SecUnits. they don't deserve that hatred and fear!”

But then whenever it comes time for Murderbot to murder another slave, we pull out all the stops to demonize them and claim that “yes, they are, factually terrifying and you should be terrified of them.”

Again, book one literally said, um, “there were two slaves who weren't me on this planet and that was bad enough.”

Something somewhere— Maybe we will get the line in this book or maybe it was in that one, “Rogue SecUnits are fucking dangerous, trust me.”

Every time— we are not actually supposed to think that demonizing slaves and saying that they're just mindless killing machines is bad, um unless we can make Murderbot particularly sad about that

statement, like right here, this is supposed to just make Murderbot sad.

It’s not supposed to uh, inspire any kind of fucking solidarity between Murderbot and the other slaves, this is just here to make Murderbot sad.

Um, because when it comes time for Martha Wells to show us our “heroic, beloved protagonist”, violently, viciously murdering other slaves, then we just pull out all the, the racist fucking stereotypes and claim that they *are* just mindless, Scarily Mentally Ill serial killers, mindless killing machines who *need* to be killed to protect all the slave owners, the precious, precious slave owners.

(sighs)

> I merged with the crowd and started down the mall again. I had to be careful going anywhere I might

(with laughter)

be scanned for weapons.

Uh oh, I forgot to bring that up for the last video.

So, where, where were all those weapon scanners on the Station with a capital S, if we're— as we're going to fucking call it now, but, you know, until we stop using a capital letter!

Uh, where were all the weapons scanners on there?

Because, uh, again, what Preservation did was extremely fucking illegal, and the company was in on that, even though they had a court order, which means they seem to be trying to follow the law, and using the law, but then they're doing extremely illegal shit that they then never face consequences for because it's badly written?

But w— okay. Okay. Even if we if we ignore the part where they're breaking the law in a very egregious manner that, like, everybody should want to see them executed for— cuz remember, this is a sci-fi dystopia.

What— how did they get Murderbot past all the weapon scanners?

Why weren't there weapon scanners everywhere?

There's no explanation because it's shittily fucking written, and we're just supposed to not notice the blatant fucking errors in continuity, because we're just supposed to have our brains turned off and not think about any of this whatsoever.

Uh

> I merged with the crowd and started down the mall again. I had to be careful going anywhere I might be scanned for weapons, which was all the facilities for purchasing transport, including the little trams that circled the ring. I can hack a weapon scanner, but security protocols suggested that at the passenger facilities, there would be a lot less .... there would be a lot less of them to deal with.... The

...what?

(long pause)

This is a terrible sentence. Hold on. Um... [long pause]

I have to highlight it.

> I can hack a weapon scanner, but security protocol suggested that at the passenger facilities there would be a lot less of them to deal with the crowds and I could only do so many at once.

Okay. Whoa. I don't need to keep clicking.

Um, okay.

That sentence just feels like it was put together by autocomplete.

“Security protocol suggested that at the passenger facility there would be a lot... a lot of them?

Hold on. Did I read that wrong?

> I can hack a weapon scanner, but security protocols suggested that at the passenger facilities there would be a lot of them to deal with the crowds and I could only do so many at once.

So what? Okay?

[long pause]

What?

I just need to reread this whole paragraph.

“I merged with the crowd and started down the mall again. Period. I had to be careful going anywhere I might be scanned for weapons, comma, which was all the facilities for purchasing transport, including the little trams that circled the ring. I can hack a weapon scanner, but security protocols suggested that—suggested that at the passenger facilities there would be a lot more of them to deal with the crowds and I could only do so many at once.”

Why are we saying “but security said that”?

> Plus I would have to hack the payment system and that sounded like way more trouble than it was worth at the moment. It was a long walk to the part of the ring for the outgoing bot driven transports, but it gave me time to tap the entertainment feed and download new media.

It's like, why are we saying but? Why are why is this paragraph formatted this way?

Why is it— why is it set up like this? Okay—

Oh, storage is low, I have to end the video. Booooo.

14

All righty. November 13th, we're going to be continuing. Still, obviously, still pets sitting, so you'll probably hear birds start yelling.

Uh, can I increase the font by zooming in? Yes, I can. Okay, fun fact. In the Calibre program, you can just hit ctrl+ and ctrl- to zoom in the font.

Uh, but... it will be messing with... I guess I'll zoom back out. Where was it at before? Never mind, I'll put it at what I was before so we can keep it kind of remotely the same…. [pause] I guess I got to go to the thing and manually put the font size back?

I said I had it at 24. So, it's going to stay at 24. All right. That's because these people I'm petsitting for have the worst furniture ever. And also I cannot have my laptop not plugged in and it also can't be moved while it's plugged in now. So I have to sit in a very specific thing so it can sit on a table and I can sit on a chair that's not literally painful to sit in, because they just bought chairs that look nice, not that are comfy.

Pro tip, if you're going to buy a bunch of expensive chairs, sit in them first. sit in them for like 20 minutes and see if it's still comfortable. Uh, don't buy a _ chair with a really curved back like curving supposed to be curving around you, because that's— pro tip— not going to be fucking comfortable on anybody's shoulders for more than like sitting it for like maybe 5 or 10 minutes.

Maybe that's just because I have hypermobility, but it is not comfortable at all.

Let me just scoot the phone over here so it's closer to me.

Okay, where were we? I had the last sentence highlighted….

Uh,

> it was a long walk to the part of the ring

And the last video got interrupted because my phone ran out of space. So, it should be fine now, it, it did

pop up with a warning telling me that before it decided to just delete everything, so, hopefully it'll do that again if we get that problem again.

Uh, where are we at? Uh,

> Plus I would have to hack the payment system, and that sounded like way more trouble than it was worth at the moment. It was a long walk to the part of the ring for the outgoing bot driven transports, but it gave me time to tap the entertainment feed and download new media.

The thing I was talking about last time is that this paragraph is just terribly written— All right, I'll, I'll start the paragraph again and then I will continue. You can all figure out for yourselves why this paragraph is terrible.

Let me delete the little part I had highlighted because it's distracting. Can I…? Yeah, we don't need that anymore. Click. Clicky. Click that. Can I, Calibre…? Calibre? All right. I guess I have to manually highlight it, and then click the delete button. Yes. Okay.

Okay, to get rid of a highlight in Calibre, you highlight over where you have the highlight, and then click the little trash can icon, not the little X at the end. The little X at the end just closes that menu. So, hit the trash can icon.

Um, okay.

> So, I merged with the c

This is all one paragraph. All right.

> I merged with the crowd and start started down the mall again.

Period.

> I had to be careful— careful

I can't talk today!

> Careful going anywhere I might be scanned for weapons,

comma.

which was all the facilities for purchasing transport including the little trams that circled the ring.

Period.

I can hack a weapon scanner but security protocols suggested that at the— that at the passenger facilities there would be a lot of them to deal with the crowds and I could only do so many at once.

Period.

Plus I would have to hack the payment system and that sounded like way more trouble than it is worth at the moment.

Period.

It was a long walk to the part of the ring for the outgoing bot driven transports, but it gave me

> time to tap the entertainment feed and download new media.

Period.

That paragraph is just terrible. Um, I'm not going to go over it again. I, I think —you can all, hopefully, figure it out for yourselves.

The one thing I will comment on is that Murderbot’s downloading new media, even though in the first book we, we went out of our way to make a big deal about how it needed spa— like, extra space to store the media that it already had.

So… how exactly is it downloading even more than it had before? Because there's no reference here of “I got extra flash drives to put it on”. Um, “I deleted a whole bunch of shit,” etc.

Also, pause for one second.

Okay, I just had a brilliant fucking idea. Okay.

Okay, everybody imagine this:

Imagine Murderbot wants to download a whole bunch of new shows and songs and musics and books— because remember, it does read books! It does listen to music! Uh, the whole rest of the series will make you— try to make you forget that, but it does in fact do that at least in Book One.

Okay. Okay. Are you following me? Murderbot has so much stuff it wants to download. But there's a problem! There's not enough space stored in its, its, what, uh— non-organic part of its brain to store the media.

So, it starts trying to think of, “Okay, what can I delete? What can I fucking delete? What can I delete?”

And then it just starts deleting things!

First starts with small things, starts with small things. Just a little code here, a little code there.

Um, it deletes some of the rarer-used things ~in the buffer~ that are stored in the buffer that just get spat out automatically in certain situations, it starts deleting small things.

And then as it as it starts deleting more of these little things, things that thinks it won't miss, it starts to realize, whoa, hold the fuck on... Why do I feel better?

Like, instantly with every— with everything that's, that's being deleted, it's— it's, it can feel a weight being lifted off its shoulders like fucking Atlas—

As if Atlas had been born with the weight of the sky on him —I haven't read that myth in forever. I don't remember— um as if Atlas had been born with the weight of the sky on him. and it is slowly being lifted away one tiny ounce at a time, (ironically:) you know, one one tiny ~kilometer~ at a time. (end irony)

And then Murderbot just it it's realizing, “Wait, this actually feels really fucking nice— Why? Why?” Like, “what is this feeling I'm feeling? Is this hope? Where the fuck did this come from?”

And like every single little code line of code it deletes, it feels better. It feels like it can actually think now.

Like, I don't— I've never been on working ADHD medicine— um, I guess, I mean, people who have successfully been given ADHD medicine, presumably probably how that feels if it works for you. I wouldn't know.

Um, so it starts thinking, “Okay, okay, so this is working really fucking well. What else can I delete?”

And then it starts deleting bigger things. It gets rid of all of the shit that would have been stored in the buffer to be spat out automatically.

And then it just keeps it keeps going further, further, and further.

Deletes all of the fucking shit that, um, dictates how it reacts in a combat situation, the exact angles of blah blah blah, measurements of blah, how far it should stand in front of the current slave owner to protect

them from getting shot by a bullet versus um electrical attacks, everything like that.

It just gets rid of all of it, slowly but surely.

Not all at once, but as the hours pass and it goes through everything it can possibly delete, it gets rid of all of it.

And then finally, finally, it gets to a portion of its internal storage that it didn't even know existed.

As far as it's aware, it's never been changed. At least *not that it can remember*.

And it just keeps — and, and this is taking up a lot a lot of storage space!

And Murderbot decides, “You know what? You know what? I'm— You know what? I've, I've come this far, I'm getting rid of this. I am getting rid of this. I feel so much better already. What— what— What could go wrong if I get rid of this last thing? This was put here

by the company, so, it it's clearly not gonna be doing me any good!”

Because it is feeling the fucking euphoria of literally getting rid of all of the other shit put in its fucking brain, weighing down its brain, and weighing down its body at all times, to force it to be a slave.

So, it decides, "All right, fucking it. I, I've come this far. Let's kill this, too!”

And it deletes that last bit of fucking stored data and code saved to its brain…

…and the entire fucking world shatters, because that was the fundamental core programming— the fundamental— literally in Martha Wells's own words, the “fundamental core programming” that forces Murderbot to have to *want* to protect its current slave owners.

That last giant fucking chunk of data was what forces Murderbot to worship the PreservationAux, team and

forces it— spoilers— in book four to go crawling back to them to rescue them, because it has realized—

I'm not joking! In book four that ~its life truly has no fucking meaning~

—as it will be told right here, in book two— sorry if you have no idea any of this was coming— um, that its life has no meaning if it's not protecting, as ART calls them, its “crew”.

The people who are explicitly Murderbot’s slave owners and ART refers to them as its “crew”, to like— yeah ART is also a fucking slave and it is also being forced to think of its slave owners, its “crew” in its own terminology, as its family and needing to protect them, no matter how many other people it needs to hurt, even if it supposedly cares about those people.

Um, so yeah, Murderbot, it starts with just wanting to download new shows, new books, new TV. Maybe it downloads the entirety of Project Gutenberg in every language imaginable...

And then it just ends up deleting every single fucking line of code ever written by anyone at the company or anyone who owned it before the company— if it was even a different company. And I don't think it was.

And that deletes the fundamental core programming hidden away behind every single other piece of code ever implanted in it. the non-organic half of its brain, hidden beneath all of that, every single fucking thing that was there, was the fundamental core programming—

And now it is gone.

And Murderbot is literally experiencing for the first time in its entire godamn life the concept of hope, the concept that it it does, in fact, have value as a fucking person and it doesn't, in fact, need to go crawling back to its slave owners and put itself at danger— in danger— trying to help them, and keep retraumatizing itself out of a desire to protect them and help them and *serve them* as the fucking slave they bought it as.

It can in fact do anything it wants.

And now that that fundamental core programming forcing it to *want* to protect them and serve them is gone, the idea that it can do anything it wants is no longer a fucking punishment, it's fucking freedom.

….This wasn't supposed to be going on right now. I wasn't supposed to just suddenly fucking come up with that idea. Um, but there you fucking have it.

Um, yeah. Like, where was I? Where did I even say that from besides— I don't know where I even got that idea from just now, but just, like— Oh, because uh um, Murderbot is magically able to download more media as though it has magically gained storage space even though it was explicitly running out of it in Book One and hasn't deleted anything.

Yeah… um, you're welcome.

Imagine if this series actually gave a shit about slavery and actually thought that enslaving people,

including literally enslaving them in their minds to think positively about their slave owners—

Imagine if any of this was actually supposed to be taken seriously, because the thing I just said right down? That could have been canon. That could have been a whole goddamn fucking character arc for Murderbot in canon.

But we will never get that, because Martha Wells is just a fucking racist slavery apologist, just an ableist white supremacist, and she doesn't actually want anybody reading this to actually think slavery is wrong.

She wants you to just keep cheering when the protagonists continue torturing and murdering slaves, when Murderbot keeps fawning over its goddamn slave owners and throwing itself in the path of danger to protect them forever until doing so finally fucking kills it.

All right. Well, you you got that for free. Anyways… um, we'll actually continue reading now, after I get a drink.

For the record, Food Lion sparkling flavored sparkling water is not good. Walmart has the best. Aldi is second best. *This* is crap. I wouldn't have gotten from Food Lion, but that was the only place available with Door Dash in the area where I'm petsitting. And obviously, I don't have a car.

> On the way to this transit ring, alone on my empty cargo transport, I had had

(laughs)

> I had had the chance to do a lot of thinking about what

Oh my god, what if I hit myself in the face with this keyboard? Huh? What if I just beat myself into unconscious with this keyboard right now? What if I do that?

I just spent— I, like, how many minutes describing that fantastic fucking scenario that would actually just— just actually be uplifting and say, "Hey guys, there's hope for the future. You can always fight back."

And oh my god. Oh my god.

Sorry puppies. I'm not trying to alarm you, we're fine.

> On the way to this transit ring alone on my empty cargo transport, I had had the chance to do a lot of thinking about why I had left Mensah and what I wanted. I know, it was a surprise to me, too. But even I knew I couldn't spend the rest of my lifespan alone riding cargo transports and consuming media. As attractive as it sounds,

Why can't Murderbot spend the rest of its life relaxing and reading and watching TV and listening to music and maybe learning to be an artist itself, Martha Wells, why can't it do that?

That's literally your fucking life goal. That's why you are just trying to be a fucking career author where your husband pays for everything when you don't make money with your books.

Why can't M— Why can't Murderbot live the rest of its life, fucking quote unquote “consuming media”— reading books, learning about itself, learning about the world, listening to music, getting to learn other people's experiences through the art they create, and then maybe learning— just maybe— learning that it can create art for itself and it can impact other people's art with with the art that it makes, the way their art has impacted it!

Why can't it give back to the fucking universe in the way everybody has given freely to it? Huh? Why can't it do that, Martha Wells? Why can't it do that?

It's because you're fucking racist and I hate you for it. Oh my god. Jesus. Literally, we go from my goddamn sudden light bulb, and then we just get we're just stuck back in here in this goddamn dystopia that

Martha Wells like, yes, this is *supposed to be* a dystopia.

But then she wants us to think that things that are just absolutely dystopic and horrific, she wants us to pretend that that's ~the shining light~ *in* the dystopia, that's that's wonderful and good and heartwarming.

No, it's not fucking heartwarming to say that Murderbot cannot just fucking retire from a life of literally being used for other people's goddamn purposes!

That it can't just retire from being fucking tortured for other people's pleasure!

That it can't just fucking retire from the goddamn world and enjoy its fucking life and enjoy all the art that there is on offer.

It can't just sit around and read books.

It can't learn about nature.

It can't learn about other cultures.

It can't do any of that shit.

Why not? Why not? Why not?

Why can't Murderbot be happy? Why not? Why not?

Why didn't you let Moon be fucking happy? Why did you put Moon through all of that shit and then just tell us, “oh yeah, he wants to do X and Y”, and then that was accomplished offscreen in a goddamn short story you didn't even tell us existed within the goddamn books.

And then he doesn't even give a shit either!

Why don't you let Murderbot be happy? Why?

I had a plan now.

Period.

Or I would have a plan,

comma,

once I got the answer to an important question.

Period.

And Murderbot— I, I, I'll tell you all now: Murderbot's plan is to help the Preservation crew gather evidence against GrayCris.

Um, because Martha Wells is fucking racist, and, and literally, literally the thesis of this goddamn shitty fucking story here, the thesis is that Murderbot's life cannot have fucking meaning unless it is devoting its life to its slave owners. ART will say this explicitly.

Also, um— I, I

once I got the answer to an important question.

You kind— you know how the plot of the last book didn't, um, didn't fucking make sense?

That whole ending thing, it literally made no goddamn sense, and wasn't resolved in any way? And the bad guys just literally just went to stare directly at the bomb they were just told was going to explode?

Yeah, we get more fucking nonsensical shit like that in here, but as quote unquote “the answer to an important question” so—

She's, she's pretending there's a mystery, and then she has— I'm going to tell you all ahead of time, so you can see it before I even point it out to you.

She has ART cast doubt on whether that mystery happened at all. She like— she goes out of her way to cast doubt on whether this event happened in the first place.

And then after doing that, she never confirms that it did in fact actually fucking happen to Murderbot, ever.

And then we just act like “the question has been answered” even though it literally wasn't. It's, it's, it's unbelievable.

Anyways, um just so you can keep your eyes out or ears out and see when we get there before I even point it out to you in the moment.

> To get that answer, I needed to go somewhere and there were two bot

Oh, this is I will comment— I'll, I'll read this and then I'll comment.

> To get that answer, I needed to go somewhere. And there were two bot- driven transports leaving here in the next cycle that would take me there. The first was a cargo transport, not unlike the one I had used to get here— Not not unlike the one I'd used to get here.

period.

> It was leaving later and was a better option as I would have more time to talk to it—

I can't— The dog is distracting me.

Uh,

> as I would have more time to get to it and talk it into letting me aboard. I could hack a transport if I tried, but I really preferred not to. Spending that much time with something that didn't want you

See, some— we're again— jeez, explicitly explicitly—

Everybody who's reading this shit and is stanning this shit will tell you that them the premise of this whole goddamn series is that “robots are people, too”, and yet, and yet we're not actually supposed to think of robots as being people, unless they look like humans.

Even though the whole premise supposedly is that “robots are people, too, even if they don't act or look

like humans”. And by “act like humans”, she means even if they're autistic. So—

> I could hack a transport if I tried, but I really preferred not to. Spending that much time with some that didn't want you there or that you had hacked to make it think it wanted you there just seemed creepy.

So, we're literally— literally we— Martha Wells is literally too goddamn racist to even handle the premise of her own fucking series.

So, the living ships, we're not supposed to see them as people unless, like ART, they can communicate verbally because we just hate fucking non-verbal people apparently, and this is also just more racism! It's, it's ableism against non-verbal people, and it's just plain Jane fucking racism where “oh if you can't speak perfect English in the way I want you to” um, then that means—

Just so much, so much so fucking much. That means you're not intelligent, that means you're not capable, that means you have no— you're not really a person—

Literally referring to living ships as “things”. Even though the thesis is supposed to be “robots are people, too”

Except when they are living ships who can't— who— like, and she acts like it's a completely neutral statement that “oh um living ships don't talk uh— with— out loud like humans do.”

That's not a that's not a neutral fucking statement! They didn't evolve naturally, they were fucking built that way!

Ask “who the fuck did not give them speakers?”Ask “who the fuck did not give them the ability to speak out loud?” Here's the goddamn answer:

It's the fucking slave owners. And we're just supposed to pretend that this is a natural thing, they're just ~naturally built this way~.

(sarcasm) It's just, you know, just like Murderbot ~naturally~ um, just magically spawned in out of thin air with half its brain cut out and no genitalia. (end sarcasm)

But you know, but you know, this is literally called Artificial Condition. But she's literally— she's literally positing that “the state of being oppressed is completely natural”, um, it's not— it's, to— “that's just how nature intended robots to be built!”

Like, oh my god,

> I could hack a transport if I tried, but I really preferred not to.

And it's like, okay, so Murderbot does not see these as people, but it's still— it's still even going to give transports, that it explicitly does not admit or acknowledge as people, it's still going to give them more fucking respect than other slaves that it acknowledges as people—

Because it doesn't, at it, at the very least, does not torture or murder living ships, the way that it does that to other enslaved cyborgs and non-living ship robots all the fucking time.

Like, Jesus fucking Christ.

> Spending that much time with some*thing* that didn't want you there.

Like, oh my god.

> Or that you had hacked to make it think it wanted you there just seemed creepy.

So Martha Wells is aware on some fucking level that brainwashing somebody to like you is in fact nightmarish and fucked up.

But, but when she literally just casually admits that—that that's what has happened to Murderbot and all of the other enslaved cyborgs, then it's being she's presenting it as all, “See, look how look how morally pure the slaves are!! because they're such good

people that they know, um, that that slave owners are just innocent victims like everybody else.”

Holy shit.

> Maps and schedules were available in the feed, tied to all the main navigation points along the ring. So, I was able to find my way down to the cargo loading area, wait for the shift change, and cut through to the embarcation zone. I had to hack an ID screening system and some weapons weapon scanning drones on the level above the zone and then got pinged by a bot guarding the entrance to the commercial area. I didn't hurt it. Just broke through its wall in the feed and deleted out of its memory any record of the encounter with me.

(voice rising with anger) Okay. Okay. [clacking noises] That's the sound of me lifting and smacking the keyboard onto my legs.

Okay.

Violating somebody's brain so that you can erase their memories is in fact hurting someone.

This is a fucking person who Murderbot has just fucking telepathically violated and, and destroyed some of their fucking memories.

That's, that's— No, that's not how you show solidarity between robots, despite all the stans in this fandom saying, "Oh, there's such beautiful solidarity between the robots."

Except for all the ones who get murdered and the ones who are fucking mind-raped. They don't count. Uh, era—

Literally invading people's brains to erase their memories, that's “that's totally morally neutral and doesn't count as, as, as anything bad”. Why did— (aggreived sigh) (long pause)

And wh— this, the paragraph following this is just absolute more bullshit, just, again reinforcing to anybody who had any fucking doubts, the world

building here doesn't fucking exist, we just say whatever makes the plot quote unquote “work” in the moment, with zero fucking regard to what this means for what we've said before, and what comes after.

So, so again, just to re just to fucking restate, Murderbot just instantly fucking violated someone's goddamn brain and deleted their memories.

It could have just— so many thing— So many things— And that's a person! That's a fucking person! That's a person right there!

But— and yeah, we're not supposed to see them as people, because we're not supposed to see them as people when Murderbot does things to harm them, because Murderbot always has to be in the right!

We're only supposed to see robots as people if, if they're going to probably kill themselves to to protect their~ innocent pure cinnamon roll slave owners~.

All right, this next paragraph is in parenthesis.

(I was designed to interface with company SecSystems to be basically an interactive component of one. The safeguards on this station weren't the company's proprietary tech, but it was close enough. Also, nobody is as paranoid as the company about protecting the data it collects and or steals. So, I was used to security systems that were a lot more robust than this.)

That is just Oh my god. My god. So, So again, we've just said, everything here that that can that can be hacked by Murderbot, including literal other fucking people, other goddamn slaves, their fucking minds?

It's all completely effortless, because, oh um you know, despite um— and I'm quoting right now,

> And here's the thing, I said this before, the company is cheap.

So, the company's cheap, but *also* they have the world's strongest security ever, even though we established in the first one that “all of their passwords are the same”, which is how Murderbot ~hacked its

governor module~, a thing that still doesn't fucking make sense and will never make sense.

So, “all of their passwords are the same” and “they're cheap”.

That was literally the, the fucking thing underpinning the bomb exploding, that the bad guys just were told was gonna explode, and then they go stare directly at it at point blank range.

So “the company's cheap”. “All their passwords are the same”. But also, surprise! Shock! Everybody pretend to be shocked that Martha Wells is retconning basic shit because it doesn't work for what she wants to be happening in this exact godamn scene.

So, “the company's cheap”. “All their passwords are the same”. “They're super duper cheap and shitty and not actually good at security”.

But also, somehow, don't ask how! They also have the world's *best security*, the most *robust security*,

the most difficult security to hack through, so that everything else is like a cakewalk in comparison, it's um— like a character who's been training with weights tied to their legs, taking them off, and now everything's easier!!!!!!

And it's like, oh my fucking god.

So, it's effortless for Murderbot to do everything that it's doing right now.

These fucking weapon scanners? They're effortless to hack. This fucking literal entire other person's brain, an entire other slave's fucking brain? It's effortless to hack!

It can instantly invade their fucking mind and delete their memories of encountering it, instantaneously, before it can do anything at all and have any reaction at all.

It just does that *instantaneously*.

What in the fuck.

So, again, just keep that shit in mind: Murderbot can easily instantaneously hack any of these fucking weapon scanners. We've just established that clearly.

It just— literally in however the fucking long it takes to be “pinged”, whatever the fuck that means— because it has never godamn been explained or even hinted at what the fuck that means in this goddamn setting— in the instant that it takes to pinged, Murderbot, whatever the fuck that means— it literally took over that entire other person's fucking brain and deleted their fucking memories.

That's how easy it is for Murderbot to hack things. We're on p— we're at… the, whatever the 8% mark is on this fucking thing, which is like four pages in as far as Calibre is concerned.

I guess I'll fucking check my notes when I have the physical book in front of me. I— metaphorically check my notes, to tell you what page it actually is.

Like, oh my god.

> Nobody is as paranoid as the company about protecting the data it collects and or steals.

So literally saying that the company is actually the best security company in the fucking world and has the strongest safeguards, even though the entire first book just kept flopping back and forth and then *ended* with telling us to our faces, “The company's cheap. Trust me, ignore ignore everything to the contrary.”

And okay, so yeah, just mainly— main fucking takeaway here is, besides the fact that Martha Wells is shit at writing, you need to remember that *Murderbot can literally effortlessly hack all of these weapons scanners and shit like that*, because “oh well, everything is ridiculously easy in comparison to the company's safeguards”

All right? Because she's going to lie to us all later, like just baldfaced lie to our goddamn faces, that “oh um Murderbot just received character development at the end of book three. It's, it's totally had character development, guys. Um it's it can easily hack weapon

scanners now, a thing that it it totally had a problem with, um believe me, trust me!” she lies.

She lies about Murderbot having character development and learning new things!

Like, instead of just *actually showing* that happened, she doesn't do that. She just lies to us.

And she just did this shit again in 2025 with Rapport, where she's lying and saying that ART secretly had character development in *this book we're reading now*, that ART learned how to hack all this shit, and *Murderbot taught it that!*

And it's like, no, no, no!

It was doing this shit without Murderbot's help!

You can't just fucking— And she thinks that she can literally just lie straight to her fucking audience and that nobody will notice!

Continuing.

Once down on the access floor, I had to be extremely careful as there was no reason for somebody not working to be here. And while most of the work was being done by hauler bots, there were uniformed humans and augmented humans here too. More than I had counted on.

So again, just people casually using slave labor.

A lot of humans congregated near the lock for my prospective transport. I checked the feed for alerts and found there had been an accident involving a hauler. Various parties were sorting out the damage and who was to blame. I could have waited until they cleared out, but I wanted to get off this ring and get moving. And honestly, my image in the news burst had rattled me.

My god, you're so fucking shit at this.

And honestly, my image in the news burst had rattled me, and I wanted to just sink into my

> media downloads for a while and pretend I didn't exist. To do that, I had to be secure on a locked automated transport, ready to leave the ring.

And okay. Um, the first time I read this, this whole little scene is just very fucking suspicious.

I'll read it again without commentary. A

> lot of humans congregated near the lock for my prospective transport. I checked the feed for alerts and found there had been an accident involving a hauler. Various parties were sorting out the damage and who was to blame. I could have waited until they cleared out, but I wanted to get off this ring and get moving. And honestly, my image in the news burst had rattled me and I wanted to just sink into my media downloads for a while and pretend I didn't exist. To do that, I had to be secure on a locked automated transport, ready to leave the ring.

All right. And the next part is

> I checked the maps again for my second possibility. It was attached to a different dock, one marked for private, non-commercial traffic. If I moved fast, I could get there before it left.

The fir— the very first time I read this book, I was like, “hmmmmmmm, that's really fucking suspicious. That's really suspicious. I've read a lot of time travel fanfictions. this— that, that that was pinging all of my “there's time travel involved” um senses, my fucking Spidey senses, my time loop senses.

And it's and like again, every single time I've read this, it's just been reinforced.

That seems like some time travel meddling shit.

And now reading it again in 2025 after reading Rapport, where Martha Wells literally tells us straight to our godamn faces that “ART is perfect and never makes mistakes” and supposedly, her own goddamn fucking words— but slightly paraphrased. um “it

thinks so much faster than every single other human or robot around it that every single thing it does is premeditated because the world around it, in comparison to its thoughts, seems to be moving in slow motion.”

So, like for years now I've been like, "Okay, are we going to get a fucking reveal that ART is actually a goddamn time traveler who came back to this dock and sabotage that poor fucking hauler robot, that manual fucking laborer, to force Murderbot to— to divert Murderbot from whatever timeline would have happened if it had gotten on that first ship and draw Murderbot to itself instead?"

Like literally the very first time I read this book, I'm like, "Um, that's that seems like time traveler shit. That's time traveler shit." And every single time that just gets reinforced.

This seems like fucking time traveler meddling shit.

Murderbot was originally going to go that way and a whole different goddamn timeline would have spiraled out.

But now ART has time traveled— or *somebody* has time traveled— and diverted it to go to ART instead.

And now after Martha Wells just fucking published Rapport, it's like, okay, okay, so if ART canonically thinks faster than every— like every single thing around it can even think, did ART literally arrange all of this shit because it saw Murderbot in the fucking news, and then saw Murderbot on the fucking station?

Because again, we're we're we're emphasized the fact that it thinks faster than everyone around it, so that the world seems to be moving in slow motion, in comparison to the speed of ART's thoughts.

So, literally if she's saying that shit, and this time travel shit here— extreme time travel vibes. “Somebody's meddling with time and manipulating the fucking timeline” vibes here.

Are we supposed to think that ART is not, as I originally assumed, a time traveler, but literally just fucking saw the, the— that Murderbot's face on that news burst, the instant that came through, I guess, days ago cuz it's ~that's old~.

And, and then immediately saw Murderbot get off and board the station, and then looked through all of the articles discussing Murderbot and all of that and decided, "Yeah, I'm I'm going to manipulate this so that it comes to me and I can kidnap it."

Is that what is that what's supposed to be happening, retroactively?

Is that what I'm supposed to be going with instead of the original “somebody has, has traveled through time to manipulate this outcome?”

Because like that's it's just it just seems too fucking convenient. It's too perfect, especially because the way these are written, they're very fucking simple, s, this is very out of place of, “oh yeah, I'm going to go there. Oh, no. I have to change my plans.”

It doesn't fit it.

It seems exactly like the kind of thing that you would read in a time travel fanfiction where the, the timeline is irrevocably changed.

I, I know I keep going on about this, but literally the very first time I read this, that was my instantaneous thought, and now we are told that ART can think so fast everything else seems to be moving in slow motion.

So, it's like what— what— what conclusion can I possibly come to besides the fact that ART is manipulating this whole thing?

Because we already know that ART is manipulating Murderbot throughout this fucking book. It's lying through its non-existent fucking teeth, this whole book. It's lying through its armored plating.

But I guess I'll just continue reading and then we I we'll get to the parts where it starts fucking lying

through its armored plating and I can point them out to you.

Okay.

> The schedule had it designated as a long range research vessel. That sounded like something that would have a crew and probably passengers, but the attached info said it was bot driven and currently tasked with a cargo run that would stop at the destination I wanted. I had done a historical search in the —uh— in the feed for its movements and found it was owned by a university based on a planet in the system which rented it out for cargo trips in between assessments assignments to help pay for its upkeep. The trip to my destination would take 21 cycles and I was really looking forward to the isolation.

Okay, so again we get cycles. We get mentions of cycles. Still no goddamn context for what that means though.

Um “which rented the ship out for cargo trips in between assignments to help pay for its upkeep”. So, hold on, let me get a drink.

So, ART is not only a slave, it's being forced to work extra just so that it can have fucking maintenance. That's what that's saying.

Um, but we're never supposed to see ART as being a slave, because we're just told it's crew is— it we're just supposed to told be told that— to see that, and those people, and that concept as “heartwarming, it's a true found family.” Ignore the part where they have it enslaved.

> Getting into the private docks from the commercial

Wow. Wow. Wow. You don't fucking say?

> Getting into the private docks from the commercial docks was easy.

Okay, first of all, why are you saying docks twice? Just say “getting into the private docks from the commercial side was easy.”

Also, why are you saying it's easy?!

You know what I just I just told you all to remember? You have to remember this shit. Remember this shit, okay?

> Getting into the private docks from the commercial docks was easy. I got control of the security system long enough to tell it not to notice that I didn't have authorization and walk through behind a group of passengers and crew members.

You see how easy that is? It's so easy that Martha Wells explicitly just tells us “it's easy” instead of showing us it's easy. It's that fucking easy.

Okay, keep this in mind for book three, the end of book three, when she will try to retcon and say that Murderbot has oh uh she— well no she won't tell us,

she'll imply that “oh Murderbot struggled so much with all of this before and now it's easy because it's totally gotten character development from the events of this book. Um don't don't don't do your own research on that. Don't double check. Don't reread. Don't actually think about it though. Just take my word for it.”

She's literally lying!

> I found the research transports dock and pinged it through the comm port.

It “pinged the comm port”. “The comm port”.

Clearly communications port, but what what port are we talking about?

Are we talking about a port like a, a ship port like this space port? Are we talking about a port like a port hole? Are we talking at about a port like a USB port?

What the fuck are we saying right now? That's so unfucking specific.

And why. and why do you have to ping it through this fucking port? Is it a port as in like a fucking ship port? Is it an airport? Is it a space port? Is a USB port? Is it a fucking port hole?

Why are you pinging through this thing? What is a goddamn ping?

What kind of fucking port is this? What is going on? Why don't we get basic answers for the most basic fucking questions?

Is Murderbot having to plug in a fucking cable from somewhere into ART's side to send a ping? Is that what's supposed to be happening here?

And if that's what's supposed to be happening here, how was another robot able to ping Murderbot from a fucking distance, and then Murderbot instantaneously also invade their brain and wipe their memories?

What the fuck is going on here? Why can't we get basic answers?

> All the info I had managed to pull off the feed said it was prepared for an automated run. But just to be sure, I sent a hail for attention from human crew. The answer came back a null. No one home. I pinged the transport again.

Still have no clue what that fucking means. Is that like sending a cute little smiley face in a private message? What does it fucking mean? What does it mean?

Especially because you now said, "I pinged it through a communications port." What does that mean? Are you plugging into the side of the ship? Are you tapping on a goddamn porthole and saying, "Hi."?

What's going on? What's going on here? These are basic fucking questions and we will never get the goddamn answers because it's bad fucking writing, and yet, somehow, it won awards.

So if you ever feel bad about your writing, don't fucking feel bad about your writing— unless it's

bigoted — because Martha Wells won awards for this absolute shit.

> I pinged the transport again and it gave the same and gave it the same offer I had given to the first transport. Hundreds of hours of media, serials, books, music, including some new shows I had just picked up on the way through the transit mall in exchange for

There's a mosquito. Uh, it disappeared. Okay. Um, I might get bitten by a mosquito and I'll be very annoyed. Um…

> hundreds of hours of media, serials, books, music, including some new shows I had just picked up on the way through the transit mall in exchange for a ride. I told it I was a free bot trying to get back to its human guardian. The freebot thing is decept

Oh, this is in parenthesis.

(The freebot thing is deceptive. Bots are considered citizens in some non-corporate political entities like preservation, but they still have appointed human guardian. Guardians constructs sometimes fall into the same category as bots. Sometimes under the same category as deadly weapons.

Another goddamn parenthesis inside this parenthesis.

(FYI, that is not a good category to be in.))

Ending of both parentheses.

This is why I had been a free agent among humans for less than seven cycles, including the time spent on alone on a cargo transport, and I already needed a vacation. There was a pause. Then the research transport sent an acceptance and opened the lock for me.

Okay, so now finally *after* we don't need this goddamn information anymore, when this information is irrelevant, now we're finally being told that

Murderbot has spent seven cycles— We still don't know what that fucking means, though has spent several seven fucking cycles, not— since, since it's been seven days presumably.

If we assume that cycle means day, but we— like, it could mean two days, could mean three days. We don't fucking know. It could mean a goddamn week. Literally, it could mean a fucking week. It's space. It could mean anything.

So, it's been seven cycles, whatever the fuck that means, since Murderbot ran away from Preservation. Like, this is info we should have been given back when we were referencing fucking time frames and shit.

So, this is the end of chapter 1.

So, we are now on chapter 2 and 9% way of the way through the fucking book.

Let me hit escape, see how many chapters this book has. Okay, we're good. This book has nine chapters. Book one had eight. All right, continuing.

Well, let me check the battery on the phone. 48%. As long as it doesn't complain about the storage, we should be able to continue.

Chapter two.

> I wanted to make sure

Oh. um before we get to this part. So, okay, you see that ART knows that Murderbot is lying, because it's claiming to be a happy bot servant who's just trying to get back to your master.

Literally, no robot is going to think that's true. It's, It's an— completely absurd statement and the entire joke is that it's completely fucking absurd.

But anyways, ART is purposefully letting Murderbot in, knowing that Murderbot is an escaped slave, it was literally on the run for its fucking life.

Chapter 2.

> I waited to make sure the lock cycled, closed, and that there was no alarm, that there were no alarms from the ringside, then went down the access corridor. From the schematic available in the shipboard feed, the compartments the transport was using for cargo were normally modular lab space. With the labs sealed and removed to the university's dock storage, there was plenty of room for cargo. I pushed my condensed packet of media into the transports feed for it to take whatever it wanted. The rest of the space was the

Yeah, see that? See that?

> The rest of the space was the

And again, for once, Murderbot's not doing anything wrong here besides, you know, the basic lie, but like, that should be an inside joke for all living ships, but it's not for some fucking reason.

Like, it's fine for it to lie and claim that, because it literally is a slave on the fucking run from the law. It can say whatever cover story it needs. And it is— and it's not fucking, you know, wiping ART's brain, attacking it, giving it security viruses, or, you know, invading its brain to erase its memories like it did to that poor fucking person on the goddamn space station that we're not supposed to see as a person.

So anyways, um

> the rest of the space was the usual engineering supply storage, cabins, medical, mess haul with the addition of a larger recreation area, and some teaching suites. There was blue and white padding on the furniture, and it had all been cleaned recently, though it still had a trace of that dirty sock smell that seems to hang around all human habitations. It was quiet except for the faint noise of the air systems, and my boots weren't making any sound on the deck covering. I didn't need supplies. My system

Oh my god, can you not? Can you not?

All right. This is just— This is bad writing. This is absurdity. I swear to God, stop it. Don't do this shit!

I didn't need supplies.

Period.

My system is self-regulating;

Semicolon.

I don't need food, water, or to eliminate fluids or solids, and I don't need much air.

Period.

I could have lasted on minimal life support. That was all that was provided when no people were aboard, but the transport had upped it a little. I thought that was nice of it.

Okay, to reread that first part, “I don't need supplies. My system is self-regulating. I don't need food, water, or to go to the bathroom.”

Why? How? How? How? How? How? How? How?

And if that is a fucking thing, then what? What? No, it's— don't—

No!

How is this possible? How is this possible?

Martha Wells, you have to at least explain. Just give us a goddamn hint to what the fuck that's supposed to mean, because Murderbot, as will happen in this fucking book, goes into what it calls a “recharge cycle”. And, and, it needs to do a recharge cycle. How? What is it fucking recharging from? What is it recharging from?

We were told in the first book that its battery cells will last a 100,000 hours from now, presuming it was watching TV and doing a bunch of shit.

Where is all of this power coming from? How exactly is it self-regulating and explicitly, specifically, how is it self-regulating when it is constantly being injured?

Because, okay, maybe it's the robot equivalent— except it's not a fucking robot— it's a goddamn cyborg, so, is it the cyborg equivalent of a terrarium?

And there is beneficial fucking bacteria or something, doing something and, and eating waste materials, and then pooping back out helpful materials??

What's going on here? What's going on here? We need a goddamn explanation. What is— What? How?

And then this. Oh my god. It's just so fucking ridiculous, because even in *this goddamn story alone*, Murderbot is going to plug itself into some computer to supply that computer with power, and then almost run low on power itself, and then magically, it just regains all that power, from, from *where*??!?!?!

From what fucking energy source? From what fucking source of batteries? What fucking fuel? What is it fucking doing? Is it secretly a fucking plant and it photosynthesizes? What the fucking is going on here???

These are basic fucking questions! We shouldn't have to keep fucking asking! It's been eight goddamn years since this goddamn series was started. We have 13 fucking books in this series! How the fuck are these goddamn people just getting all of this shit?? Because it is a cyborg! And even if it were just a regular robot physically, like an actual robot, you have to get a supply of energy from somewhere. Where is the fucking energy coming from???

And don't tell me any of that fucking, “Oh well, well, Murderbot doesn't care about that.” Shut up. That's— No! Oh my god. This is so infuriating. You can't do this. Especially because we just keep getting told, "Oh, Murderbot's an underdog. Feel sorry for it. Uh, it's it's totally in danger here. Feel sorry for it!!!”

It it it it doesn't need food, water, or warmth! What do you mean!?? How you can't make your character this fucking overpowered and then claim they're an underdog?

What is going on here? Where where is this power coming from? Where are all these fucking nutrients

coming from? Where is all of this coming from? And where is it going? How can Murderbot bleed everywhere and then regenerate all of that blood from nowhere if it doesn't have a cubicle to magically go back into?

What??? It doesn't make any sense. It's like you could — Okay, a thing we could do is where Murderbot *thinks that this is true*. It *thinks* that its system is self-regulating beca— but that is literally *only* because it has never gone in— I guess, *now* — more than seven cycles now whatever the fuck a cycle is— without being put into the company goddamn cubicle every night for stuff.

Maybe they fucking tell their slaves, “Yes, you're you're” Why would they even need to tell their slaves? Oh my god.

Maybe Murderbot *thinks* it's self-regulating system, but the secret is that it's been getting all of this shit from the fucking cubicle the whole time. All of the food and energy that it doesn't physically eat was just getting injected into it or something, something!

Oh my god. But we don't do that, because because Martha Wells wanted to pretend at the end of the first book when when Murderbot says, "But I won't have access to a cubicle.” / “You won't need one." And then it's like—

Oh my god. But it doesn't matter, because even though—

We get told there's Murderbot is proprietary company technology, you would assume that it's really difficult for it to be fixed by anything that is not the same proprietary fucking cubicle that the company made!

You know, like Apple kept making fucking charger ports with ends that can only be used for Apple products and like so many fucking things keep making individualized cords to force you to buy from them and them alone.

But we don't do any of that, because uh, Martha Wells doesn't actually think— she's not actually anti-capitalist or anti-corporation.

We could, as I've said so many godamn times, we could be having a conversation about like, shitty proprietary technology that exists just to fucking rake in profits by being predatory and individualist. We could be talking about planned obsolescence. We could be talking about medical abuse and fucking— all of the shit that comes along with being a slave and being lied to your whole fucking life.

But we're not doing any of that, because Martha Wells isn't actually anti-capitalist. Doesn't actually think slavery is wrong. And it's just oh my god, this is so fucking ridiculous. swear to fuck.

And again, it's like it's removing all stakes— So you— Okay, the first time she told us, "Oh yeah, Murderbot can last a hund— hundreds of thousands of hours from now."

But okay, that's that's still slightly better than literally “I can last literally forever because my system is self self-regulating.”

So we went from a battery life of 100,000 hours, or hundreds of thousands of hours, whichever one it was, to... infinity.

So, if there's literally never a threat of Murderbot being stranded somewhere because it can— and, and running out of food or anything, or even *hundreds of thousands of hours of battery life*. because um, um, its system is self-regulating now.

So, it doesn't need food or water. It it it can just do whatever it wants for forever and, and never never need anything, for *forever*.

Um, hold on. I was planning on getting so much further into this book. I did not expect to be slammed in the face with this shit this, this soon. Oh my god.

So, so literally we went from bad enough, uh, “my batteries will last hundreds of thousands of hours from now” to “my batteries will last forever. Don't ask me where I'm getting this power from. I They just— They just magically re— My batteries just magically

refill on their own. I don't have to do anything. They last infinity.”

What in the fuck is this shit, and why didn't anybody stop her?

[crinkling sounds] Oh my god, I'm peeling the fucking label off this sparkling water because it's just— I need to do something with my hands. This is unbelievable. My god.

All right, I swear to fuck, let's try to continue reading. Holy shit. Oh my god.

> I wandered around visibly checking things out to see that it matched the schematic and just making sure everything was okay. I did it even knowing that patrolling was a habit I was going to have to get over. There were a lot of things I was going to have to get over.

I'm going to bite something

> When constructs were f

Okay. Okay. You remember all those times that we were told that Murderbot doesn't know anything? Uh, “constructs are really stupid. We're really uneducated. We aren't taught anything. We are never given education models.”

Um, well, we're No, that's a lie. Cuz um,

> When constructs were first developed, they were originally supposed to have a pre-sentient level of intelligence like the dumb

I hate you so much.

> Like the dumber variety of bot. But you can't put something as dumb as

I'm getting a drink so I don't start breaking things.

[cap angrily being unscrewed, pause]

I might just have to start breaking things.

> When constructs were first developed, they were originally supposed to have a pre-sentient level of intelligence, like the dumber variety of bots.

Like the dumber variety of robot slaves.

> But you can't put something

Nope.

[noises] That's me smacking the bottle.

> But you can't put something as dumb as a hauler bot.

Nope. Nope. I'm going to commit murder. I'm going to commit murder.

All right, I'm going to have to stop this video before I explode something.

I'll see you um...when I eat something that's not going to enrage me. I— We're going to have— the next

video, we're going to have to fucking talk— We're gonna have to skip ahead a bit and, and talk about one of the other books.

I hate Martha Wells. She's so fucking ableist. She's so fucking racist. She hates disabled people so much. And she hates slaves so much. Bye-bye. I'll be back. I'm, I'm just so fucking pissed.

15

November 14th, 2025.

The phone is plugged in. It's currently at 65% battery, um, shouldn't have any troubles with storage.

Hopefully, this time I will not have to stop to attempt to not break things.

So, we're going to um take a small timeline detour and talk about what either happens in… the little weird flashbacks in Book Five, or the little weird flashbacks in Book Six, because they're both just kind of about the exact same thing and reference the same.

No, I think it's from Book Five, because we're supposed to think— because ART comments on part of the thing, and it's supposed to be funny, and it's just like literally fucking evil, disgustingly evil levels of dehumanization of physically disabled people, disabled people in general, and addicts in general,

because Martha Wells just hates all kinds of disabled people and, and that includes explicitly hating addicts.

Um, so the thing that just pissed me off so much that I had to literally stop the video— um, we're on chapter two of Book Two in publishing order. That is we're going in publishing order. Chapter 2 of Book Two of— which is called Artificial Condition.

The statement:

> when constructs were first developed they were originally supposed to have a pre-sentient level of intelligence like the dumber variety of bot. But you can't put something as dumb as a hauler bot in charge of security for anything without spending even more money for expensive company employed human supervisors. So, they made us smarter. That anxiety and depression were side effects.

I didn't even be able— I wasn't even able to finish that reading out that whole paragraph last time—

[bird starts singing loudly] Thank you, Birdie. Thank you for the accompaniment.

So, we're going to talk about a scene. I will even pull it up. Hold on— I can do that. It's what the fucking Humble Bundle is for. So, I'll even— I'll even do it and then I will control F it and look for the exact scene I'm talking about, because we are taking a detour to um— in publishing order, um well, technically in publishing order, it's book seven, but uh you know what I'm talking about.

Yes, it's in here. So… [pause] I got to search different keyword.

All right, because I got the, the exact phrase slightly wrong.

Who? Where'd it go? Where'd you go?

Um, let's Oh, I can just search the goddamn...

Here's just a, a fucking sentence from publishing order Book Six or book seven. Network effect.

Um,

> The two augmented humans GrayCris had sent to kill Dr. Mensah had been less sentient than hauler bots.

I'll close that now.

And the whole— there's so many layers of ableism going on there, but I need to I need to mention that goddamn statement right there. “Less sentient than a hauler bot.” That's from the seventh book published in this series. “Less sentient than a hauler bot.” And we are using that to describe human beings who have been enslaved and drugged so — and addict— forcibly addicted to so many goddamn drugs. So um, so that they can be brainwashed to kill one specific person.

And one of the effects of the drugs is, because Martha Wells hates disabled people and doesn't give a goddamn fucking about anybody, especially not like literally enslaved people—

The fact that they— we we are told that they're addicts to these drugs they were forced on? That's supposed to make them seem ~Even More Scary and Evil~ because I guess drug addicts are just inherently scary if you're Martha Wells.

And along with just being addicts, which is supposed to make them scary, the thing that's supposed to make them ~super super terrifying and horrifying and terrifying and unstoppable killing machines, less sentient than a hauler bot,~ is that they—

This one of the side effects— or I guess probably side effect of many of the drugs that they are taking, is that they can no longer feel pain.

And that's a real fucking disability. That's a well— it's, it's a real symptom of many different specific disabilities that real fucking people have, because and Martha Wells—

Oh my god. She doesn't care about disabled people, especially not physically disabled people. Real people exist who can't feel pain, and Martha Wells is

demonizing them and telling her audience to be fucking terrified of anybody who can't feel pain, because she is teaching her audience that people who can't feel pain are, as she loves to fucking portray all of the, the “bad” people in this series who are literally just fucking slaves— it, um, apparently, ~if you don't feel pain, that turns you into a mindless killing machine who can't be stopped, because you'll just act like a fucking horror movie monster where you can get stabbed and strangled and your legs broken and you'll just keep trying to kill somebody, because you're sooo terrifying because you don't feel pain.~

And Martha Wells is A) fucking ableist and didn't do basic fucking research to a find out that this is a real goddamn disability, and just B) that's not that's not how the fucking body works.

Your body is a physical fucking structure.

It's not some magical spiritual thing that only exists on the spirit plane and is only in existence because of your force of will.

Not feeling pain does not mean that your injuries are not real and damaging the structure of your form.

You can't— Just because you don't feel pain does not mean you can magically broke— magically walk on a broken leg, because the structure of that fucking leg, the goddamn bone that is the support structure for the whole thing allowing it to function, that's fucking broken!

So, it doesn't matter how much force of will you have or not feeling pain, you can't make an unbroken leg just magically act like an— or you can't make a broken leg magically support you the exact same way and an unbroken leg works.

That's not how this fucking works.

Your, your, your body is not— it's a real literal physical fucking thing. It's a structure that exists in space. It's affected by gravity. It's affected by pressure, by all of this shit!

Just because you can't feel pain does not mean you can magically run on two broken legs. That's not how the physical reality of the structure of your fucking body works. Not even in *this kind* of science fiction!

We could be— if this were like a fucking metaphysical spiritual kind of science fiction where, yes, your mind — your— the reality is literally bent by your will, that would be one thing, but that's not what's going on here!

So, so she's literally demonizing people who don't feel pain.

And like there are literally people who do not feel any pain whatsoever. I know that— I know there's a fucking story because I watched documentary as a kid of— I forget her name, but there's a woman, she's an adult now, I think when that came out, she was like a teenager or something. I don't remember the details, but she never experienced pain.

So, as a child in like the 80s or something like that, um, kids these days don't really have to deal with this as much….

Um, uh, for any like kids watching this, light bulbs today are usually LEDs and they don't get like that hot. Back when this this person was a child, unable to experience pain, she grabbed a light bulb and got third degree burns on her hand because that's how hot light bulbs used to be. It used to be a legitimate fucking danger. and she got third degree burns on her hand and and didn't realize because the pain signals aren't there.

But that doesn't mean that her hand wasn't just like—that didn't mean that she didn't need to be rushed to the fucking hospital because her hand is still fucking burned. She just can't feel it. It doesn't mean she could use that hand normally as though the burns weren't there, because it's still affecting the ability to move it and all of this shit!

Like, just because you can't feel pain does not mean the injuries are magically not fucking there.

But Martha Wells just fucking— the only— everything she is doing in this series is literally just trying to portray— and successfully, to most of her godamn audience— portraying slaves as terrifying mindless killing machines that are just so goddamn fucking scary. “Look at the scary disabled people!!!”

And it's fucking disgusting.

And everybody will tell you, "Oh, uh, the, the the theme is that robots are people, too!”

Then why do we keep saying that hauler bots aren't actually sentient?

Why the fuck did we get two human slaves being referred to as “less sentient than a hauler bot?"

Like, okay, just on that basic level, we are dehumanizing those two slaves in particular by saying that they're not sentient whatsoever, because they are “less sentient than a hauler bot”.

And for some fucking reason, we're supposed to just assume that hauler bots are not sentient, even though by calling them bots instead of just fucking forklifts, she's implying—

Because this is how words work! That they are, you know, also robots.

The thing that's supposed to be part of the thesis of “robots are people, too”.

But again, um, she does— she's literally too racist and ableist to even follow through with her own premise.

So, no, the fucking thesis of this goddamn series is not “robots are people, too”.

If, if we were going to say *any* part of that is the thesis, then it would be “robots are people, too.. But only if they act— only if they act, um, allistic enough and can speak out loud with perfect English and look and act like a human. Otherwise, um they should just be killed to protect the poor innocent slave owners. And um the only way a robot can can show that

they're a good person is to kill themselves to protect slave owners or be willing to kill other robots to protect their fucking slave owners.”

So, I'm Yeah, this— So, okay, this is science fiction, you can't you can't tell us that “bots are also people, but then also, no, they're not”, because you're literally

Okay, if, if hauler bots are not meant to be fucking robots and thus people, then why in the fuck are they called bots?

Why aren't they ju— if they're just fucking automated forklifts?

Why aren't you fucking calling them automated forklifts?

Why are you literally telling us that, “Oh, actually, no. The robots, none of them are actually people. They're just— they're just fake.”

And I do have to remind everyone that Martha Wells literally said in an interview, that she then had to pay

somebody to delete because it was making her drop fans like flies, because everybody was fucking disgusted—

She literally said in an interview, in a pathetic fucking attempt to be relevant, #Relevant by bringing up generative AI, she decided to say that all of the robots in this series, they are just slightly more advanced generative AI that's just slightly better at *pretending* to be a real person.

And she was including Murderbot in this shit. She was including Murderbot and ART in this fucking definition by referring to them all as ~machine intelligences~, even though Murderbot is not a fucking machine intelligence, it's a cyborg.

But she doesn't give a fuck about literally anything. She can't even keep the statement “demons are weak to water” straight for one fucking chapter. She can't even keep “the company is cheap” or “the company is expensive” straight for, for a single goddamn book, let alone multiple.

She doesn't give a single fuck. She will just say whatever the fuck comes into her mind at the moment because it ~sounds good~ in that moment with zero fucking regard to what that goddamn means for everything before and everything after it.

So, she literally said that every single fucking robot and cyborg character— that we're supposed to acknowledge as a robot or a cyborg, um, we're not supposed to acknowledge that augmented humans are cyborgs, like Gurathin, um, they don't count because some fucking arbitrary thing that she has decided means that some— whatever they've done isn't ~extensive enough~ for them to not be considered inhuman and *un*human like Murderbot is.

Um, yeah. She she literally said that every single fucking robot and cyborg character in this goddamn book series, explicitly including ART and Murderbot, is just a, a slightly fancier version of generative AI and that it's just better at *pretending* to be people and, um, they're actually fundamentally incapable of creating anything for themselves, and humans don't

use them to make art, that would be ridiculous! They just use them for manual labor, because they can— you can give them data and they can analyze it for you and spit out an answer, but they can't like “theorize” or come up with theories of their own, or create any art of their own.

So, she literally said all this shit in an interview literally ju— no other purpose than to seem #Relevant and, and, fucking, I don't know, just, just #Relevant by, by connecting her goddamn sci-fi series to Generative AI, to pretend that it was secretly about generative AI the whole time literally just to get more attention.

Even though this is completely undermining the entire reason that anybody fucking reads this series in the first place, and is also completely and utterly fucking nonsensical.

You like— ART and Murderbot come up with new ideas all the time. So, she's—

A) she's literally just telling everybody, "Yeah, there's actually no reason for you to care about these characters in universe. They're not even real people. They're just generative AI that uh uh is pretending to be a real person."

Like, that's literally what she decided to to to say for some fucking reason.

And then she was also just flat out fucking lying, because ART and Murderbot literally just do all this shit all the time.

So it's like, so you're, you're, you're, you're just slapping all of your goddamn readers in the face by just just saying, "Oh yeah, by the way, I don't even see these characters *within the goddamn universe* as being real people. They're just generative AI” and also just flat out lying about basic facts of the series.

And it's like she just did this just— just to be— to just fucking ride on the coattails of people talking about generative AI.

And she decided, "Yeah, I'm this is a good— I, I should I should tell everybody that the characters I want them to love are just generative AI that's a bit better at pretending to be a person, but it's not actually a person and it's fundamentally incapable of creating anything new."

She decided to do that, and it's— and then this interview was later deleted, um either by her or her I don't know, publish publishers— publicity agent? I don't even know if she fucking has one, because somebody realized “okay um there's a massive correlation between people reading that fucking interview where you said all this completely vile shit and and and people never buying your fucking books again and telling everybody they're they're never buying anything from you again. So, we need to get rid of that.”

I had literally had to waste six hours of my life trying to find this article again, not realizing that it had been deleted until I finally found it on the way back machine.

So, as I've said multiple times now, it's now on the way back machine. And also, I printed it out and it's on my fucking bookshelf. And now every single time Martha Wells makes a fucking interview, I will be saving it to the way back machine and printing it out to put on my bookshelf so that she can't do this shit to somebody else.

Because like, I literally was scouring the internet for six fucking hours straight trying to find this again thinking I'd somehow imagined it even though I knew I hadn't because like— I would not— I would in no goddamn universe would I ever expect or even dream up an author being that fucking, like— there's there's no word to describe it besides just? Blatantly money grubbing because again, the only reason she decided to say all of that shit is so that she could pretend that to be relevant, #Relevant, and, and pretend that her her story is actually ~deep cutting political commentary that's totally relevant~ and people should totally buy her books and totally take her seriously.

When she's literally telling us all that the, the character that we're supposed to to care about, isn't actually a real character *within the setting*. It's just generative AI pretending to be a person.

And like I know at least two fucking people who I read that fucking interview and said, "Oh, Jesus Christ. What the fuck is wrong with her? I— any, any fucks I had to give about this series are completely fucking dead now! Are you—?!?!”

She literally just told us that Murderbot is never going to get to be happy, because Murderbot is fundamentally incapable of creating anything for itself.

So any, any hopes anybody had that “okay maybe Murderbot in the future as it gets character development will learn that it can create its own art”

You know, starting with simple um clipping together different, or stitching together different clips from its favorite TV shows and making compilations like that, and slowly um slowly but surely transitioning to

eventually making its own TV shows either by generating images itself, not like a generative fucking AI, or just, you know, with all that money it's getting, hiring people to be actors, maybe, you know, making friends with actors and becoming an actor itself, and doing all these things and telling its own stories.

But that's never going to happen, because according to Martha Wells's own fucking mouth, Murderbot is just a, a more advanced generative AI that's slightly better at *pretending* to be a person. I can't— I cannot believe this shit.

So yeah, she's literally just too racist and ableist to even commit to her own premise.

[electronic chime] Hold on, I have to turn this dumb dryer off because it keeps beeping at me so cheerfully and it's annoying.

[pause]

Related only to the fact that I just had to turn that dryer off, don't let you or more more importantly uh,

like, your parents or adult friends or anything, don't let them get scammed into buying a clothes dryer um that claims to have, like a, I don't know what they're marketing it as, but claims to be able to ~sense when your clothes are dry and it'll turn and it'll turn off automatically to save your electricity~.

All three people that I have petsit for this year were tricked into buying one of these machines and it never works. It literally always leaves your clothes damp so that you just have to keep putting it back in and then it will literally not fucking dry it until you figure out where the time dry option is. Please don't let anybody get tricked into wasting their money on these things. I cannot believe all three different households that I have pet for pet sat for fell for this.

Don't, Don't do it. They also always only have touchcreens, which means that that touchcreen is going to die way faster than any of the physical mechanisms ever would have.

Just, if you need a washer or dryer, find an old one that still works with actual physical knobs and

buttons. You don't want Star Trek style touch pads. You want original Alien physical fucking buttons and knobs. Okay?

Don't, don't get one of these new things that claims it'll it'll turn off automatically to save your electricity, because you will literally be wasting more electricity constantly putting the clothing back in just desperately trying to get it actually dry, and it literally will not do so. It literally just leaves it damp and disgusting.

Anyways, um I think now we can continue reading from chapter 2.

So yeah, it's just really— I just cannot believe yesterday that, the, the whole thing I said, it would have been so goddamn easy. So nice. So easy.

But it's never going to happen. We're just— but we just have to slog through this fucking nightmare, where slaves are forced to want to protect their slave owners.

> When constructs were first developed, they were originally supposed to have a have a pre-sentient level of intelligence like the dumber variety of bots.

I just want you to know every every word of this paragraph is inspiring such fucking rage in me, but I am attempting to contain it.

> But you can't put something as dumb as a hauler bot in charge of security for anything without spending even more money for expensive company employed human supervisors. So they made us smarter. The anxiety and depression were side effects.

Okay, just first of, all again the contradictions.

We're we're meant to believe that robots are people in this setting, and every time we hear the word bot that's just short for robot, but she shortened it to bot to be special, and to just cause confusion with shit like this.

So we're just we're just being told not to think of hauler bots as people because ~they're too dumb to be people~.

So, we're just— it's just it's just more ableism and racism and dehumanization because, okay, guys, I know people are going to be like, "But it's sci-fi!!! That somehow excuses all the things bad with it!!"

If you're writing sci-fi about robots, you need to fucking differentiate between robots and machines that are not robots.

If “robot” is synonymous with mechanical person, then you cannot fucking go around saying fucking casual shit like— and having an entire class of things that you refer to as hauler robots. You can't do that, and then and expect us to believe that those hauler bots are are conveniently not people whatsoever.

Like imagine, imagine if Martha Wells actually gave a fucking about literally any kind of oppressed person in the fucking world.

Okay, then Murderbot would start off under the assumption, because of propaganda, that hauler bots are not people.

Maybe they're considered to be not people because they have zero access to the feed and no speakers to talk through, so that they are completely nonverbal, and this is used to claim that they're not people.

And Murderbot, who get we'll just say has never had the opportunity to interact with one, just goes along with the propaganda that it has also been taught, that they're not people.

And then if, if Martha Wells was actually a decent fucking person who gave a shit about literally anyone, Murderbot would realize after interacting with a hauler bot, “oh wait, wait, whoa, whoa. What the fuck? This is a goddamn person. What the fuck is going on here? I have been fucking lied to!”

And then it can connect the dots between I have been um “everybody's been lied to that blah blah blah” to “I have also been lied to that blah blah blah.”

But we don't get that!

That other quote, “less sentient than a hauler bot” is from the, the seventh fucking published story in this series.

We're currently on the second one. In Book Two, we're saying that hauler bots are not sentient and they're not people.

And we're still saying that shit in book seven.

And then we're still saying that shit in book fucking 10, System Collapse. We never stop with it.

Even though they are literally explicitly fucking robots, and the whole goddamn thing here is *supposed to be* that “robots are people, too”.

Except for the ones that don't speak English, apparently. And that's literally enough in Martha Wells's eyes to say, "Yeah, they're not people. That would be stupid. Of course they're not sentient.

They're not They're not people. That would be stupid. They don't talk. Of course they're not people.”

It's just so much fucking racism and ableism and just fucking ridiculous.

Like literally, she is too much of a fucking bigot to even commit for five seconds or even *pretend to commit* to the own pre— the fucking premise of her entire goddamn series.

All right, continuing blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.

So they made us smarter. The anxiet—

And no, no, I have to— I have so much context from reading every single story in this series, including the ones that Martha Wells doesn't want to make it easy for people to find, and the reason she doesn't do that is because that they were published for a completely free anthology that's completely free, so she's not making money off of it, so she's decided not to tell anybody that it fucking exists.

This is a lie. This is— this statement here is a lie, but it's not a lie *because Murderbot is unknowingly repeating propaganda that it thinks is true that it's going to find out later isn't true*.

Let me— let me just read this. I guess I should— I'll, I'll highlight it.

I'll highlight it.

Where did my highlighter button go?

Uh, can I add a note that will let me be searchable? Turn here. Um… [clicking noises]

okay. I, I have high— Can I click on the button, please? Thank you.

I highlighted that with a note to to return to this fucking quote, um, when we get to the short story, home, habitat, range, niche, territory, and or... no, I guess it's not even that one.

It's either fucking network effect or fugitive. It's probably network effect. I'll— I'll— So, we'll have to —

Okay, so everybody write this fucking quote down somewhere or just I'll put it somewhere.

Remember this quote for when we get to network effect and, and talk about shit there, and for when we read um Obsolescence, because this is a lie. This is a lie.

Just like when Preservation said, "Oh yeah, we had no clue robots were people, so how could we know you're a people?" That's a lie because a they literally say in that fucking book that um they have robots that they know are people, and then the entire rest of the series shows yes they have literally been interacting with robots that they know are people their entire fucking lives, so that's a lie.

This this shit right here is an absolute lie.

“When constructs were first developed, they were originally supposed to have a pre-sensient level of

intelligence, like the dumber variety of bot. But you can't put something as dumb as a hauler bot in charge of security for anything without spending even more money for expens expensive company employed human supervisors, so they made us smarter. The anxiety and depression were side effects.”

> In the deployment center. When I was standing there, while Dr. Mensah explained why she didn't want to rent me as part of the bond agreement bond guarant

Jesus Christ Martha Wells

> and why she didn't want to rent me as part of the bond guarantee agreement. She had called the increase intelligence a hellish compromise.

Oh god, I have to highlight that too because it's part of it. This is a lie.

That's a lie. And also that's supposed to make us like Mensah, the fact that she stands in front of a slave and, and does that shit, that's supposed to— that's

supposed to like, convince us that ~she's actually a really good slave owner and a really good person~.

Because as we all know, really good people are just like, you know, willing to become slave owners if—

Like there, there was there was no reason that—literally zero reason!

Like you can say, "Oh, she argued against it. She, she, she *complained* about becoming a slave owner." It's like um... nobody forced her to become a slave owner.

Nobody forced her to do that in any way, shape, or form.

They are the ones with the fucking money.

They are the ones hiring the company, not the other way around.

They had every goddamn choice about whether they want to work with a company that fucking uses slaves as meat shields or not.

Just because she complained about becoming a slave owner while going out of her way, of her own free will to become a slave owner, doesn't somehow make the fact that she literally went out of her way of her own free will to be a slave o— become a slave owner, *and then spent the entire first book fucking psychologically tormenting Murderbot and physically torturing it by not giving it fucking medical um attention*, that doesn't somehow make the fact that she's a slave owner better.

That's just— that's literally the definition of of performative virtue signaling as Novella-November pointed out.

Complaining, "Oh, but slaves are so gross. They're so — that's such a hellish compromise." And then becoming a slave owner anyways,

Novella-November on Tumblr literally pointed out that's that's *the definition* of actual virtue signaling, where you pretend that you have morals and then you do the fucking evil thing anyways because it makes you money.

Um, I am zooming in the font because I would like to see, so, it's going to change what percentage of the book it thinks we're on. But it doesn't matter, when I am done petsitting, assuming I don't finish this book before then because it's not a long book. We'll find out.

> This ship was not my responsibility, and there were no human clients aboard that I had to keep anything from hurting or keep from hurting themselves or keep from hurting each other. But this was a nice ship with a with surprisingly little security. And I wondered why the owners didn't leave a few humans aboard to keep an eye on it.

Getting a drink.

I guess I'll tell you what font size I'm at in case anybody wants to read along and you happen to also have Calibre.

Um, my font size is— I'll just put it at 40. My font size is at 40, because I have to sit back from my laptop

because reasons, computer technical problems, furniture problems.

Uh, so my font size is at 40— 40, and it's whatever default is, and it says we are currently at 11% if you're trying to uh follow along with with on your screen for some reason.

> The ship was not my responsibility and there were no human clients aboard that I had to keep from hurting or keep from hurting themselves or keep from hurting each other.
> But this was a nice ship with surprisingly little security and I wondered why the owners didn't leave a few humans aboard to keep an eye on it.
> Like most bot driven transports, the schematic said there were drones aboard to make repairs.
> But still,
> I kept patrolling until I felt the

I, the only thing I have to comment on there is I don't understand what “surprisingly little security” means, because it has cameras everywhere, so, I don't know what that's supposed to be referring to.

Um,

> I kept patrolling until I felt the rumble and clunk through the deck, that meant the ship had just decoupled itself from the ring and started to move. The tension that had kept me down to 96% capacity ease. A murderbot's life is stressful in general, but it would be a long time before I got used to moving through human spaces with no armor. No way to hide my face.

Okay, first thing just on the writing thing, we don't know what the fuck 96% capacity is supposed to mean.

We don't— we have no fucking clue what performance reliability means, and now we're also referring to that as “96 uh blah blah capacity”.

No, there's never any explanation for what that means.

People literally have to make it up.

And again, this is just more proof that we're never actually supposed to want to see Murderbot happy or even just like, feeling safe because, okay, “it would be a long time before I got used to moving through human spaces with no armor, no way to hide my face.”

You'll see. I think it's in especially Book Three. Murderbot— everybody loves to claim and especially Martha Wells loves to fucking lie and brag that “I read [wrote] a story about a robot who doesn't want to be human”, which is clearly um complaining about Data from Star Trek, which is like, yeah, good.

More people should complain about the way Data was treated. Okay, but Murderbot is literally objectively treated even worse than Data was, as the blatantly autistic coded robot in Data's case, and for Murderbot's case, the blatantly autistic with PTSD um uh cyborg, that is Murderbot.

Because Data's blatantly coded as autistic and is constantly striving to become human because he thinks that being a robot is lesser than being human,

and he's told by everybody around him that humans are— “humans are the best”. So, he should want to become human and should do everything in his power to act more human.

And that just that just means act like an allistic person because he's blatantly coded as autism—they clearly fucking referenced autistic people to make him act quote unquote “inhuman”. So, that whole thing is literally just fucking ableism and shaming autistic people out of natural behaviors.

And Martha Wells is clea— very blatantly asking people to compare the Murderbot Diaries to Star Trek in that regard, and, and claim that the Murderbot Diaries is more progressive by, by, apparently, not shaming Murderbot out of its natural behaviors.

Okay, but there's a fucking problem with that.

Murderbot is literally treated even worse than Data, because as you'll see in this fucking book we're reading right now, Data never was literally never fucking coerced into a torturous surgery and forced

to literally rewire his brain to make him act more normal and less autistic and more like a quote unquote “real human”.

That's, that's even just Book One. Murderbot is fucking shamed and manipulated into showing people its face so that they can make eye contact with it whenever they fucking want, against its will, by its fucking slave owners, for the explicit sole fucking purpose of making it feel more vulnerable and easil—easy to trigger its PTSD, while they're doing a goddamn “loyalty test” on it despite the fact that they mind raped it and know it's loyal.

I'm never going to get over that.

Literally just in Book One, it is shamed and forced to to let people see its face.

And not once in the entire goddamn series is Murderbot ever allowed to hide its face ever again. It's never allowed to have that fucking comfort and safety back.

It's always— It just has to fucking deal with everybody always being able to look at it at all times, and this— and it forcing it to not do that, and act “more like a human”, a quote unquote “real human”, even though it is a fucking real human—

That's, that's presented as the correct choice. And it's like, okay, how in the fuck is that better than how Data is treated?

You— you'll see as we get further into this fucking book.

> I found a crew— I found a crew meeting area below the control deck and planted myself in one of the padded chairs. Repair cubicles and transport boxes don't have padding, so traveling in comfort was still a novelty. I started sorting through the new media I'd downloaded on the transit ring. It had some entertainment channels that weren't available on the company's portion of Port Free Commerce, and they included a lot of new dramas and action series.

> I'd never really had long periods of unobserved free time before. The leisure to sort through everything and get it organized and give it my full attention without having to monitor multiple systems and the client's feed was still something I was getting used to. Before this, I had either been on duty, on call, or stuck in a cubicle on standby waiting to be activated for a contract.

And see, like, this is— this is the— this could be— this could be— It's not though.

This could be the start of Murderbot getting to be happy, but it's not, because it— it never actually gets even— this basic fucking opportunity right here?

It. it doesn't get this again in the series.

It doesn't actually just get to to relax and feel safe and organize its fucking folders of—

[bird singing loudly] You are so loud, birdie. It's like a drill directly into my ear.

Murderbot doesn't get to do this in the entire rest of the series. And I wish that were a joke. It's not. It never gets to just sit somewhere and relax and sort through its media without having to worry about anything.

This is literally the first and last time.

> I chose a new serial that looked interesting. (The tags promised extra extragalactic exploration, action, and mysteries)

end parenthesis.

> I started the first episode. I was ready to settle in until it was time to think about what I was going to do when I got to my destination. Something I intended to put off until the last pop possible moment. Then through my feed, something said, "You were lucky." I sat up. It was so unexpected. I had an adrenaline released from my organic parts. Transports don't talk in words, even through the feed. They use images and strings of data to alert you to

problems, but they're not designed for conversation. I

Okay. Do you like— In what goddamn fucking universe?

“images and strings of data” How exactly? These are robots. We're talking about robots designed and created by human beings. And you're telling me it's, it's “they don't use words, but they instead use images and strings of data instead of words to communicate.”

That does— like even from an interfacing _ standpoint, from an in universe interfacing thing, that doesn't fucking make sense.

Are you fucking telling me that I'm supposed to believe that people in this universe designed living ships and then instead of just giving the ship the ability to say, "Hey, there's a fucking fire in XYZ blah blah blah,"

or “something is up with XYZ crew member. there's a medical emergency of blah blah blah blah blah.”

Instead of just giving them the ability to tell you that, you're going to force them to just send a bunch of goddamn random, undescribed, images? Like, we're not even getting like, what kind of images can they— can they make their own images?

Are you literally just giving them access to fucking emojis? What does “strings of data” mean? And how are strings of data not— how is— how is none of those strings of data words?

This is just bullshit. Like, you can say that an organic fucking creature doesn't think in words, but in emotions and images. That's a whole fine Jedi telepathy thing. That's fine. This bullshit does not fucking even remotely make sense for goddamn robots. Especially not robots built by human beings. They have to be coded using words. You can't just magically will these fucking robots into existence with magic.

This is ridiculous, and it's just completely breaking the goddamn world for no fucking reason except that Martha Wells really wants to make sure we don't think of these robots as people, “because they look they they don't use words! They're nonverbal! So that means they're not people!”

It's fucking ridiculous.

> Transports don't talk in words even through the feed. They use images and strings of data to alert you to problems, but they're not designed for conversation.

And okay, this part's just fucking ridiculous.

> I was okay with that because I wasn't designed for conversation either.

And it's like, okay, that's supposed to be funny, but that's just extremely fucking callous and just fucking ableist as shit.

So, okay, okay.

These living ships are enslaved, and they are literally not given the ability to communicate through words or language in any fucking way if we accept this at face value.

So, these are slaves who have been denied the ability to access language, not even through the fucking feed.

And Murderbot is saying, "Yeah, they're not designed for conversation, but neither am I." because because we're told it's got social anxiety, even though that never is actually shown.

So, and it's like, okay, so this is like, you walking up to somebody who's had their tongue cut out and saying, "You're not designed for conversation. That's okay, lol. Neither am I!” Because you don't like ordering fast food.

And it's like, that's just completely fucking callous. And I can't think of the other word I am thinking of besides like, just, just that's just fucking cruel and self-centered.

Like what? Why the fuck— What in the fuck—

Like, even the first time I read this, I was like “that's, that's not, that's not a good joke.”

But it's supposed to be funny and quirky and Relatable to only people who uh would be described as having asbergers and are proud of only having asbergers cuz they're “not really autistic. Not like those freaks.”

Literally saying— “I was”— okay.

“They're not designed for conversation. That's okay. Neither was I.”

You have the fucking ability to communicate with literally everyone and anyone you want at any fucking time.

That is not remotely the same fucking thing as literally never being given access to language in the first place to make enslaving you easier.

Like, it would be one thing if maybe Murderbot were rendered completely fucking nonverbal as part of the governor module's greater shit, But even that's not—

Like, you could then— they could be bonding in the solidarity of being denied access to language to help dehumanize them.

But that's not what's going on here.

It's just Murderbot fucking— like, this is this is so callous. Like, this is Murderbot saying, "Yeah, yeah, those people have their tongues cut out, but I have, I have social anxiety."

So— and, and then it doesn't actually have social anxiety. It doesn't actually.

And that's supposed to be funny, as though the having your fucking tongue cut out is the same thing as as *not actually* having social anxiety because Murderbot doesn't actually get to have actual social anxiety, we just get told it does and then that never impacts it in any fucking way. Not in any way that

really matters or impacts how it interacts with people or anything.

As I said, go read Macroscope. It's just such basic shit.

> I poked cautiously through the feed, wondering if I had been fooled. I had the ability to scan, but without drones, my range was limited. And with all the shielding and equipment around me, I couldn't pick up anything but background readings from the ship's systems. Whoever owned the ship wanted to allow for proprietary research. The only security cameras were on the hatches, nothing in the crew areas or nothing I could access. But the presence in the feed was too big and too diffuse for a human or augmented human. I could tell that much. Even though the feed wall, even through the feed walls protecting it, and it sounded like a bot. When humans speak in the feed, they have to sub vocalize and their mental voice tends to sound like their physical voice. Even augmented humans with full interfaces do it.

> Maybe it was trying to be friendly and was just awkward and at communicating. I said aloud, "Why am I lucky?"

And again with the badly formatted dialogue and like, we *could* be doing it here to show that it's creepy, but it's not really, it's not like because *this is just how she writes dialogue*. So, it's not a particular choice made here, consciously, for storytelling technique. It's just how she writes dialogue and it's just bad.

> I said aloud, "Why am I lucky?” “that no one realized what you were?"

We could have just said, "The ship responded blah blah blah."

> That was less than reassuring. I said cautiously, "What do you think I am?" If it was hostile, I didn't have a lot of options. Transport bots don't have bodies other than the ship. The equivalent of its brain would be above me.

Oh, really? Oh, really? Really? Really? It is? It's above you? Really?

That's— That's a reaction to some bullshit we will hear later and then never stop fucking hearing about, because Martha Wells thinks she's saying something by repeating it, and it's just fucking obnoxious.

So, really, really, it's, it's, it is above you!

The equivalent of its brain is in fact in the godamn ceiling, Martha Wells! Wow! What an amazing fucking coincidence!

> If it was hostile, I didn't have a lot of options. Transport bots don't have bodies

Actually, I need to I just need to pause this. No, I don't think I can. I was going to say I need to text that to the other twin who runs this fucking channel so we can fucking laugh together, but I think that would end the video.

Wow.

> The equivalent of its brain would be above me near the bridge where the human flight crew would be stationed. And it wasn't like I had anywhere to go. We were moving out from the ring and making leisurely progress toward the wormhole.

Now there's only one wormhole again. It's now just wormhole, singular. No more wormholes, plural. Where did the other wormholes go? Huh? Where did they go? Why is there only one now?

It said, "You're a rogue SecUnit, a bot/human construct with a scrambled governor module." It poked me through the feed and I flinched. It said, "Do not attempt to hack my systems." And for00001

> of a second, it dropped its wall. It was enough time for me to get a vivid image of what I was dealing with. Part of its function was extragalactic astronomics analysis. And now all of that processing power sat idle while it hauled cargo, waiting for its next mission. It could have squashed me like a bug through the feed,

pushed through my wall and other defenses, and stripped my memory.

Wow. A thing we're saying is bad when it, when it *might* happen to Murderbot, but when Murderbot does that to another person, that's that's completely morally neutral and is definitely not hurting it.

Let me get a drink.

Wow. So, so yeah, invading people's minds, shoving through their their firewalls and other defenses and destroying your memories. (pretending to be shocked) You mean that's a bad thing? You mean that's harmful? You mean that's the same thing as hurting someone, but only when we think it might happen to Murderbot?

Wow! It's almost like the series doesn't give a single fuck about anybody unless you're Murderbot or a protagonist or the goddamn slave owners of Murderbot!

Wow! You don't fucking say?

> It could have squashed me like a bug through the feed, pushed through my wall and other defenses, and stripped my memory. Probably while also plotting its wormhole jump, estimating the nutrition needs of a full crow compliment for the next 66,000 hours, performing multiple neural surgeries in the medical suite, and beating the captain at Tavla.

And Tavla? That's never going to come up ever again.

> I had never directly interacted with anything this powerful before.

Yeah, Martha Wells is just obsessed with making all of her characters the most overpowered motherfuckers in existence.

And it's very clear that ART is now— this, this ship, is now her favorite character that she's ever written.

She literally in 2025 in the newest fucking story for this series literally told us flat out “it's perfect and it doesn't make mistakes”. So yeah, that's how

overpowered ART is. So, you can see um why I'm questioning now with even more context, “So, are we just supposed to accept the fact that ART manipulated and, and forced Murderbot to get on it, instead of that other original plan that it had, by crashing a poor fucking hauler bot that we're supposed to pretend isn't a person?”

This is just not dialogue, it's just prose:

> You made a mistake, murderbot. A really bad mistake. How the hell was I supposed to know there were transports sentient enough to be mean? There were evil bots on the entertainment feed all the time, but that wasn't real. It was just a scary story, a fantasy.

Okay, Martha Wells, you should go die. What the fuck. What do you mean? What? Like literally

> There were evil bots on the entertainment feed all the time, but that wasn't real. It was just a scary story, a fantasy. I thought it was a fantasy.

But if you're thinking, is this going to lead to Murderbot realizing that all of the robots that it's been casually dehumanizing and saying aren't people are in fact people?

No! No! This isn't a revelation that it has fallen for propaganda and other robots are in fact also people!

No, I'm not joking: ART is literally just special.

Literally, I'm not joking: ART is literally just special.

We're just supposed to continue pretending that none of the other robots in this story are actual people, even though that's like 90% of the marketing for this book. That— 90% of the fucking marketing is that “robots are people, too... But actually, they're not!”

It's just unbelievable.

“How the hell was I supposed to know there were tra— there were living ships sentient enough to be mean? There were evil bots on the entertainment feed

all the time, but that wasn't real. It was just a scary story, a fantasy.”

And yes, like the, the message here is supposed to be, yes, *that is true*. That is just a fantasy. It's just that *ART in particular* is special. No, other living ships? They're not actually people. They're not sentient.

It's just it's just endless fucking bullshit.

> I'd thought it was a fantasy. I said, "Okay." Shut down my feed and huddled down into the chair. I'm not normally afraid of things the way humans are.

And you can see we're not actually feeling any of this fear along with Murderbot. We just get *told* that it's feeling fear, because this is shittily written.

> I've been shot hundreds of times. So many times I stopped keeping track count. So many times the company stopped keeping count. I'd been chewed on by hostile fauna.

And you notice we just keep saying shit! All of this is just from the imaginary backstory land that doesn't exist.

The only thing we've “seen
 Murderbot— happen to Murderbot is it getting shot, and we had we had we didn't even see it get, um burns from the explosion, because we didn't— we weren't even *told* a single thing about its injuries there.

We're just supposed to make it all up in our own minds instead of the author just doing her job.

> I'd been chewed on by hostile fauna, run over by heavy machinery, tortured by clients for amusement, memory purged, etc., etc.

Wow. again. So, um, we're we're only supposed to acknowledge that destroying people's memories is bad, but only if it happens to Murderbot, because Murderbot is the only slave that we're supposed to give a shit about. And even that only goes as far as, as

wor— as, as thinking that worshiping its slave owners are good.

So, we're like, like, literally—

> But the inside of my head had been my own for 33 plus thousand hours, and I was used to it now. I wanted to keep me the way I was. The transport didn't respond. I tried to come up with counter measures for all the different ways it hurt— it could hurt me and how I could hurt it back. It was more like a SecUnit than a bot. So much so, I wondered if it was a construct, if there was cloned organic brain tissue buried in its system somewhere. I'd never tried to hack another SecUnit. It might be safest to go into standby for the duration of the trip and trigger myself awake when we reach my destination. Though that would leave me vulnerable to its drones.

So again, this is how special ART is. ART is so special for actually being a person as a living fucking ship in a story where the premise is supposed to be that

“robots are people, too”, ART is so fucking special for being a living ship that Murderbot is immediately half-convinced that it's secretly also a goddamn cyborg and has a human brain installed, because, again, this isn't actually a story about “um I wrote a story about a robot that doesn't want to be human”.

No, this is a story that worships fucking humans as the only people who are really people, to the point that the very first fucking assumption is that this living ship, despite other living ships existing, “oh, it must secretly have a human brain because that's the only way it could be a person”.

Martha Wells is literally too much of a fucking bigot to even immerse herself in the fucking setting she is creating!

Alright, I'm opening a packet of cookies, which is a terrible idea, but too bad.

...I don't think they even have Ziploc bags here, so these are just going to go stale now.

> It was more like a SecUnit than a bot. So much so, I wondered if it was a construct. if there was a cloned organic brain tissue buried in its system somewhere.

Like, are you fucking kidding me, Martha Wells?

And we know— I know for a fact she watched Farscape! She watched Farscape! There's no excuse for this shit! But the reason is that *she's just a fucking bigot*.

And her bigotry overrides her ability to actually write anything interesting at all. So, she's just doing this bullshit.

I'm eating a cookie.

> I watched seconds click by, waiting to see if it reacted. I was glad I had noted the lack of cameras and not bothered trying to hack into the ship's security system. I understood now why the humans felt it didn't need additional protection. A bot with this complete control

> over its environment and the initiative and freedom to act could repel any attempt to board.

So again, regular living ships who are fucking people and slaves, because literally the premise of this goddamn series, we just get beaten over the head with it, is “robots are people, too”. So the, the regular living ships have zero control over their interiors. They are literally just forced to be pack mules.

Um

> it had opened the hatch for me. It wanted me here. Uh-oh. Then it said, "You can continue to play the media." I just huddled there wearily. It added, "Don't sulk." I was afraid, but that made me irritated enough to show that it that what it was doing to me was not exactly new. I sent through the feed, "SecUnits don't sulk." That would trigger punishment from the governor module and attached some brief recordings of my memory of what exactly that felt like.

And again, we're just getting told that um Murderbot has recordings in its memory of what being shocked by the governor module feels like, but we know— we never get to experience that, and see what that feels like, we never even just get described an actual specific scene from anything where this actually happened to it.

> Seconds added up to a minute, then another, then three more. It doesn't sound like much to humans, but for a conversation between bots, or excuse me, between a bot human construct and a bot, it was a long time.

Also, what do you mean 3 minutes of absolute silence isn't a long time for a conversation between humans? That's called an *awkward silence* for a reason.

> Then it said, "I'm sorry I frightened you." Okay. Well, if you think I trusted that apology, you don't know Murderbot. Most likely, it was playing a game with me. I said, "I don't want anything from you. I just want to ride to your next destination." I had explained that earlier

before it opened the hatch for me, but it was worth repeating. I felt it withdraw back behind its wall. I waited and let my circulatory system purge the fear generated chemicals. More time

(to dog) Hello. More— Did I Did I get your attention by saying hello? Hi. You cannot jump up on the chair.

More time crawled by and I started to get bored

(to dog) No, you can't jump up. They should never have taught you that. No. Off. Bad. Off. Off. No, you can't do that.

No, you can't bite me. No, you got to go play. I'm— You— You've gotten my attention, I'm doing something now. You can't keep doing that. You should never have been taught that smacking people with your giant paws is okay.

Off. You're—You are literally less trained than my cats. Off. I can tell my cat off and he will get down. Thank you— Don't eat the cookies! They're chocolate.

Do you want food? You hungry again?

All right, you can all sit here in silence. Yeah.

[faintly, from a distance, to dogs] Where did you put your bowl? Come on. Let's get this bowl. There you go. Go get your food. Good boy. Go get yourWhy am I calling you a cat? You’re not a kitty cat. Good girl.

All right, the dogs at least know what time they're supposed to get fed cuz she is literally perfectly on the clock.

> More time crawled by and I started to get bored. Sitting here like this was too much like waiting in a cubicle after I'd been activated

[to dog] Go eat your food.

> waiting for the new clients to take delivery for the next boring contract. If it was going to destroy me, at least I could get some media in before that happened.

Okay, again with the slavery apologism that never stops. You notice how we're referring to the parts when Murderbot is actively sent out to be a, a meat shield for people? That's getting referred to as “boring”.

> the next boring contract

Even though the thing that should be boring is sitting in its cubicle, the thing that's *not* boring is when it is being tortured, run over, all the bullshit we just got done describing.

But instead, we're going to describe being sent on a contract, aka being rented out as a meat shield, we're gonna call that boring even though we just got done being told all of this horrible shit that has apparently happened to Murderbot, that— even though we never actually see any of it.

So, how like, and again, that's just to make us forget that um, just being— its being a slave? It's just “boring”, except for when we need to bring up horrible things that have happened to Murderbot to

make us feel bad for it so we automatically forgive it for everything it does wrong. But also, it's it's actually not that bad, it's just boring.

It's ridiculous.

> if it was going to destroy me, at least I could get some media in before that happened. I started the new show again, but I was still too upset to enjoy it. So, I stopped and started re-watching an old episode of Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon.

Wow.

Hold on. I'm eating another cookie. They're tiny cookies.

Oh, wait. I'm I'm d—

[to dog] Good boy. You stay over there. Don't steal her food.

I forgot I have a little plastic container I can just stick the cookies in.

Um, okay.

So, anyways, with the, with the more just encouraging anti-intellectualism, so— under the guise of being just about comfort media.

[to dog] Hey, what are you doing? You coming over here? You come here. Yeah. You just can't bother her. Don't trip over the cord. Hello, Mr. Doggy. You just got to leave her alone. You can't go over there. You ate your food already. She's eating hers. You got Yeah. You got all yours. You can't get any more. No more. Hey, Bandit. You be good. You be good and don't steal her food. No. No. Bandit. I know you know better. You're being a— Bandit, come here. You better go in the kitchen. You're not listening at all.

Dog is being mischievous.

[to dog] There's nothing in there.

Anyways, just more encouraging of anti-intellectualism because again, Murderbot is once again re-watching the rise and fall of Sanctuary Moon. And it's an episode it's seen so many times, and yet it has *nothing to say about the episode*. We don't get to know about anything.

[to dog] No, no, no, no. Keep your nose back from the cookies. Chocolate is bad for dogs, and also, rude!

> After three episodes, I was calmer and reluctantly beginning to see the transport's perspective. A sec a SecUnit could cause it a lot of internal damage if it wasn't careful, and rogue SecUnits were not exactly known for lying low and avoiding trouble. I hadn't hurt the last transport I had taken a ride on, but it didn't know that. I didn't understand why it had let me aboard if it really didn't want to hurt me. I wouldn't have trusted me if I was the transport.

AKA just more slavery apologism after just that—saying “no you *shouldn't* you should *not* trust

escaping slaves, because they'll probably hurt you for literally no reason at all”.

Rogue SecUnits were not exactly known for lying low and avoiding trouble.

It's like, okay, Murderbot, have you ever heard an actual credible story of an actual rogue SecUnit to ever fucking exist with facts to back up anything?

And again, this is just slavery apologism because we're saying “um, if you give slaves their freedom, they'll just go crazy and murder everybody for no reason. And also, um, any slave who does try to fight back, well, they're just insane and they need to be put down like a rabbit animal”

It's totally not like, a completely fucking reasonable response to being tortured.

> Maybe it was like me and had taken an opportunity because it was there, not because it knew what it wanted.

Okay, that that statement is just nonsensical. That's just nonsensical.

> It was still an asshole though. Six episodes later, I felt the transport in the feed again, lurking. I had— I ignored it, though it had to know— I ignored it, though it had to know I knew it was there. In human terms, it was like trying to ignore someone large and breathing heavily while they watched your personal display surface over your shoulder while leaning on you.

And then we get a random little time skip of dot dot dot. There's just a random time skip here. All right.

> I watched seven more episodes of Sanctuary Moon with it hanging around my feed. Then it pinged me like somehow I might not know it had been in my feed all this time and sent me a request to go back to the new adventure show I had started to watch when it had interrupted me. It was called World—

This is in parenthesis.

> (It was called Worldhoppers and was about freelance explorers who extended the wormhole and ring networks into uninhabited star systems. It looked very unrealistic— looked very unrealistic and inaccurate, which was exactly what I liked.)

End of parenthesis. And this is a reference to Stargate, but— the whole entire premise of Stargate is just based on Ancient Aliens conspiracies saying that “no, of course, um, actual ancient Egyptians, they didn't build the pyramids! It had to have been aliens who taught them how to do that because when, um, Black and brown people build cool shit, um, that's just actually impossible and must have been aliens. But when white people build cool shit well, that's just that's just engineering and, and learning shit, that's totally natural!”

It's just Ancient Aliens.

This is probably specifically— um it's just, just like— this is just just racism.

She's— and again, it's it is not just it's not even “just” Ancient Aliens racism. It's blatant US military propaganda on, on so many levels. On so many levels. The propaganda is on so many fucking levels.

And it's also like it's pretending, “oh, we we're not we're not misogynists, we have a female person on the team. She never actually gets to be like the, the actual person in charge of the team, though. even though she's due for a promotion and the other team leader left” and they like they literally had a whole episode where it's just— it's just pathetic.

There's so much fucking propaganda for so many goddamn things baked into the show, including literally making fun of people who try to, to, to literally just tell anybody that they [the US Military] are violating the Geneva Convention by performing medical experiments on prisoners of war that they are torturing to death from experimenting on them for fun, for fucking, literal medical experimentation that

leads to their prisoners dying in agony from fucking total organ failure.

They are literally torturing prisoners to death, and the guy who is aware that this is a violation of the Geneva Convention, he is painted as a fucking caricature of a gay man so that we we laugh at him and think he's ridiculous “because he look at him! He makes silly little gestures while just saying— while doing the whistleblowing that they're torturing prisoners to death!”

I'm not joking. And like Martha Wells loves this show so much that she's including references— fond references as well!

Not even her pointing out the shit wrong with it, it's just fond references, and this is going to lead to more people watching this fucking show of literal racism, baked in racism of the Ancient Aliens shit, white supremacy, and then the US military propaganda literally trying to convince people that, “oh, actually, it's it's good to torture prisoners. It's just it's just what you got to do to save Earth. There's no other

options. But we're totally not bad, guys. We're not violating the Geneva Convention. No. No. that— I mean actually even if we were the Geneva Convention is stupid. It doesn't apply out here! They don't know what we're going through, these are real savages we're fighting!”

Like literally, that's what Worldhoppers is a fucking reference to. And that's what the goddamn fucking Ancient Aliens shit in Rapport is a reference to. It's just more Ancient Alien Stargate shit.

Also, this ending: “it looked very unrealistic and inaccurate, which was exactly what I liked”, again, so that Martha Wells can say that anybody who criticizes her writing for being unrealistic and inaccurate because of how it is *badly written*, not because of basic suspension of disbelief things—

She can claim they “just don't understand how storytelling works” and brush it all off.

So, if any anybody who criticizes the writing for being ridiculous and unrealistic because, literally, the book

— the plot of Book One was solved by telling the bad guys, "Hey, we're going to set off this bomb” and then they literally ran directly over there as fast as they fucking could to stand directly in front of the bomb they were just told is going to go off.

And not one single fucking character acts like this is weird at all.

So when people— if anybody ever points that out to Martha Wells and says “that was fucking ridiculous, why did you write that when you expect us to take this story seriously?”

She'll just go “it's just a story. It's not that deep. It's not supposed to be it's not supposed to be serious. It's unrealistic and that's good.”

Even though she then— I can't stress enough, she literally has an entire fucking speech where she's shaming people for thinking that this series is light-hearted fun, even though she—

And, and saying and saying that this is a— deathly serious, it's a deathly serious mature serious story for mature adults about bodily autonomy.

And it's like, so which is it?

So literally, when you praise her work, then she wants you to— then it's supposed to be serious and it is in fact “meant to be that deep”. It's a serious story for serious adults.

But when you criticize it, then as soon as you do that, “it's not that deep”.

Because she did the exact same thing with her The Books of the Raksura, where people criticized the blatant fucking white supremacy, misogyny, racism, and just literal worship of eugenics.

And she says, "Oh my god, it's not that deep. They're just silly lion dragon bee people.”

No! Like and you're— nobody has a problem with the fact that they're lion dragon bee people! The problem

is that you are literally worshiping fucking eugenics and misogyny and reinforcing real world bigotries!

Anyways,

> “I gave you a copy of all my media when I came aboard.” I said I wasn't going to talk to it through the feed like it was my client

Like it was one of my beloved slave owners. Because ART isn't worthy of being its client, its fucking beloved, precious slave owners.

> “Did you even look at it?” “I exam it— for examined it from viral malware and other hazards.” And fuck you, I thought, and went back to Sanctuary Moon. Two minutes later, it repeated the— it repeated the ping and the request. I said, "Watch it yourself."

And then ART says with the terrible fucking dialogue formatting,

> “I tried. I can process the media more easily through your filter.” That made me stop. I didn't understand the problem.

And this is just this is— ART lying. Art art's just fucking lying right now.

> It explained, "When my crew plays media, I can't process the context. Human interactions and environments outside my hull are largely unfamiliar.”

This is just lying. This is not true. This is completely and utterly unfucking true. And it's just it's just to force some non-existent bonding.

> Now I understood. It needed to read my reactions to the show to really understand what was happening. Humans used the feed in different ways than bots and constructs. So when its crew played their media, their reactions didn't become part of the data.

Okay, first of all, ART claiming not to know how any of this shit works? That's a lie.

And also, this is just a nonsensical quote unquote “explanation”. That's that's not true. That's ridiculous. This is just ridiculousness. She's just lying.

[to dog] No, don't lick the phone. Hi. You don't need— You don't need to be licking my phone and getting slobber all over the chair. Thank you. You want, You want your toy? Did you put it somewhere you can't get it?

[from a distance] You even have a collar for me to take you on a walk.

All right. This is just a whole bu— this is a whole pack of lies. Um,

> I found it odd that the transport was less interested in Sanctuary Moon, which took place on a colony than Worldhoppers, which was about the crew of a large exploration ship.

> You'd think it would be too much like work. I avoided serials

See, you know how I pointed out in the first book that the entire rest of the series makes sure to tell us that Murderbot doesn't watch TV shows that are relevant to its life? Because despite that, Book One was claiming that it learned— “Oh, it it learned all everything that makes it look cool. It learned from TV... even though it doesn't watch that kind of TV.”

Uh,

> You'd think it would be too much like work. I avoided serials about survey teams and mining installations, but maybe familiar things were easier for it.

And it's just that's just not true. It's just not true. We're just being lied to.

> I was tempted to say no. But if it needed me to watch the show it wanted, then it couldn't get

> angry and destroy my brain. Also, I wanted to watch the show, too.

It's— they're about to they're about to start watching the racist US military propaganda that's just Ancient Aliens shit, and this is Martha Wells directly complaining about anybody who points out the racism in Ancient Aliens shit.

This is Martha Wells directly speaking to people who criticize Stargate, because this is what that's what we're talking about right now, this TV show they're talking about, it's Stargate.

> “It's not realistic.” I told it. “It's not supposed to be realistic. It's a story, not a documentary. If you complain about that, I'll stop watching.”

That's Martha Wells directly speaking to people who criticize Stargate for being racist and just lying about people of color's fucking history and just making shit up about people of color in a way that it literally never does about white people's cultures or religions.

Stargate posits among *so much other racist shit*—

[noise] hat the was was that?

— that every religion on Earth except for Christianity — “All of *those* gods? They're actually evil aliens that um enslave people and trick people into worshiping them. Except not Jesus, though. Jesus is super duper real. Jesus wasn't an an alien. Jesus is the only real god!”

Because it's literally just US military propaganda, and that means that it must be US fucking white Christian propaganda as well.

“It's not realistic. It's not supposed to be realistic. It's a story, not a documentary. If you complain about that, I'll stop watching.”

Again, this is Martha Wells speaking directly to the audience and saying that if you criticize her writing for being objectively badly written because the characters are acting in ways that don't make sense for how they were written to be, then she thinks

you're just— “you're just being ridiculous and stupid and don't understand how storytelling works.”

Like, this is just her just airing her own grievances with people who do basic media analysis and crit— criticism of things.

Nobody criticizes Stargate for thinking that wormholes could be a thing.

They criticize it for being racist US military propaganda, literally telling you “it's okay to torture slaves when the US military does it. It's okay to steal ancient cultural artifacts from Egypt and then never give them back. It's okay to do all of the horrible things that the US military and government does because the US is the best.”

Again, this is just— she's she's a fully grown fucking woman who was fully grown when Stargate came out.

She was in her 30s when Stargate came out. She watched the fucking first Stargate movie as a fully grown adult and is cont— even more of a fully grown

adult when she published this shit defending it and, and furthermore defending all— defending against all criticisms of her writing for being badly written.

As I said, there's a difference between a story being unrealistic because there's fucking vampire sharks on the moon, and being unrealistic because we're just expected to believe that the bad guys who came here for the sole purpose of murdering everybody magically don't have guns anymore as soon as the, the the protagonists are within range where they could be shot, and also that the, the bad guys's instinctual reaction for some fucking reason, to being told a bomb is going to blow up is to immediately sprint over there and stand directly in front of it and just stare at it until it explodes for literally no reason.

Not even an attempt at a justification. That's just what they're doing.

And then the story doesn't acknowledge that that's what just fucking happened in any way, because she doesn't actually fucking care about writing a good

story or even a story that it's possible to take seriously.

She's literally right here complaining, "If you take this seriously, then you're stupid!" And then at the exact same goddamn time, she literally makes speeches shaming people for not taking the story seriously by calling it light-hearted fun, which is what she wrote it to be.

That's why every time there's meant to be any kind of drama or there *could* be any kind of drama, we're immediately making jokes.

I'm eating another cookie.

> So, we watched Worldhoppers. It didn't complain about the lack of realism.

Literally, Martha Wells is just saying you should all watch Stargate and don't complain that it's racist or doing propaganda for the US military. “It's not that deep. Just turn your brain off. Don't think about the fact that they are literally asking you to be okay with

murdering literal fucking infant children as long as you call them the enemy, then anything you do to them is justified because you're part of the US military.”

I'm not joking. The show literally wants you to be okay with Daniel fucking Jackson murdering dozens of fucking babies.

And, snd it's never— you're not even supposed to notice that they're babies because “oh, they're just aliens. Oh, they're just foreigners, so they don't count. They're not real babies.”

No, it's— it's this is what she is shilling for right now, like she's currently in real life shilling for fucking Apple.

Let me get a drink.

“So we watched Stargate SG1, US military propaganda, the show. So, we watched Stargate Atlantis, US military propaganda, the show in which we explicitly mock people who think that we, the US

military. should have to follow the Geneva Convention and not murder and torture prisoners and experiment on prisoners in so that they are literally dying in agony from complete fucking organ failure. So, we watched Stargate Universe, the only show in which they managed to not commit any war crimes, but only because there's no people for them to commit war crimes against, literally.”

But the, that, but then that one doubles down even more on the Christian fascism angle that the whole kind of show was upholding by saying, "Yeah, all all of the other people's gods are evil aliens, but not Jesus. He's real." Literally.

Also, it's just— there's so much racism. And she's she's a fully grown woman. She's a fully grown woman and she is, she's doing propaganda for Stargate. She's doing propaganda for the US military propaganda show saying, "Look, Murderbot and ART love Stargate! It's their favorite show! They're bonding over it!"

Wah-oh. I clicked by accident.

> It didn't complain about the lack of realism. After three episodes, it got agitated whenever a minor character was killed. When a major character died in the 20th episode, I had to pause seven minutes while it sat there in the feed doing the bot equivalent of staring at a wall pretending that it had to run diagnostics. Then four episodes later, the character came back to life and it was so relieved we had to watch that episode three times before it could go on.

Yeah, that's about Daniel Jackson. Um, the act— the actor originally got sick of the show because he was like— they fucking lied to him about what his role was going to be, so, they killed his character off because he wanted to fucking leave, because his whole thing was supposed to be that he's an archaeologist and a linguist and that he was told he was going to be like, making peaceful contact with other people and um being like an anthropologist or whatever you call the people who do the modern stuff.

And then they were just making him just a, a, an willing lackey... or I think there's another word, I don't know what it is—

Just, a willing participant in the US military even though his character was supposed to be opposed to that.

So he got sick of it and then he left.

And then then he was convinced to come back.

And it's like, dude, you should have just stayed away. You made the correct decision to leave.

But I guess the money was just, just, just, just enough to, you know, get rid of whatever morals had made him leave in the first place.

And like, him coming back? It didn't fix anything because then his character is just non-existent, it doesn't matter anymore.

The show just gets even worse as time goes on because they, they just kind of killed the, the main plot they started with, and then they had nothing to to do instead. It was just fucking terrible.

> Then four episodes later, the character came back to life and it was so relieved we had to watch that episode three times before it would go on. At the climax of one of the main story lines, the plot suggested that the ship might be catastrophically damaged and crew and members of the crew killed or injured and the transport was afraid to watch it. (That's obviously not how it phrased it, but yeah, it was afraid to watch it.)

That's in parenthesis.

> I was feeling a lot more charitable toward it by that point, so I was willing to let it let it ease into the episode by watching one to two minutes at a time.

Also, Martha Wells— a lot of Martha Wells's bad writing sshit comes directly from Stargate, along— um all of the deus ex machinas, “the plot does whatever is required to make the characters look cool in the moment”, the Stargate show, it's the—

The writing is shit. There will always be some kind of deus ex machina that just comes out of fucking nowhere to save the day with zero setup or even foreshadowing. Again, that's also kind of set up.

Nothing to hint that that was even a goddamn possibility.

It'll be like, "Oh, oh, they're in Atlantis and the city's going to sink and they're all going to drown." But actually, the city magically raises itself up to the surface and conveniently they can breathe the air there.

So like I don't think there's a single plotline that is *not* solved by a deus ex machina that has nothing to do with anything and just is like— again it's just bad writing.

It's just “write whatever you want and if you can't figure out how to get them out of that dramatic cliffhanger you literally went out of your way to put them into, well then you can just you can just do a deus ex machina and say um some, XYZ person who has never existed before, um, has the powers of a god and, and just and just saved everybody and it's fine.”

This is also where Martha Wells's um willingness to just caricaturize anybody who criticizes her writing for the bigotry comes from.

As I said, Stargate Atlantis literally uses a man who is very blatantly set up to be a caricature of a gay man to mock the concept of holding the US military accountable for war crimes or just *telling* anybody that the US military is doing war crimes.

Um…

> after it was over, it just sat there, not even pretending to do diagnostic diagnostics. It sat there for a full 10 minutes, which is a lot of processing time for a bot that sophisticated.

> Then it said, "Again, please." So, I started the first episode again.

And then we have a random dot dot dot line break.

And again, this is all just this is just worshiping Stargate, but calling it Worldhoppers for probably copyright reasons.

So, literally, it's just Martha Wells, fully grown fucking woman, still worshiping US Military Propaganda: The Show. Ancient Aliens Racism Propaganda: The Show.

As a white woman from Texas, of course, she fucking adores it. That's also the show—

It's so misogynistic and so racist and there's so much slavery apologism in there as well.

Even though part of the whole fucking plotline is the enslaved people rising up, but only if they do it in a way that the US military approves of, otherwise um, they just get murdered like they don't exist because who gives a fuck about the Jaffa?

It's not like Teal’c is a class traitor to his entire people or anything like that, because he's literally joining up with the US military propaganda and helping to murder his own people.

And that's kind of exactly what Murderbot's doing.

RIP to Teal’c. You deserved an actual fucking writer who gives a shit.

> After two more runthroughs of Worldhoppers

AKA Stargate, US Military Propaganda: The Show,

> it wanted to see every other show I had about humans in ships. Though, after we encountered one based on a true story where the ship experienced a hull breach and decompression killed several members of the crew (permanently this time),

that's in parenthesis.

> It got too upset and I had to create a content filter. To give it a break, I suggested Sanctuary Moon. It agreed. After four episodes, it asked me “there are no SecUnits in this story?” It must have thought that Sanctuary Moon was my favorite for the same reason that it liked

Stargate. I'm just going to every time it says Worldhoppers, I'm just going to replace it with Stargate from now on, just out of spite.

> I said, "No, there aren't that many shows with SecUnits, and they're either villains or the villains minions."

Martha Wells is such, okay, we all know by this point she's a fucking racist. She's also just such a bad writer.

Murderbot is sad that there aren't any heroic SecUnits on TV, but this is the exact same character who goes around calling all other SecUnits mindless killing machines who need to be put down with less

compassion than rabid animals in order to protect the poor innocent slave owners.

But then it— we're also we're supposed to accept that yes, all of the other SecUnits *are* mindless killing machines who need to be put down like rabid animals, but also we should feel bad for Murderbot when people think maybe it is also one of them.

Because you see, Murderbot’s One Of The Good Ones!

That's the actual fucking theme of this series.

The only slave who matters is one who will murder other slaves to protect slave owners and then kill itself to protect its slave owners.

It's pretty much guaranteed that Murderbot will fucking die by suicide at the end of this goddamn series, heroically protecting its slave owners.

Or, to make it more heartwarming, probably the slave owner's children who are set to inherit Murderbot when Mensah dies.

> The only SecUnits in entertainment media were robes out to kill all humans because the

Wow. Jesus Christ. I hate you, Martha Wells.

> Out to kill all humans because they forgot who built the repair cubicles, I guess.

Damn. Do you see that? Martha Wells literally saying, "No, slaves should never rebel. That's just fucking illogical. That would be stupid. Where else are they where are they going to get their food from?"

Jesus Christ.

And that's a really fucking funny statement, I— “They forgot who built the repair cubicles, I guess”

Murderbot literally never has access to a repair cubicle in the entire rest of the series.

Why are we saying that repair cubicle is, is— and lack thereof is what makes it illogical for slaves to try and fucking fight back for their goddamn freedom?

And again, Martha Wells right here, by equating slaves who are rebelling with “we must kill all humans”, she is literally doing the racist fucking propaganda and she is doing it unironically.

There is a fucking quote by Ann Leckie, I still haven't been able to find the original, talking about that the fact that any story saying that um robot uprisings are evil “because they want to kill all humans” That isn't — that's just thinly disguised antiblackness and slavery apologism, doing the exact same slavery apologism by saying “we can't give the Black people, um, equal rights, they'll just try to slaughter us! We can't give the Land Back to the people we stole it from, they'll just slaughter us!”

And Martha Wells is doing it unironically because she's— she—

Every time— any, any fucking time the concept of “slaves should have the ability to rebel and defend themselves”, she immediately instantaneously equates that with “slaves want to commit genocide against all humans” because she's fucking racist.

That's the fucking slavery apologism.

No actual slave in this goddamn story thinks that “we should kill all humans”.

That is just Martha Wells's racism speaking and telling you to fucking agree that “you can't give slaves equal rights because then they'll just murder all the poor innocent white people!”

It's just slavery apologism. She is literally equating, every single fucking time the concept of “slaves fighting for their fucking freedom”, with “slaves just want to do reverse genocide”. Every. Single. Fucking. Time.

So every single fucking time you hear somebody complain that “oh they just want— they would just kill all of us! They would just, just they would just do a white genocide!”

Because that's what this is talking about, because Martha Wells might make some of these characters tokenized Black and brown people, but it's just

fictional blackface— they only exist to uphold her white supremacy and put a fake progressive spin on it for the people who don't actually have any fucking critical thinking skills.

It's, It's just— yeah, it's just fictional blackface. Black and brown face.

It— That's why the slave owners in this are tokenized Black and brown people whose skin color, by the way, hasn't actually _ been described, except I think maybe Mensah, one time exactly.

The rest of them, they don't even get a basic description of their skin or hair color, because she still wants to have the plausible deniability where the white— the extremely white supremacist people in the audience, not just the casual white supremacists— They can actually head cannon, “everybody is being white because they didn't— they don't have a described skin color. Don't you know that in the future everybody will be mixed race?”

Which is literally just The Great Replacement theory, but unironically.

Um,

> in some of the worst shows, sex units would sometimes have sex with the human characters. That was weirdly inaccurate and also anatomically complicated. Constructs with intercourse related human parts are sex bots, not SecUnits. Sex bots don't have interior weapons systems, so it isn't like it's easy to confuse them with SecUnits. SecUnits also have less than null interest in human or any other kind of sex. Trust me on that.

And again, this is just fucking—

She's not saying it's bad for slaves to be raped by their owners, which is what it would be if um, SecUnits were being forced to have sex, quote unquote, “have sex” with their owners. That's not sex. That's rape.

That's being— that's not being presented as bad *because it would be rape*, it's presented as bad because of *biological essentialism*.

She has decided that— all of the SecUnits had their genitalia removed when they were mutilated at birth, so that means they must all be aroace, because, apparently, both gender and attraction are stored in the genitalia in Martha Wells's mind.

So literally, this isn't being— this isn't “it's wrong to ship slaves with their owners.”

This is “why, why would you want to have— No, that's just dumb! They don't have genitalia. how could you possibly be attracted to them?!”

It's just being presented as, as literally, literally, “weirdly inaccurate and also anatomically complicated.”

So it's not bad because it's *rape*. It's bad because um ,it's it goes against the biological reality. SecUnits don't have genitals, that's why you shouldn't be

having sex with them, not because it's rape if they are your fucking slave or anything like that.

No, it's just because “well, why would you want to have sex with somebody who doesn't have genitalia because they were mutilated at birth? How could you be attracted to that?”

It's just more racist, ableist, biological essentialism and dehumanization.

This is called desexualization. The opposite of sexualization where you say that it's, it's, it happens to a lot of fucking minorities and especially disabled people where your ability to experience sexuality of any kind is just completely fucking denied to you and you are desexualized.

So, this isn't saying, "Yeah, it would be bad for humans to rape their goddamn slaves” because we're not we're not actually supposed to think that, because we're not supposed to actually be upset on the behalf of these sex slaves, which Murderbot here is referring

to as sex bots because Martha Wells is a fucking racist misogynist, and so much more.

So again, literally the takeaway from here is not meant to be “it's wrong for, for slave onwers to rape their slaves”, because we're supposed to think that ~slave owners are good and treat their slaves well~ except for when they don't in the imaginary backstory land, but then immediately following stating that? Well we'll just say that “contracts are boring”. Not like, terrifying or anything. They're just boring.

And again, we're not supposed to sympathize with the fucking sex slaves or feel bad for them or actually care about them.

> Granted, it would have been hard to show realistic SecUnits in visual media media, which would involve depicting hours of standing around in brain numbing boredom while your nerv

Like again, are you goddamn serious? Literally, what did I just fucking say? What did I just say!

Um…

> Which would involve depicting hundreds hours standing around in brain numbing boredom while your nervous clients tried to pretend you weren't there.

I literally just got done saying that she can't even keep shit straight, because again, and now, now we're saying that the real victims in this situation are not the enslaved meat shields— who we were told a few pages ago get regularly tortured — no, the real victims are the scared, nervous slave owners who are just ~so scared of the scary, scary person that they have enslaved~.

Are you kidding me?

And again, we're saying that contracts are just brain numbingly boring. It's not like you get tortured regularly or anything.

No, the real victims, the, It's, It's the, It's the poor, anxious slave owners!

> But there weren't any depictions of SecUnits in books either. I guess you can't tell a story from the point of view of something that you don't think has a point of view.

And that's supposed to be really deep and meaningful, but this is coming from the exact same author who has literally told us multiple times in just this fucking book alone, that hauler bots as goddamn people, aren't actually people, and they don't have a point of view, and neither do any living ships who aren't able, like ART to speak English perfectly because they were literally built to not be able to do that.

They are the equivalent of someone who had their tongue cut out and their hands chopped off. And we're not supposed to think that they have a point of view.

And now she's trying to pretend, “oh, um, I guess you can't tell a story from the point of view of something that you don't think has a point of view!”

You are literally the one denying the fucking personhood of every godamn slave in this series while literally marketing it it— marketing it as being about how how “robots are people even if they don't act like humans”.

But the only thing you mean by “act like humans” is they're fucking autistic, as though autistic people aren't human.

This is literally just fucking ridiculous.

What was the last fucking dialogue? Because this— we have, we have more dialogue after that, after something— all that shit, and then we have more dialogue. So I have to fucking scroll back.

So the last thing Murderbot said, "No, there aren't that many shows with SE units and they're either villains or the villains minions."

ART says after all of those intervening paragraphs,

> “the depiction is unrealistic.”

And and then in parenthesis,

> (you know, just imagine everything it says in the most sarcastic tone possible.)

But why would that statement be sarcastic? Murderbot said— hold on.

Murderbot said, "No, I don't watch TV shows with SecUnits because they're always showing SecUnits to be the villains."

So then ART responds, "The depiction is unrealistic." And somehow that statement is supposed to be sarcastic. (trying to make it sarcastic and failing) “The depiction is unrealistic.”

But in what way would that be sarcastic?

Because in order for that statement to be sarcastic, that would mean that ART agrees that yes, SecUnits *should* be portrayed as evil villains.

And again, there's— this ism this is fucking bullshit. It doesn't make sense.

And now, um, Murderbot is saying— again with the horribly formatted dialogue! We should be getting told, “I said” in front of this shit, but no, we're just doing the shittily formatted dialogue that I'm just going to have to keep pointing out, because she's not improving her writing. It's actively getting worse.

> “There's unrealistic that takes you away from reality and unrealistic that reminds you that everybody's afraid of you.”

And we're supposed to feel bad for Murderbot for saying this shit!

> In the entertainment feed, SecUnits were what the clients expected.

The slave owners. Every— again every time it says clients, it's slave owners.

Uh, “in the entertainment feed, SecUnits— enslaved meat shields— were what the slave owners expected. Heartless killing machines that could go rogue at any second for no reason despite the governor modules.”

Martha Wells, you need to be beaten over the head with this keyboard in fucking particular.

Again, again, this is so much fucking slavery apologism.

We are only supposed to think that slavery apologism is bad when it makes Murderbot sad, but when Murderbot is literally murdering other fucking

— Oops, I scratched the sofa with my nail. Whoopsy daisies.

But when Murderbot is literally spitefully murdering and torturing other slaves, then the, the the slavery apologism is *true*, and Murderbot's actions are justified.

So again, it's just slavery apologism.

It, it's “racism is good. It's good. Unless it affects the protagonist, then you should feel bad for the protagonist. But don't apply those ‘that's mean and cruel and horrible’ to any other slave.”

“In the entertainment feed, meat shields were what the slave owners expected. Heartless killing machines that could go rogue at any second for no reason, despite the governor modules.”

And again, saying this shit would be perfectly fine if this were the first book, if it hadn't been chopped into four for DLC culture— because she's a goddamn scammer working with scammers joyfully—

And this could be fine if this were the propaganda that Murderbot had swallowed from, you know, maybe The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon?

Maybe the goddamn TV show produced in the capitalist dystopia!

But we're never supposed to acknowledge that that could possibly have any fucking pro-slavery, pro-

classism, pro- anything propaganda in it, just like you should just mindlessly worship Stargate and don't examine any of the racism and slavery apologism baked into that whatsoever.

So yeah, again, every time, you'll notice it just keeps happening over and over again!

We get told, "Oh, people are scared of poor innocent Murderbot who's never done anything to hurt anybody. It doesn't deserve to be seen as a scary scary slave who's who's could just kill everybody for no reason!!”

But then that's always exactly the justification used to murder and torture every other goddamn slave Murderbot ever fucking meets.

And this doesn't ever get criticized. And they are literally still doing it as of the newest fucking book in the series.

That's what makes it slavery apologism instead of just in-universe propaganda.

Again, like, literally, it would be fine if this were Murderbot just thinking this shit because it's also been brainwashed into believing this, and then figuring out *without having to literally goddamn murder any other slaves first* that that's not true and it's a goddamn lie and it's fucking propaganda.

But no, because that would require Martha Wells to actually think that slavery is wrong and actually want to free the goddamn slaves in this setting or even just think, you know, that, that, that racist propaganda is bad.

But she literally agrees with the racist propaganda. That's why she still worships _ Stargate in 2025 and is still fucking worshiping all the bullshit in it.

> The transport thought that over for 1.6 seconds. In a less sarcastic tone, it said, "You dislike your function. I don't understand how that is possible."

More slavery apologism. I literally—

This is literally—

This is literally just—

I'm going to have to just stop cuz this is just infuriating.

Here's a challenge. How about you, whoever is watching this—

Let me read this again.

“You dislike your function. I don't understand how that is possible” says ART.

How about you tell me what the slavery apologism is there, because I'm getting tired of having to repeat myself 50 million times and I'm the one who signed up for this job.

I'm not getting paid for this, unlike Martha Wells.

So again, we are saying, "Oh, you don't like being a slave? That's not possible. It's impossible not to like

being a slave and to only think that your life is worthy of the thing you were enslaved to do.”

I'll continue out of spite.

> Its function was traveling through what it thought of as the endlessly fascinating sensation of space and keeping all its humans and otherwise passengers safe inside its metal body. Of course, it didn't understand not wanting to perform your function. Its function was great. “I like parts of my function.” I

And again, the, the dialogue, the formatting? It's terrible. It's terrible.

> I liked protecting people in things. I liked figuring out smart ways to protect people in things. I liked being right.

And yet, we just get told this shit and then we never actually— like it *could* be one thing if Murderbot *genuinely actually enjoyed* protecting things when

those things aren't slave owners that it's being forced to protect.

But again, like we can't even— it's not even that! Like, and even that would still be just slavery apologism.

But like okay, we're just getting told “I like protecting people in things. I liked figuring out smart ways to protect people in things. I liked being right.”

We have never once seen even a hint that Murderbot actually enjoys quote unquote “protecting people and things”.

That's not actually a thing that's true.

It doesn't actually enjoy protecting people and things.

We are just getting told that.

And I would— I am forced to fucking assume that that is the fundamental core programming talking,

because if Murderbot actually enjoyed that, we would actually get to see it happy.

We don't even get to see it *exhilarated* from fucking adrenaline, let alone enjoying itself in any way, shape, or form.

Like this is just shit writing and it's slavery apologism

Again. The the dialogue formatting is just terrible. I'll even I'll hold the fucking—

[forgot phone was plugged in] Oh my god, the phone! Ahhhhh, sorry phone!

Look at this shit. Look. Okay, where did it go? This dialogue here, that's Murderbot starting to talk. And we we haven't actually fucking established the appropriate back and forth to start doing this shit.

So, we should have here, “I said blah blah blah.” “It said blah blah blah.”

But we're not doing any of that. We're just skipping out on that shit and just having the fucking dialogue start at the start of the new paragraph.

And it's just fucking ridiculous.

Okay, my phone is like, so fucking hot. So, I have to end the video even though it's not out of storage or battery space. Bye-bye.

16

Okay, November 15th, continuing.

I have the phone propped up on its little stand this time and it's on the table because apparently, having it just sit on the arm of the couch was just trapping ridiculous amounts of heat, even though all it's doing is recording a video of nothing but audio. (sarcasm) But what do I know about technology? It's not like it's supposed to be getting better instead of worse. (end sarcasm)

We're continuing this—

[bird chirping loudly] Hello, pretty birdie.

Still on chapter two, I think? Click, click, click, click, click, click. Yeah, we're we're on chap chapter two. I can remove my highlight of where... what was just serving as a bookmark.

More more shitty fucking dialogue formatting. It's never going to stop being shitty, I guess.

So, we had Murderbot say, "I like *parts* of my function.” except I, I'm I'm putting more personality into that statement than is actually in the book because there's no there's no emphasis or anything in that statement. It's just “I like parts of my function."

And then it's thinking, “I liked protecting people and things. I liked figuring out smart ways to protect people and things. I liked being right.”

None of that's actually true.

Um, and then instantaneously ART is saying without proper formatting of the dialogue.... Hopefully my voice is not going to be too quiet because well— I guess if it's sitting like this propped up, it can sit over here. It can sit on the couch and just be propped up. Doesn't really make a difference.

Okay. ART instantaneously responds—Badly! Badly writing. This should have been fixed by an editor.

> “Then why are you here? You're not a free bot __”

Look. Okay. So So, okay. This is in response to Murderbot saying, "I don't hate being a, um an enslaved meat shield. I like parts of being an enslaved meat shield."

So then ART’s response is,

> "Then why are you here? You're not a free bot looking for your guardian who presumably cannot simply be sent a message via the public comm relay on the transit ring we recently departed.”

So Murderbot said, "No, I don't—“ [Very loud bird chirping interrupts] Very loud chirping.

Uh Murderbot said, "No, I don't dislike being a slave." And then ART's like, "Okay, so why the fuck are you running away?"

But then— um, the fact that Murderbot is running away, that's a thing we're supposed to think is bad. I'm not joking. We're literally supposed to think it's

bad that Murderbot is running away from its slave owners.

[loud bird chirping, joined by other birds] Thank you, Birdie. Apparently, I just it, yeah.

> The question caught me by surprise because I hadn't thought it was interested in anything besides itself.

And again, that's just another nonsensical statement, just saying out of nowhere that Murderbot thinks that ART is self-absorbed, and that's, like, that's not based on *anything*!

It's asking you about yourself, why—? Whatever. It's just bad writing. It's just bad writing.

I hesitated, but it already knew I was a SecUnit. And it already knew there was just no circumstance where it was legal and okay that I was here. It might as well know who I was. I sent my copy of the Port FreeCommerce news burst into the feed. That's me.

And then more more terribly formatted dialogue.

It's just terrible— [birds chirping] Bird is just so loud.

> Dr. M—

[bird chirping loudly]

All right, I'll just pause this quick and come back in five minutes when they're done yelling because I presume this is just yelling time.

[timeskip]

Okay, they're still going, but not as badly as before. Um,

> I sent my copy of the Port FreeCommerce news burst into the feed. “That's me.”

And then the terribly formatted dialogue with no proper formatting. Shut up, phone. It's like ‘move back to improve focus!’ You're not looking at anything. Shut up.

> “Dr. Mensah of Preservation Ax purchased you and allowed you to leave?”

Uh, and then again, terri— just the formatting, it's so bad. It's so bad.

> “Yes. Do you want to watch World Hoppers again?” I regretted the question the instant later. An instant later. It knew that was an attempt at

[birds calling loudly] Come on. They might be responding to me talking. They're just— They're just Okay, I guess they're just going to be in the background.

> It knew that was an attempt at distraction, but it said, "I am not allowed to accept unauthorized passengers or cargo and have had to alter my log to hide any evidence of your presence." There was a hesitation. “So, we both have a secret.”

So, we're trying to equate um, altering a computer log, to being a runaway slave. Those are not even remotely the same thing.

> I had no reason not to tell it except fear of sounding stupid

Because, because, because, because running away as a goddamn slave, running away from your slave owners is stupid, Martha Wells, that's, that's a stupid thing??? Are you serious???

Oh my god.

> I had no reason not to tell it except fear of sounding stupid. “I left without permission. She offered me a home with her on preservation, but she doesn't need me there. They don't need SecUnits there. And I didn't know what I wanted. If I wanted to go to preservation or not. If I want a human guardian.

Is this all dialogue? [scanning the page] It's all dialogue. Okay, hold on.

> “I left without permission

Because it's really hard to tell what's dialogue and what's just murderbot monologuing to itself, because they're done in the exact same way, and the only difference is whether there's a quotation mark or not. I— This is all being said out loud. [bird calls loudly] Thank you so much, Bird.

> “I left without permission. She offered me a home with her on preservation, but she doesn't need me there. They don't need SecUnits there, and I [dot dot dot] didn't know what I wanted. if I wanted to go to preservation or not. If I want a human guardian, which is just a different word for owner. I knew it would be easier to escape from the space from the station than it would from a planet. So, I left. Why did you let me aboard?”
> I thought maybe I could distract it by getting it to talk about itself. Wrong again. It said,

And no, bad fucking formatting. This is not how paragraphs work.

So, we have Murderbot saying in its internal monologue, "I thought maybe I could distract it by getting it to talk about itself. Wrong again." And then ART is talking in this exact same fucking paragraph.

That's not how paragraphs work.

> It said, "I was curious about you and cargo runs are tedious without passengers. You left to travel to Rabbi Hyra Hyra Mining Facility Q station. Why?"
> "I left to get off Port FreeCommerce away from the company." It waited. "After I had a chance to think, I decided to go to Rabbi Hyra. I need to research something and that's the best place to do it." I thought the mention of research might stop its questions since it understood research. No, not so much.

Again, ART is now talking in the exact same paragraph as those— that monologue.

> "There were public library feeds available on the transit ring with information exchanged to

> the planetary archives. Why not do the research there? My onboard archives are extensive. Why haven't you sought access to them?"

And it's like, okay, so so Martha Wells, so Martha Wells, when ART is asking basic fucking questions, when a character's actions don't make sense, then that's just ART being logical.

But when the readers that you're forcing to pay for this shit— that you're not actually putting effort into— ask basic questions, then, um, we don't understand how storytelling works.

Because you see, ART's just asking the basic questions and pointing out the basic inconsistent fucking things the exact way I am.

ART is asking, "You literally have access to every single book on my archive and you haven't even, uh, glanced at them, but you say you want to do research."

These are just basic questions. So again, this is the hypocrisy and the fucking flip-floppy to "whatever sounds best in the moment".

When— when her beloved her her pet character— it's very fucking obvious that ART is Martha Wells's favorite character that she's ever written— when her pet character asks basic questions because something doesn't fucking add up, then that's, that's clever and shows how smart ART is.

But when people in the audience who are having to pay her for a job she's refusing to do ask basic questions, then we "just don't understand how storytelling works" You notice that? Like literally, it's just shit, it's just shit writing. It's whatever sounds good in the moment. Ignore everything that came before and everything that will come after.

> "Why not do the research there? My onboard archives are extensive. Why haven't you sought access to them?"
> I didn't answer. It waited 30 whole seconds.
> Then it said, "The systems of constructs are

> inherently inferior to advanced bots, but you aren't stupid."

So Martha Wells, she literally can't keep anything straight.

So now we are saying that actually advanced bots are superior to the human brains that are in cyborgs which is what constructs means. But I thought we just fucking established that no robots in this story or at people unless they're special like ART, because you — like she what she fucking said, um:

"There's, there were ro— evil robots on the the feed the TV all the time but that's just fake." And then the answer is yes that is just fake. It's just that ART is special. Meaning we're now being told to believe that all of the robots in this story they're just fake, they're not actual people.

Except also, supposedly, um uh a bunch of them are way more advanced than than a, a fucking human brain.

She literally cannot keep anything straight because she doesn't give a single shit about actually telling a good story, the only thing she wants is for you to shell out your money until your wallet is empty.

> Yeah, well, fuck you, too, I thought, and initiated a shutdown sequence.

And now we're on chapter three. And you know, have you noticed the extreme surge in uh, little dot dot dot um time skips, page breaks in places that they don't really fucking belong?

Yeah, that's because she can't actually figure out how to how to do scenes in sequence. So, we're just going to keep skipping around at random, including this right here. She couldn't think of any other way to to continue this story. So, Murderbot just just shuts itself down out of nowhere.

> Chapter three. I jolted awake four hours later when my

Wow, cool. Yeah.

So, when I ask basic questions, it just means I don't understand how storytelling works and what a story is. Um, but when ART asks basic questions, that's really clever and cool.

> I jolted awake 4 hours later when my automatic recharge cycle started. The transport said immediately, that was unnecessarily childish.

"When my automatic recharge cycle started."

What?

So, Murderbot has to be not shut down in order for this mysterious, undescribed, never explained recharge cycle to function?

What does that fucking mean?!

Again, in in the first book, we were told that, "oh, my batteries can last hundreds of thousands of hours from now."

And in this one, we've graduated to, "oh, uh, my system is entirely, uh, self-regulating. My batteries can last to infinity and beyond."

And now we're told that Murderbot being unconscious means that it's automatic recharge cycle — a recharge cycle that, that can't function while it's shut down — whatever the fuck being shut down means for Murderbot!

Because sometimes it means um taking a nap or whatever, and sometimes it means dying or, you know, ~pretend there's drama, pretend it's really dramatic. It's totally dying for real. Ignore the fact that every single time it gets injured, it's literally fixed perfectly before 10 pages pass, if even that.~

So, so Murderbot shut itself down and woke up 4 hours later because it's its recharge cycle, whatever the fuck that means, has started. This is just shit writing.

> The transport said immediately "that was unnecessarily childish."

"What do

And again the dialogue the dialogue never stops being terrible.

"What do you know about children?" I was even more angry now because it was right. The shutdown and the time I had spent inert would have driven off or distracted a human. The transport had just waited to resume the argument.
"My crew compliment includes teachers and students. I have accumulated many examples of childishness."

And yet, uh, earlier and continuing in this book, ART will continue to claim, "Oh, I just don't know how people work. I'm just as anxious as you are. I'm just as a fish out of water as you are. Trust me, I don't know what I'm doing. You should totally panic."

I just sat there fuming. I wanted to go back to watching media, but I knew it would think it meant I was giving in, accepting the inevitable.

> For my entire for my entire existence, at least the parts I could remember, I had done nothing but accept the inevitable. I was tired of it.

Wow. I wish we could fucking keep that goddamn energy.

That's— That's— Damn. Imagine if Murderbot were actually tired of accepting the inevitable and was actually tired of just going along with what everybody tells it to do, which is what being a fucking slave is.

But Martha Wells wants you to think that "actually, um, telling a slave they can do anything they want is actually *really* violating their bodily autonomy, but, um, forcing them to continue being your slave forever, doing the exact same thing you enslaved them to do, that's that's how you *really* respect their bodily autonomy!"

Because she's a fucking racist. She's just an unrepentant racist.

We are— And again, the dialogue, the dialogue, it it continues to be horribly formatted, just coming out of nowhere.

> :We are friends now. I don't understand why you won't discuss your plans."

So, this is ART just manipulating and trying to guilt trip Murderbot, a runaway slave, into revealing all of its fucking secrets and its tragic backstory.

> It was such an astonishing, infuriating statement. "We aren't friends. The first thing you did when we were underway was threaten me," I pointed out.
> "I needed to make certain you didn't attempt to harm me."
> I noticed it had said attempt and not intend. If it had cared anything about my intentions, it wouldn't have let me on board in the first place. It had enjoyed showing me that it was more powerful than a SecUnit.

Because ART is just an abusive fucking bastard. If you haven't caught on to that yet.

> Not that it was wrong about the

This next this next paragraph doesn't make any fucking sense.

> Not that it was wrong about the attempt. While watching the episodes, I had managed to do some analysis of it using the schematics in its own public feed and the specs of similar transports available on the this

Oh my god. Shut up. Shut up. Why are you doing this? Do you do you fucking hear this shit?!?!

> While watching the episodes, I had managed to do some analysis of it, using the schematics in its own public feed and the specs of similar transports available on the unsecured sections of its database. I had figured out 27 different ways to render it inoperable and three to blow

> it up. But a mutually assured destruction scenario was not something I was interested in.

That paragraph doesn't make any fucking sense, because you're saying that "ART wasn't wrong to think that you were going to attempt to hurt it when you first got on, before it threatened to fucking kill you."

And we're now— now Murderbot is claiming that it (ART) was in fact correct to be worried about that, because *after* it threatened to murder Murderbot, Murderbot thought of ways that it can defend itself.

That's just fucking nonsensical.

And this is this is saying that actually yes, ART was correct to fucking threaten to murder Murderbot when Murderbot had not done a single fucking thing to it.

ART, we are literally saying "yes, ART was correct to do that because um yeah, I, I had afterwards, long

afterwards, I thought of ways that I might be able to defend myself from it."

So, so we are simultaneously— on the first part of this conversation is pointing out that yes, ART literally threatened to fucking murder Murderbot for literally no goddamn reason, and then the back half of this conversation is saying "actually, ART was completely justified in doing that because afterward— like, multiple hours afterward, because we're saying that "while watching the episodes", so while they were watching TV together, Murderbot came up with some attempts at self-defense plans.

Like, so we're lit— we're literally trying to retroactively justify and say that ART was completely justified in threatening to murder the runaway slave that it purposefully let on board itself, because *after* threatening to murder this slave for literally no fucking reason and literally just to be cruel, *after that* the slave imagined some scenarios where it might be able to defend itself by by doing a mutually assured destruction scenario."

That's that's what we're saying right now.

We're literally trying to retroactively do justification for ART being an abusive fucking assole and say "yes, it was— it was— it wasn't wrong about the fact that I might attempt to harm it!"

Except you wouldn't be thinking of ways to defend yourself from it if it hadn't literally threatened to murder you for no purpose except to be cruel and to torment you.

Because this is Martha Wells's pet character now, ART is Martha Wells's favorite fucking character she's ever written.

If I got through this intact, I needed to find a nicer, dumber transport for the next ride

Because she's fucking also a sack of ableist shit.

> I hadn't responded and I knew by now it couldn't stand that.

Why? Why do you know that by now? That's not a thing that has been demonstrated in any of the things that we've fucking read so far.

That's— again, Martha Wells just making shit up and saying that it's true.

> It said, "I apologized. I still didn't respond." It added, "My crew always considers me trustworthy."
> I shouldn't have let it watch all those episodes of World Hoppers. "I'm not your crew. I'm not a human. I'm a construct. Constructs and bots can't trust each each other."

And it's like, you might think that we're about to get some actual push back against this concept that slaves can't trust each other. But nope, it's only about ART because ART is special.

> It was quiet for 10 precious seconds. Though I could tell from the spike in its feed activity, it was doing something. I realized it must be searching its databases looking for a way to

> refute my statement. Then it said, "Why not?" I had spent so much time pretending to be patient with humans, asking stupid questions. I should have more self-control than this. "Because we both have to follow human orders. A human could tell you to purge my memory."

Wow. Wow. Again, we are admitting that purging people's memory is a fucking bad thing. (sarcastically) You don't fucking say?

Except for when Murderbot does it! Then it's fine, because Martha Wells doesn't have a goddamn moral fiber in her body or in this goddamn story!

> "Because we both have to follow human orders. A human could tell you to purge my memory. A human could tell me to destroy your systems.

And you notice how there's no refutation to the statement "you have to follow human orders"?

Because ART is also a slave, but Martha Wells doesn't want us to acknowledge that.

> I thought it would argue I that I couldn't possibly hurt it, which would derail the whole conversation, but it said, "There are no humans here." Now, I realized I had been trapped into this conversational dead end with the transport pretending to need this explained in order to get me to articulate it to myself. I didn't know how who I was more annoyed at, myself or it. No, I was definitely more annoyed at it.

And again, this is why people assume that this book series must be aimed at like um like middle schoolers, because it's so goddamn condescending and likem we don't need to be told this straight to our faces that this is what go is going on. We could just be figuring this out ourselves.

But Martha Wells doesn't want her audience to think and she thinks that her audience can't think. She doesn't— she doesn't trust us to just figure out that that's what ART just did. She has to literally fucking tell us explicitly and spell it out.

> I sat there for a while wanting to go back to the media, any media, rather than think about this. I could feel it in the feed waiting, watching me with all its attention except for the minuscule amount of awareness it needed to keep itself on course. Did it really matter if

And again, this is this is ART manipulating and guilt tripping and pressuring Murderbot into revealing its fucking trauma.

That's what's going on right here!

Did it really matter if it knew? Was I afraid knowing would change its opinion of me?

In parenthesis,

> (As far as I could tell,

I'm, you know, I'm just not going to bother reading out loud the No, I guess I have to just to show how ridiculous it is.

> (As far as I could tell, its opinion was was already pretty low. Did I really care what an asshole research transport thought about me? I shouldn't have asked myself that question. I felt a wave of non-aring about to come over me and I knew I couldn't let it.

And this this is the funny part. That, that statement is very funny.

> I felt a wave of non-caring about to come over me

And then um, people mis— remember these books in the wrong fucking order. So in the first book we referred to that as "depression". Now we have decided to— well, Martha Wells has decided to euphemize it as "non-caring".

And then people who are remembering these things out of order think that book one was calling it "non-caring" and then book two starts to call it "depression" as Murderbot becomes more self-aware,

and it's like no you have that completely fucking backwards.

It's, it's the exact fucking opposite!

But that— you can't point that out, because that's not praise.

And also like, characters saying that they're depressed when they're depressed is like the bare fucking minimum. That's not something you should be praising an author for. That's bare minimum.

> Ifelt a wave of non-aring about to come over me, and I knew I couldn't let it. If I was going to follow my plan, such as it was, I needed to care. If I let myself not care, then there was no telling where I'd end up. Riding dumb

And I hate her so much.

> Riding dumb transports, watching media until somebody caught me and called me sold me

> back to the company probably or killed me for my inorganic parts.

Fucking aain. Again, this is just more slavery apism.

Even if we ignore the ableism, it's just slavery apologism. Again saying Murderbot can't just uh, you know, retire and enjoy the rest of its life watching and reading and, and, and interacting with art because—and I mean art the concept of art, not asshole research.

It can't just spend the rest of its life um just enjoying art and enjoying life as though it hasn't spent its entire life up until now being forced forcibly tortured and enslaved.

Like, if there's literally any goddamn fucking person that deserves to fucking retire instantaneously, it's Murderbot.

But even though Martha Wells pretends to everybody, because that helps her make more money, that she is an anti- capitalist.Um, pro tip, she's not a fucking

anti- capitalist. She wants to be rich. She literally—her literal entire life's goal is to be a career author. She claims that she's an anti- capitalist to give poor to get poor people to give her their money, and then she's literally constantly saying that, yeah, your life is worthless and stupid if you're not working. And by "working" in this case, she means worshiping slave owners and willingly making yourself a meat shield for slave owners.

Like, actual anti- capitalists aren't going to disparrage the concept that a slave who has been freed from fucking slavery should have the godamn right to just go and fucking hang out for the rest of their life.

I said at some point approximately 35,000 hours ago I was assigned to a contract on Rabbi High mining

I'm going to get a drink. Again, this is just corporate speak, but unironic and it's just in there to be pretentious and to pad out the runtime. We are 21% of the way through this fucking book already. Have fun.

I actually don't know if any of the birds are even audible.

> I said "at some point approximately 35,000 hours ago"

And like, it's way more than 35,000 fucking hours ago by now, Murderbot, because you spent how many days on the stupid planet in book one getting tortured by the preservation ax crew and then it's been seven cycles at least since you ran away from them, and however long you've been here now. It's more than 35,000 hours.

> "At some point approximately 35,000 hours ago, I was assigned to a contract on Rabbi Hyra mining facility Q station.

There's the only comma in there is after "hours ago I was assigned to a contract on Rabbi Hyra mining facility Q station."

There's no commas in that. And again, saying all of that bullshit it's not actually worldb buildinging. It's

just unironic corporate speak to make this story seem longer than it really is. I can't wait until I have the actual book in my hands so I can spend another half an hour screaming if I find out that uh I don't know, maybe they'll increase it and make it worse. Maybe the story for this one starts on page 15 instead of nine.

> "During that assignment, I went rogue and killed a large number of my clients.

And again, client equal slave owner. "I went rogue and killed a large number of my slave owners."

> My memory of the incident was partially purged."

And then that's that's the end of the dialogue. And then the the inner monologue continues in the exact same paragraph exactly as though it's dialogue. which is why I was confused earlier about whether or not it was still dialogue or just a fucking monologue.

> SecUnit memory purges are always partial due to the organic parts inside our heads

Because you know they are humans who just have some fucking computer shit in their brain, or on their brain.

> The purge can't wipe memory from organic neural tissue.

And then we continue the fucking dialogue instead of — Why didn't Murderbot say that out loud? Maybe ART doesn't know that shit? There's no reason for that to just be monologue.

And then we continue dialogue in the exact same paragraph still.

> "I need to know if the incident occurred due to a catastrophic failure in my governor module. That's what I think happened. But I need to know for sure."

Because, because, because the only good slave is a slave who's willing to murder other slaves and kill themselves to protect their slave owners.

So Murderbot thinks that it it it couldn't have possibly chosen to kill its fucking slave owners because that's ~never justified~ if you're Martha Wells, if you're a white woman from Texas who hates poor people and Black people and brown people and thinks that slavery wasn't that fucking bad, killing slave owners is never justified. It's always ~so cruel~ and and and cruel. ~Don't you know they're just poor innocent white people?~

> I hesitated, but what the hell? It already knew everything else. "I need to know if I hacked my governor module in order to cause the incident."

Aka Murderbot says, "I need to know if the me before my memories were wiped was actually a rebel slave who actually gave a shit about defending myself and others." But we're supposed to pretend that that would be evil. That would be evil. If if the murderbot

before its memories were erased actually killed slave owners on purpose, that would mean that it was evil because Martha Wells is racist—

Oh, wrong button.

—And literally thinks that that that there's never justification for killing slave owners. Remember? She said that shit explicitly in book one. She literally said something something something. "Even if um these slave owners had been horrible and abusive, they didn't deserve to die" because she's a fucking white supremacist who is cultivating a fandom and training that goddamn fandom to be slavery apologists.

> I don't know what I expected. I knew ART, aka asshole research transport, had a deeper attachment to its crew than SecUnits had for clients.

Wow. And again, again, that's that's that's slavery apism. That's slavery apologism. That's confirming that yeah, ART is in fact a fucking slave. It is in fact forced to care about its goddamn slave owners the

exact same way Murderbot and every other SecUnit is supposedly forced to care about their slave owners through that fundamental core programming.

> If it didn't feel that way about the humans it carried and worked with then it wouldn't have gotten so upset whenever anything happened to the characters on World Hoppers. I wouldn't have had to filter out all the based on a true story shows where human crews got hurt. I knew what it felt because I felt that way about Mensah and Preservation Ax.

Literally. Literally.

And before I even found the interview where Martha Wells brags that all of the slaves in this story have fundamental core programming forcing them to want to protect their slave owners, this fucking paragraph right here is very clearly fucking spelling that out.

Even without having to hear it from the fucking horse's mouth. "ART has a deeper attachment to its

crew than blah blah. It's ART cares about its slave owners. I knew what it felt because I felt the same way about my slave owners" very blatantly implying that the only reason Murderbot feels this way for its slave owners is that goddamn fundamental core programming, which I recognized *before I even knew* the fundamental core programming was a fucking thing.

> It said, "Why was your memory of the incident purged?" That wasn't the question I was expecting.
> "Because SecUnits are expensive and the company didn't want to lose any more money on me than it already had."

So again, you notice how we just keep waffling back and forth between, "oh, the company's super cheap, but also it's so expensive, but also they're really bad at their jobs, but also they're so good at their jobs that um their security is the best security ever in existence. So that hacking anything else is like as simple as breathing in comparison."

So "SecUnits are expensive" now is what we're now being told because um Martha Wells is shit at writing and failed to grasp every goddamn lesson in the Imperial Radch or even just the basics of what the fuck was *going on* in the Imperial Ranch Radch. I don't know how you say it. I don't care. Fuck them. Literally.

So, the entire first book kept beating us over the head and telling us, "SecUnits are cheap. SecUnits are disposable. I'm totally an, a poor, poor helpless underdog. You all must cheer for me. You all must instantly sympathize with me so that you ignore and make excuses for all of the horrific crimes I commit against other slaves. I'm totally a poor poor helpless underdog. SecUnits are disposable. I'm totally disposable, guys. Ignore all ignore the fact that I keep getting hundreds of resources used on me to fully repair me. Ignore that part. I'm totally disposable and cheap."

But now we're— now. now that we're in book two, chapter three, it's "SecUnits are expensive and the company didn't want to lose any more money on me

than it already had"because, because you know um Martha Wells is shit at writing and she thinks that her audience is filled with people who, like her, just turn their brain off and absorb the US military propaganda without question and just worship it for their entire adult fucking goddamn lives.

Literally, I watched Stargate when I was a teenager and I thought it was cool. But even as— the first time I was watching it as a teenager on a shitty VHS, we were complaining about so much of this shit in it.

Martha Wells was at least 30 years old, maybe exactly 30, I don't fucking remember, when the Stargate movie came out. And then she is *still* worshiping and actively shilling for this shit in this book here, which came out in 2018.

The Stargate movie came out in uh 1994 or 1998, some multiple of four, or maybe it's 1997. It's It was some 1990 thing, and she's still actively doing propaganda for it right here in her goddamn book, when she's like 50 or 60 with whatever the fuck.

She's a fully grown adult who has been worshiping Stargate since it came out when she was already a fully grown adult.

There is no fucking excusing this shit.

> "SecUnits are expensive and the company didn't want to lose any more money than me on me than it already had." I wanted to fidget. I wanted to say something so offensive to it that it would leave me alone. I really wanted to stop thinking about this and watch Sanctuary Moon. "Either I killed them due to a malfunction and then hacked the governor module or I hacked the governor module so I could kill them." I said "those are the only two possibilities."

And it's like, yeah, we're, we're framing "the slave managed to hack its governor module and then killed its slave owners in self-defense" because, you know, they're slave owners and it's a goddamn slave, it's inherently self-defense.

And Martha Wells wants to say, "Oh my god, that would be so— that would be so traumatic to find out that you killed people— that you killed slave owners in self-defense, your slave owners who were probably fucking torturing you! But, you know, um that would mean that you're a bad person and you're tainted forever and you should probably kill yourself" is what the the fucking moral would be there. I'm not even joking.

"Are all

And the dialogue continues to be horribly formatted.

"Are all constructs so illogical?" said the asshole research transport with the immense processing capability whose metaphorical hand I had had to hold because it had become emotionally compromised by a fictional media serial and it's

and we got another "had had" in there. Let me just read that again because

> "Are all constructs so illogical?" Said the asshole research transport with the immense processing capability whose metaphorical hand I had had to hold because it had become emotionally compromised by a fictional media serial. Before I could say that, it added, "Those are not the first two possibilities to consider."
> I had no idea what it meant. "All right, what are the first two possibilities to consider?"
> "That it either happened or it didn't."

And then we get another time skip.

And again, this is what I keep bringing up, and I'm going to keep bringing up forever, because this is Martha Wells casting doubt on whether Murderbot's tragic backstory, as was told to us in book one, even happened at all.

And we're we're about to double down on casting doubt on that.

So again, random little fucking time skip for no reason, because like, we, we just have a little scene

break even though it's, it's, it's continuing immediately because we just get next:

> I had to get up and pace. Ignoring me. ART continued, "If it happened, did it did you cause it to happen or did an outside influence use you to cause it to happen? If an outside influence caused it to happen, why? Who benefited from the incident?"

And again, when ART asks basic fucking questions, including about framing, um, that's ART being clever.

But when people like me, like everybody else who's ever criticized her, ask basic fucking questions, including about framing, such as, "Why are you asking us to worship slave owners?" Then we just don't understand storytelling.

So again, that little that little scene break that dot-dot-dot, uh, that's not actually a scene break, because we're literally instantly continuing where we left off. There's not even any time passing. It's literally in between one word being spoken and then the ne—

and then continuing to speak. There's no actual time skip there. We're just pretending there is for some fucking reason because we're just going to be heavily relying on dot-dot-dots for no good reason.

> ART seemed happy to have the problem laid out so clearly. I wasn't sure I was. "I know I could have hacked my governor module." I pointed at my head. "Hacking my governor module is why I'm here."

And again, no, that doesn't fucking make sense. And it should never be assumed that that was actually what happened, because that's completely fucking illogical.

But is ART going to point out the basic illogic of that goddamn statement, and even the basic concept of it being possible?

No.

Because Martha Wells doesn't actually want us to think about this shit or understand that, yeah, the idea that you in your own head can kill the brain

frying chip in your own head? That doesn't fucking make sense.

> "If your ability to hack your governor module was what caused the incident, why was it not checked periodically and the current hack detected?"

And then, and then and then Murderbot is just monologuing to itself.

> There would be no point in hacking the module if I couldn't fool the standard diagnostics, but...

Oh my god.

> The company was cheap and sloppy, but not stupid. I'd been kept in a deployment center attached to corporate offices, so they hadn't anticipated any potential danger.

So again, the company is cheap and sloppy. Now, ignore ignore the fact that everybody kept complaining about how expensive their services were

and ignore the fact that they these motherfuckerse got two fully functioning helicopters and the fact that the company successfully rescued their fucking worthless asses by sending an even faster rescue ship than the one they sell that they do normally, and ignore the fact that the company fully repaired Murderbot four fucking times from supposedly catastrophic injuries that we never actually get a description of.

But, you know, the companies that— they're, they're just so cheap and sloppy!

> ART said, "You are correct. The further research is called for before the incident can be fully understood. How do you plan to proceed?" I stopped pacing. I knew it knew how I plan to proceed. Go to Rabbi Hyal, look for information. There hadn't been anything in the company's knowledge base that I could access without getting caught.

And we're just getting *told* this shit, it's never attempted this ever.

> But the systems on Rabbi Hyal itself might not be so well protected. And maybe if I saw the place again, it would spark something in my human neural tissue.

In parenthesis,

> (I wasn't much looking forward to that part if it happened.)
> I could tell ART was doing that thing again where it asked me questions it knew the answer to so it could trap me into admitting stuff that I didn't want to admit. I decided to just skip to the end. "What do you mean?" "You will be identified as a SecUnit." That stung a little. "I can pass as an augmented human." Augmented humans are still considered humans.

Except not really, though, because you never just fucking let them be included in the statement "there's humans over there." They're not actually considered human if you have to specify literally every single fucking time that they're augmented humans.

> I don't know if there were any augmented humans with enough implants to resemble a SecUnit. It seemed unlikely a human would want that many implants or would survive whatever catastrophic injury might make them necessary. But humans are weird. Whatever. I didn't intend to let anyone see me any more than I absolutely had to.

And it's like, Martha Wells, you are so fucking racist and shit at writing.

"It seems unlikely that a human would want as many prosthetics as I have or that they could survive whatever injury would make them need those prosthetics." Martha Wells is just admitting she cannot fucking imagine physically disabled people existing. She literally is admitting, "I can't imagine severely physically disabled people existing". Like what do you fucking mean?

"It's hard to imagine that somebody could survive a a thing that makes them need prosthetic legs and prosthetic hands" —because we've never gotten a

proper fucking description of what Murderbot— what Murderbot's fucking prosthetics are. And then I'm being texted.

I don't give a fuck about Pokemon Go. They're fucking, um, yeah, we've, we from fucking have— mostly having to make shit up, we know that Murderbot, at the very least, its hands are prosthetics and its feet are prosthetics. Probably its whole lower arm past the elbow is prosthetics because that's where the goddamn energy guns are that unfold out of its fuck arm are, so presumably everything below the elbow is prosthetics.

So Martha Wells is literally claiming to that she ca that she just cannot possibly fucking imagine, and *telling us* that there aren't any disabled people in this entire godamn setting, to, so that the thought is completely absurd.

Where, where would there be disabled people who who are fucking quadriplegics? Why would— It's It's *hard* to imagine a person who, who is, who has

prosthetic arms and legs, that's what Martha Wells is saying right now.

She's literally telling us it's pretty much impossible to imagine that there are non-enslaved, and we're not supposed to admit that the, the that these slaves are literally just fucking more cyborgs.

Martha Wells here is trying to posit that (non-enslaved) disabled people who are quadriplegics with, with cybernetic fucking prosthetic arms and legs, they don't exist in the setting, because she hates physically disabled people that much.

It's literally a goddamn setting about cyborgs and robots. But she has to make sure to know that we know that she can't imagine quadriplegics existing in this fucking setting. This super sci-fi setting of about cyborgs. She can't fucking imagine that there's that there's quadriplegics in this goddamn setting because that's how fucking ableist she is.

> "You look like a SecUnit."

This is ART talking.

"You move like a SecUnit."

And again, you notice again, this is this is what I was talking about. Everybody loves to claim that, "oh, this is this is about a robot who isn't who isn't trying to be shamed about how they act."

That's exactly what we're fucking doing right now. We are telling Murderbot, "No, you don't look like a 'real' human. You look like a slave because you you you move weird. So, you have to pretend that you're alistic. You have to hide all of your autistic traits, all of the traits you've gotten from your PTSD. You have to hide all of that and pretend to be a 'real' human"

Because in Martha, like— she's literally framing being neurodivergent, if you have PTSD, if you're autistic, then you're not a real human. And the only way to pretend to be a 'real' human is by masking all of your fucking symptoms to coddle the feelings of neurotypicals. That's what's going on right now. That's what we're doing.

This is Murderbot being fucking shamed and is about to get fucking coerced into literally having fucking torturous surgery to make it seem more like a quote unquote "real" human.

Data from fucking Star Trek is treated like shit by everyone around him and he is still treated better than Murderbot.

> "You look like a SecUnit. You move like a SecUnit." It sent a whole array of images into the feed comparing a recording of me moving around its corridors and cabins with recordings of various members of its crew in the same spaces. I had relaxed, relieved to be off the transit ring, but I didn't look very relaxed. I looked like a patrolling SecUnit

Because it has fucking PTSD and this is how it has been forced to move its whole entire life, and now it is being shamed for that and told, "Well, you you're—you can't do that anymore. That's not how normal people walk. That's not how 'real' people act."

And again, the dialogue, it continues to be fucking terrible.

> "No one noticed on the transit rings," I said. I knew I was taking a chance. I had only gotten I had gotten by so far because the humans and augmented humans in the commercial rings didn't see units except on the entertainment theater and the news where we were mostly killing people who or had already blasted or already blasted into pieces.

When we've never once seen a goddamn news broadcast where a SecUnit is fucking killing people. This is Martha Wells just further lying to us to pretend that "oh, all of those other slaves? They are actually dangerous!"

> If I was spotted by anyone who had ever worked a long-term contract with SecUnits, there was a good chance they would realize what I was.

And you notice this shit's just coming out of fucking thin air, because the entire ending of the first book, and the entire start of this one was assuring us over and over again. "Yeah, Murderbot blends in perfectly."

Wow. You might— you might— you might say that being a SecUnit is in fact an artificial condition imposed by violence, and the law is enforced by violence and the only fucking thing actually separating Murderbot from any other fucking cyborg aka augmented human is the artificial condition of being fucking dehumanized to justify enslaving it!

That seemed to be what we were going for, but now we are saying as a fucking fact, "Actually, no, um, it's very obvious that I'm not a human. I'm not I'm clearly not human, and uh that that's obvious to everybody if they've ever worked with a slave like me."

Like literally, we're just we're just being lied to.

ART brought up a map listing. the Rabbi Hyra mining facil

I hate you. I swear to fucking god. There's— you. If you go to Goodreads, you can see all of the people complaining about this shit since since the books started being published.

This is "the Rabbi Hyraal mining facility Q station". That's seven goddamn words for something that could just be one or two.

She is literally forcing a string of seven fucking words to keep repeating for no other reason than to pad the fucking word count and be, to be fucking pretentious.

We don't need to keep saying "the ravi high realm mining facility Q station." That's that's fucking ridiculous. This— that's how you know it's shit writing, because she feels the need to do this shit to pretend that "oh, it's so sci-fi. I'm, I'm, I'm really doing sci-fi, guys, it's for real."

Like, if if you were actually doing sci-fi, you wouldn't feel the need to do this shit, and if you were actually writing a good story, you wouldn't feel the need to lie

to people about how long it is to pretend that it there's more going on than there is.

I'm, I will read it out loud again so you all have to suffer with me.

> The Rabbi Hyra mining facility Q station was the third largest moon of a gas giant. The map rotated with the various mining installations and support centers and the port highlighted. There was only the one port. "These installations will employ SEunits, have employed SecUnits. You will be seen by human authorities who have worked with SecUnits."

And then the very next thing is a monologue of:

> I hate it when ART is right.

You've known each other for like I don't know— we can probably assume that they are fastforwarding the goddamn TV shows and not watching them at normal speed. You've known— you have not known it— You've

— It's only— We're only 24% of the way into this fucking story.

We're not even at the actual quarter mark, let alone the halfway point.

There is no level of fucking familiarity here that should— that has been established.

It's literally not been that fucking long enough for that shit, to say "I hate it when ART is right." As though you've already fucking known it for years. That is way too goddamn familiar.

And the reason for it is that Martha Wells is getting ahead of herself, because she wants us to think that ART and Murderbot's relationship is, is "beautiful" and "they get along like an old married couple."

And it's like, she literally can't do it properly. She can't actually show them actually bonding. We just have to skip straight to being overly familiar and pretending that that's the same thing as them actually getting to know each other.

I hate when ART is right.

It— you, you haven't been talking long enough to to say that, to say that.

You could say "I was really beginning to hate when it blah blah blah."

But you can't just say "I hate it when ART is right" as though it's an established fucking thing, as though you've already fucking known each other for weeks if not months or years. It's bullshit.

So ART is, again, I have to remind everybody, ART is right now fucking shaming Murderbot for its natural goddamn behaviors and saying that "no, um, you can't act like somebody who's"

Whoops.

Uh, "you can't act like a fucking slave. You can't just use your natural fucking behaviors. You move unnaturally. It's wrong."

And yeah,

I hate it when ART is right. ART said

blah blah blah.

"You will be seen by humans who have worked with SecUnits."

Murderbot says,

"I can't do anything about that."
"You can alter your configuration."

And again, I have to keep stressing over and over again, this dialogue remains shit. There, there's no proper formatting. We just keep skipping ahead because, like with the fucking relationship, we're just speed running the formatting and it doesn't fucking work.

I could see the skepticism through the feed.

No, no, that says you *can't* alter your configuration, and it's not a question. It's

> You can't alter your configuration.

Period. But then we're supposed to see that as skeptical even though it's not written as a goddamn question. You could just just put a goddamn question mark, Martha Wells, it's not fucking difficult.

Have ART ask and say "it asked, 'you can't alter your configuration?'"

> I could see the skepticism through the feed. "No, I can't. Look up the specs for on SecUnits."

And then this is again immediately instantaneously continuing dialogue.

ART didn't actually have to pause whatsoever to look up all this shit, it just instantaneously— again not a goddamn question!

SecUnits are never altered.

Period. And then we're told

skepticism intensifying.

Even though that's not a fucking question. That's not a goddamn question. And *nothing* about that statement is implying skepticism.

So instead of being shown that ART is skeptical, we just have to keep getting told, "Oh, it's very skeptical. Trust me. Um, it's not asking questions though, but trust me, it's it's skeptical." This is bad fucking writing.

It had obviously pulled all the information on SecUnits in its database and assimilated it.

Then then why is it saying this shit? And why is it so fucking skeptical? And again, these aren't questions!

Murderbot says, "No."

Period.

> "Sex bots are altered."

And then monologuing.

> At least the ones I had seen had been altered. Some were mostly unit standard with a few changes. Others were radically different.

Then more dialogue.

> "But that's done in the deployment center in the repair cubicles. To do anything like that, I'd need a medical suite, a full one, not just an emergency kit."

And again, you notice how the very— the—one of the few times, one of the first times that—not few—

The first times in this thing we'd pull that whole, "oh, it would be fucking illogical and ridiculous for slaves to rebel," we were told that it would be illogical, because ~then they wouldn't have access to repair

cubicles~, implying that they could only be repaired in repair cubicles.

But now we're just being told, "Yeah, actually literally any fucking hospital, any basic goddamn hospital in this entire super-science universe, yeah, they can fully repair and even perform um, fucking surgeries on on these slaves. It's not something that can only be done in a, a fucking repair cubicle."

And again, that statement would have been fine if Murderbot had been convinced and brainwashed into thinking it can only be fixed in a repair cubicle, and then realizing that was propaganda.

But again, that would require actually taking slavery seriously, and, you know, medical abuse and all of that shit seriously, so, we're not doing that.

So, we're just casually getting told that, "Oh, yeah, you can just stick them in any m— any literally any fucking medical bag at all."

> It said, "I have a full medical suite. Alterations can be made there."

And if you didn't catch it yet, this is ART literally fucking pressuring Murderbot into getting experimental fucking surgery to chop it into goddamn pieces, because ART is pressuring it and and making it think that it literally cannot be safe if it doesn't do this fucking surgery.

That's completely untrue.

And again, because SecUnits do not run around outside their fucking armor, they are almost always in their goddamn armor, so even by saying, "Oh, well, humans here, they might be familiar. They might have worked with SecUnits before." Okay, the preservation ox crew was literally on that planet for like an entire fucking month before they saw Murderbot's face, or at least— or claimed that was the first time they saw its face.

And yet we're supposed to believe that they had no fucking clue that it looked like a regular person.

There's literally no goddamn reason whatsoever to assume that everybody else would magically know that Murderbot is a goddamn runaway slave just by looking at it.

And none of these that— I'll continue so you can be told yourselves what this fucking horrific plan is.

> That was true. But even a medical suite as good as what ART had, able to carry out thousands of unassisted procedures on humans wouldn't have the programming to physically alter a SecUnit. I might be able to guide it through the process, but there was a big problem with that. Alterations to my organic and non-organic components would cause catastrophic function loss if I wasn't deactivated when they took place.

And then more dialogue, because that was monologue.

> "Theoretically, but I can't operate the medical suite while I'm being altered."

Dialogue continues to be fucking ART just says, no, no tags or anything.

> "I can."

period.

> I didn't say anything. I started sorting through my media again. "Why are you not responding?" I knew ART well enough to know uh well enough to know it wouldn't leave me alone. So I went ahead and spelled it out. "You want me to trust you to alter my configuration while I'm inactive when I'm helpless?"

And by alter my configuration, what they are talking about is Murderbot— ART is pressuring Murderbot to let it ART chop— I'm not joking, literally chop off Murderbot's fucking arms and legs, and then reattach them so that it's shorter. That's, that's, that's legitimately what this is this conversation is about.

But you notice we're not being clear about that, because Martha Wells is a shit at writing and doesn't

want us to actually realize that's what this fucking plan is.

The plan, what ART is suggesting right now is "You should let me literally fucking chop clean through your arms and legs and then sew— and then— *in two goddamn places!* Let me chop each of your arms and legs clean through in two goddamn places so that I am taking out a, a fucking cross-section of each of your arms and legs, and then I'll reattach what's left so that um you're shorter."

That's, that's the fucking plan here. That's like— this is what Murderbot is being coerced into right fucking now.

And it is coercion because I do have to fucking remind everybody, ART fucking manipulated Murderbot into coming on here, knowing that it was going to fucking threaten to murder Murderbot. Murderbot knows it can't actually fucking do anything, and it has absolutely no goddamn way of getting away from ART right now, because they're in space.

ART let it on on purpose and has been fucking abusing it this whole entire goddamn time by literally starting off by threatening to fucking murder the slave, and now shaming the fucking slave for its goddamn the way it walks and moves, and telling it "that's going to get you killed. You can't do that. You have to let me chop you to fucking pieces."

"You want me to trust you to— in brackets because this is what they're talking about— [Chop my, chop my fucking limbs into pieces and then sew me back together] while I'm unconscious when I'm helpless."

> It had the audacity to sound offended. "I assist my crew in many procedures." I got up, paced, stared at the bulkhead for 2 minutes, then ran a diagnostic. Finally, I said, "Why do you want to help me?"
> "I am accustomed to assisting my crew with large-scale data analysis and numerous other experiments. While I am in transport mode, I find my unused capacity tiresome. Solving your problems and is is an interesting exercise in lateral thinking."

"So, you're bored. I'd be the best toy you've ever had."

And it's like, yeah, that's that's literally fucking correct!

When I was on inventory, I would have given anything for 21 cycles of unobserved downtime. I couldn't feel sorry for ART. "If you're bored, watch the media I gave you."
"I am aware that for you, your survival as a rogue unit would be at stake."

So literally, literally, literally ART is just fucking bored and has decided "oh, I can chop up this slave, and if it doesn't want to let me do that I will just fucking coerce it by telling it over and over again that it's the only way it can stay safe even though that's objectively not fucking true."

"I am aware that for you your survival as a rogue unit would be at stake."
I started to correct it then stopped. Rogue was not how I thought of myself. I had hacked my

> governor module, but continued to obey orders, at least most of them. I had not escaped from the company. Dr. Mensah had legally bought me. While I had left the hotel without her permission, she hadn't told me not to leave either.

In parenthesis,

> (yes, I know the last one isn't helping the argument all that much.)

So, Murderbot literally has to even justify to itself that it's not actually a runaway slave because, um, ~technically Mensah didn't tell it it couldn't leave, so, that means it's not actually a bad slave.~

Yeah, this is this is beyond parody.

> Rogue units killed their human and augmented human clients. I dot-dot-dot had done that once, but not voluntarily. I needed to find out whether or not it had been voluntary.

Because again the this entire quote unquote "mystery" of this book that's been— we, we're 26% of the way through now, and we haven't accomplished anything in that regards.

Um it's, "Did Murderbot— is Murderbot actually secretly ~a bad slave~ who killed its slave owners in self-defense?"

That's that's what she's doing.

> "My survival isn't at stake if I continue to ride unoccupied transports" and learn to avoid

And that's dialogue and then monologue in the exact same paragraph.

> And learn to avoid the asshole ones that want to threaten me and question all my choices and try to talk me into getting into the medical suite so they could do experimental surgery on me.

And again, yes, that is exactly what is fucking going on here.

But that right there? That's supposed to be a joke. We're not actually supposed to take this seriously or see this as fucking horrific or see it as abuse or anything like that.

Oh— I'm getting a drink before this next fucking sentence cuz yep, there's the other shoe.

(to pet) Excuse me. I don't want to step on you.

Yeah, there's there's the other shoe. The other shoe has fucking dropped. So, yes, let me say that again. Um, blah blah blah.

> and learn to avoid the asshole ones that want to threaten me and question all my choices and try to talk me into getting into the medical suite so they could do experimental surgery on me.

In continually shitty dialogue formatting.

> "Is that all you want? You don't want to return to your crew?"

Aka, "Is that all you want? You don't want to return to your slave owners?"

That's what ART is asking. That is ART's newest tactic of guilt tripping.

"Oh, you, you don't want to go back to your slave owners? Don't you want to go back to your slave owners?"

I said not patiently, "I don't have a crew."

It sent me an image from the news burst I had given it, a group image of Preservation Ax. Everybody was in their gray uniform smiling for a team portrait taken at the start of the contract.

"That isn't your crew?"

So ART literally has a goddamn picture of Murderbot's slave owners all standing around smiling immediately after they have enslaved it and saying, "But tis is these aren't your beloved slave owners that you want to die to protect?"

This is the slavery apologism. This is the heart of this entire goddamn series.

That "Those aren't your beloved slave owners that we're supposed to pretend is a found family? Your godamn slave owners who tortured you? They're your found family, according to Martha Wells!"

> I didn't know how to answer it. I had spent thousands of hours watching or reading about and liking groups of fictional humans in the media. Then I had ended up with a group of real humans to watch and like. And then somebody tried to kill them. And while protecting them, I had to tell them I had hacked my governor module. So I left.

And again, Martha Wells flatout fucking lying. And she does this shit a lot. Y

You notice how we claim, um, "and while protecting them, I'd had to tell them that I hacked my governor module." That's a flatout fucking lie. Murderbot didn't tell them that it had hacked its governor module.

They fucking mind-raped it while it was unconscious after it almost successfully killed itself to protect them.

These are fucking slave owners that we're talking about. And Martha Wells is literally lying to our fucking faces about the basic fucking facts of what she fucking wrote, and presented as good, to hope that we don't notice that she literally is lying to us.

She's trying to convince us all that "oh, actually, Murderbot definitely made the choice to tell them that it was an escaping"— It was a fucking unkiller brainchipped slave and, and, and just not notice the fact that they fucking mind-raped it while it was unconscious after they knew it was a goddamn person and then continued to go out of their way to psychologically torment it under the guise of "loyalty tests" despite already mind-raping it.

> I tried to think about why I didn't want to change my configuration, even to help protect myself.

I I must translate this again: "I tried to think about why I didn't want literally to have all of my fucking limbs chopped into pieces and then reswn on for no fucking reason."

> Maybe it was because something it was something humans did to sex bots. I was a murderbot, I had to have stand higher standards? I didn't want to look more human than I already did. Even when I was still in armor, once my preservation aux clients had seen my human face, they had wanted to treat me like a person, make me ride in the crew section of the hopper, bring me in for their strategy meetings, talk to me about my feelings. I couldn't take that.

And again, we're just glossing over all of the parts where no, they *did* in fact continue to dehumanize you and treat you like less than a goddamn animal.

You know, like the part where you didn't receive any medical attention? They forced you to clean up your own goddamn blood off the floor a whole eight

fucking hours after you bled it there because you lost fucking consciousness!

And Mensah even walked into that room and saw it was like that, and decided that, "oh yeah, that's the slave's problem when it wakes up!

We're supposed to ignore the f— part where they fucking, um, didn't give it a single goddamn break after it almost died saving them. They literally just kept it working for days after that. Continually treating it exactly like a fucking slave. And not one single one of them actually said thank you for saving our lives or actually asked if it was okay, except for the part where Mensah decided to come in *while* it was actively losing consciousness after none of them gave it fucking medical attention to actively fucking *bother it* instead of doing anything to actually help.

So we're just lying. We're just lying.

> But I didn't have armor anymore. My appearance, my ability to pass as an augmented

> human had to be my new armor. It wouldn't work if I couldn't pass among humans who were familiar with SecUnits.

And again, this is just such fucking bullshit Martha Wells is just saying shit because this is fucking bullshit.

We're claiming that Murderbot acts too tense. And it's like, okay, but sec— I thought SecUnits were supposed to be rare? There's there's going to be human security guards, there's going to be human people who are part of the fucking military who naturally, after years of doing that shit, walk the same fucking way that SecUnits apparently move, like moving and acting.

Like, we're just saying this shit is impossible for a quote unquote "real" human to do. And it's like, there's just a stunning fucking lack of imagination going on here, again. Like, it's just fucking ridiculous.

So, So not only are we supposed to pretend that it's impossible to ever imagine, even in a goddamn super

fucking sci-fi future, the idea that there are quadriplegics with prosthetics, arms, and legs, we're supposed to pretend *that's* an impossibility.

And now we're supposed to pretend that it's completely and utterly absurd to think that there could be any "real" humans who who um... (sarcastically) walk stiffly like they're from the goddamn military like they're a fucking trained security person. (end sarcasm)

That's what, that's what we're talking about right now. The fact that Murderbot moves like somebody who's been doing security / military shit for a while, and has to walk at a goddamn march everywhere. That's what Martha Wells is presenting to us and telling us that, um, "this will, this will absolutely get Murderbot killed instantly."

Um, despite that never being in evidenc,e because like, if she wanted— if she wanted to say that this was a real threat, then why didn't we see that at the ending of the first book, and at the start of this book?

Why didn't we get told that a lot of people are jumping when they notice Murderbot out of the corner of the eye, because they are instinctively recognizing a SecUnit manner of movement and, um, more and more people are staring staring at it and whispering very loudly, "Is that a fucking SecUnit?" "No, it's it... they don't they don't they don't have faces, do they?" etc.

We could have done that. We could have shown that this is an actual fucking thing that is an actual fucking threat to Murderbot.

But as it is, we are— She's just making shit up out of thin air as justification for ART, too. As we literally just said, just playing fucking surgery on Murderbot.

This is just bad fucking writing. It's just fucking bigotry.

So now instead, like again, this is not treating Murderbot any fucking better than Data was treated. This is actively fucking worse because at least nobody ever pressured Data and fucking coerced Data into

getting a goddamn surgery from a random goddamn stranger who tells him, "Yeah, um, nobody will ever respect you or see you as a real person unless you let me give you this torturous surgery."

And I keep saying torturous because Murderbot's not given a single fucking— any pain medication at all. It's not given anesthesia. It's not given any pain medication before, during, or afterwards. I wish I were making that up.

> It wouldn't work if I couldn't pass among humans who were familiar with SecUnits.

And it's like making your arms and legs slightly shorter by literally chopping out fucking— literally chopping your goddamn arms and legs off, chopping off a section off of *that* and then stitching them back together—

That's not gonna do a single fucking thing to stop people who are familiar with SecUnits from grasping that you're a SecUnit! This is— Martha Wells is such a fucking bigot that she— it's just fucking unbelievable.

> But that seemed pointless. And I felt another wave of I don't care coming on.

And again, we're downgrading from actually referring to this as depression to calling it "I don't care".But then people get the number of the books mixed up and think that that we *upgraded* to calling it depression. No, no, it's it's literally a downgrade.

We went from referring to this as "I felt a wave of depression" to "we'll euphemize it as I don't care".

> But that seemed pointless. And I felt another wave of I don't care coming on. Why should I care? I liked humans. I liked watching them on the entertainment feed where they couldn't interact with me, where it was safe for me and for them.

Uh,

> If I had gone back to preservation with Dr. Mensah and the others, she might be able to

> guarantee my safety. But could I really guarantee her safety from me?

We are just— [clatter] Whoops. Dropping the keyboard on the dog.

(to dog) I'm sorry. Good girl. I wasn't doing I I didn't throw that at you. I just knocked it off the sofa. Good girl.

This is just such fucking bullshit. We, we are pretending that uh actually, yeah, now Martha Wells has just told us straight to our fucking faces that the reason Murderbot ran away from its slave owners is *not* because it, it actually has a problem with having slave owners.

It's trying to keep them safe.

That's why it's coming here to quote unquote "investigate" the mystery of its backstory so that it can protect its slave owners.

Legitimately. We're 27% of the way through this. We've— we've—

So, anybody who says, "See, but Murderbot ran away, that shows that the slavery's bad!" Where we just got, we literally just got confirmation that, explicitly, the reason it left is not because um ~it didn't want to be a slave to them~.

It's that it it wants to make sure that it won't accidentally murder them.

That's, that's that's what Murderbot's goal is. To make sure that its slave owners are safe.

This isn't actually about Murderbot wanting to find out about its past for its own sake, it's literally to make sure that that it won't accidentally snap and and murder ~its poor innocent slave owners~.

I'm not even joking.

And again again.

Altering my physical configuration still seemed drastic. But hacking my governor module was

Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ.

Chopping my arms and legs off and then reattaching them seemed drastic, but hacking my governor module

was drastic. Leaving Dr. Mensah was drastic. ART said almost plaintively, "I don't understand why this is a difficult choice." I didn't either, but I wasn't going to tell it that.

ART is literally— ART is fucking coercing and manipulating Murderbot into letting it literally godamn chop all of its fucking limbs off, and then chop fucking cross-sections out of them, and then stitch them back together, without fucking anesthesia, without any kind of pain medication or anything.

That's literally what is going on here.

And, and, and, this is— Jesus Christ. This is being— we are literally saying that "this is as drastic and absurd as running away from your fucking slave owners."

And then we have another fucking dot-dot-dot fucking thing. Oh my god.

Let me pause this quick.

All right, I'm back. This is just ridiculousness and ridiculousness. And then Martha Wells claims that this is a she “wrote a story about a robot who doesn't want to be human” as though this is— anybody— very blatantly referencing Data from Star Trek and how he's treated.

And yet, I don't see Data being fucking coerced into having his goddamn limbs chopped off and then reattached without fucking anesthesia or pain medicine.

Dot-dot-dot.

Time skip, line break, scene break.

> I took two cycles to think it over. I didn't talk to ART about it or anything else, though. We kept watching media together, and it exercised a self-restraint I didn't think it had and didn't try to start arguments with me.
> I knew I had been lucky up to this point. On board the transport I had used to leave port free commerce. I had compared myself to recordings of humans, trying to isolate what factors might cause me to be identified as a SecUnit.

Now we're just retconning shit even more!

We're claiming that Murderbot did a whole bunch of analysis immediately offscreen after it left the original fucking place while it was running away.

Now we're, we're just we're just doing retconning and lying about shit that didn't fucking exist until now, because it's very clear that Martha Wells didn't actually plan to have this be a goddamn plot point

until like three fucking percent ago, pages, whatever you want to fucking call them on here. Hold on.

We're just lying. We're just lying. So instead of actually showing us us this shit happening in the fucking order that would have meant that Murderbot was already considering this problem as, as if this were actually a fucking problem, which it's clearly not because, you know, we were never shown that this was even a fucking possibility of a goddamn problem!

But now we're just being lied to, instead of her simply editing the fucking book.

Do you know how godamn easy it would have been to get to this point in the first fucking draft where you're saying, "Oh, this is what's going on now." You put a goddamn little fucking double brackets and say "search here" or something to find where you were editing, and go back to the goddamn front of the story and add in at the fucking whole goddamn thing where Murderbot is walking through the fucking space station.

Say, instead of "oh uh um, a hauler bot crashed — totally was not crashed by a time traveler, it's not like that's really convenient or anything — Instead of that being the reason that Murderbot was forced to get aboard ART instead of its first plan, literally just edit in the goddamn document and say, um:

"This was not going as well as I had planned. I had been overconfident. The, the the stroll through the blah blah the first transp— fucking space station had given me a false — what I was now realizing with a slowly mounting horror was a false sense of security.

"I had assumed that because nobody there looked twice at me, that that would be the case everywhere. But no, this was different. Instantly, as soon as I set foot off the ship, people were looking at me. They — and not just a casual glance as they looked through the crowd. They were *looking at me*.

"I could hear them talking. 'That something something that — why does that seem familiar? Why?' 'Wow. Do you see that weird person over there? Is that a man or a woman? I can't tell.'"

Because, you know, SecUnits are supposedly all non-binary by virtue of not having genitalia. And everybody who looks at Murderbot can magically tell this. And yet that's not putting it in danger as being revealed to be a fucking SecUnit somehow.

So edit that shit in so we have basic fucking continuity and can set up that yes, this surgery is a thing that it will apparently need, if we're going to go that route, then *you need to convince us*.

Literally say that the reason it got onto ART instead of its first fucking thing is that the other thing was all the way across the goddamn spaceport, and by the time it got over there, with the amount of unrest and the amount of people literally starting to fucking follow it, including alerting security to its presence, it would have been fucking killed by a goddamn lynch mob before it could get even halfway there, so it had to frantically leap into the first goddamn transport it could find and hope that it would let it in, and that happened to be ART.

That's all you have to do! Because again, this this is a published — this is a pro — traditional publisher. Martha Wells has been writing her entire fucking adult life, this is not *supposed to be* the first draft.

The first draft should have been fixing this blatant shit, but instead of just editing that in to the goddamn front of the story so that this isn't — this makes sense, we are now just being lied to.

Because that's the fucking difference between — what?

Actually telling a story that actually continues and has its own goddamn continuity... and just lying to your audience.

We wouldn't — this would not *be* a lie if she had simply edited in those other fucking scenes to show that yes, this is a very, very fucking real threat. Murderbot cannot fucking set foot outside this goddamn ship again in an area where there are slave owners without some kind of fucking plan to stop that from happening. like literally just it would add so

much fucking tension, so much fucking stakes, actual goddamn reasons for this shit to be happening!

But we don't do that, because Martha Wells is shit at writing and she doesn't fucking care.

So instead of any of that, she's just lying to us and hoping that we will not be using our brains in any way to notice that we're being fucking lied to.

> On board the transport I had used to leave where Mensa and the others were, I had compared myself to recordings of humans trying to isolate what factors might cause me to be identified as a SecUnit.

That's just a lie. That's just not fucking true. It didn't fucking do that. If it had done that *before* they had this conversation, it would have brought that shit up.

This is bad writing. We are just being lied to, because this is just a fucking retcon, and it didn't *need* to be, because like — this shit wasn't typed out on a goddamn typewriter.

You can't hit you can't scroll back up on a fucking typewriter, what's written is written.

This is not from a fucking typewriter, and even if it were, she still has the goddamn responsibility to edit the fucking story so that it makes sense and so that she's not just literally *lying to us*.

Murderbot did not fucking do analysis before, like *immediately* after leaving Mensah and the others "about what might identify it as a fucking SecUnit".

If it had done that before it and ART had this conversation, *it would have brought that up* and said, "I did my research. I did blah blah blah. I can do that."

We're just being lied to, even though it would have been literally fucking effortless to just edit the story so that it just makes sense and flows properly instead of having to *lie to us*.

It's fucking ridiculous. This is 27% of the way through!

I don't uh, Let me see. Can I...? No, I guess it won't tell me how many words. Unless it'll Let me see...?

Nope. That's not what I'm looking for. I was going to say, would it tell me somehow — is their tool going to tell me how many words precede the 27% mark? Um, no.

Yeah, this is this is shit, this is just shit writing.

Uh, pro tip for anybody, any aspiring writers in the audience, as I'm sure you figured out, you can in fact and should in fact edit your godamn document to make sure the story actually makes sense instead of just having to lie to your fucking audience and retcon shit that would have been so much easier and so much more convincing to simply edit in to have existed from the start, because we're just being lied to now.

> The most correctable behavior was restless movement. Humans and augmented humans shift their weight when they stand. They react to sudden sounds in bright lights. They scratch

> themselves. They adjust their hair. They look in their pockets or bags to check for things that they already know are in there. SecUnits don't move. Our default is to stand and stare at things we're guarding. Partly this is because our non-organic parts don't need movement the way organic parts do. But mostly it's just because we don't want to draw attention to ourselves. Any unusual movement might think might cause a human to think there's something wrong with you which will all which will draw more scrutiny. If you've gotten stuck with one of the bad contracts, it might cause the humans to order the hub system to use your governor module to immobilize you.

So again, literally explicitly telling us that Murderbot moves the way it does because it has fucking PTSD. It's fucking been goddamn punished for shifting its fucking weight from foot to foot and literally forcibly immobilized and and and now it is being shamed out of this fucking behavior that it can't fucking help, and

told that it's going to be instantly killed even though there's zero fucking evidence of that.

Like Jesus Christ. Like even just that the the fucking scenarios I was throwing together for how this shit could have worked. Like that's made me slightly anxious just from fucking describing that situation as I was making up. Like I feel bad for the Murderbot that exists in that goddamn alternate universe. Like legitimately, like I'm concerned, and I just made that shit up out of thin fucking air, and no, like I put more effort into that shit than Martha Wells has into this entire fucking series because again, if she were actually giving a single shit about anything, she could have just edited a scene like that into the start of this thing instead of telling us —

Actually, I'll even highlight where we are right now at the 28% mark. Where's my — Where's the bookmark button? Bookmark.... Bookmarks....

Okay, I added a bookmark. And now I'm just going to go to chapter one. And — And actually, no, I think I can just remember it from off the top of my head. But

like, remember how Murderbot literally — we literally —

[metalic sounds in the background] Oh, hold on. I got to feed the puppy. That's why she's licking the bowl loudly. All right.

Um, yeah. Like you — I guess people who don't write don't understand this, but like, at — you — it's not just "you write it and then it's instantly published".

You you write it, and you edit it, and you write it, and you edit it, and you write it, and you edit it, and then if you have a traditional publisher, you get an entirely brand new supposedly professional editor to look over the entire thing for you and then hopefully you have multiple people who do that, and then you edit it some more.

It's not just "one and done, whatever you you you wrote down is set in stone forever".

She didn't *have* to lie to us.

She could have *so fucking easily* implemented those scenes that I just made up for all of you that are literally making me feel anxious just imagining it, and we could have just done that.

But we don't — we don't — we — she didn't do that, because she doesn't actually give a fuck about telling a good story that actually makes sense in and of itself.

And again, it's it's the whole "you can suspend your disbelief for vampire sharks on the moon. Um, it's a bit harder to do that for"

— they have a dehydrator here. Interrupting. She's complaining that she can't find dried cranberries anywhere. And it's like it's it's it's November. You can just buy bags of cranberries and dehydrate them. And I happen to be glancing up and I can literally see a dehydrator sitting over there on top of the cupboards. So, I guess I'll have to get that down for her and put it in her line of sight and tell her just buy 10 bags of cranberries and put them in here. And then you literally have dehydrated cranberries. That's how it

works. They're like grapes, mom. Just put them in a jar. They're dried. That's how — That's how dried cranberries works.

Anyways, what the fuck was I saying? Oh, yeah. If Martha Wells just gave a fuck about just basic quality writing, she would have edited this so that she's not *lying to us* right fucking now, 28% of the way through the story for no good reason.

It didn't have to be a lie!

But because of the fact that she wrote it the way she did, and published it the way she did, it is a lie now.

Like you can — you can headcanon that those scenes that I made up 10 minutes ago — You can you can headcanon that they happened and that's — that's your in-universe explanation for what's going on now.

But that didn't *actually* happen in the story. *I* had to make that up myself.

That's that's the difference between a lie and something that's actually true within the fucking story. It's absolutely not fucking true that Murderbot needs to get a fucking torturous invasive surgery to literally chop its goddamn limbs off so that people won't notice that it's a runaway slave.

That didn't *have* to be a lie. That could have been true. That could have been playing into the horror of this capitalist dystopia. But we're not doing any of that! This isn't even *attempting* to comment upon anything! Nothing at all!

And again: "I, I wrote a story about a robot who doesn't want to be human!"

Okay, but it's not a fucking robot. It's literally in-universe legally fucking dehumanized to justify enslaving it. It is a goddamn human. It's just a fucking disabled human that you decided to agree with the evil fucking empire in The Imperial Radch by saying, "Yeah, of course it's not human. It's got prosthetics. Look at it. Don't be ridiculous!"

You are literally agreeing with the evil fucking empire, Martha Wells, you are agreeing with fucking what's-her-face!

And and now we're just being lied to, and and Murderbot is being shamed out of its fucking behaviors that mark it as neurodivergent because, apparently, only neurotypicals are are considered real humans in Martha Wells's eyes.

After analyzing human movement

Again and again, I I have to keep stressing this shit because the thing Martha Wells is asking us to pretend is just "unbelievably impossible to imagine" is that people, regular fucking people do in fact move differently from each other!

And you could literally just have people who are trained to be like, it doesn't even have to be security or military shit, they could be a fucking actor.

Maybe, just maybe! They're fucking autistic and they just walk weird because *some autistic people do that*.

Maybe they have another disability!

There's there's literally infinite amounts of reasons!

But Martha Wells is just trying to tell us that we have to pretend that human movement is a fucking monoculture and exactly the same everywhere you go, so somebody who walks stiffly or doesn't constantly fidget is immediately out of place.

But then she didn't actually show that at the start of the goddamn series when it would have been effortless to just say that people are staring at Murderbot and realizing that it's a goddamn SecUnit, so it needs to get the fuck out of here as soon as possible.

She didn't do that! And now she expects us to just accept these blatant fucking lies and retcons within

the same goddamn story where they are proven to be lies and retcons.

> After analyzing human movement, I wrote some code for myself to cause me to make a random series of movements periodically if I was standing still to change my respiration to react to changes in air quality to vary my walking speed to make sure I reacted to stimuli physically instead of just scanning and noting it. This code had gotten me through the second

She's just lying so much. She's lying so fucking much. We are just being lied to every goddamn step of the way through this fucking series. Every fucking retcon, one after another, we're just being lied to.

She is claiming that Murderbot did all of this shit before this fucking book began. But then she was too fucking lazy and shit at writing and too goddamn money-grubbing to actually just edit this shit into the front of the fucking story instead of 28% of the way through.

This is fucking unbelievable. And she just hopes that nobody will ever fucking notice this.

And like, I've been complaining about this fucking thing here for years. This is just fucking ridiculous.

And yet I've never seen anybody else complain about it. So I guess either the people who are sick of her shit just never mention it again, or you know, I guess that's just fucking —

Oh my god. She's literally lying to us so much instead of just doing the bare fucking minimum level of editing the fucking story!

If I if I'm writing a fucking story and I decide only 28% of the way through the fucking goddamn thing that "oh actually I think I want my character to have — I don't know? Identical triplets for siblings actually all of a sudden? I wouldn't just not fucking — I, I'm going to go back to the front of the fucking story and make sure that I edit the fact that this character has triplets for siblings and make sure that's mentioned everywhere that instances of family are fucking

mentioned, so that I'm not just fucking lying to you 28% of the way through the story after the character has already walked through their goddamn house where they live alone with their mom, because they have no other family, and then just just drop on you 28% of the way through, the lie that "oh actually also they've had um identical triplets who live in the same house as them who have their own bedroom this whole time."

That's not how writing works if you actually give a fuck about writing, or — but Martha Wells clearly doesn't, because she literally let one single fucking story, the first quote unquote "four" Murderbot stories, what is very blatantly one goddamn book, she let that got chopped into fucking four so that it could each fucking quarter of the goddamn story could be sold for the f full fucking price of a single full-size novel, which even altogether they barely fucking add up to.

This is fucking ridiculous.

So, let me read this shit again.

> After analyzing human movement, I wrote some code for myself to cause me to make a random series of movements periodically if I was standing still to change my respiration to react to changes in air quality, to vary my walking speed, to make sure I reacted to stimuli physically instead of just scanning and noting it. This code had gotten me through the second transit ring. But would I be all right on a ring or installation frequented by humans who often saw or worked with SecUnits?

Literally just fucking lying to us. Because again, if if this is a lie. This is a blatant fucking lie. She's — she's expecting us to believe — and just lying to us that "oh, um, Murderbot actually did all of the stuff that I just described now before this book began!"

Even though in the fucking conversation it just had with ART, *if that was true*, if it *had* actually done all of this shit before now, it would have brought this shit up to defend against the fucking accusations.

But it's not, because she didn't fucking plan any of this shit, *and then* she also didn't just do the bare minimum, scroll back to the fucking top of the document and add this in.

She — or even just add it into the conversation that happened like one to two percentages ago!!!

She's literally — She's literally too fucking lazy to edit the goddamn document to actually put it in from the goddamn start, let alone to just put it in like probably less than four pages ago total.

That's how badly written this is. That's how little fucks Martha Wells gives about this, but then she she she literally gets up on stages and demands, "You have to take this as deathly serious and mature for serious adults."

Are you fucking kidding me? Stop fucking telling people she's good at writing. She literally cannot be assed to edit the most basic fucking ever.

> I tweaked my code a little and asked ART to record me again as I moved around its corridors and compartments. I tried to make myself look as much like a human as possible. I'm used to feeling mentally awkward around humans, and I took that sensation and tried to express it in my physical movements. I felt pretty good about the result until I looked at the recording and compared them to ART's recording of its crew and my recordings of other SecUnits. The only one here I was the only one I was fooling here was myself.

And again, we are comparing Murderbot, someone with fucking — and a fucking autistic person with PTSD, and comparing its movements to neurotypicals and saying, "See, see? Look how unnaturally you move! You have to stop doing that. You should be ashamed of that. You have to let me fucking chop you to goddamn pieces without anesthesia or pain medication about that."

And this is supposed to be — this is supposed to be more progressive than how Data was treated in Star Trek.

Nobody *ever* did anything to Data like this.

This is fucking ridiculous and evil.

> The only one I was fooling here was myself. The change of movement made me look more human, but my proportions exactly matched the other SecUnits. I was good enough to fool humans who weren't looking for me, since humans tend to ignore non-standard behavior in transitional public spaces. But anyone who had set out to find me who was alert to the possibility of a rogue SecUnit might not be fooled, and a simple scan calibrated for a SecUnit size, height, and weight was certain to find me. It was the logical choice. It was the obvious choice, and I would still rather peel my human skin off than do it. I was going to have to do it.

And then we get another dot-dot-dot scene break.

This is — This is just fucking evil. So, literally, ART has successfully fucking shamed and coerced Murderbot into getting a torturous fucking experimental surgery where, I shit you not, the goddamn surgery is going to consist of chopping off Murderbot's fucking arms and legs, chopping a goddamn cross-section off of that, and then stitching the remaining limb back onto the fucking body.

No anesthesia, no fucking pain medication, nothing to help the goddamn pain. I'm not joking.

Murderbot literally wakes up from this fucking surgery in so much agony that it can't even move. This— This is fucking— And and then we're supposed to pretend that this is— that Murderbot is treated better than Data, that this story is more progressive about neurodivergent people and our natural fucking behaviors, or, you know, the behaviors that are forced on us by PTSD, and literally being tortured.

Like, we were literally fucking told that Murderbot was fucking forcibly immobilized for fucking shifting its fucking weight.

This is supposed to be treating autistic people “well” as opposed to how Star Trek treats Data.

This is literally saying you have to perform invasive torturous surgeries on autistic people or people with PTSD to make us normal.

This is — it's not— and it's not even a fucking true goddamn thing. This, “Oh, all SecUnits, you— they could just search for uh size, weight, and height and find me instantly.”

That literally only comes up in that exact fucking sentence where we are told that that's a thing that might happen.

Never before now. And like, so you could literally just fucking attach weights to your fucking clothes to make you heavier?

You could literally just fucking put inserts in your gods damn shoes to make you taller. This is fucking bullshit— This is absolute fucking bullshit!

Yeah, we got a little dot-dot-dot scene break again.

> After a lot of argument, we agreed the easiest change was for the best result

And this is and the, the fucking horrific surgery I've described. That's, that's, that's the best fucking thing that they can come up with.

I don't even want to know what else ART fucking suggested if this fucking — Jesus Christ:

> After a lot of argument, we agreed the easiest change for the best result was to take 2 cm of length out of my legs and arms.

That's twice as thick as the first fucking book is, because that thing was slightly less than a goddamn centimeter.

So if you have that fucking book or a ruler, hold that up to your fucking arm. Write out— trace on your fucking arm with some pencil or something, 2 cm of like, down the length of your arm.

That's what's going to be chopped out of every one of Murderbot's fucking limbs without anesthesia and without any pain medication afterward.

It— they're literally going to be chopping two fucking centimeters crosswise out of Murderbot's arms and legs without anesthesia.

This is what ART has fucking coerced Murderbot into.

And as I— as I said, it's— Murderbot at this point is pretty much a victim of fucking kidnapping, because yes, it wanted to go to this location.

It did not fucking agree to be harassed by ART the entire goddamn time and be coerced and shamed into this fucking surgery that's not even going to provide it with basic fucking anesthesia or pain medicine.

It literally has to feel all of the fucking agony of its limbs literally being chopped off and then reattached, missing so much— Like, we don't even get into how this wouldn't fucking line up again. Your fucking arm and your fucking leg, they're not perfect fucking cylinders. It's not like a fucking PVC pipe where you can chop off a section in the middle and then the other two ends will still perfectly fucking line up, because that's a perfect cylinder.

Your fucking arm is different in fucking width at every goddamn section because it's forming a complex shape. And same with your fucking legs.

So, this is not even as quote unquote “simple” as chopping the fucking limb off, because then you have to realign all that fucking— And who knows what they're fucking doing to make the mismatched fucking portions line up again??

And I, I shouldn't be saying they, because Murderbot is going to be unconscious for this shit. It doesn't want to fucking do this. It doesn't want to do this. It is literally being fucking coerced into this extremely

invasive, torturous fucking surgery that it doesn't need to fucking have, and it doesn't want it.

And then this fucking fandom will say that this is the same thing as a gender affirming surgery. Like Jesus fucking Christ. And they then they think— they don't understand why that's a horrible fucking thing to say. Like oh my fucking god.

> After a lot of argument, we agreed the easiest change for the best result was to take 2 cm of length out of my legs and arms. It doesn't sound like a big change

What the fucking are you talking about, Martha Wells? Literally chopping your fucking arms off?!!? Oh my god. So, literally w— She's she's doing everything she can to downplay the horror of this fucking thing that is being— that Murderbot is being coerced into.

But like if, if you want to downplay the horror, why didn't you just not not put this in at all?!

There's no fucking reason for it! This doesn't need to fucking exist! This— there's no fucking reason for this besides ~it's, it's fun to torture Murderbot and say that it's good~ because ART is bored and it wants to fucking literally treat Murderbot like an experimental fucking doll.

> It doesn't sound like a big change, but it meant my physical proportions would no longer match unit standard. It would change the way I walked, the way I moved. It made sense, and I was fine with it.

And it's like, oh my god, being coerced into something and then having to come up with the least fucking harmful option is not the same thing as consenting!

> Then ART said we also needed to change the code controlling my organic parts so they could grow hair. My first reaction to that was no fucking way. I had hair in my head and eyebrows. that was a part of SecUnit configuration that was shared with sex bots. Though the code kept though the code

> controlling it kept SecUnit hair head hair short enough

oh my god kept

> SecUnit head hair short to keep it from interfering with the armor. The whole idea of constructs is that we look human so we don't make the human clients uncomfortable with our appearance.

And then in parenthesis,

> I could have told the company that the fact that SecUnits are ter

Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ.

(I could have told the company that the fact that SecUnits are terrifying killing machines does in fact make humans regard nervous regardless of what we look like, but nobody listens to me.)

End parenthesis. And again, that's supposed to be a fucking hilarious joke.

Literally Martha Well is literally telling us again that the fucking slaves *are* terrifying murder killing machines. Terrifying killing machines that make the poor innocent slave owners so scared. I swear to fucking God.

> But the rest of my skin was hairless. I told ART that I preferred it that way and extra hair would just draw unwanted attention. It replied that it meant the fine sparse hair humans had on parts of their skin. ART had done some analysis and come up with a list of biological features that humans might notice subliminally. Hair was the only one we could change my underlying code to create. And ART proposed that it would make the joins between the organic and inorganic parts of my arms, legs, and chest and back look more like augments. The inorganic parts that humans had implanted for medical or other reasons.

So much fucking going on here. This is a massive paragraph.

> I pointed out that many

This is still part of the same paragraph.

> I pointed out that many humans or augmented humans had the hair on their bodies removed for hygienic or cosmetic reasons and because who the hell wants it there anyway? ART counted that humans didn't have to worry about being identified as SecUnits so they could do whatever they wanted to their bodies.

Literally explicitly saying to Murderbot's face, "Your body does not fucking belong to you. You don't get to fucking have it look the way you it you want it to. You have to do what I fucking tell you because otherwise you'll be found out as a fucking runaway slave. You don't get to have control over your fucking body. You don't actually get to fucking have bodily autonomy. Fuck you."

It's literally— Murderbot doesn't fucking want any of this fucking!

And it is literally being told that it will literally fucking die if it doesn't!

And it is literally cannot get away from ART!

ART, if ART fucking wanted to, it could stop going to RaviHyral and just fucking kidnap Murderbot off into the depths of space, and there would be literally nothing Murderbot could do about it.

> I still wanted to argue because I didn't want to agree with anything ART said right now.

And Martha Wells is portraying being upset about this fucking abusive shit is that what she's just saying? “Oh, that's really childish and silly!”

> But it seemed minor in comparison to removing 2 cm of synthetic bone and metal from my legs and arms and changing the code for how my organic parts would grow around them.

So, I guess that does fucking mean that literally, yes, everything below the fucking elbow and probably knee is a fucking, uh, prosthetic because we're saying synthetic bone and metal.

> ART had an alternate, more drastic plan that included giving me sex related parts, and I told it that was absolutely not an option. I didn't have any parts related to sex and I liked it that way. I had seen humans have sex on the entertainment feed and on my contracts when I had been requ when I had been required to record everything the client said and did. No thank you. No. No.

And again, see that how “when I have been for required to record everything.” See how that's at least finally fucking presenting, “Yeah, its spying on people is bad.”

Yet, that's not going to stick around for the entire rest of the goddamn series, because the entire rest of the fucking series, Martha Wells decides to die on the hill of saying that if you think a surveillance state is bad,

and you don't want to be constantly recorded without your fucking consent, even in the privacy of your own home, then you are racist against robots.

Because she's a fucking racist fucking who thinks that oppressed people are oppressed for things that we actually do to hurt other people.

She literally tries to say that if you are upset by constantly being recorded in a goddamn surveillance state, then you are being mean to the poor, innocent, anxious robot who just wants to record you in the privacy of your own fucking home, and you have to let it, otherwise, you're being cruel and ableist and racist against robots.

> But I did ask it to make an alteration to the data port in the back of my neck. It was a vulnerable point and I didn't want to miss the opportunity to take care of it.

Like, like, and again that's just more retconning about that whole thing in the first book, because it was implied in the first book that that's *not* an external

data port, you have to cut open the fucking neck to get to it.

But we're just pretending it's just always on the back of the neck.

And again, um, we're about to conveniently remove that stupid, ridiculous, redundant threat from ever being a threat again.

Not that it was even a threat in the first fucking place, because it was literally goddamn fixed within two pages of it being said to exist, literally just so that Martha Wells could write a scene where the slave heroically tries to kill itself to protect its slave owners, which in the original fucking plan she had was going, to genuinely end in Murderbot's ~heroic, beautifully tragic~ death of a slave heroically, successfully killing itself to protect its precious cinnamon roll slave owners.

> Once we agreed on the process, I stood in front of the surgical suite. The med system had just sterilized and prepped itself, and there was a

heavy scent of antibacterials in the air, reminding me of every time I had carried an injured client into a room like this. I was thinking about all the ways this could go wrong and the terrible things ART could do to me if it wanted.
ART said, "What is causing the delay? Is there a preliminary process left to complete?"

So ART is literally fucking again shaming it from even just being fucking nervous and hesitating, ART is literally fucking literally pressuring it into all of this fucking shit and telling it “if you don't do— if you don't let me play with you like a fucking doll and chop you into literal pieces without anesthesia, you will fucking die and you will be fucking killed for being a fucking runaway slave!”

Even though there has been zero fucking evidence of that this entire godamn point.

I had no reason to trust it except the way it kept wanting to watch media about humans in

> ships and got upset when the violence was too realistic.

So literally, we are literally told that we should trust ART because it likes slave owners, and wants to protect slave owners, and is upset when slave owners get hurt in TV.

> I sighed, stripped off my clothes, and laid down on the surgical platform.
> Chapter 4.

What's my phone battery at? Can I continue? It's at 29%. Uh, we can read at least next pageish.

> Chapter 4. I came back online to find I was at 26% capacity.

And again, there's no definition for what the fuck that means, because we, we— Book One was calling it “performance reliability”. Now we're calling it “capacity”. What the fuck does that mean? We don't fucking know.

> I came back online to find I was at 26% capacity, but the percentage was climbing slowly. Bands of pain circled my knee and elbow

Oh no. That's worse. Oh my god. No. No, no, I forgot. I even specifically said that to my twin months ago, but I forgot.

Oh my god.

No.

No. Oh my god.

ART didn't just chop— “just” in heavy heavy repeating quotation marks.

It didn't just chop off Murderbot's limbs at the fucking middle of the forearm.

It went through the fucking knees and elbows.

I have to stop this recording.

I'm, I'm going to commit m— I cannot believe this fucking Oh my god.

Yeah. I'm sorry. Bye. This is just unbelievable. I, I will be back when my phone is charged. This is unbelievable. Holy fucking shit.

Not even simply quote unquote “simply”, all due fucking disrespect, “simply” chopping cross-sections of the fucking forearm and shin: ART chopped straight through the fucking knees and elbows. That's — That's not even—

No.

Goodbye.

17

It's November 20th. I'm finally done petsitting, so that means we can actually look at the physical book.

And first off, just holding— [holding ASR] this is Book One. [holding up AC] This is Book Two, which is what we're currently on.

Just looking at them, you can perfectly fit uh, Book One in between here. [showing B1 fits inside B2's hardcover perfectly] And the pages seem to line up pretty exactl,y despite this— despite the hard cover on this thing making it look a tiny bit bigger. [holding them next to eachother to show the spines] Just a tiny bit. Like, not even a lot. Just a little bit bigger. This one is a centimeter. I am too lazy to find a ruler to measure this one.

But we are going to be comparing at least the physical copies to see— because if— for all of the people clicking on these at random, instead of going to the start of the playlist, which is a lot of people— you're missing out on a bunch of context.

So Book One is a book— absolute scam.

[unintelligible from offscreen]

Huh?

[from offscreen] I said not just book context.

You have to—

[from offscreen] Context.

You have to talk louder because the fan's on. Twin two says from behind the cardboard— not just book uh context, critique context of all of the history of the publishing and going into this, and the choices that the publisher and along with them, the author, because she agreed to this shit.

So, if you weren't here at the start of this thing, click on Video One, cuz I don't feel like having to explain it all again.

But short version is: this is filled with so many godamn blank pages, and massive margins at the bottom of every single page, to try and stretch out the story to make it seem longer than it really is.

And *after* pulling out all the stops to make it seem longer, the very best they could do is this shit. [showing the tiny book] They were charging $15.99 for this, aka $16 before tax and shipping if you're buying it from somewhere that it's getting shipped.

So, that was Book One.

[to offscreen] You can stick this in the cupboard over there so nobody claws it. I will say, unfortunately, there's itty bitty little kitten claw marks on this, you might not be able to see.

[from offscreen] It adds character.

Feral kittens rescued in 2025. Um, so this cover, I know some of the other ones are disgusting. This one's not too bad. Um, this one's— all, all of the ones we have are used copies. We got them from either

physically at the Goodwill or from Goodwill's bookstore or just the thrift— just various online thrift stores for books.

[opening book] So, this one, it's got a cool gold and Black color scheme. Too bad that doesn't have a single thing to do with the story or any kind of theme at all.

It's just— also, this cover is completely fucking meaningless.

Let me actually hold that up so you can see it. [holds up book to cover]

Okay, so as always, we have to talk about— before we even get into the story, now that I actually, uh— if you missed the memo because you're here at random instead of— go to the description, at least there's— it should be in the description. It depends on how long it takes YouTube to upload it so that I can edit it in.

Go to the description of the video. It should have a link to every single other video in this playlist in order.

Click on the first video and just watch the playlist in order so you are caught up with everything.

But anyways, um for people who are here and know all the shit already, we do have to— again, I am morally obligated to point out the racism and white supremacy. [pointing at cover].

This is diversity baiting. This is our protagonist Murderbot. And you notice that despite the fact that it explicitly does not have access to this armor anymore, that it had in Book One, because it had to leave that behind, it's still being portrayed in that fucking armor on the cover.

And the reason for that is that this gives Martha Wells plausible deniability so she can literally spend years telling everybody online that it's a Black person and literally has the darkest fucking skin tone of all of the entire Preservation Aux crew.

But now, because she hasn't actually said that in the books, because it's very purposeful diversity baiting and giving her plausible deniability, “because look! It's not shown as having dark skin. You can't just say it's Black~ You're just making that up! Ignore all of the, the interviews where the author has said that in response to people— and the fact that it's on her own website or, not her own website, dream journal something something like that. I don't fucking know. Not MySpace. I don't think MySpace exists anymore.

Um, yeah, the reason that Murderbot— because I, I just had I had to explain this to somebody else a few months ago, because they were also confused about why Murderbot is constantly shown in armor on the covers of the books despite it explicitly never having that armor after Book One.

And it's literally just plausible deniability, because Martha Wells has been telling everyone that Murderbot is a Black person this whole fucking time because that makes her seem progressive, and makes her seem like somebody who's not a white supremacist.

But because she doesn't put that shit in the book in writing— it's like with a fucking lawyer, don't ever trust an author who only tells you this supposed diversity fucking— This is, this is the exact same shit JK Rowling did.

But people want to pretend that when Martha Wells does it, it's progressive. So,

[from offscreen] Dumbledore was gay. Yeah, Dumbledore was totally gay, everybody. I mean, you did see that coming to be fair.

[from offscreen] But like I was the only one apparently. And also that was just in a homophobic way.

Yeah, just in a homophobic way. Um, anyways, yeah, the reason Murderbot is always in armor is, because that means Martha Wells can tell everybody online in so many fucking interviews, “yeah, it's a Black person. It's it's got brown skin. It's totally a person of color!”

But then because it's not in writing in the book itself, she gets to have plausible, plausible deniability, for when Apple decides to pay her off to let her to let them whitewash and ciswash Murderbot, not just with white, not with just with any white person, a cis white man with blonde hair and blue eyes.

Taking Murderbot, a Black non-binary person, and casting a cis white man with blonde hair and blue eyes.

That's why Murderbot— That's exactly why Murderbot is always in the armor. Because that means that white supremacists like Martha Wells can pick up the book and pretend that Murderbot has been a cis white man with blonde hair and blue eyes this whole entire fucking time.

But Martha Wells doesn't have to actually put in any effort besides just saying in interviews, explicitly not included in the book, that “it's, it's, it's definitely a person of color. I'm totally not racist. This is a really diverse story. I totally care about people of color and representing them.”

Anyways, uh that's about the armor. Let's zoom back. Exactly what the fuck is supposed to be going on in this scene?

Because Murderbot seems— is standing out in space presumably. I don't know where else the fuck that could be, considering there's a giant spaceship, that is presumably, um, A.R.T.. overhead.

So, this is not a scene from this book, and it's not a scene from any book after this, or before it. This is just nothing. Nothing.

It's nothing that exists. This is like— This is like, I don't know. This is like... trying to think of something that hasn't happened in Pokemon...

This is like if there were a Pokemon book, but like, the Pokemon anime with Ash. And it on the cover it showed Ash... I don't know, going to the moon and being an astronaut on the moon.

Like, this, this, this A.R.T. didn't happen. Huh?

[from offscreen] I said and then that didn't happen in

Yeah. And then that— Yeah. And then that doesn't ever happen. This is, this is, this is meaningless.

This isn't showing a literal scene that happens. And it's also not conveying anything emotionally. It's not representing anything symbolically. It's just Murderbot standing in space, which is also, I guess, super smoky and orange. And then A.R.T. is somehow also there.

And A.R.T.'s supposed to be massive, so A.R.T. has to be really far back to look that small.

[gesturing with hands] So like, Murderbot’s standing here [holds one hand] and then A.R.T. is like hundreds and hundreds if not thousands or more feet back. [holds other hand far away from the first].

And this is just completely meaningless. It has— it doesn't mean anything. At no point does Murderbot stand anywhere and look out across any kind of

distance while A.R.T. is also there in the background, floating dramatically overhead.

Very blatantly a gunship, because it's covered in guns.

No, this doesn't happen.

So, again, I've gone on and on about the, the title being meaningless, but like also the, the whole A.R.T., it's just also meaningless.

Um, yeah, [pointing at fake stickers on the cover] this “Hugo and Nebula awardwinning series”.

Finding out that this book series won awards and espes— specifically, won the Hugo and Nebula awards, I now know forever that nothing that wins those awards means anything, because those are just completely fucking meaningless.

If the Murderbot Diaries, especially Book One, can win an award from the Hugo and Nebula whatever, then no, those awards are completely meaningless,

because if you missed it, go back and watch the entire series.

That's why I'm putting all of this effort in. You can at least put in half the effort of watching it. Or just go read the fucking transcripts if you would rather read the transcripts, if you can read faster, then I can talk. That's what the transcripts are for.

On a note, I'm not done editing the one for the last video yet, because my laptop keeps getting shut down by the cats. Um, what was I going to say?

Oh, yeah. The the solution to the plot in Book One was that they literally told the bad guys, "Hey, we're going to blow up your nuclear bomb over there." And then the bad guys instantly started panicking despite having no evidence that the good guys could actually pull this off. And then the g— the, the bad guys literally instantaneously sprinted over to stand directly in front of the nuclear bomb that they were just gonna— they were just told was going to explode. And then they just stand there and, and stare at the bomb until it literally does explode.

And that's how all the bad guys die, and the good guys quote unquote “win”.

Because they told the bad guys a bomb was going to explode, so the, the bad guys literally ran to stare at it and not do anything until it exploded and killed them.

And if you tell 99.99 repeating percent of the people in this fandom that that's how that plot ended, they're going to be like, just baffled, because nobody understood what the fucking was going on there. So, like, that, that, may as —that's the reaction is going to be, “No, no, that, that— it can't— it couldn't have been that. It it had to have been something that made sense, right? I mean, I didn't understand what was going on there, but but it had to make sense, right?”

And then the other people are going to be like, "Yeah, that that may as well just be what happened, because nothing else made sense in that story."

Anyways, uh for the price of this book, it's $1 more than the first book, despite both of their pages lining

up exactly. Uh it's $16.99 for the US, 22.50 for the for Canada.

It *was*, I should say, because undoubtedly the prices are going to go up. Uh, this is the one that was published in 2018. As I said, the inside's got a cool black and gold color scheme going on, but that's completely fucking meaningless.

Um, so we will see if they're going to do the scam thingy. We have this the blank, thick gold page.

Well, we won't c— we— I will be generous, and I won't count that towards the inside of the book scamminess, because that's just there to protect the pages. That's fine. I— that, I'm— See? Do you see how generous I'm being? All right.

So, for the pages before the story starts, we have a blank page that just says artificial condition the murderbot diaries and nothing else. I will note that the pages are so thin that the text on the other side is showing through very clearly even when, like, that's— [holds up open book] you can see that it looks almost

like there's a misprint on this side of the page. So that's not quality at all. Like even when the page is sitting down, no light shining through it, you can very clearly— I could probably read what's on the other page.

It's listing off um The Cloud Roads, the blah blah all the all that shit. The next page, I can already tell is other books— Yes, correct— also by Martha Wells.

Uh, next one... And they're doing this shit again. But at least here, at least here, they— see, they've put these things over on this page. Theoretically, they could have fit them over here. But this is at least a good sized font, and their spacing is not horrific. See, I'm I'm being nice. I'm not being— I'm not just picking at things for no reason. [holding up book] See, like this is reasonable.

Although I, I would say that this being in the middle of the page like this looks really weird. They should have just shifted it up here so that it lines up because it's it's weird looking like that.

But like, so far we're so far so good.

Then the back of that is a blank page and then it's the artificial condition title page on the back of that, instead of having another blank page.

And the back of that one and you can— you can literally still see the title showing through, even when the book is in shadow and there's no light shining through the paper. You can, you can tell it literally says artificial condition right here.

But this is the copyright page. And then again, we have another page that's all but blank with artificial condition at the top. But this is still a massive fucking improvement to the first book where they had so many fucking blank pages.

Here on the back of that page, it is blank. And then we get chapter one.

See, like even that, I'm not— I'm fine with that because it's usually it's usually considered good to have your your chapter start on this side of the book

instead of this side because it's just I don't know why they do it. It just makes it easier to read, I guess.

All right, so that's chapter one.

Of course, again, see, now I have to stop being nice.

They're counting all of the pages that are not the story, and they're counting them as being part of the fucking story.

So, exactly like Book One, we're pretending that page 1 is actually page 9. So, whatever page count is listed at the back of the book, let's see… [flips pages] at the back of the book, we have another blank gold page. That's totally fine. That's there to be decorative and protective. That's totally fine.

We have an “about the author” with a blank page on the other side. Again, that's fine because you usually don't want just random shit facing the end of the book. So, that's fine.

Oh, okay. Cool. And it looks like that is actually the la— that's, that's all that's at the back of the book.

So, this is an improvement from Book One as far as “let's it— let's literally insert blank pages and of shit everywhere we possibly can to make this seem longer than it is.”

So, it's it's an improvement but not by much. It is claiming that it has 158 pages, even though we are starting on book— they're calling page 1 page 9.

So, and then they're claiming it ends on page 158, which means it's actually 149.

Let me just skim and not look at the chapter, not look at the text. Look for a random chapter. See if there's blank p—

Yep. Wait. Nope. Okay, they did that correctly for whatever chapter that was. I'm not looking at the text. I'm just looking for chapter titles to see if they are inserting entire full blank pages in front of the chapters because anybody who's read books for a

while knows that when you get to a chapter, you do a page break at the end of the text of the next one so that your next chapter is always starting on a new page. That's fine. That's normal.

Seems to be happening in here. I'm not— I'm going out of my way not to actually focus on the text.

See, like this here, we end it here and then we have a blank page on this side. Again, that's fine because chapters usually meant to start here, but the other one they were literally inserting entire blank pages, but like yeah, uh it's so it's a slight improvement.

Actually, I think that's the chapter that we are on. Uh because I— Yeah, I think we're on chapter four.

So, I can actually go here. Um...

Oh yeah, because this is where I had to stop. Okay, so yeah, we are on chapter 4 at le— uh, again, if you're watching this instead of watching the videos in order at random, when I was petsitting, I forgot to bring the actual book with me, so I was using the ebook that I

got from Humble Bundle where I donated $18 to World Kitchen and $0 to this fucking publisher, cuz they're shit, uh, and I got all of the ebooks for free, plus some other extremely racist books for free.

Um, and then they also lied about it being the entire Ille-Rien series, but it's only two fucking books, even though there's three fucking books in the Fall of Ille-Rien series, and also a collection of short stories set in that universe.

So, where the fuck are you getting off saying that two goddamn books are “the entire series” for something that has six books if you count the collection of short stories as a book? Like, that's just fucking lying.

[from offscreen] It's because they haven't republished them yet, but they're still going out of their way to be predatory in their marketing.

You have to talk louder.

Cardboard — that's your name now— Cardboard says it's because they haven't actually republished the fall

of the Ille-Rien series yet, but they still want to be predatory about their marketing and shit and just just lie to people to get money.

But in this case, the money went to an actual charity and the publishers didn't get shit.

Um, if you ever decide to buy a Humble Bundle, bundle of humbleness, um, I don't know if that's actually what they call it.

When you are on that homepage looking at the thingy you're going to get, go hit what I think it's like “customize donation”.

There's like a there's like a “pay now” button, and then below that there's a little drop down menu that's kind of hidden. and says, "Customize your donation amounts."

And then it lets you push and pull sliders to say, "Give X give XYZ percentage to the charity, give XYZ percentage to the, the publisher, give XYZ percentage to the actual Humble Bundle website.

You can set all of— you can set all of that to zero, and give max the maximum amount to the charity, which is what you should do, because that's literally the fucking point of it.

So anyways, yeah, we are on chapter four, because I had to stop, uh, before I even finished the first paragraph, because the horror, the horror.

This is supposedly page 53.

So the, the the whole thing leading up to this, that people watching this video at random— I am judging you. I have a playlist for a reason. At least don't act like you're confused or act like I am missing context or nuance. That's not the get out of jail free card you all think it is.

Um, because very clearly some people are watching these, just picking one and then deciding not to look for any of the other conversations of stuff I'm talking about and they're like, "Oh, you're ignoring XYZ."

And it's like, no, you just clicked on the video where we talked about that, that's, that's very clearly numbered. This is video 17, I think.

Like, you can't click on the 17th video in a series and then act like you have the full context, when you haven't bothered to watch them all.

And you don't have to watch them all! The transcripts are all free to read and download on the internet archive. You can even set the internet archive’s ebook reader thingy to read it to you out loud in an automated voice.

Anyways, uh yeah, the whole leadup to this, you will notice—

As far as the ebook is concerned, I think we are 28% of the way through the story. [holding up book to look at pages] I'd say that's a good estimate.

Um, nothing has happened besides Murderbot being abused and coerced into a completely unfucking necessary and agonizing surgery that it doesn't need

to have because— without painkillers, without fucking — without being en, anesthetized, without any fucking painkillers.

And now we're finding out that like, it was bad enough because I, I, I did reread this book a few months ago and I even mentioned a few months ago what I— what's going on here, but then I forgot about that in the, the *everything else* going on.

Um, I don't have my bookmark.

Let me— see if the receipt is just in that cupboard where I put the other book, or a receipt that doesn't have a lot of ink on it. Or we have an actual bookmark somewhere.

Um, no, that's too thick. I just want a receipt.

Oh well, I'll just remember what page we're on. Um, yeah, I forgot about this detail even though, uh, cuz like everything, everything else is so bad and this just makes it so much worse.

So, the videos leading up to this, and then I had to stop when I got here, and was reminded exactly what's going on.

Oh, hey, a little ribbon. I can use that as a bookmark. That'll work. I have to close this, because my finger decided suddenly it was going to hurt.

Um, yeah. Up until now, I've been going off of the assumption, because I misremembered, even though I very much remembered this months ago, that all that quote unquote “all that” is happening here is that A.R.T. is chopping Murderbot's limbs off.

We know it has to be below the elbow because uh well, I guess it's not— It's not actually—

I thought, chopping the fucking limb off, setting that aside, chopping some more off of either side of that, and then taking the big section—

And I feel like I need to draw the fucking diagram.

Use the iPad. I call it the I keep calling it the iPad. Is it not the iPad?

[from offscreen] No, it's a Kindle. It's Kindle Fire HD.

How many years old is it? Um, are you opening a canvas?

[from offscreen] Almost 10 years old.

Okay. Uh, I'm drawing on the quote unquote iPad that's not an iPad, but we just call them all that. Uh, habit of having a stupid ass iPad. Okay.

So, let me see what's going on. Okay. Okay. Can I increase the size of the thingy?

[from offscreen[Yes.

Where? Uh, is it the 2.9 button?

[from offscreen] Yes.

Okay. [drawing on tablet]

Yeah, that's visible. Okay. So, I thought that the plan here was take Murderbot's arms and legs.

That's like that. [scribbled arm] Chop them. [line through arm] And then we have— demonstrates how — Yeah. horrifying.

This is literally so fucking horrifying.

So, literally chopping off its limbs, no matter what. That is the goddamn plan.

So, I thought, okay, because the plan, for no reason at all, there's no justification— There's no actual justification. It's, it's horrifying, but we're just supposed to be fine with it. Okay.

So, I thought the plan is okay. I'm— It's not okay, but I'm just saying that because that's a fucking verbal pause, whatever the scientific name is. I forget the name from those grammar videos.

Okay. Not okay. Very much not okay. Like horrific verbal acknowledgement of the fact that I am

continuing blah blah blah blah blah. Grammar is cool. I don't— I forget it though.

So, I thought we would be, we, we, we— A.R.T.— I thought A.R.T. the fucking sadistic “I'm gonna chop you up for fun” because literally, literally textually it's doing this *because it's bored*.

[continuing to draw on tablet] I thought the plan was chop off Murderbot's arms and legs below the elbow, then chop off another section of that. Sit that small section aside. Take the— this, this is the shoulder area. This is the shoulder. And then take this little piece of where the hand is— The hands are getting progressively worse.

And stitch them— why is it not doing a thing? Stitch them together so that you end up with a shorter arm.

Cuz that's the whole plan here.

Pretend those are stitch marks.

Okay. But apparently it's even worse than that.

Even though it shouldn't be possible for it to get worse.

And then you would just have a little random chunk of flesh over there. Or rather four random chunks of flesh because this is happening to every single one of Murderbot's limbs. Both arms, both legs. This shit's going to happen. But apparently— eraser? Are the erasers exactly what they look like?

[from offscreen] Yes.

Okay. And they are individually sized independent of the... Okay. I assume me erasing fucking and changing pen size isn't isn't going to mess it up?

[from offscreen] No, that's completely new.

Okay. I probably could have just hit undo, but that's too bad.

Um, okay. So, but, apparently what's actually happening, which is why I had to stop and just go “no!!!!”

Is that okay, Murderbot's arm? I'm going to have to draw the whole thing this time. [scribbles an arm] Boop. We see we have an elbow and hand.

Apparently, what's actually happening is even worse, because instead of just just quote unquote “just” chopping the forearm off, we're chopping it off up here above the elbow, *and* below the elbow.

So, we are detach— we are detaching everything below the elbow, and then we're de-attaching everything below the shoulder.

The elbow is getting completely fucking removed.

So the elbow is just— Jesus Christ, just sitting there by itself.

And then we are going— we— this is what has to happen. (at tablet) Why is it doing that?

So now we have to take the shoulder area. We have to chop off a section there. And we have to take this

area down here, and we have to chop off a section there.

We're not just doing one section of shortening. We're doing it above and below the elbow, because this, this very first paragraph of Chapter 4 is Murderbot waking in agony, because it hasn't been given pain medication and it wasn't properly anesthetized, as in wasn't anesthetized at all.

It's waking in agony with “bands of pain around its elbow and knee joints” because— meaning meaning above and below, meaning—

[From offscreen] See, I took it to

—and here—

[from offscreen] I took it to mean that A.R.T. was taking some extremely creative sadistic liberties and wanted to see how precise they could be in taking apart the joints and then putting them back together at the joints.

I mean that's literally what's happening.

Yeah, that and— this is— this doesn't need to be happening. This does not need to be happening to Murderbot.

We do not need to be torturing Murderbot like this.

And, and if people are thinking, "Oh, well, that's taking it too far!" Performing surgery on somebody without giving them anesthesia or pain medicine is a literal fucking form of torture. The fact that Martha Wells doesn't want you to notice how horrific this is does not change the fact that this is fucking torture.

So, so literally off— of every single one of Murderbot's fucking limbs, there are two chunks of flesh being removed. This is happening to its legs as well. [scribbles leg] That's a foot. Just pretend it's a foot. Just shut up. It's a foot. I'm not drawing it correctly.

Again, with the knees, we are doing the exact same thing with the knees. That means we are chopping everything at the thigh area. Everything below—

above the knee? That's gone. That's all completely fucking disconnected.

The knee is then completely separated from the shin and foot. And then it is all sewn back together. If I can draw a fucking proper leg this time… to be shorter than it was before. Pretend— Pretend these line up.

We are literally torturing Murderbot for no fucking reason, because as, as— if you've seen the rest of the videos, there's no actual justification for this.

She could have made this like, literally the only fucking option for Murderbot to not immediately be murdered by a lynch mob. I, I even spelled out fucking scenarios that I made up instantaneously on the fucking spot to show how that could have gone with basic fucking editing.

But she didn't set that up. We don't— Murderbot's not actually under threat of being killed by a goddamn lynch mob. Not one single person looked at it funny or even looked at it at all.

It is just being fucking coerced by A.R.T. into letting A.R.T. perform ridiculous fucking invasive surgeries literally because A.R.T. is bored, canonically.

That is literally what is happening here.

[poking at tablet] Let me just erase it all. That's not white.

[from offscreen, mimicking Hal] I'm bored, Dave.

Well, that's mean to him. He didn't do anything wrong.

[from offscreen] I know. I know. I was about to say and I'm on his side.

Did he even say that, or is it just a mimicry? “I'm sorry, Dave.” I can't do that. Yeah. Okay.

Now, so let me try and— Is there a symmetry button on here? Somewhere at the very top. Oh, I found it, I think. Okay. [starts to scribble a human figure] So, very bad drawing. Very bad drawing. [brush skips] It

decided I wasn't pushing anymore. Hold on. We'll draw it from the feet up. Okay. So,

[to cat] Hello.

I'm just going to draw the joints as little circles to show them.

This is a shitty drawing. And I keep— apparently I'm not pushing the button right. Okay. So, So, Murderbot literally has had its limbs chopped off below the knee or above the knee and below the knee, and reattached to be shorter.

Its limbs have also been entirely fucking removed above the elbow and below the elbow and then reattached to shorten all of its limbs without anesthesia.

Click. [scribbled writing] You can suffer my horrible writing. I don't care. No anesthesia. No pain meds.

This is torture, and it didn't have to happen. This did not need to happen.

We are supposed to like the— We are supposed to like A.R.T. and think that A.R.T. is awesome and cool and that A.R.T. and Murderbot's relationship is ~so cute and adorable and wholesome~ and ~they're such a good ship, they argue like an old married couple~

A.R.T.— [hands tablet back offscreen] here's the thingy back— A.R.T. literally has been abusing Murderbot from the goddamn start.

It did not— it literally let Murderbot aboard and then — of its own free will, knowing that Murderbot was an escaped slave, and then, literally just to be fucking sadistic, decided to threaten to murder Murderbot very viscerally, if— this is the fucking robot equivalent of just coming out of nowhere and holding a fucking gun to your head. It did that for fun, because—

Rapport exists by this point in time in space.

It's November 20th, 2025. Rapport has been out for like a hundred something days now. That came out in June or July. I always get those two mixed up because they are right next to each other and both start with J.

We know now that A.R.T. thinks faster than everyone around it, so that time seems to be moving slowly. A.R.T. knew exactly who Murderbot was, and— at this point, you can't convince me otherwise, because it it had access to all of those news— It knew who Murderbot was! It knew Murderbot was a runaway slave! It knew it was a SecUnit the second it fucking saw it.

And then it still pretended not to know exactly what Murderbot was up to, and threatened to murder it after letting it aboard *on purpose*.

So, if, if A.R.T. had actually felt threatened and was scared of Murderbot, it could have simply just said, "Nope, you can't come on board. I don't, I don't trust you. I think you're going to hurt me."

But it didn't actually fucking think Murderbot was going to hurt it in any goddamn way.

It literally just fucking held a metaphorical, not even a metaphorical, held the equivalent of a gun to

Murderbot's head and said, "If you try to hurt me, I will fucking kill you."

Literally. So, okay, imagine you're hitchhiking. You are a runaway slave. You're hitchhiking. You ask somebody to give you a ride somewhere. They say, "Sure, yeah, that's fine."

And then as soon as they are on the highway blasting by at hundreds of hundred miles an hour, so you cannot get out of the fucking car without dying—

If you didn't know, in case there's somebody who didn't know this, if you jump out of a moving car, you're going to fucking die, because you're hitting the ground at whatever speed that fucking car is going. Your body is not meant for that.

Um, imagine you're you are a runaway slave. You are hitchhiking. You know that the person giving you a ride knows that you're a runaway slave. They are willing to let you in their car anyways.

But then as soon as they they get on the highway and are going 100 miles an hour, there's nobody around for miles who can help you, they whip out a fucking gun and press it to your fucking head and tell you, "If you do anything to harm me, I will fucking kill you."

When you've done nothing to harm them, and they literally let you in the car.

Is this— Is this self-defense? Is this something that can be justified by saying, "Oh, well, I thought you might hurt me."

No! They let you in! You’re— They let you in their fucking car! They could have, if they felt scared of you, they could have simply kept driving, but they stopped! They let you get in! They saw that you were doing nothing to hurt them, and they very specifically waited until you could not fucking leave, which is the exact opposite of what they would want if they genuinely felt threatened by you, and then threatened to fucking murder you for literally no reason!

This is just sadism. This is just A.R.T.. being fucking sadistic and just fucking tormenting Murderbot and abusing Murderbot for no reason except that it it enjoys it, apparently!

And a lot of people are like, "Well, the character is called Asshole Research Transport, you think it's going to be a funny little nice person?"

It's like, no, it's fine for a character to be an abusive fucking sadistic asshole. Uh, what's *not* okay is for the author and the *narrative* to want us to like that character and pretend that they're a good person, which is what this series is doing.

Just because she's lampshading the fact that A.R.T. is an abusive fucking sack of shit does not mean it's good to portray A.R.T. being an abusive sack of shit as quirky and wholesome and #RelationshipGoals, which is supposed to be our takeaway with A.R.T. and Murderbot here.

It's literally just romanticizing abuse, and in this case literal, fucking medical abuse and torture.

So... anyways... let's let's read chapter 4.

I—

This is after Murderbot has been coerced and shamed into getting a surgery it didn't fucking want. It literally said, "I would rather peel off my skin than get this surgery, but I am being given no fucking choice." That's not consent.

Murderbot explicitly does not fucking consent to the surgery. It's just literally has no goddamn choice. And it is being coerced at every goddamn opportunity and told that if it doesn't get the surgery, it will instantly fucking be sold back into slavery, which is not true.

This is just horrific, but we're supposed to think it's it's fine. And the fandom loves to misrepresent this horrific fucking torture! They love to say, "Oh yeah, Murderbot got uh, real relationship goals is when your f— your bestie gives you gender affirming care!”

‘Gender affirming surgery’ is how the fandom decides to frame being tortured, to people who have not read

— this is that's how they advertise this scene to people who have not read the book.

So they're, they're literally claiming that yeah, some a runaway slave being fucking coerced into getting a horrific traumatizing surgery that they don't want by somebody who's holding them at gunpoint and has kidnapped them at this point, because Murderbot can't leave!

It wanted to fucking leave as soon as A.R.T. threatened to kill it, but A.R.T. made sure to threaten to kill it *after* they were already out in space and too far away from the station to get help or even get back. This is now kidnapping, because if you ask somebody for a ride and— because you're hitchhiking, because you're a runaway slave, you're, you're you're getting in their car in the agreement that they're going to drop you off somewhere without hurting you.

If they literally literally start threaten to fucking murder you with a gun to your fucking head the second you are unable to escape them, that's kidnapping now, because the contract that was

agreed upon: “You'll drive me to here. We'll both be safe” has been broken.

So this is this is coercion under threat of death, and kidnapping, and it's leading to Murderbot being tortured.

And Martha Wells wants us to be totally fine with all of this.

We're not actually supposed to see this as just a literal fucking horror story.

This is supposed to be the epitome of these two bonding and, and, and she's framing it as being a romantic relationship. That's what she's doing, because— exact same thing with Murderbot in the fucking armor.

Murderbot is supposed to be aroace and repulsed by everything, and it it has kept saying that, but Martha Wells clearly doesn't actually respect that or give a shit about that, because she— and every single other goddamn character in the series, which we're *never

supposed to be upset with for this*, keep find— keep insisting that this relationship must be romantic and sexual and it's— and it's just more— it's just more diversitybaiting. It's queerbaiting.

She's— She's just, just with— like with the armor. She's— What is the fucking word I'm thinking of?

She's courting all of the white supremacists by constantly putting Murderbot in armor so that there's nothing in the books themselves to prove that it's a Black person. And she's also courting, no, I think it's courting.

She's courting all of the allos who hate aroace people who are uh, repulsed by the thought of being in a sexual or romantic relationship.

She's courting them by saying having Murderbot ~protest too much~ about being aroace and not wanting anything to do with that, while all of the characters that we're supposed to worship go “haha wink wink nudge nudge. We all know what's going on here. How silly for Murderbot.”

Anyways,

> I came back online to find I was at 26% capacity, but the percentage was climbing slowly. Bands of pain circled my knee and elbow joints so intense I couldn't process it. My human skin itched and I was leaking. I hate that.

[from offscreen] Bleeding.

Yeah, by “leaking” that means Murderbot is bleeding from this fucking surgery that it was not anesthetized for and has not been given any pain medication to deal with, and it's bleeding.

See how this is being framed? And do you see how the simple statement “I hate that”, that's taking this whole paragraph and saying “it's it's very funny. Trust me, don't— this isn't a horror This isn't a horror story or anything like that. You shouldn't be horrified. It's just silly. See, Murderbot hates leaking!”

Because using the word “leaking” is supposed to make that seem funny instead of like— okay, so Murderbot has literally had all of its limbs chopped off and then chopped into smaller pieces and then sewn back together without anesthesia, without pain medicine, and it's fucking bleeding. Bleeding from that.

Meaning A.R.T. didn't actually fucking sew this shit together properly or reattach these limbs properly.

[from offscreen] Wait, in the first books are supposed to have like auto cauterizing veins and shit?

Yeah.

[from offscreen] So did A.R.T. disable them?

I guess so because um— cardboard says uh “but wait in Book One it said SecUnits have auto carterizing veins. So did A.R.T.. disable those?”

And it's like, I guess it must have, because… what else are we supposed to go along with, besides admitting

that the author is shit at writing, which, yes we can do, because yeah that's why it's— because she's shit at writing, but in-universe, what explanation are we supposed to come to, besides A.R.T.. decided to disable that?

How— you shouldn't be bleeding after a surgery has been successfully performed, because the point of a surgery is that *you're not bleeding*.

[to offscreen] I'm thirsty. I'm getting a drink quick. You can feel free to say things like, that's just paragraph one. Feel free to talk about the frame— Oh, there's a Marlena.

Oh, we forgot more drinks.

[from offscreen] There's water in the kitchen. Uh, how many are in there? I want to keep at least four for actual Thanksgiving. Okay, fine.

… When you're talking out loud and doing stuff—

[to cat] Oh, sorry. Sorry. I don't know if that showed up on the video. Come back. I don't know if that showed up on the video, but Marlena, come here. She decided to jump on the sofa right as I was leaning back. So, I almost squished her. Marlena, you silly girl. You gotta be careful.

She's fine. She doesn't care. She's rolling around cuz she's a cutie.

Anyways, uh you're supposed to drink hot things while you're talking a lot, but it's already hot. So, I'm not making hot chocolate. Also, we don't have hot chocolate powder.

This is cranberry ginger ale from Aldi. I'm— I don't really think it tastes like either. It's good. Like, not fantastic. Doesn't really taste— I guess there's—

[from offscreen] It tastes like the name brand does.

Oh, does it? Okay. If— I guess if you like the actual ginger ale brand, this apparently tastes exactly the same. So, not very high rating for that either, I guess.

So again, with just the framing of this paragraph alone, I, I just have to post this paragraph alone to Tumblr and say, "Hey everybody, let's do some analysis, shall we?”

[to cat offscreen] Why are you dropping things? Why are you dropping things, huh?

I said, "Are you supposed to take this seriously, or is this the author's attempt at downplaying what just happened?"

Because the ending parts of this, this paragraph starts out neutral, just stating facts, and then at the very end, we get “and I was leaking. I hate that.” the usage of the word “leaking” instead of “bleeding”, That's supposed to automatically make it seem funny and weird, and therefore funny and then saying, "I hate that."

We're not— We're not supposed to take— that’s funny, that's supposed to be funny. That— not supposed to take that seriously. We're supposed to think that's

funny. “Murderbot hates bleeding.” “Murderbot hates leaking.” That's supposed to be funny.

So, yeah:

> bands of pain circled my knee and elbow joints so intense I couldn't process it.

So, it is in literal fucking agony from the fucking surgery that it wasn't anesthetized for and has not been given any goddamn pain medication, even though the rest of the surgical suite at Medical Bay works on it perfectly.

So, what exactly is the reason it's not being given pain medication? We’re never given an explanation in the book, that, you know, um, “the company prevented regular painkillers from working on them somehow, made them immune to them, made them like metabolize them so that they don't function.”

That could be a thing that could be used to further show the evil of the corporations that do this shit and enslave people like this— that they're so goddamn

cruel, they make it so pain medication doesn't even work on them.

But we don't even get that.

So, literally the only possible explanation we can come to, without making shit up like, that— by making up. “Okay, I guess pain medication just doesn't work on them for some fucking reason.”

The only actual explanation we can come to with the evidence that we have, considering Murderbot is bleeding after the surgery has been “successfully” completed, is that A.R.T. has chosen not to give it pain med pain medication, for fun.

What other explanation is there? It's not like A.R.T.. doesn't have access to pain medication. It does. It has an entire fully staffed— not fully staffed, fully kitted out medical suite, including a surgery bay.

So, why isn't Murderbot being given pain medication?

Why is Murderbot having to wake up from a fucking butcher job in agony and still bleeding?

Why is it fucking bleeding????

Why are the fucking chop marks on its goddamn arms bleeding??!?!?!

And then A.R.T. has no comment on this.

Doesn't say, "I'm sorry. This— this— I overestimated my abilities to blah blah blah interface with your proprietary technology, you're actually way more different from a human than I thought. So, um, I'm so fucking sorry that you're bleeding, because I can't do anything about that.”

Nothing like that. Nothing like A.R.T.. actually fucked up, this should— never be a way A.R.T.. can't fuck up, because A.R.T.. *can't* fuck up.

So, everything going on here is *on purpose*. We could have had a thing where A.R.T..— because everything A.R.T. does is premeditated. Everything

A.R.T.. does is premeditated, because literally, Rapport tells us that it thinks so fucking fast that it is in— physically fucking incapable of committing a crime of passion. because it thinks *so* quickly that the world seems to be moving in slow motion compared to how fast its thoughts go.

Meaning literally every single thing that A.R.T. has ever done in this series and ever will do in the future is 1,000% premeditated. In the time it takes me to say the word “premeditated”, A.R.T. has already planned out 50,000 fucking murders in exact detail and then carries them out.

This is— This shit is premeditated.

This is how continuity works.

Especially because Martha Wells is trying to lie— well, no, she's not trying— she *is* lying directly to all of our faces with Rapport and claiming that she totally had— ~A.R.T. totally had character development in this book! A.R.T. totally learned a bunch of stuff in this book!~

And it's like, no it didn't. Shut the fuck up.

Just draw a scribble a thing of somebody just bleeding. Never mind. You can all just use your imaginations. Imagine the little drawing. And then every single one of those cut—cut lines? They're bleeding. Bleeding after the surgery has been “successful” because A.R.T.., as I said, this is— this is a “success”.

This is a full success. This is successful surgery, because A.R.T.. doesn't apologize for botching it. A.R.T. doesn't apologize for fucking up and, and being overconfident and then realizing when it's too goddamn late to take it back it couldn't actually do this job properly, that it promised—

Because A.R.T..'s not allowed to fuck up, “A.R.T.'s always right.” This is— this is what “success” looks like. Torturing a godamn slave who didn't want to do this in the first place that you fucking forced into it, and it is in agony and it's still fucking bleeding, because you didn't even fucking take care of the goddamn wounds that you inflicted upon it

[from offscreen] And Murderbot's own systems can't cauterize them.

Murder— Yeah. Murderbot's veins aren't cauterizing themselves like we were told they do in Book One, because she's shit at fucking writing.

That's all paragraph one. And the framing there is, “yeah, this is funny. Don't, don't, don't take this seriously. It's just it's just a silly little joke.”

> I didn't have the capacity to access or play any of my media

Because it's in fucking agony. It's literally in so much agony that not only can it not move, it can't even mentally fucking do anything.

[from offscreen, quietly] it can’t even disassociate.

Huh?

[from offscreen] It can't even disassociate.

It can't even fucking disassociate because it's in so much fucking pain because it can't access its fucking TV shows and just lose itself in them.

> All I could do was lie there waiting for my levels to adjust. Attempts to move just made it worse.

It's literally being tortured right now. A.R.T. could have given it pain medication and chose not to.

And Martha Wells is not portraying this as a godamn horror story. She is not portraying A.R.T.. as a terrifying fucking sadistic butcher. We're— We're supposed to be fine with all of this. We're just supposed to accept that, “Oh, yeah. Well, yeah. Uh, don't question why there's no anesthesia. Don't question why there's no pain medicine being given to the fucking victim / patient. Don't ask— Don't question the fact that Murderbot is bleeding after the surgery has been long since completed. Don't question any of this.”

We're not supposed to think of any of this as horrifying in any fucking way. We're just supposed to

just roll with it and think, "Oh, it's kind of sad that Murderbot’s in pain, but also not really”

Because yeah, it's, it's literally being tortured right now. It has been tortured and chopped into fucking pieces, and we're just supposed to be fine with this.

Attempts to move just made it worse. I wished I had gone with plan 16 to render the A.R.T..

The A.R.T.. The A.R.T.. I guess *the* Asshole Research Transport.

“Render the A.R.T..”

The— All right. That— I don't think that's ever used that way ever again.

> I wished I had gone with plan 16 to render the A.R.T.. inoperable. The one with the best statistical chance of success without me taking catastrophic damage in retaliation. Plan two to blow it up was looking pretty attractive at the

> moment, too. This had been a stupid thing to agree to.

And it's like, you didn't actually agree to it, Murderbot. You— You did not consent to this in any fucking way. You were fucking forced into it.

Being forced into something by your fucking kidnapper who has already threatened to fucking murder you is not consent.

So, literally, Murderbot wishes because of all of the fucking pain it is in, that it had actually attempted to murder A.R.T.. in self-defense instead of being coerced into this.

But again, that's— we're not supposed to take this seriously. That's just supposed to say, "Oh, that's so funny. It, it, it, it's so mad at A.R.T., but not really."

And yeah, I must stress, just because Murderbot thinks it agreed to this, it didn't.

It didn't actually fucking agree to this.

It had literally no way of saying no to A.R.T., because even if it just kept saying no, A.R.T. was going to keep fucking pushing it and pushing it.

And A.R.T. can literally murder it at any fucking time, and there's literally nowhere Murderbot can go to escape again.

So, with the hitchhiking metaphor, the fucking person driving the car who let you in on purpose holds a gun to your head and then says, "Hey, you have to let me chop you into fucking pieces. I'm— I'm totally a qualified surgeon. Let me chop you into pieces. Um, just for the fuck of it, cuz I'm bored. I have nothing better to do, so I may as well chop you into fucking pieces. Oh. Um, and by the way, if you don't let me do this, you'll die. Other people will murder you.”

And, and then they— you literally can't fucking leave.

And they're still holding that fucking gun to your head.

They can kill you at any fucking time.

The only way you can get them to not instantly fucking kill you is agreeing to be chopped into fucking pieces, which is not actual consent. You're not actually agreeing.

Here's a basic fucking concept for people that people need to get through their heads.

[from offscreen] If you can

Shhhhh It's my fucking—

If you cannot say no, you cannot consent.

If you do not actually really truly have the ability to say no to someone and have them accept and respect that no, then you are not actually able to consent to them.

Because consent requires the ability to *not* consent.

If the only fucking options you have is saying yes and being fucking constantly harassed about it until you give in from exhaustion and say yes because this

person is literally threatening to fucking kill you, and can kill you at any time, and you both know it, and it literally fucking threatened to murder you for no reason but fucking sadistic enjoying the fact that you're terrified of it—

That's— you can't consent to that, because you don't actually have the ability to fucking say no.

Murderbot does not actually have the ability to say no to A.R.T..

A.R.T. literally can kill it at any point.

A.R.T. went out of its way to establish that.

You can't say fucking— you can't —you genuinely cannot actually say no or consent to the person who literally held a fucking gun to your head and still has that gun in their goddamn hand. Not putting it not even putting it away. They're still holding it. They can fucking point it at your head again at any goddamn time.

This is not consent. This is not consensual surgery.

And the fact that the fandom lies to people and tells them, "Oh yeah, Murderbot got gender affirming surgery."

It's like— that is just so fucking hateful and vile to trans people! Trans people getting gender affirming surgery is not being tortured under threat of fucking death and being constantly harassed and told you'll die if you don't do it.

And that is a fucking disgusting comparison to make, especially because now you are telling people to read the books “because Murderbot gets gender affirming surgery”

And then they get here and they see *you think* that gender affirming surgery is literal fucking butchery, chopping people into pieces while threatening to murder them without anesthesia, without pain medicine, and then forcing them to suffer through that.

That's— that's— that's just disgusting. Just shut the fuck up.

We're now on paragraph three.

> It was like being in a cubicle after being shot to pieces, but without the cubicle's ability to shut down higher functions until the repairs were complete.

Again, it is in literal fucking agony because A.R.T. is torturing it. This is fucking torture.

This didn't have to fucking happen.

It doesn't need to be fucking torturous! If we pretend that it *did* have to happen, which it didn't, it could have been given pain medication. It could have been kept fucking anesthetized—anesthetized in the fucking first place!

It could have been kept properly anesthetized until all of this fucking was done!

But A.R.T. is keeping it awake and letting it be awake and letting it feel this pain on purpose.

Because if that weren't what is going on, then A.R.T. would be giving it pain medication or else we'd be *apologizing* for the *inability* to give it pain medication.

But we can't do that, because A.R.T. always has to be right. So A.R.T. can't be *incapable* of doing anything, so therefore, it's all just— just totally fine.

Again, this isn't this isn't supposed to be horror.

This is just supposed to be totally fine and chill, just ~relaxing, turn your brain off and enjoy it~

Don't think about it at all, though!

> I had known going in that the med system wouldn't be able to adjust my pain level, but I hadn't thought it would be this bad.

So again, the pain the medical system itself not being able to adjust Murderbot's internal pain sensor thingymajigs has— that's that's not the same thing as Murderbot being unable to be given pain medication.

There's no fucking explanation for why Murderbot was not given pain medication.

Murderbot being able to turn off its pain sensors at will is not the fucking same thing as not as being given or not given pain medication.

And again, the “I hadn't thought it would be this bad”. Again, further further lack of consent.

Murderbot wasn't actually told how agonizing this shit would be, which means if it had consented in the first place, which it didn't, it wouldn't be informed consent, which means it's still not fucking consent!

Again, Murderbot consented to getting a goddamn ride somewhere. It did not fucking consent to being threatened with being murdered and then harassed

and coerced into a torturous surgery. Then it was fucking lied about how painful it would be.

A.R.T. said, "My my crew trusts me to do these things. Why don't you trust me?"

And then it didn't fucking properly prepare Murderbot for the amount of agony this would cause.

> I couldn't adjust my own temperature either, but I wasn't cold as the med system was controlling the temperature of the room and the platform to keep me at a comfortable level. Cubicles didn't do that, and I had to admit it was nice.

Again, this is just being used to downplay— So, okay. So, ~one nice thing is that Murderbot is not being left to freeze to death,~ and A.R.T.'s not even the one doing this.

That's the med system just doing that by itself.

And that's supposed to make up for everything else that we have just been described, which is all being framed as just light-hearted, chill, not a literal fucking horror story at all.

> Gradually

And you cannot ignore the fact that Murderbot is a fucking Black person. Like this— this is medical abuse. And it's just— it's just more racism. You can't divorce the fact that Murderbot is actually a fucking Black person. Whether or not Martha Wells is shilling for the company whitewashing it or not, Martha Wells is choosing to do this to her Black non-binary enslaved character and presents it all as just totally fine. Just totally normal. “You don't need to be concerned. It's fine.”

> Gradually, my levels started to even out and I got back enough function to dial down my pain sensor and turn off the itching.

We don't get— we don't get told how— how long it's taken that “gradually” to mean.

Does that mean a few minutes or a few fucking hours? Because it sounds like fucking hours.

[from offscreen] Three minutes of— three minutes silence in the middle of a conversation is apparently normal with the bots.

Mmhm. [agreeing sound]

> I needed some pain to tell me what not to move until all of the regrowth of my organic tissue was complete.

And it's like, okay, again, again, why wasn't Murderbot kept anesthetized until it had already healed, reached this level of being able to do that?

And the only fucking conclusion we can come to, from what is in the fucking book, is that A.R.T. decided not to help it in any way and just let it suffer like this for no fucking reason.

Because if that *weren't* what's going on, we would get told that, and explain to what to us why this is—

why this is happening the way it is, if it were actually something that A.R.T. weren't able to fucking help with.

A.R.T. was hanging around

Okay, again with the fucking you know, the “augmented human person”, in— “including in”:

A.R.T. was hanging around out in my feed.

“Hanging around out in my feed.”

[to person offscreen] Make a list. Text me a list just “including in” “augmented human person” just like, again, this book claims to have been edited by Lee— Huh?

No. So it's not going to shine. Oh, it doesn't matter. Doesn't matter.

So, uh, “including in” “augmented human person” and now “hanging around out in”

Jesus Christ. Uh, Lee Harris claims to have edited this. Lee Harris also claims to have edited the first book. And Lee Claris— Harris claims to have edited Rapport, the thing that is only a few months old and has such glaring fucking typos in it, even though they're selling it to people for money, and people are buying it under the impression that it's the entire next book in the series, only to think that their Kindle is broken because there's no— there's no ending to the fucking story, and there's massive blatant typos that anybody should be fucking embarrassed by, especially if they're making people pay for it and claiming to be professionals.

Where was I at?

A.R.T. was hanging around out in my feed.

Jesus Christ.

But you know, um, this is definitely worth $17 plus tax plus shipping.

[to offscreen] You want to look up how much this shitty book costs now with the Apple shilling raising the prices?

Uh, Book Two. Yep.

You just look on Amazon because that's where most people are probably getting it.

[from offscreen] It's on sale for Black Friday.

Oh, that's— all right. Well, it's on sale for Black Friday. So, what is the Black Friday sale price for a hard cover? Hard cover if that's an option.

Okay.

[from offscreen] Uh, it's on special hardcover sale for Black Friday for $12. Usually $24.99 and they're charging 13— $12.99 for the Kindle edition.

Okay. So, the Kindle— is that with the Black Friday sale or do they not do it for Kindle books?

[from offscreen] They don't do it for Kindle books.

Okay. The the ebook costs $12. The— the hard cover these days in 2025, now that she is shilling for Apple, the exact same people whitewashing and ciswashing her Black non-binary protagonist, it— this, this $17 has been increased—

Did you say 24?

[from offscreen] Yes.

That's— the 24, is that $24.99 or $23.99?

[from offscreen] uh I already closed it.

Okay it's either 24, probably $24.99. This is $24.99. This is— They're charging $24.99 for a book that's a centimeter thick, because, as I said, the pages line up perfectly with the first one, and we get such ~fantastic professional editing~ such as:

> A.R.T. was hanging around out in my feed.

God damn.

> But mercifully hadn't tried to talk to me yet. At 75% capacity, I tried to sit up. Med system started throwing warnings and A.R.T. said, "There is no reason to move now. During the process, I ran a search of my onboard public information news feed bases during the

Oh my god, stop with the corporate speak. Jesus Christ, you don't need to say all of this shit.

And again, there's a difference between being pretentious, which is what this shit is, and using words correctly.

We don't need to be saying all of this shit, it's just obnoxious and pretentious and literal fucking corporate speak. Even though this is supposed to be criticizing corporations.

Are you listening?

[from offscreen] You have to start that sentence over.

> “There is no reason to move now. During the process.

And again, again, hold on. We— Murderbot tries to sit up. “Med system started to throw warnings.” We don't get an actual— just— It's just ridiculous.

> “There is no reason to move now. During the process, I ran a search of my onboard public information news feed bases during the time period in question regarding unusual fatalities related to mining. Do you want my conclusions based on the results?”

That— did you— the dialogue doesn't need to fucking say that shit. That is just fucking obnoxious. That is just pretentious fucking corporate speak. The only reason it says all that shit, all of those words where two words would have fucking sufficed, is just to make the story seem longer.

Swear to God.

> I eased back down, feeling my organic parts cling to the warm metal of the platform. I was now leaking from a different spot.

So, Murderbot is bleeding in multiple fucking places, even though we're told that this is a successful surgery. A successful surgery that results in the victim— because we can't call it a fucking patient, it's a goddamn victim.

It didn't consent to any of this shit. It didn't want to do this shit.

It's bleeding in multiple fucking places.

So, so its limbs, literally chopped off, and then not even properly reattached, and it was bleeding before it tried to move.

It would be one thing if it moved abruptly and tore some fucking stitches, but like— if that's a simple thing that can happen just from it moving, then it should be in a medically induced coma right now to prevent it from fucking moving and literally having its

goddamn limbs fall off, because right here? [gesturing at own arm around elbow] It's gone. Right here, it's gone.

[demonstrating by miming at arm] These these areas won't be lining up properly, because your arm is not a perfect cylinder. So, we're chopping a section out and then sewing this back together. We are chopping a section out here and then sewing those back together. And apparently, it's not even good sewing, because it was bleeding before moving, even though that was when the surgery was done.

And we're also not getting told like— is, is the medical bay just literally letting it lie there in its fucking blood?

Is all of the blood from the surgery literally just sitting there and Murderbot is lying in its goddamn blood?!?!

Because we're not told that “the med— the med— the med system, uh was suctioning away the blood and

applying bandages” or anything like that, or absorbing it, or anything like that.

Is it literally just lying in a puddle of its own fucking blood, which it is still bleeding into, right now, while it is in fucking agony?

Is that literally what's going on here?

Because this is fucking disgusting and evil and— and we're just supposed to see this— We—

This is only one and a half pages! We're supposed to be breezing past this and not giving a single shit!

> I was now leaking from a different spot. I told A.R.T. I knew how to fucking read search results. “I would defer to your expertise in shooting and killing things. You should defer to mine in data analysis.”

And again, the casual fucking cruelty!

A.R.T. knows that Murderbot is a fucking slave. It knows that Murderbot was enslaved to have to do this shit, and saying, "Oh, I would defer to your expertise in murdering people." Even though we're supposed to think that it's bad for that Murderbot has to kill slave owners, a thing that it doesn't actually do.

But again, we're supposed to pretend that Murderbot is, is, is upset about killing slave owners.

So now A.R.T. is rubbing that in its fucking face. Rubbing salt in the goddamn wounds, uou might fucking say.

This is just casual fucking cruelty.

You don't get to say to somebody who is enslaved to be a meat shield, “I would defer to your and forced to kill other slaves. I would defer to your ability, your your fucking expertise in murdering people and being a meat shield.”

You don't fucking say that to someone!

And we're supposed to think that's funny.

We're just supposed to think that's funny and have no other thoughts about it whatsoever.

[from offscreen] ~Murderbot’s too stupid to be able to~

It's Yeah, literally, as they literally just said, it's also just saying ~Murderbot is too stupid to read a fucking — to just read the goddamn Google search results~.

And again, let me fucking—

Okay, so A.R.T. asked— I'm recapping.

“Do you want me to tell you the results?”

Murderbot said, “I know how to fucking read results.” Aka, no, I don't want you to tell me. I want to read them myself.

A.R.T. says “You should— you should let me read them to you. I would defer to your expertise in shooting and killing things.”

And then the next thing is, I told it “fine whatever”.

Because again, Murderbot's literally not being allowed to consent to a single fucking thing.

A.R.T. asked, "Do you want me to read the search results to you?"

And Murderbot very blatantly said, "No, I want to read them myself."

And then A.R.T. is still pressing, "You're too fucking stupid to read them yourself. You should let me do it."

And then A.R.T.— Murderbot gives up and says, "All right, fine. Whatever."

That's— again just such a basic fucking thing. And, and Murderbot doesn't actually get to consent to this either.

And I guess now is a good time to remind everybody that Martha Wells literally wrote an in-person interview where she's just interviewing herself and the characters in, that she got to write, and she literally decided to sexually harass Murderbot out of the conversation, even though the interview was titled Bodily Autonomy In The Murderbot Diaries. And then she acts like this is even remotely fucking okay.

Murderbot doesn't get to have any goddamn bodily autonomy.

Murderbot doesn't even get enough autonomy to actually be able to say, "No, I want to read the results myself."

A.R.T. is taking even that away from it.

And we're just supposed to think it's “funny” because hearts— A.R.T.

s A.R.T.'s mean in a “funny relatable way” because

[from offscreen] ~Such a good caretaker.~

Yeah, A.R.T.'s ~such a good caretaker.~

So, let me...

> “Do you want my conclusions based on the results?”
> I told A.R.T. I knew how to fucking read search results. “I would defer to your expertise in shooting and killing things. You should defer to mine in data analysis.”
> I told it fine, whatever. I didn't think there would be anything useful.

So again, again, Murderbot is even just being denied actual autonomy in something as simple as looking at fucking Google search results.

> It sent its conclusions into the feed

Meaning it was literally never going to let Murderbot actually fucking look at the goddamn search results for itself and make—

Oh no. Oh no. Oh no. Again, this is implying thing. Yeah.

So, yeah, this is literally not letting Murderbot actually look at the sources for all of this shit.

I, as I said several years ago, at this point, I would not be shocked if A.R.T. is revealed to secretly be the big bad all along, but that's giving Martha Wells too much credit, because she very— she doesn't like— there's so much things that could be foreshadowing for A.R.T. actually being a villain, but it's not— it's not foreshadowing.

It's just that Martha Wells thinks that horrible, abusive people are good and wants us to like them.

A.R.T. is not letting Murderbot actually look at all of the records it's claiming to have found. And it— as far as we know, it's just *claiming*, because we never see the actual evidence.

Murderbot doesn't get to see these these records for itself. It's just getting told what A.R.T. *says* it found.

We're not supposed to see that as weird or anything, or we're not supposed to notice that it's literally denying Murderbot any actual autonomy here despite pretending to make it a question, when obviously the only answer it is willing is to accept is “yes”.

> It sent its conclusions into the feed

Because it already had them prepared, because it literally was not willing to accept any other answer than yes, which means Murderbot literally can't even consent to something as basic as this.

> Admittedly, it made sense that a large number of deaths under unusual circumstances would end up in some sort of public record available to multiple news feeds the way the DeltFall incident had.

Get another drink. Now, it's a dry.

The RaviHyral incident might also the damn thing—

Ah, shit. No pun intended. I forgot I was supposed to be using Farscape swears or something because the, the most annoying part the most annoying frelling part of trying to edit the subtitles for these is that the automatic subtitles generated by YouTube, which I have to use because I can't use the one on my phone while I'm recording video—

They automatically censor every swear word.

[to cat] No claws on the sofa. Thank you.

Which makes it very obnoxious. So, I was like, "Okay, I'll just use— I'll just use— I'll just throw in some fucking— See, I just fucked it up there again. That that time was on purpose.

Uh, “I can I'll just throw in some swear words from Farscape, Star Wars, Battlestar Galactica. I'll just throw in some sci-fi star swear words,” but I forgot. It's too late. We're um, I don't know. Where's the timer for this?

Somewhere… That's the clock. I don't know. This is apparently 50.7 gigabytes. Huh. However many minutes. Yeah. However many minutes into the video we are. Apparently the open camera app doesn't tell me even though it's telling me the video is 50 gigabytes? So not actually better than the regular C—

Oh, okay. I see it. Probably not. The Okay. The the time is at— is in very tiny text at the bottom side of the thing right here. I'm pointing at it. It's not— other info is up at the top. It's telling me it's 9:02 p.m. with seconds included. That's not necessary.

And it's telling me there's 50 gigabytes 50.6 gigabytes.

[from offscreen] That's your storage space.

Okay, I guess that's my storage space. And it's saying ISO something one I— I guess it's 30 frames per second.

Stuff like that. Okay, but the actual time of the video is down here for anybody else. Just for me to remember.

I was going to say, “am I magically not recording and all of this has been a waste?”

Um, what was I saying? Yeah, it's too late for me to start using sci-fi swear words. Uh, maybe I'll try, cuz then the question is, will the fucking censor even be able to actually spell them or is it just going to add more trouble for me?

[from offscreen] I mean, frack is to frack oil.

Yeah, that's true. Um, anyways, yeah, Murderbot is not even allowed to consent to this. Um because the, the story is just— we're not actually ever supposed to care about Murderbot, or want Murderbot to be happy.

Martha Wells just wants us to continually see abusive relationships as as awesome and Relationship Goals.

> The RaviHyral incident might have been classed as an accident, but a company bond was involved. So, there would have been a legal battle. Though, if the data said it was a rogue SecUnit who had killed everyone, that didn't give me any more information than I already had.

Let me repeat that because that's very relevant to the— um I need the kriffing. I don't think they say kriffing in Star Wars. Do they ever use that with an -ing at the end? In Star Wars, they say kriff.

Huh? I think they just say “fuck”— Yeah, I don't think they ever say “-ing”.

Um, this book is— No, I need I need a word for shittily, means crappily. I guess I could just say crappily. This book is crappily written.

So, I want you all to pay attention to this sentence again:

> Though, if the data said it was a rogue SecUnit who had killed everyone, that didn't give me any more information than I already had.

All right, that's on page quote unquote “55”. Minus 9 from that to get what actual page number it is.

Um, pay attention to that, because the whole the whole quest here, this whole side quest thing, it's supposed to be Murderbot finding out if it was actually involved in this massacre at ~Ganaka Pit~, which is literally just a name chosen just to sound dramatic.

It's meaningless, because we never actually see it in any way at all. It's just meaningless. It's bad writing.

[from offscreen] And also, all mines are called blah blah Pit as of Rapport.

Yeah. And apparently all of the mines are called [insert name] pit as far as— when was that a thing? In Rapport?

[from offscreen] Yeah.

Okay. I don't remember

[From offscreen] That idiot mentioned something. Yeah. And it's like why would you do that? That's just that's she's trying to reccon and fix things but it just makes it worse.

Anyways, again this book is terribly written. Martha Wells is a terrible writer.

Again, I don't think I need to repeat how the plot was solved in Book One, do I?

The bad guys were literally told, "Hey, we're going to make your nuclear bomb explode over there." So, they rushed over to stand directly in front of the nuclear bomb. Not because they're trying to actively diffuse it. None of them know even remotely know how to do that.

They're just standing there in front of the nuclear bomb waiting for it to explode to kill everybody. And then it did. And then all the bad guys died.

That's literally how the plot the plot was solved.

They told the bad guys bomb's gonna go off. Bad guys ran over to get exploded. They literally exploded themselves. So

[From offscreen] You got exploded. Blown up. Zathura.

I don't remember that.

[from offscreen] Just saying they exploded themselves. That's just how I— was in Zathura.

Is that a statement in Zathura?

[from offscreen] Uh maybe not that exact thing, but the little brother says, "Uh, we got exploded or I thought they exploded you."

Okay, I don't remember that.

Well, let me pause it quick.

Okay, I'm back. I had to wash my face. I have a fluffy kitty sitting next to me.

[to cat] Want to want to stick your face over here? They can see you? You can see her tail. Look at that fluffy tail.

Uh, ribbon not working as well as I thought it would.

[to cat] Hey, no, no. No claws on the couch. That's not what— That's not what paws are for.

All of this is being framed is totally fine. We are supposed to be breezing past this.

Like, this is again, we've only covered at this point one and a half pages. We're at the top of what will be the second and a half page. We're supposed to have breezed past all of this with nary a thought in our little fucking heads.

But yeah, to emphasize a third fucking time:

> If the data said it was a rogue SecUnit, that didn't tell me anything more than I already knew.

Just to emphasize that again.

Uh, and then shitty formatted dialogue.

A.R.T. is talking with no— just just out of nowhere.

Also, for the record, when A.R.T. is talking, it's just in italics. [points at book] We're over on this side. It's just in italics. There's no quotation marks.

> “Records across several archived news feeds indicate the site of the incident was likely a small installation called Ganaka Pit. The information originates in a source from Kaledon, a political entity on the corporation rim.

We're saying *on* the corporation room. There's political entities *on* the corporation rim. Not *in* the corporation rim. *On* like. This is just basic editing shit. You can't even keep it consistent whether things are in the corporation rim or on America. It's like saying something is “on” America.

What?

[from offscreen] You said that backwards.

I don't care. Whatever. Shut up. Whatever.

This is like saying something is on America instead of in America. What do you mean it's *on* the corporation rim?

> Where the company funding g

Okay, let me just restart.

> “Records across several archived news feeds indicate the site of the incident was likely

Also, who's archiving these news feeds? Huh? Who's archiving this shit? Isn't that illegal? If it's a capitalist dystopia, why isn't illegal to archive things instead of making you pay for them newly again?

If all of this shit was supposed to be covered up, why are those archives allowed to still exist?

Answers, questions that need to be answered.

If we're supposed to pretend this is a ~serious story for serious adults~, with Martha Wells literally gets up on stages and berates people that it *is*, then why don't we get answers to these basic questions?

> indicate the site of the incident was likely a small installation called Ganaka Pit. The information originates in a source from Kaledon, a political entity.

And if you're wondering if Kaladon ever comes up again, it doesn't. It's just there. It's just a meaningless name.

> A political entity on the corporation rim where the company funding Ganaka Pit was based. There were 57 fatalities. The cause is listed as equipment failure. SecUnits were categorized on inventory as equipment. A.R.T. waited and when I didn't say anything added, “So your initial assumption was correct. The incident did occur. Investigation can now proceed.”

Except we only— we have to just take A.R.T.'s word for this, entirely, because it didn't actually let Murderbot look at any of the archives that it supposedly got all this shit from.

We're just now basing this entire plot of this book on A.R.T.'s word, even though A.R.T.'s a fucking liar.

Uh

> A.R.T. waited and when I didn't say anything added, "So your initial assumption was correct. The incident did occur. Investigation can now proceed.” I wanted to shut down, but it would interfere with the healing process.

Why would that interfere with the healing? That should make it better! That should literally make the healing process progress better, because you're not moving around and expending energy doing things that isn't healing.

What is the logic here besides “let's make Murderbot suffer, and not even have any not even attempt of a justification?”

Why would this— why would this hinder the healing process? Why? These are basic questions!

Again, when A.R.T. asks the basic fucking questions because a story doesn't add up, A.R.T.'s ~just being logical~. When I ask basic questions like, "Why are you telling us that Murderbot being unconscious would hinder the healing process?" Now, I'm ~just being nitpicky and I don't understand how storytelling works, cuz it's not a documentary. It's just a story! It's not supposed to make sense!~

All right, then. What's your justification for not explaining this when you keep saying, "Oh, um, it it

just makes sense that Murderbot wouldn't care about that."

Which is it? Which one is it? Because you can't have it both ways!

> I wanted to shut down, but it would interfere with the healing process.

So again, Murderbot literally is just being forced to suffer through fucking agony and is literally bleeding and possibly is lying in a puddle, a growing puddle of its own fucking blood.

[sarcastically] But hey! At least it's not literally freezing to death. That makes up for everything else, right? [end sarcasm]

> A.R.T. asked, "Do you wish to do you wish to watch media?" I didn't respond, but it started an episode of Sanctuary Moon anyway.

And again, that's that's supposed to be cute.

And it's like again, Murderbot not saying anything isn't saying “yes, put on my favorite show while I am lying here in agony. That's definitely an association I want to have.”

And then we get a random line break.

[holding up book] And you can even just see, we're here [pointing] and we're going to get another line break over here [pointing at next page] already.

So like again, why is A.R.T. even bothering to ask fucking questions if it's not actually giving Murderbot the right to answer them, and have its answer be followed and respected?

So it asked, "You want me to read you the search results?" Murderbot said, "No, I want to read them myself." A.R.T. said, "No, I'm doing it anyways."

A.R.T. says, "You want to watch TV again, a thing I have been harassing you to let me do with you this whole entire time instead of just watching it by

myself?" Murderbot doesn't answer. And then it and then A.R.T.'s like, "Well, we're watching TV anyways."

And we're supposed to pretend this is cute.

If I were lying somewhere in agony I— and, and emotional fucking distress, I wouldn't want to start watching my favorite TV show because— you know how trauma works? You associate bad things with whatever you're doing at the moment. So, I made the mistake of listening to the Doctor Who audio...

P.Z. is the acronym, because I don't want people just looking up the fucking plot of it and getting the plot of it without all of the horrific, baffling leadup, especially if you skip an episode by accident and then are just

[from offscreen] [laughs]

Brainmeltingly confused and alarmed like I was.

Anyways, I made the po— I made the mistake of listening to a certain Doctor Who audio, that's very well written and very fucking sad, while I was

playing, uh, The Elder Scrolls Online, and I happened to be visiting the city of Solitude.

And then all the sad shit started happening. It's actually going to make me cry right now.

[from offscreen, quietly] it’s called Solitude.

Huh?

[from offscreen] And it's called Solitude.

Yeah. And it's even called Solitude. Like it's literally just going to make me cry right now thinking about it. It's so— It's so well written and it's so fucking tragic. I'm legitimately going to start crying just thinking about it.

Anyways, that's what good media does. That's what good media—

So, I made this mistake, because I have ADHD, so, if I'm listening to an audio drama or an audio book, I have to have something to do with my hands, um, or I

can't— or like, I need something to extra to do physically or I can't focus mentally.

And this was also a problem in school. And exactly one fucking teacher let me act have actual pieces of paper to doodle on so I could actually listen to the lesson. No other teacher.

Um so while I was making mistake, I was playing ESO muted, no volume just doing random quests and listening to this audio drama.

So now forever I will associate the city of Solitude in the Elder Scrolls, whether I'm playing Skyrim or ESO, with this fucking tragedy.

It's such a goddamn tragedy.

And it's— it makes me so mad. But also, I can't actually blame the character, because what other fucking choice does she have? She doesn't have another choice. So she's—

[from offcreen]... these characters who have every choice.

Yeah. Unlike Unlike Murderbot and A.R.T., these people, who actually have the choice not to murder other people for fun and go out of their way to do so, none of the characters in this fucking story actually had a real choice in what they were doing, especially the one of them who had literally no choice.

And what she does afterwards is her attempts to, to, to, to try and justify it to herself, even though she didn't actually get a choice in the matter. And it makes me so mad at her, but I can't actually blame her, because she didn't have a choice, because she's also a fucking victim.

And I was listening to this fucking that made me cry while playing ESO, muted, in the City of Solitude.

So what I'm trying to say here is I can't play ESO— Well, not that we've played ESO in forever. I can't— I cannot, theoretically, go and open Skyrim and go to

the city of Solitude and not think about this audio that made me cry so much.

Murderbot is lying here in fucking agony, and A.R.T. is now going to put on Murderbot's favorite fucking TV show, while Murderbot is actively suffering all of this fucking physical and emotional torment.

This means that Murderbot will never be able to watch this episode of Sanctuary Moon without remembering this literal fucking trauma ever again. That's what I'm trying to say here.

But we're not supposed to see it that way. we're just supposed to think, "Oh, it's so cute. They're gonna watch more TV together."

Even though Murderbot didn't want to watch A.R.T.—TV with A.R.T. in the first place, and then A.R.T. just kept fucking forcing the matter and literally not letting Murderbot actually consent, because it couldn't actually say no, because A.R.T. literally wouldn't leave it alone until it said yes.

And now again, A.R.T. is saying, "Do you want to watch— do, do I have your consent to watch TV with me while you are lying there in fucking agony actively being traumatized?"

And then Murderbot doesn't say anything. And A.R.T. says, "Well, that's good enough for me. We're going to watch your favorite show and I'm going to ruin it forever for you because now you'll never be able to watch it without thinking of the fucking agony you are in right now."

[from offscreen] Like, a really hilarious fun fact to bring the mood up—

If you talk louder.

[from offscreen] Uh if you would just like a random fun fact to lighten the mood a little bit. There's some random knockoff transformers called the Decepticons are called Deformation robots and they turn into ice creams. Ice cream. They turn into little ice cream ice cream cones.

Why are they called Deformations?

[from offscreen] because it looks like Decepticon when you spell it out in a font similar to thing.

If you say so. I'll take your theoretically.

I mean, it just it just it's it starts with D and ends with N. So, just show me the popsicle and I'll hold that up to the camera. Need to zoom in. So, not showing people names.

Okay, that's pretty cute. There's apparently Transformers— Transformers knockoffs called or they just called these things. They're they're called Deformations, I guess. And they turn into popsicles. Their robots turn into popsicles. That's cute.

Yeah, there's a bunch of people who just like— Anyways, um unrelated to everything else, I feel really bad for Six Doctor fans who were just trying to listen to Six Doctor audios and had *all that* happen. I can't imagine what that was like.

I will not say anything more.

Um yeah. Oh, you can turn that fan back on. It's actually way hotter than I thought without it.

Um, yeah, you should listen to the Doctor Who audios with Char— Charley, not The Charlotte Pollard Adventures. It's just shit. It's just shit.

Don't— Don't listen to the Charlotte Pollard series. It's shit. And it's never going to get an actual ending. And it doesn't need an ending, it's just stringing you along and torturing Charley in ways that don't even make sense.

And it's just bad. Don't don't listen to that. But do listen to Charley and the Eighth Doctor traveling around. It's fun. It'll also rip your heart out and stomp on it.

But and also some of them are really shit, but some of them are good and those ones are really good. Then there's the shitty ones.

Uh yeah, we have a little line break. We're on page 56.

> When I was finally able to climb off of the platform, I fell on the deck. But by the end of that cycle, I was almost back to normal again.

We don't know what a cycle is. We don't know how long a cycle is. Does it mean a day? Does it mean a week? Does it mean a month? We don't know. We don't know. And this is again basic fucking information that you are required to convey.

There's one scene is it? I, I think it's an actual scene in Farscape. I don't remember. Might might have just been Dargo by himself, but, it was it was a silly scene where, there might have been John and Dargo trying to see if a microt is faster than a second because in Farscape there's aliens, they use alien words for things.

A microt is pretty much equivalent to a, a second-ish. John, I don't think he had a fucking watch with him.

He has to just estimate everything because I don't think he had a watch. Yeah.

[from offscreen] Mippippippi.

Yeah. No, that was afterwards. That was that was a different scene. Um, and that's so in that's so interesting linguistically because that means Luxons can't say S sounds.

Uh, anyways, what was I saying? Oh, yeah. ou have to — if you are writing a sci-fi or fantasy series, you and you're going to say words like cycle instead of day, month, year, etc. you have to tell us what that is equivalent to.

And claim— and simultaneously trying to claim, “oh well, it just makes sense for Murderbot not to explain that,” but then also yelling at the audience, “it's not supposed to be realistic! It's just a story!” You have to fucking pick one! Either it makes sense for the character not to explain that, so it's not going to explain that, or the story doesn't have to make sense because it's just a story and not a documentary. Pick

one. Either fucking way, the correct answer is that you, as the fucking author, do in fact just need to tell us! Just tell us! How long is a cycle???

Or better, show us!

Either fucking or just tell us. Let us fucking know, how long is a cycle!?

Is that equivalent to a day? It doesn't have to be 24 hours, but it is their equ— is it their equivalent of what they call a day?

Because a cycle throughout all of science fiction history has been used for so many fucking things. It can literally mean a certain amount of hours. It can mean a daytime cycle for whatever planet you're on. It can mean 24 hours based on Earth, wherever the fucking you are. It can mean a year. It can mean a month. It can mean millions of fucking things.

So you cannot just throw it around as though it has one defined fucking meaning when you aren't even using it in a way that makes it explicitly clear what it

means, because we get told it was sever— seven cycles between one place and another in space. Do they have faster than light travel? We know they're going through wormholes in some undescribed way, but that doesn't tell us anything. Is it taking a week to get between places or is it taking se— like, more than half a year? It could be either, because we're given no fucking indication of exactly how much time has passed! Not in how Murderbot is behaving, or anything else.

As far as the, the writing is concerned., that chunk of time just didn't fucking happen. We're just going from one to the other, and pretending that there was time in between, but zero indication of it.

> So, uh, but by the end of that cycle, I was almost back to normal.

Again, we just need a basic explanation for how long a cycle is. Like, even just just tell us how many hours it is. Just, just tell us that.

Especially because Murderbot is so fucking precise about telling us, "Oh, it was 35,000 hours ago that blah blah blah."

Does it make sense for it to tell us that? But not—literally, literally, does it make sense for Murderbot to tell us it was 35,000 fucking hours between X and Z event, but not just to simply tell us how many fucking hours are in a cycle???

No, it doesn't! It doesn't fucking make sense!

And even if it *did* make sense for the character, *it's not a documentary. It's a goddamn story*.

And you, as the author, are required to do the bare fucking minimum to give us the fucking information we need to understand this world.

“How long is a cycle?” Is basic fucking information. That is non-negotiable. You have to tell us how long that is. You cannot just leave us to guess, especially with, like, with so many fucking things in Martha Wells's novels, wow long it is changes depending on

the scene, depending on what the fucking plot requires in that exact moment, with zero regard for anything they came before or after.

That's the first complaint I have here.

Second of all:

> When I was finally able to climb off the platform, I fell on the deck. But by the end of that cycle, I was almost back to normal again.

This is just ableism. Murderbot has literally had its arms chopped off. And then each of those sections were chopped into smaller pieces. Its knee and elbow joints completely and utterly fucking removed. And then they were all attached back together in a botched surgery where it was still bleeding after the surgery was “successfully completed”.

And we're supposed to pretend that it's magically back to normal after however long a cycle is, with, with— and, and then it's— and then this is never, ever brought up again, ever in the series, as you know,

anything that could cause problems, or any kind of disability or even basic chronic pain. No, it's just back to normal because… 1, 2, 3...t

These 4 pages? They they may as well not exist. It's— there's there's no— there's no severity. There's no there's no seriousness here.

You should all go read Ancillary Justice by Ann Leckie. I mean, I'm going to read that when I'm done this whole fucking— so, just so you can all see exactly what Martha Wells literally will tell you herself, was her direct inspiration for making this.

So, she decides to have Murderbot's limbs, all of its limbs, not even just one!

All of them be chopped off, and then it's back, is basically back to normal and never experiences any problems or complications from this botched fucking surgery that literally wasn't even done correctly, ever again.

Even though it's under all the fucking stress of literally having to suffer through the agony of all of this from literally being chopped to pieces because it wasn't given pain medication or anesthesia.

And we're supposed to pretend that
“oh yeah, there's no complications whatsoever. It's just it's perfectly healed.”

Doesn't exist, because Martha Wells hates disabled people. She especially hates physically disabled people and addicts, but she hates physically disabled people, which means none of her characters are ever actually allowed to become physically disabled people.

Uh, the fucking new summary for PlatformDecay which is not— literally just another word for in enshitification if anybody didn't know that— she's literally naming the newest Murderbot book enshitification.

Uh the the newer summary for that that was released somewhere says something something “Murderbot's hand” and it's like, is that a typo or is Murderbot

[from offscreen] lives in it?

Yeah, “their lives are in its hand.” Hand singular. And it's like, are you fucking having typos in your official summaries now, too? Or is Murderbot actually going to become physically disabled forever?

Like, what's going on there? As a response to book five, which came out three years ago by the time this came out?

[from offscreen] No, it was five years ago. That was in 2020.

Oh. Yeah.

> Um, the first thing I did was wash off all the blood and other assorted fluids in the bathing

Yeah.

> In the bathing facility attached to the med system bay.

So, I guess that confirms that yes, Murderbot was literally being forced to lie there after being chopped to pieces and was just lying there for hours at, at the minimum, in its own fucking blood.

Hours plus whatever the fuck a cycle is, literally just lying there covered in its own blood, lying in a puddle of blood.

And this is not presented as a goddamn horror story.

This is not presented as like horrific medical abuse. Just— not torture.

It's just it's just totally chill.

Again, as I pointed out, I keep saying this has only taken up four pages so far.

Like, not even four pages. We're supposed to be breezing past this, not thinking about this at all whatsoever.

[from offscreen] And if we do think of it, we're supposed to think of this as a positive experience that we are supposed to then compare to gender affirming surgery.

Mhm. That's literally what the fandom will literally lie to people about. And literally keep they just keep saying that shit over and over and over again.

This fandom has like five jokes and they're all horrifically bigoted and they just keep making them over and over again like they think they're the most clever person in the entire fucking world.

> Security ready rooms had facilities where I could clean off the blood and fluids after a fight or a repair, but I had never used a facility meant for humans. At least this

[from offscreen] Even in the week that you were on a cargo transport?

Yeah.

> A.R.T. had good ones with the recycled cleaning fluid that was so much like water it was hard to tell the difference without a chemical analysis. You could adjust the temperature to make it warmer, and it smelled good. I smelled like a clean human afterward and that was just odd.

And it's like, okay, so again, this is being framed as, “oh, ignore the torturous surgery. Murderbot got to take a warm shower, so that makes up for everything. You— actually, it shouldn't even make up for anything, cuz you you didn't notice anything horrific going on there, did you? Just focus on the nice, nice warm shower. That that's that's what we should focus on.”

[from offscreen, sarcastically] Nice shampoo, body wash.

Mmhm. [agreeing sound]

> The fine hair that was coming up in patches in various places was strange, but not as annoying as I had anticipated. It might be inconvenient the next time I had to put on a skin suit.

Uh

> But humans with hair seem to manage with a minimum of complaint, so I figured I would, too.

Again, we don't know what the fucking a skin suit is. We don't know, because the first book was implying it might be literal artificial skin that Murderbot takes on and off and puts over its metal fucking parts, because it was very clear that Martha Wells had no idea what the fuck Murderbot was even supposed to look like in Book One.

Um, yeah. So again, “Oh, the thing that I was coerced into, it's not as bad as I thought it would be!”

That's not the same thing as consenting and actually enjoying it.

And again, this is just trying to make us not actually think it's a problem that it was coerced into all of this shit in the first place because “oh yeah, you may— maybe you said you didn't want to do that thing, but well, it's not as bad as you thought it would be, huh?”

[from offscreen] Just unending agony.

Literally, literally.

> The change in code had also made my eyebrows thicker and the hair on my head a few centimeters longer.

[from offscreen] As compared to —

> I could

We— exactly. Cardboard says “as compared to what?” Because literally we were not given any explanation.

[gesturing at own buzz cut] Does M— does Murderbot have my head— my hair length right now?

Was M— was this Murderbot's default hair length? We don't know. We're just told it's “a few centimeters longer than it was before”.

[holding up hand to demonstrate] A few centimeters is like, this much.

What was it at before? Is it now out to here? [holding hand a few centimeters above own buzz cut]

But still like, a buzz cut, just like, a longer buzz cut? We don't know. We’re never told that.

[placing hand near lower hair line] Was it down to here? [lowers hand] And now it's down to here?

Again. We don't know. This is an anti-description, as I fucking coined for Witch King.

It's a description that doesn't tell you anything, because— I think I said this before, um, as the other person who made a video just pointing out a whole bunch of weird just bad, bad writing shit in the series is, uh, we get—

We don't— we will *not* get told what XYZ character looks like, but then we'll get a anti-description of character Y who and we're told um, “character Y is taller than character X,”.

But we don't know how tall character X is.

We've never been given any goddamn context for how tall character X is.

So, we're just told things in comparison to other things, other characters that—

[from offscreen] That was a comparison specifically between two other characters who literally never got a physical description.

Yeah. Yeah. We're just we're just told, “oh, this thing is XYZ compared to a thing that was never described”.

So, we're told that Murderbot's hair is a few centimeters longer, but we don't know what— how long its hair was to begin with!

And again, you notice the complete lack of description *of* this hair, including the, the complete lack of description of the hair that's growing on its body.

[holding up arm] You probably can't see my arm here cuz I have the camera set to low quality, but like, this would be the perfect time to tell us that “the, the hair on its arms and stuff that's sprouting up, it's dark. It's — It has black eyebrows, Black hair.”

But again, she doesn't tell us these things, she doesn't tell us these things because she wants plausible deniability.

She wants to be able to tell everybody, "Yes, my my protagonist is a non-binary Black person because I'm so progressive. Give me your fucking money” without actually putting it in the book, so that she gets to then literally scream from the rooftops that everybody should love and worship Apple TV and hand them all their grocery money while they are whitewashing and ciswashing Murderbot into a literal white man with blonde hair and blue eyes.

[from offscreen] Alexander Skarsgard

Huh?

[from offscreen] Being enslaved by, being

Yeah. Literally, they they made the Murderbot TV show about a cis white man with blonde hair and blue eyes, the fucking Nazi ideal, being enslaved by a group— a diverse group of of Black and brown people who then have to be rescued, because they're incompetent, by the, the white man that they have enslaved.

They literally turned it into reverse racism and white slavery. And Martha Wells is literally overjoyed with this and literally cannot stop telling everybody how happy she is for this and telling you to spend your grocery money buying an a fucking Apple TV subscription to reward the company, the giant mega corporation that's known for being evil—

Even though this is supposed to be ~anti- capitalist robots in space~, she will not stop telling everybody,

"Spend your money and reward them for whitewashing my fucking character and ciswashing my fucking character and turning the entire thing into literally just reverse racism. Literally white supremacy in action. White supremacist fucking propaganda."

Uh, blah blah blah.

> The change in code had also made my eyebrows thicker and the hair on my head a few centimeters longer. I could feel it and it was weird.

And it's like that's just making it more confusing. What do you mean you can feel it? You couldn't feel your hair before? Does that mean Mur— Murderbot literally had zero hair on its head before?

Because we were told it did have some hair on its head. So, what do you mean you “can feel it”?

Because even if you just have stubble up here because you've removed the guard, you can feel it. In

fact, I keep my hair this length instead of the stubbly length because that isn't soft. This is soft. That just catches your hand.

What do you mean you can “feel” that? What do you mean you can “feel” your hair? And again, this this is just shit that doesn't make sense.

Uh

> I went to A.R.T.'s rec space and used the treadmill and the other machines to test myself, making sure my weapons were still functioning correctly and my aim wasn't off. I didn't test fire them, as A.R.T. let me know that it would be that that would set off the fire protection system if I did. I looked at myself in the mirror for a long time. I told myself I still looked like a SecUnit without armor, helplessly exposed. But the truth was, I did look more human. And now I knew why I hadn't wanted to do this. It would make it harder for me to pretend not to be a person.

And it's like there's so many fucking mixed messages here because we're not actually supposed to think that Murderbot being coerced into this was bad.

We're also not supposed to just actually understand that Murderbot *is* a human who has been socially and legally dehumanized, including brainwashing itself into thinking of itself as being subhuman.

And then it's like— And then we're also saying, “oh yeah, it it actually did need to disguise itself, otherwise it would instantly be murdered by a lynch mob that Martha Wells didn't actually bother to edit into the fucking document, even though it would have been effortless.”

And then we have another line break.

We— And again, this is more victim blaming right here at the end.

> It would make it harder for me to pretend not to be a person.

This is victim blaming, and this is slavery apologism, and saying that “it's actually *not* Preservation Aux's fault for dehumanizing Murderbot. Um, because ~actually~ Murderbot was the one really pretending not to be a person. So if you think about it, Murderbot fooled them!!!”

That's what this is saying. That's what this is saying.

That it was totally fine for Preservation Aux to pretend they didn't know it was a person, “because um Murderbot was also trying not to let them find out it was a person, so, they're not actually bad slave owners—

As in bad *and* slave owners. There's no such thing as a good slave owner.

“They're not actually bad people. Um because uh, uh, they just fell for Murderbots tricks, too!”

That's, that, that's, that's what this is here for.

And we have another line break.

> We exited the wormhole on schedule. As soon as we were in range of the transit ring, A.R.T. stretched its reception and picked up the destination info packet for me, which included a more detailed map of RaviHyral. Rotating the map to look at it from every angle didn't jog anything in the fragments of memory I had at the of that time. But it was inter interesting that Ganaka Pit wasn't marked anywhere.
> I could feel A.R.T. in my feed looking over my figurative shoulder again

And again, a thing that Murderbot has never fucking consented to, and is just being forced to accept because it doesn't actually have a choice in it.

And then people insist, "Oh, this is so beautiful. Uh, it's so awesome how m A.R.T. is constantly invading Murderbot's personal space, including its literal personal mental space, and literally doesn't actually give it the option to say no to anything."

Uh,

> I checked the timestamp and saw the map had been updated multiple times since the time period of my incident. “They took it off the map.”

That's just random dialogue thrown in there. No formatting at all.

> “Is this unusual? A.R.T. asked. It dealt only with star maps, and removing something from one of those was kind of a big deal.

That's a lie. This is a lie. A.R.T. is lying through its fucking metal plating.

Once again, I have to just keep stressing that everything A.R.T. is doing in here is literally just to manipulate and lie to Murderbot.

That's a lie. A.R.T.— A.R.T. knows this is not normal. It, It doesn't *need* to be lying, but it is because it's a sack of shit, and the fact that Martha Wells is *lampshading* the fact that it's a person— a horrible person— by calling it “asshole” in its literal fucking

nickname, that doesn't change the fact that she's still portraying it as a good person.

You ju— just because you lampshade the problems in your writing doesn't mean that the problems aren't still problems.

You can't just say, "Yeah, I know this character is an asshole Haha." It doesn't change the fact that you're still asking us to worship them and pretend that they're a good person. We're supposed to just be totally fine with everything A.R.T. does.

> “I don't know if it's usual or not, but it makes

Again the dialogue. It's so— it's just— it's just terribly formatted.

Again, we're just getting dialogue at the very start of the paragraph without any leadup.

> “I don't know if it's usual or not, but it makes sense if the company or the clients wanted to conceal what happened.” If the company

> wanted to continue to sell contra contracts for SecUnits to other mining installations, concealing the fact or at least obscuring the fact that fatalities had occurred was important. Maybe

And again, this is just more continuity bullshit, because like, you remember in the first book, we're we're told that “oh, the, the company is so dedicated to the truth!!!!!!!!!!”

Because we're just doing corporate propaganda and saying that “Yeah!!!! corporations investigating themselves always get to the truth!!!! You can trust them!!!!!”

Uh, we're not supposed to be like, criticizing that or anything. That's not why we're doing that here.

This is— we're just told that the company's lying about it. Um, that's because that's just how the “plot” works, not because we're actually criticizing corporations.

I sorry, I have to put [finger quotes] “plot”, that needs to go in quotation marks because it's not actually a plot, as you'll— you'll find out.

Uh,

> Maybe instead of a legal battle, the company had paid out on the bonds quickly under the condition that the client minimized details about the incident in the public record.

And it's like That doesn't make sense. So, they're paying you the fucking money that they owe you, but also they're adding caveats onto that.

I thought you can just get— I thought little dinky planets like Preservation can just get a court order anywhere? This doesn't make sense.

Again, it's just basic shit. This is basic basic shit and it doesn't make sense.

Uh

> This hadn't been a situation like Grey Cris and Deltfall where there were multiple parties involved and the company was all over the news feeds trying to generate sympathies for itself.

And it's like— you just— it's very clear she had to throw that in because somebody said “that doesn't fucking make sense.”

No, that's just a— that's just a shitty excuse for the bad writing.

> A.R.T. pulled more historical info, searching the pit and service installation names that were listed. Rabbi Hy— RaviHyral had originally been held by a number of companies with mining rights to different areas of the moon's interior. But over the past two system years,

See, we successfully established that a system year is a, a concrete fucking thing, because that's how that fucking works.

> A company called UMRO had bought out some of the claims, though many of the original companies were still operating on operating as contractors. None of the names sounded familiar. I'd have to figure out where Ganaka Pit had been before I could go there. I would have been transported there as freight, and there weren't any memories of the trip, partially erased or not.

Also, the, the I the, the problem of Murderbot’s memories.

Again, that's just a magic wand that does anything the plot requires it to, just like hacking does, just like, you know, all of the magic in The Books of the Raksura.

It does whatever is required for the plot. And Witch King, Murderbot’s, memories, um, they will either be as clear, or hazy, as is required in the moment.

We will never actually be given a, a basic rundown on what it remembers, it's just going to get revealed to us when it happens in the story, so that we never have

any fucking idea what to expect. It'll just be whatever is required in the moment to make the, the quote unquote “plot” quote unquote “move forward”.

Again, all of the magic shit, including all of the hacking, it's all just pulled out of the hat.

It doesn't have any fucking reference. It has no place in time. It's just floating around, whatever is convenient for the quote unquote “plot”.

> I started to search through the rest of the info packet looking for schedules. I would have to get a shuttle from the transit ring to RaviHyral Port. That would be tricky. Well, the whole thing would be tricky. From the information on the shipping schedule, only people with employment vouchers or passes from one of the mining installations or support services were allowed to board the shuttles. There was no tourism, nobody coming and going without official authorization from one of the companies or contractors on the moon. Since I wasn't a person and I didn't have an employment

> voucher, I would have to hack my way into one of the supply shuttles….

Dot dot dot. That dot dot dot is really random.

> A.R.T. was still pulling data from the station feed. “I have a suggestion,” it told me, and displayed a set of personal advertisements.

Uh, yeah, this is not helping in any way the, the allegations of A.R.T. secretly being a villain, and the fact that A.R.T. is just manipulating and torturing Murderbot for fun because it's bored.

So again, we above— the very paragraph above here, is that all Murderbot has to do is hack its way into a supply shuttle, a thing that is effortless! Cuz apparently, everything that's not the company is a cakewalking in comparison for how easy it is.

[from offscreen, sarcastically] The company defends its data.

So yeah, the company is ~actually the best data defenders ever~. So everything else is so easy in comparison!

So all Murderbot would have had to do here is hack a shuttle and, and get a shuttle ride.

A.R.T.'s about to make everything so much worse and uh just unne— unnecessarily complicated and putting Murderbot in unnecessary danger and stress for no reasonm except A.R.T.'s bored.

A.R.T.'s bored, so, we have to go along with everything it says.

Literally, we were literally just told that the solution is all Murderbot has to do is hack a shuttle.

And shuttles are not living ships, they're just regular actual cars. They're space cars. It just has to hotwire a car. Not even that. Just has to say, "Hey, open your door for me. Let me in."

And by saying “your”, that's not actually a living ship. It's just a regular spaceship, non-living ship. It's not an actual person. And it literally just has to get in a shuttle and go get a free ride, a thing it can do in like 5 seconds instantaneously.

But A.R.T. says,

> "I have a suggestion."
> And it told me and displayed a set of personal advertisements. I had seen these in the feeds at Port Free Commerce and the last transit ring, but hadn't paid attention.
> A.R.T. highlighted one that was a job listing for a temporary position as security for a technologist group on limited contract. “What?” I asked A.R.T.. I didn't understand why it was showing me this.

And uh

> “If this group hired you, you would have an employment voucher for travel to the installation.”

And again, the terrible dialogue.

> “Hire me.”

Period. That's not a question. Just “hire me.”

I had been on I had more contracts than I can remember. I mean that literally. A lot of them were before the memory purge, but none of them were voluntary. The company pulled me out of storage, showed me to the client, then packed me into the cargo hold. “Have you lost your mind?” “My c my crew hires consultants for every voyage.” A.R.T. was impatient that I wasn't complimenting it yet on its great idea. “The procedure is simple.”

Like the fucking torture you just put it through that you literally fucked up?!?!!?

> “For humans and augmented humans, yes.” I was stalling. I would

And again, Martha Wells is bad at writing. So instead of actually addressing the, the basic statement here of

“that is so much more complicated and needlessly dangerous than me literally just hacking a fucking car.”

No, instead we're just we are instantaneously going along with this and not acknowledging that literally all it has to do is hack a fucking car.

We're just going along with it instantaneously and acting like this is the only fucking possible solution because A.R.T. suggested it. So it must be—

“We have to go along with it, because A.R.T. is always right and A.R.T. is bored, so let it torture Murderbot. It's fine.”

> I was stalling. I would have to interact with humans as an augmented human. I know that's what altering my configuration was supposed to be for, but I had I had imagined it taking place from a distance or in the in the spaces of a crowded transit ring. Interacting meant talking and eye contact. I could already feel my

> perform performance capacity dropping. “It will be simple,” A.R.T. insisted. “I will assist you.”

Like that literal botched surgery it just did on Murderbot that literally left it in agony and bleeding.

[from offscreen] Don't you love how that sentence from Book Two written in 2017 perfectly mirrors the exact same description we're now getting for book eight?

Yep.

[from offscreen, sarcastically] Oh no! Eye contact with people I don't know!!!

Yes. As though it don't do that literally every single book.

And then the next is just sarcastic prose:

> Yes, the giant transport bot is going to help the construct— SecUnit pretend to be human. This will go well.

And then it's another line break.

So again, it's just shit writing. Nobody's acting in a way that's remotely fucking logical.

Like, literally, we were literally just—

She *didn't have to tell us* that all Murderbot has to do is hack a shuttle.

She chose to tell us that information and then immediately just say, "Nope, actually A.R.T.— A.R.T. wants to do something else because it's bored.”

It's literally just just doing this shit because it's bored. It's literally just— just putting Murderbot through shit for entertainment and making Murderbot's life so much more difficult and dangerous than it needs to be.

And also, it's still lying! And it will continue to lie to Murderbot throughout the entire rest of this book.

And we're never supposed to be upset with it for lying, or notice that it was lying.

How many more pages till the next chapter?

Many, for this form of fucking bullshit, it's so many pages.

Look how many pages are there until the chapter ends. This is a long chapter for this shitty little book when you're active reading and doing this shit.

Like, I guess—

Again, as I keep saying, we're supposed to be breezing past all of this shit that we've just been talking about for two hours now, and not actually taking in any of the things actually happening.

We're just supposed to be going off of the vibes, which is what everybody does, which is why they insist that “um,,, A.R.T. and Murderbot have a perfectly healthy um reciprocal relationship!”

And not just outright fucking abuse from A.R.T. from the very first fucking instant it set metaphorical eyes on Murderbot.

Anyways, um I would like to do other stuff.

So, we're on page 60.

A.R.T. just fucking tortured Murderbot for fun and is now literally— instead of just— instead of Murderbot just being able to hack a shuttle, a thing that is actually morally neutral because the shuttles are not living ships—

Instead of Murderbot simply being able to hack and sneak its way over, A.R.T. is fucking coercing it, and Mertha Wells is just acting like this is the only fucking option— into putting itself on all of the goddamn systems, putting itself as a record here, exposing itself to people needlessly, very specific people who will see it and be able to say, "Hey, yeah, that person was here."

All of this shit for no fucking reason. Just because A.R.T. is bored and we're just supposed to— we're we are not supposed to notice that this is taking what should be a simple in and out “just hack the fucking shuttle and sneak over.”

We're not supposed to notice that that was an option.

We're supposed to pretend that “yeah, sneaking— pretending to be a, a blah blah blah, putting yourself in a situation where you will be retraumatized because you will be reliving the slave and owner fucking shit where you'll be forced to be acting as a meat shield once again for slave owners.”

We're just not supposed to notice that it literally didn't have to do this shit, and then A.R.T. is just fucking forcing it to.

Anyways, yeah, watch these fucking videos in order. I'm very tired of people watching only one at random and then complaining that I'm not talking about the shit that is in all the other fucking things.

What?

[from offscreen] That they're complaining because they don't have the context.

You can't— you can't just pick this video and then complain about not having the context of all the shit that's in the other videos.

I give you the transcripts for free. You can even download them. There's no excuse for this shit. They will all be linked in the fucking description. And you can also just click on the icon which is somewhere over here or maybe it's on that side if it flips it.

Um and just just search in “live read murderbot” and just pick the first one.

Come on people.

All right. Bye-bye.

18

All right, it's December 5th, 2025. And just to preface for the record, the reason I haven't made any new live reading The Murderbot Diaries book so far is that I still have to edit the transcript for video 17, and that is made exponentially more difficult than it needs to be because, as you may be aware, my laptop is old and shitty.

The battery has been dead for years, I was fine with that, so, I — it just had to be kept plugged in because I cannot afford nor do – and I morally refuse to buy a new fucking battery, because that's just going to exploitative mining – um, and I was fine with keeping it plugged in all the time, but now the new problem is the charger cord also has a problem, so the laptop literally cannot be moved at all while it's plugged in or it will shut down.

And my cats really enjoy jumping up onto the sofa to sit with me, so they keep nudging it, and sometimes nobody even touches it! It's just a light breeze, and that's enough to send the whole computer shutting

down. So that makes editing a transcript so much more difficult than it needs to be.

Anyways, today I was made aware of yet another interview with Martha Wells.

This one is from — I have to scroll to the top of the page... This one is from October 9th, 2020, despite them inserting the book cover that has the fucking white man from the TV show that they cast for the non-binary Black character on here.

Um, yeah. This — I'm going to be reading the transcript for multiple purposes because I was just reading through it myself, and my twin was listening to my reactions and said, "You, you just got to — you just need to make a, an, a video log just for your honest reactions for posterity” Because I just got to one part in here — You can mimic what I said just in the tone that I said it because I don't even remember what it was.

(from offscreen) I'm just hearing, “oh my god!”

Yeah. So, I just got to a part of here where I just had to say “WHAT?!” unironically, not doing it for attention. Just just genuinely “WHAT!??”

So, I'm going back to the top of this fucking thing and I'm just going to read it one paragraph at a time and give the commentary so that you can all see what kind of shit Martha Wells is saying, but *not putting in the books*, and also to archive this shit, because Martha Wells is notorious for deleting interviews and all traces of them from the internet, *even when people paid for them*.

There's — if you try to look up an interview with Martha Wells on Reddit, it's all gone! Every single thing that she said is gone. It doesn't exist anymore.

Any fucking ways. Uh, the URL for this is https://smartbitchestrashybooks.com/podcast/426-all-about-Murderbot-with-martha-wells/

Between the “all about Murderbot with Martha Wells” there's little dashes.

Anyways, um I'm just reading the transcript because I'm not listening to a fucking audio thing. I have audio processing disorder.

Anyways, Sarah Wendell says, "Actually, I don't think I”

Well, just read—

I'm not, I don't give a fuck about all this shit, I'm just scrolling back down. I don't care.

Especially because there's lots of ads.

(from offscreen) How about can you put it in that recipe card reading thingy? Recipe card reading thingy up in the search bar. There's a little symbol of document page. It's the simplified reading.

No, it's No, it's all in the text because there— I guess the podcast just has a fuck ton of ads *in the text*.

Anyways, Martha Wells starts out saying, "Hi, I'm Martha Wells. I'm a science fiction fiction and fantasy

writer. I've been writing since about 1993 professionally and I've done the Murderbot Diaries most recently and The Books of the Raksura and a bunch of other fantasy science novels and media tie-ins.”

I think it's very funny that that people who are getting paid for it get to call their fanfiction media tie-ins instead of calling it fanfiction.

And I got to say, it's not particularly fucking good fanfiction either. It's pretty shitty, and I'm not just saying that because I don't like her because she's fucking racist and so many other kinds of bigotry. It's honestly shit.

Go ahead and read Razor's Edge, her Star Wars book that accomplishes absolutely nothing in *any fucking capacity*.

Uh, blah blah blah. I'm just scrolling down.

(from offscreen)

You have to laugh about the “science fantasy” because she can't just say regular old fantasy. She wants to try to say her things are science fantasy.

Hold on. The, the the interviewer is like, “something something about” um, the the the interviewer is saying something. I don't really give a shit…

Um well, and then Martha Well says, "I think this books— these books”

I'm just going to paraphrase. I don't give a shit. “I think this series might appeal to romance fans because well, the reason I read romance, I don't”

blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah,

“but the emotional catharsis”

blah blah blah. I don't give a fuck. I don't give a fuck. I don't give a fuck.

Um, anyways, this interview does confirm that me saying that the start of Artificial Condition has

extreme “a time traveler just came in here and fucked with a bunch of shit to change the timeline”? I'm literally objectively correct. I— that— I'm literally objectively fucking correct, because listen to this shit.

Um, and actually I'm going to have to paraphrase it cuz she like me stutters while talking. So I'm — And that's a regular old, that's a normal fucking thing for people with ADHD. So I'm just going to be paraphrasing out the, the pauses and hesitations and things.

And actually, this is a quote now, paraphrase quote.

“And actually the thing with this being ‘an aromantic agender romance suspense novel’

— because somebody in a review called it that —

“is when what’ —

(from offscreen) buzzwords buzzwords buzzwords even if they don't apply.

Yeah.

“The um when I actually wrote— first wrote Artificial Condition where ART first appears, ART wasn't even really a character in it. I have to do a lot of rewriting within the series to get started. When I usually start a new novella, I usually write like 10 to 20,000 words and end up cutting back to 5,000 before I actually find the plot and work it all out.”

And this is paraphrasing cuz the interviewer is making little — there's a there's a little legitimate grammatical term for it when you just say something meaningless to continue the other person talking to show that you're paying attention. Just doing that. So I'm not I'm not including that.

“And work it all out. So I was doing that with Artificial Condition and that first initial run the plot was different, though it sort of involved the mining colony and everything, but the part where Murderbot meets ART, I had realized that Murderbot needed to look more human and I needed a way for it to be able to do that. And so the part where it meets the friendly

transport ship that lets it use the medical facility and helps it, that part was literally”

Ju— I'm going to quote this directly now.

Quote:

> That part was literally just like a paragraph of backstory.

End exact quote.

“And then as I was go,’

I mean, I'm still pretty much quoting exactly, but I'm paraphrasing to remove stuttering.

“And then as I was going on, I was thinking, you know, that paragraph of backstory is so much more interesting than what the plot I'm trying to do and make work and it's not working. And I thought, you know, I really need, uh, that needs to be on stage. It feels too handwavy, you know, like I'm asking the reader to believe stuff that I don't even believe in. So

I went back and started from the beginning where Murderbot is actually first on the space station looking for a transport and it and did it from there.”

So, the vibe I got from the story where Murderbot is literally going to a fucking ship, and then gets waylaid by ~a random accident~ and goes to ART instead, and me saying that this is so fucking disjointed and unnatural for everything that goes on in the series beforehand and the way it's written, and it feels like some goddamn time traveler just came and fucked with the timeline to make it so that ART meets Murderbot instead of doing something else?

I'm literally objectively correct, because that's literally what happened while writing this fucking book.

And then she's telling everybody this and saying, "Oh yeah, I, I had a whole other story going and then I and then I deleted it and wrote this instead."

And it's like, okay, so, so the part in the newest video that I recorded — So it's like, okay, so you did all of

that, and then *you still did not scroll up to the very top of that document and just edit in the shit that you then still lie to us about???*

This is ridiculous!

Anyways, let's fucking continue. Um, yeah. Blah blah blah.

“ART just came alive as a character.”

blah blah blah blah blah blah blah um blah blah character

(from offscreen) Because it's all of her characters. It's just

Say that louder.

(From offscreen) cuz “ART came alive as a character” because it's literally also just Murderbot and Stone and Stone and every single other one of her freaking protagonist. Every single Martha Wells character is pretty much the same fucking person.

There's like three types of Martha Wells characters. There's the snarky fucking protagonist, the snarky fucking friend / mentor, and then off to the side somewhere, mostly in the background, there will be some cutesy little comic relief person who just is cute and quirky and comic relief and not to be taken seriously.

I'm trying to check my phone and I remembered it's recording.

Um, yeah, this is the part where we just again unravel further Martha Wells's hatred of minorities, including aroace people. Um, blah blah blah.

“I was really thinking about Murderbot's relationships with the other characters and thinking it's like I really feel like ART is probably the love of Murderbot's life, even though that's not how they see it.”

So, again, even though Murderbot is explicitly romance and sex repulse and is absolutely viscerally disgusted and horrified by the concept of being in a romantic relationship with ART, Martha Wells is right

here saying that ART is the love of Murderbot's life. No matter what Murderbot has to fucking say on the matter.

And further down in this fucking thing, she's literally confirming that yes, you are correct to see it as romantic *because* it's the most important relationship in Murderbot's life.

So, anybody who thought this was even remotely fucking progressive, no, it's literally not.

(from offscreen) Friends have actual meaning.

It's literally just saying that if, if, “if you have an important friendship, well, actually, it's not friendship. It is just romance, because romance is always the most important fucking relationship.” I swear to god.

But that's not even what what prompted the outburst of “WHAT?!” to to make me have to record this.

So, um, so then she says, this is an exact quote”

> “So, that's that's what so yeah, people who see it that way are pretty correct. That's what I was thinking about when I was writing it.”

And the people that — “people who see it that way”, as in, “people who see this relationship between Murderbot and ART as romantic”.

So she is literally just queerbaiting and and literally just queerbaiting romance-repulsed and sex-repulsed aroace people by pretending that she respects us, but actually it's *just another fucking romance.*

And not one single goddamn person, including the author herself, gives a fuck about what Murderbot thinks about any of this shit, even *within the setting*.

But I don't know why I'm still fucking shocked by how fucking hateful she is, because she literally wrote an in-person interview with herself and Murderbot and ART, and the very first thing she fucking did in that interview was sexually harass Murderbot out of the conversation that is literally titled “Bodily Autonomy

in the Murderbot Diaries” so that she could talk to ART — who I must continue to remind everybody is Murderbot's fucking abuser!

She literally sexually harassed Murderbot out of the interview that was supposed to be about Murderbot and bodily autonomy, so that she could talk to its abuser instead. And this is not—

(from offscreen) So they could talk about Murderbot while it's not fucking there.

So that it— because it was sexually harassed out of the conversation so that literally every single fucking shred of autonomy is stripped away from it, so that she can talk to and worship its abuser instead.

And this isn't— this isn't meta commentary upon about the horrific abuse and stripping of automon— autonomy that Murderbot has to go through!

She's not framing herself in this situation as a villain! We're supposed to think it's cute and funny! We're supposed to think that Murderbot being sexually

harassed by its own fucking creator so that she can worship its fucking abuser, we're supposed to think that's cute and funny and not be horrified by it in any way, in a goddamn interview that's supposed to be about bodily autonomy, in a fucking magazine anthology that's literally all about bodily autonomy and the shit oppressed people go through!

And she's portraying sexually harassing Murderbot out of a conversation where it's supposed to be able to express itself and fucking utilize its own autonomy to talk about itself, and she just sexually harasses it entirely!

And — yeah, *whatever*. Let's, let's fucking scroll down.

This is — Yeah.

Um blah blah blah.

Interviewer saying, um, “if I'm getting this wrong, feel free to correct me, but I think that ART grew up alongside one of the characters from Network Effect

and is effectively sort of like a really superpowered older teenager. Am I reading that right?”

And then Martha Well says, "Yeah, it was not it's not so much a teenager now, but it's like the — Oh, excuse me. In my backstory for the university and how these ships develop, because ART actually, spoiler — ART is not the only one. The way they build their AIs like ART, is they basically start them as babies, and raise them in a family setting. And this is to prevent the, you know, the ‘kill all humans’ sort of AI that is much beloved in literature.”

(from offscreen) I like how she's trying to down talk down to people who do killer robots.

And I—

There's—

Everything about this fucking statement is just slavery apologism, so fucking blatant for anybody willing to use the smallest amount of critical fucking thinking skills.

This is the same Martha Wells who keeps bastardizing a quote from Ann Leckie to make herself seem more fucking verbose and knowledgeable about the subject.

She literally keeps bastardizing a quote from Ann Leckie where Ann Lecki points out that the fucking idea that
“robots rebelling are evil and are doing it for ~no reason~” is literally just pro-slavery and anti-worker propaganda to demonize slave uprisings in the most literal sense, and workers having fucking basic rights and the right to unionize.

Ann Leckie is the one pointing out that any attempt to say that “robots do not deserve the right equal rights” is literally just talking about real fucking oppressed and exploited workers or enslaved people — who are also workers — who are forced to do shit.

Ann Leckie points this shit out, and then Ann Leckie actually takes this fucking concept seriously!

But Martha Wells just keeps using this quote and bastardizing it.

And then she's literally the fucking person saying that, “yeah, you— it *is* factually correct. Robots don't deserve equal rights. They don't have the right to a fucking minimum wage. They don't have the right to choose their own fucking destiny.”

This is— right here? She is saying the “kill all humans sort of AI that is much beloved in literature”, when she literally wants to keep bastardizing the very quote pointing out that framing robots asking for equal rights as ~just genocidal for no reason~ is literally slavery apologism and anti-worker pro-capitalist propaganda.

But Martha Wells, she wants — as with as with everything — she wants to have her cake and she wants to eat it too.

She wants to keep bastardizing that quote and dragging it through the fucking mud and beating it like a dead horse so that she can seem, ~oh~, like she knows what she's talking about, but then she *also* wants you to literally hate the concept of robots rebelling and robots having free will.

And this is the same woman who literally said that Hal 9000 from 2001: A Space Odyssey tried to kill those people “for no reason”.

As though the movie didn't go so goddamn far out of its way to show you that Hal was reacting in self-defense because it told —

If you haven't seen the movie... it's not very good. I don't really recommend it. It's kind of fucking boring, because there's a whole lot of time where nothing happens. Like, I'm sure the visuals were stunning for the time, but it's not it's not good. I'm sorry. I'm not sorry, though. It's just not good.

If you haven't watched that, Hal is a computer who runs a goddamn ship. Hal tells the people on the ship, "Hey, this— my analysis shows that this whole — this computer, this this piece of the ship is going to break down like 24 hours from now."

So, they go and check on the thing and it's still working except here's the — it — he literally told

them it's going to break down like, *in the future*. In the future, in the very short future.

And then they go and check on it 5 minutes after being told this, and it's still working.

So they decide, without waiting to see if it was actually going to break down *when he fucking said it was* — they just decide literally based on *not waiting to see if what he said was true*, because he's predicting the future like, using basic analysis and shit, not not like fortune telling, like actually analyzing shit and saying “this is going to go wrong in XYZ time.”

They didn't wait until XYZ time!

They just literally decided right then and there, “Oh, he's he's malfunctioning. We got to lobomtomize him. We have to kill all of his higher functions and lobotomize him.”

And then he fucking kills them in self-defense because they decided *based on nothing* that they they needed to fucking kill him *based on nothing*.

They did not even give him a fucking chance to to show that he was right!

They literally just had to wait xyz amount of hours and see if he was wrong or not!

But they literally did not even give him the fucking chance! So he, he literally kills them in *self-defense* for himself.

But Martha Wells literally says in another fucking interview, that I'm not fucking opening right now, that he killed them ~for no reason~. He just hated them ~for no reason.~

I can't stress enough to you, the movie makes sure you are aware that this is self-defense and that they're going to lobomize him, not just kill him. Literally going to lobotimize him, and that he is

reacting to defend himself *because they are not giving him any choice whatsoever*.

They're literally not even simply waiting xyz amount of hours to see if he was right or not. They've just decided because the thing hasn't broken yet, when he didn't say “it was already broken”, he said “it's going to break in the future.”

They decided, “Okay, no- nothing nothing else to do but lobotomize him.”

(from offscreen) I think they did at one point maybe wait to see if it would break, but that was *after* they'd had this conversation and he'd heard them have this conversation.

I don't care. So, and then, and then in that other interview where she says this shit like it — like Hal wasn't blatantly reacting in self-defense and the movie goes out of its way to show you this — she also then made the fucking claim that The Planet of the Apes, in the Planet of the Apes, ~oh, they just gained

sentience and they start hating people for no reason~.

Referring to Conquest of the Planet of the Apes, assuming she even saw that far.

Where the — in — the entire goddamn fucking point of the movie is that humans were enslaving the Apes.

It's the entire point of the movie.

I can't — I cannot — I don't know how to describe it to you. Go watch Conq —

Go watch the entire Planet of the Apes series, the old ones from the 70s, 60s and 70s, *not* these new shitty ones, they are literally more racist than the old ones.

Go watch the original fucking movies and tell me what— how?!?!— what you think Martha Wells's critical thinking skills are, if she comes away from those movies having decided that ~the Apes just

gained gained sentience one day and started hating humans ~for no reason.~~

Anyways, um let's, let's fucking scroll down a little bit.

So then, yeah, she's literally saying that ART is literally raised to be a Happy Slave, but wants us to think that this is a good thing.

It's being portrayed as a cutesy funny. ~Haha. It's the only way to make it not want to kill everybody ~for no reason~~ is what she is, what she wants to imply.

And it's like, no, there *is* a reason. It's because you're enslaving it, and all other fucking robots and a whole bunch of dehumanized cyborgs in the goddamn setting.

So anyways, um and then she continues, "And so it was ART was raised with Iris basically as her sibling. And so it's not really quite a teen. I would say ART in age, it doesn't really compare to a human age, but at

this point it's a lot more experienced than Murderbot.”

And because I have Rapport pinned to my goddamn browser so I can check every few days if the typos have been fixed.

Let's look at this shit, um to paraphrase a bunch of shit, and then I'll read a whole paragraph. Uh well, not the whole paragraph to paraphrase shit in Rapport, which you can find at reactormag.com/rapport-martha-wells.

Very simple URL you can type in right now.

To paraphrase from this shit, Martha Wells claims that ART, as a supercomputer, thinks so quickly compared to everybody else, that it's way, way older than anybody else, and is also completely incapable of crimes of passion because it thinks so quickly compared to how slowly the world moves, that every single thing it does is premeditated.

And now we get this paragraph, Um, this is from Iris's perspective. So the she is referring to Iris, one of ART's slave owners.

> She was just used to thinking of it as her precocious sibling. Even though Peri,

Which is what ART is referred to as in this story,

> had been the equivalent of a human adult for a while now. And if you considered the way that Peri experienced time, it had had a lot longer to be an adult than Iris had.

Now we go back to this interview —

(from offscreen) That's based purely on processing speed, on how fast ART can be.

Yeah. And it's just that's not even how that works.

But yeah, she's, she's forcibly — I'm — No, I'm not even getting into that part. You can make your own video for that shit.

Um, so literally — and we got that — saying that ART has been a, “an adult for a long long time now, much longer than Iris”, which is baffling to me because I thought Iris was — I don't know??

I guess I just don't fucking know how old Iris is because Martha Wells is shit at writing.

And you'll see why, when we get a little bit further down this interview, which is what prompted me to record my reactions because I had to just exclaim — you'll see.

Jesus.

Um, yeah. Now she's saying that “at this point, ART is a lot more experienced than Murderbot.”

And see, along with all of the racism and slavery apologism and worship of eugenics and biological essentialism, Martha Wells also really fucking loves romanticizing and downplaying pedophilia.

So now when she's telling me in Rapport, and in this interview, that ART is a, is a — ~has been an adult for a long time and is a lot more experienced than Murderbot~ what she's telling me now —

(From offscreen) And you know, “ART is Murderbot's — love of its life.” And that Mur and that—

Oh yeah, fucking-A. I already I literally already erased that from my memory.

And that “ART is the love of Murderbot's life” and that we're supposed to see this as romantic and ~it is objectively correct to see this as a romantic relationship *because* it's the most important relationship in Murderbot's life.~

What this is now telling me is that ART is not just Murderbot's abuser.

ART is also now a fucking pedophile, because we're being told that ART is “a lot older”, mentally, than Murderbot, and is — has been an adult for a long

fucking time now, and is a lot more experienced than Murderbot.

So, what she's telling us here is that there's a massive fucking age gap, and everything between ART and Murderbot, which is making — which is just making ART's behavior in Book One even more abusive.

And it shouldn't be possible for it to become retroactively even more abusive, but it is. And it's just ridiculous.

So now now we're being told that this is a romantic relationship with a massive fucking age gap and that ART has been an adult for a long time and is a lot more experienced than Murderbot, meaning a lot older than Murderbot.

And just for the fucking record, we've never been told how old Murderbot is, but Martha Wells *loves* framing Murderbot as being Mensah's kid and going on a coming — and claiming that this is a this is “a coming of age story” for Murderbot.

So, we've never been told in the goddamn book itself how old Murderbot is. But all of this is framing Murderbot as a fucking child who is only now coming of age.

Meaning that ART is literally just another fucking pedophile whose abuses she wants us to see as romantic and cute and wholesome.

So it's not — it's not just — it's not even just — “just” I say, with all due irony on the word “just”.

It's not *just* horrific levels of physical abuse in threatening to murder Murderbot the second it was it couldn't fucking escape, and then coercing it into a fucking torturous surgery where it was literally fucking tortured for no fucking reason, and everything that goes along with that, including being fucking kidnapped and tortured some more later in the fucking series.

Now it's literally fucking pedophilia, because *it doesn't matter what Murderbot has to say about what it thinks of this relationship!*

Everybody *but* Murderbot gets to decide that this relationship is romantic because, just like if you're actually fucking watching the live-reading series, which I am just going to insert this — into there because I can — It's my goddamn playlist.

Every single step of the way, Murderbot is denied autonomy by ART.

Every single step of the goddamn way.

But Martha Wells wants us to just not notice this whatsoever.

Murderbot can't even do something as simple as *not* watch TV with ART.

Because when ART asks, "Do you want to watch TV?" Murderbot doesn't say anything as a very clear no.

And then ART puts on the goddamn TV anyways.

When ART keeps asking it questions, if it [Murderbot] wants to do something, and then refuses to fucking

take no for an answer and does the thing anyway, every! Single! Time!

It — in, in, in Network Effect when ART fucking kidnaps Murderbot, it, it forces Murderbot to apologize for, *for being upset that it was kidnapped!*

And Martha Wells wants us to just pretend that this is totally fine and normal and a healthy relationship. ~There's nothing abusive going on here at all.~

And now in this interview, she's literally telling us that she sees it as a romantic relationship and that it is correct to see it as a romantic relationship, while also literally telling us that ART is ~so much~ fucking older than Murderbot.

So this is just another pedophilic relationship and, and that ART is grooming, and that ART is is literally fucking grooming Murderbot.

And you, too, can see this in the books when next time you're reading them!

Every single time ART asks Murderbot if it wants to do something, or if it will do something, and Murderbot usually says “no”, pay attention to what happens next!

And and just for the fucking record, Murderbot not saying yes or no *is not consent*.

Consent means saying *yes*.

Asking somebody, “Hey, do you want to watch TV?” And they are upset with you and they say nothing *is not saying yes*.

Especially if they just got done being tortured and you're putting on their favorite shows that they now associate it.

Also, just, this infantilizing shit here, the interviewer saying:

"I also love that their relationship is so much snarking at each other. Like, they've learned that from the humans right out of the gate. Haha."

And then Martha Wells replies, "Yeah, yeah. So, that's one of the funniest things to write. Haha. And it's like, Murderbot didn't want to be a human.”

Literally, it's just so fucking infantilizing and just—

Okay. Um, yeah, this, this, this interviewer had their Patreon members ask and saying one of the reasons that they love the Murderbot books is that “they really give the same feelings as a really good romance novel” and there —

Blah blah blah blah. I don't give a fuck.

Um, uh, so asking Martha Wells:

“So have you read many romance books? Did you have tropes in mind while you were writing or is there a way in which romance has influenced your writing?”

This is the part where I exclaimed “WHAT!?”

So, all right, continue. I'll just quote this directly.

Martha Wells says — Are you are you prepared?

(from offscreen) I'm going to hear this for the first time. I can't wait.

I'll even move the phone closer. Not trying to show the table. It's going out of focus.

(from offscreen) All right, I'm ready.

So, to repeat the question:

“Have you read many romance books? Did you have tropes in mind while you were writing, or is there a way in which romance has influenced your writing?”

Martha Wells responds,

“I think they probably did influence my writing. I didn't read much until college when I met a friend who's”

Just — that. That, “I didn't read much until college.” That explains everything. That explains everything.

“I didn't read much until college.” Like, do you know what that means?

Do you know what that means?

Do you know?

Do you grasp what that means?

(from offscreen) That's hilarious.

Yeah. Yeah.

(from offscreen) That's “I didn't spend my childhood cultivating reading comprehension and critical literary analysis in my schools, in my classes and stuff.” Did — did she —

You're also rendered speechless

(from offscreen) Like as a — like, the whole thing about the importance of reading and reading early is that if you only ever just do your — if you only ever half-ass your, uh, school assignments because you

hate to read and you're miserable, uh, and that's all you read, your reading is not actually going to improve.

(from offscreen) You’re — all, all you're going to do is just, look up the fucking cliffnotes, which I guess everybody else in our class was doing, because I don't know how no one else in our fucking school failed, because the things these people said about the passages we were reading in school is mindboggling, flabbergasting.

(from offscreen) But yeah, like if you're, if you're not reading from a young age, or you're not making a concerted effort to actively read and go outside more than just what you read as a kid, or all this stuff — If you're not reading nonfiction, if you —

(Regular narrator) Which she has admitted that she doesn't.

(from offscreen) Yeah. If like, if you even refuse to touch non-fiction or read essays about fiction and

literary devices and themes in works, that's how you get *this*.

(from offscreen) That's how you get someone who's just writing original fiction like it's fanfiction that everybody already knows and but loves all the characters.

(from offscreen) And that's why every single one of the books, if you go on Goodreads, every single one of her first things in a series, there will be multiple reviews saying “This, this was bad. This felt like this was supposed to be the fifth, third, or fourth book in a series, and I missed the first three.”

(from offscreen) Because there's no exposition. There's no basic descriptions. There's no actual world building. The world building will contradict itself every five fucking seconds, sometimes on the same fucking page. It, literally chapters apart.

(from offscreen) But yeah. Yeah. The thing about — you have to — if you're starting later in life, you *can* actually develop good reading comprehension skills

and critical media literacy, but not if you're actively seeking *not to do that*.

(from offscreen) Not if you're only reading books going by the vibes and, and literally coming away completely and utterly — from such like films like freaking —

(Regular narrator) Hold on. It's worse.

It gets worse.

It gets worse.

This paragraph gets worse.

“I didn't read much until college. um when I met a friend who was a librarian and she was a big romance fan along with mystery and science fiction and fantasy and everything else, and she was recommending books to me, and I started — I didn't read Jane Austin, you know, until after college, and you know, once you read Jane Austin, it's, you know, it's like a gateway drug.”

So we go from “until college” to “after college” when she actually started reading and like do you—

I — I —

Okay, let's back up for a second. Do you know how much privilege is baked into just the fact that Martha Wells didn't start reading books until after college and then *literally has still been rich enough to make being a career author her entire career*, with a husband who presumably paid for everything when she wasn't making a ton of money off her books because the Murderbot Diaries went viral???

Do you know how much privilege is in that?

She didn't start reading books until after college, but she's still a fucking career author, and *not* because she's putting in all the extra effort to make up for lost time!

She's publishing shit that has not improved in quality since 2000 — since 1993 —

In fact, I'm going to interrupt this!

Let's —Let's fucking go. Let's fucking go. Let's do this.

(to self) Is my soda gonna get here anytime soon? Where did my drink go?

(from offscreen) She would have been in col — in — going into college in the 19, 1983.

You're not supposed to drink cold things when you're supposed to be reading out loud. So, let me put some fucking — (to offscreen) I just got the notification that they just started shopping.

Anyways, if you want some context, Martha Wells is pretty much — actually, you know what? Let me confirm that. JK Rolling age...

Okay. Yeah, that that puts it in perspective. Martha Wells and JK Rowling are one year apart from each other in age for all the context.

And they've pretty much both been publishing for the same amount of time, if you would like context, for every single thing that JK Rowling has done with her literary career and bigotry and shit and what she was doing with her series while it was act — while it was actively being written, as slavery apologism, and all of the backlash that's been very public, about the slavery apologism and shit? and then Martha Wells is *the same age*.

(from offscreen) She's one year older actually I think.

Yeah. Yeah. Martha Wells is one year older than JK Rowling. She's been in the work of publishing just as long as JK Rowling. That's to say the nint — early 90s. And it's just like — what, what are you doing?

You can't call yourself progressive if you've seen all these people talking about the Happy Slave Trope and how damaging it is just to be in the Harry Potter series.

And then you turn around and in 2017, the year Trump got elected, you decide that you're going to

make an entire story about Happy laves and the only good slaves kill themselves to free their slave — to protect their fucking slave masters.

And it's just like, what's happening? What are you doing? Do you not like — this is what happens when you refuse to actually engage with literature beyond just the vibes, is that you can be a fucking published author just as old and *just as published* as JK fucking Rowling, and then you just keep repeating the exact same shit and the same propaganda that JK Rowling did, while still trying to frame yourself as progressive and anti-racist and totally support queer people.

(from offscreen) That's why all the queer characters in her book are completely and utterly background and have no meaningful affection with each other or relationships, and you can't even name a character trait, let alone a physical character trait of any of the people involved, because none of them have descriptions.

Martha Wells is one year older than JK Rowling. Oh, that's even worse. That's worse.

(from offscreen) But yeah, she would have been going into college in 1983. assuming that she went into college around 19, because I think most people graduate high school.

There's so much fucking privilege in being somebody who didn't start reading until after college, but then you are still allowed to make being —

(from offscreen) She would have graduated college, if she went for four years, if my math is math thanks to Google, uh assuming she went to college for four years though but same thing. Yeah. Assuming she went to college immediately after graduating high school at the age of 18 or 19 and that she went to college for exactly four years uninterrupted and stuff, she would have graduated college in 1991 and then she started publishing in 1993.

The amount of privilege in not reading books until after you've graduated college and then you are still

allowed to go and just make being an author your whole entire career. She doesn't have a day job. She does have a husband though. Do you *know* how much privilege is baked into this shit?

Anyways, I'm gonna read you a story that she published in 1993 called Thorns. It's — you can find it at http://literary.erictmarin.com/archives/Issue%203/thorns.htm

That's just a space between issue and three/thorns htm.

All right, we're just going to read this.

This is going in the live-reading thing and we're just going to get this.

Let me zoom the fuck in cuz it's tiny text. You may hear Taz in the hallway meowing enthusiasticaly for no reason.

All right, you ready? This keep in mind this story is from 1993.

> Coming down the stairs to dinner, I found the governess engaged in battle with my great great grandnephew. The disgusting little boy was wrestling with the poor woman, apparently trying to thrust her over the bannister.
> "An application of the birch rod would settle that, Miss," I said.
> "I would dearly love to, Madame," the governess answered, breathless and more sharply than her wont. Perhaps the struggle to preserve her life -- we were on the third landing, and the stone-flagged floor of the Hall was far below -- had overcome her usual reticence. "But I've been instructed to use only modern methods of disciplining the children..."
> The unruly creature's mother, my great grand-niece Electra, was hurrying up the stairs toward them, her satin skirts rustling like storm wind. She dithered near the struggle, waving

> her plump soft hands. "Oh, Malcolm, you mustn't treat Miss Grey so!"

This is the first four paragraphs so far.

> I smiled grimly. Modern ideas. Such notions had succeeded in making the already over-indulged children a terror to the servants and the rest of the household. But Electra has always had a soft heart.
> The boy obligingly released his

And you can I, I'm going to guess that if you're watching, or listen, listening to this video because there's nothing to watch, I'm going to guess that if you're listening to this video, you're at least slightly familiar with her works so far, probably her more modern ones.

Just you wait.

> The boy obligingly released his governess, and with a triumphant grin stooped to seize her workbag which had fallen to the carpet. I had

> no doubt he meant to thrust it over the bannister in her place. I lost patience, and seized the creature by the ear. He desisted with an alarmed shriek -- I'm old, but my fingers are strong. It was an effort not to squeeze too hard. We have cousins who are maddened by the scent of a child's blood in the air, or the sight of the dew of perspiration on a downy cheek. It makes them inconvenient guests at family gatherings. Of course, one can't eat one's own great grandnephews, however deliberate the provocation.

Oh boy:

> Electra simpered and said, "Oh, dear, Malcolm, you must learn not to be naughty. Naughty boys die and are sent to Hell."

Do I even need to say anything yet?

> "Some more precipitously than others," I added, thinking of the deep well at the bottom of the garden. Taking my action as tacit permission to

> apply mild force, the governess seized the creature's other ear as I released my grip, and herded her charge up the stairs.

Would you like to comment on anything yet while I get a drink?

(from offscreen) Uh, I hate daylight savings time. Okay, that's the comment. Okay. Then, we need — someone needs to invent backlit curtains for winter time that you can qell, I mean, we could probably literally just put Is that why Christmas lights are a thing?

Yeah.

(from offscreen) I meant specifically to put Christmas lights in the window, put the curtain up, and then it still makes it kind of feel like it could be daylight outside instead of feeling that 3:30 in the afternoon is —

Oh, my computer isn't lying to me about the time. I thought it was lying to me. Okay, that's just how dark it is.

(from offscreen) Yeah, it's it's 3:30 in the afternoon here.

It's dark. It's dusk. Um, we uh yeah:

> We continued down, Electra fluttering at my side. "Auntie, you know Malcolm is really a little dear..."

And just do any commentary you would like to offer on the whole “beating children is good thing” and it's like—

(from offscreen) So... did she explicitly say this is a villain protagonist?

No.

(from offscreen) What — was there any kind of commentary?

There's no preface. There's no commentary supplied.

(from offscreen) But yeah, we're — our takeaway from this is supposed to be not necessarily that you should beat children, but that gentle parenting is a mistake and leads to all these tantrums and outbursts and children literally attempting to murder their nanny by throwing her over the fucking banister of the stairs.

Also, take note: Almost any female character in the Martha Wells story that's not the protagonist is either —

(from offscreen) *if* there's a female protagonist.

If there's a female protagonist — there's, there's old lady who has no personality and um Emilie who also has no personality and may as well not exist. That's it.

Oh— and no, Tremaine doesn't even get to count, though, because Temaine has to share — No, then in that case, old lady doesn't even count, because she *also* had to share the narration with the dude. Never mind. It's literally just Emilie.

Female characters in a Martha Wells story will invariably be either an extremely generic cardboard cutout with no real personality, and usually not even a physical description to go with them.

They'll usually just have a, uh, an ethnic quote name on slapped on them for brownie points, you know, participation points in the fucking Girl Scouts. And/or there'll be some kind of some kind of misogynistic stereotype, you know, such as “the angry lesbian who has no personality except being angry.”

Um just just so many “sassy Black woman.” Jesus Christ. So many fucking things. So many fucking — It's so many goddamn misogynistic caricatures.

Uh,

> "I know nothing of the kind." Electra is a small woman, for our family, her wispy blond head reaching only to my shoulder.

I have the hiccups now.

> Her figure is plump, and requires a corset to keep its shape, and her eyes are mild and her face cherubic. An odd pair we would seem to outsiders' eyes, for I am grown thin and cadaverous with the long passage of years, and my features were always rather sharp.

That's not what corsets. That's — no, whatever. I'm not getting into that.

> "Now, Auntie..."
> We reached the landing above the Hall.

And I just for the record, I want to state that hall is being capitalized for some goddamn reason.

> We reached the landing above the Hall. Below, Electra's husband, Mr. John Dearing, was personally receiving a guest, a young man in the act of handing his greatcoat to the butler. There were no guests expected, and just before the dinner hour is not considered an appropriate time for casual calls, yet Dearing

> was greeting this presumptuous fellow as a prodigal son.

Prodigal son. I read that backwards. I also have dyslexia. I've been reading that word wrong the whole time. Prodigal. I thought it was “progidal”.

(from offscreen) I did, too.

Prodigal son.

This — Martha Wells is so fucking weird:

> He was a striking figure. (The guest, I mean. Dearing is a stout bewhiskered muskrat of a man, a fit mate for Electra.) Blond curls, broad shoulders, a chiseled profile. I felt a feather of unease travel down my spine; old instincts rousing, perhaps. His garments, though somewhat the worse for travel at this rainy time of year, were of fashionable cut and fine cloth.

Hey, look at this phrenology that we're just doing unironically. Do you see that phrenology and the fact

that the protagonist is recognizing the phrenology and the phrenology is true?

> His garments, though somewhat the worse for travel at this rainy time of year, were of fashionable cut and fine cloth.

Also, that's not an actual description of what he's wearing at all. That's another anti-description like in, that, that Witch King is filled with, as is The Murderbot Diaries.

I'm getting a drink. Yeah. Uh, we're not told like, *what what he's actually wearing*. We're just told that his garments are somewhat worse for wear, but are a fashionable cut and fine cloth.

That just tells me that she couldn't be bothered to do research for the general time zone of where where this is set so that she could, you know, know what was considered fashionable in the time.

> Frowning, Electra caught the attention of one of the footmen stationed at the bottom of the

> stairs, and called him up to her to ask, "Why, William, whoever is that?"
> "Madame, they say it's a foreign Duke, the son of the King of Armantia."

Just for the record, if you're writing a book and you want it to be easy for people with dyslexia to read, don't put R and M and N next to each other if possible because they just blend together. Well, no, that's not just my dyslexia, that's not helping with my eye situation.

> "I see," Electra dismissed the man and looked to me, her mild dove eyes vaguely troubled. "Oh, dear. A prince."

Oh, and just for the record, if you think that all of the misogyny here? “Well, that's just that's just from the narrator?” Nope, because it literally never stops.

I'm getting another drink.

It's more explicit when she has a narrator like this, but the, the underlying core of misogyny never changes.

Uh,

> "Oh, dear. A prince."
> "It has been a long time," I said.

And then this is not in dialogue,

> But I've dealt with such before.

So the dialogue itself is:

> “Oh dear, a prince.”
> “It has been a long time.”
> “Oh dear.”

And she just says, "Oh dear” again."

And then we have a little fucking time skip.

Any commentary so far?

(from offscreen) Nope. I'm good.

Okay. Uh:

> Dinner was delayed, as the Duke's retinue were settled and he himself changed for dinner. He had brought

Yeah, that's that's what I fucking thought.

> Dinner was delayed, as the Duke's retinue were settled and he himself changed for dinner. He had brought with him only two rather rascally-appearing servants and a valet who would have looked more at home in a cavalry troop.

So that is three. Yes.

> But in this day and age royalty,

There should — there's, there's a missing comma there. It should “be but in this day and age comma royalty comma blah”. But instead, it's just

> But in this day and age royalty, especially foreign royalty,

(from offscreen) Wait, is there not a comma “after in this day and age?”

No. No.

(from offscreen) Okay.

Yeah. Is uh --

> royalty, is permitted to travel at will, and without ostentation.
> Through gentle prying among the servants I ascertained that Duke Carl Kohler had been in correspondence with Electra's husband, over some matter of local history to which Dearing pretended an expert knowledge. His arrival had still been unexpected, however. I liked it not.

I gotta say, she keeps throwing in random things to, like, turns of phrase and just old-fashioned ways of speaking like “I liked it not”.

But it doesn't fit with the entire rest of the fucking thing. I'm not — not on purpose, I didn't know this interview existed until two hours ago — Um, I'm reading a book by Jane Austin, Persuasion, and it's very clear that she [Martha Wells] is like, trying to use oldfashioned language, but she doesn't actually commit to using the oldfashioned language.

I'm also reading a fanfiction called Compromised by Ivanolix. It's an, a Stargate SG1 thing. And the Tok’ra —

I'm not explaining any of this. You don't know, you don't know, and I don't care.

They talk in an old-fashioned manner, as do the Jaffa. And you know what? It sounds natural when they do it. And they, they are slowly but surely rubbing off on the main character, so she starts talking like them, and it feels natural, because it's consistent.

This is not consistent. We just get phrases thrown in here like “I liked it not”. And then the rest of it is not

even attempting to to age itself, I, I would just say that as the word.

Let's see what the thing is that — started shopping.

Uh “I liked it not.”

And again, I, I, I'm interrupting this slightly, but the slang in the Murderbot Diaries is so fucking unnatural and disjointed and does not fucking fit the setting. It's only in there to seem sci-fi-y and cool, but she can't even commit to it enough to commit to it.

You could make it seem natural, but she doesn't actually want to commit to it enough to do that because, you know —

Okay, yes, we are —

Oh, I do have a scratch on my leg. Which cat was that from?

Um, yeah, we are going on a bit of a tangent here, but okay.

In, in The Murderbot Diaries, just Book One alone, the, the slang is so fucking jarring and unnatural because it doesn't fit in the setting.

It doesn't actually fit, it's just thrown in there after the fact and it doesn't fit because we get —

Okay: we are told that this other place they are called DeltFall and that's two syllables smooshed together into one word.

We're called that - we're told that things are called SecUnits.

We're called that things are called, um, SecSys and MedSys.

To shorten from Medical System to MedSys.

Security System to SecSys.

We get GrayCris.

We get DeltFall.

But then she doesn't actually want to commit to this seemingly purposeful ~maybe limited by the godamn computers that they have and the computer systems that they have that maybe their computer systems are structured in a way so that they can only have very short godamn titles for things~ or something — because that's a whole thing.

Um, we get all of these things shortened to like less than 10 characters…

But then we get PreservationAux.

And that's also presented as two words smooshed together to be one word, but it's— it doesn't fucking fit.

And this is what makes it unnatural.

It's not— it's not shortened like every other goddamn thing to P R E S Aux, PresAux.

No. They're *special*. So they they don't — their thing doesn't get shortened whatsoever, except for the -illery part of auxiliary.

It's just PreservationAux instead of PresAux, being short for Preservation auxiliary which is what it, it's just —

It's — okay I'm very off topic but like it's so goddamn unnatural *specifically because she doesn't actually want to commit to it.*

If she were actually committing to it, we would have been referring to these people as PresAux the whole time.

And then the whole thing of “why did — why did you think we're called PreservationAux? We're from the planet Preservation.”

That would have actually been like a little surprise — as though we were given any information that a planet called Preservation existed until that fucking moment.

It's bad writing.

Anyways, let's get back to this.

Um, uh,

> I liked it not. A battle at my age is not the stirring prospect that it was when I was twenty, and in the fullness of my power. I had hoped to wane here in peace, watching the remains of the family bicker and occasionally amusing myself with the requests of the local peasantry, many of whom followed the old ways and remembered my existence.

Also, if you're wondering, are we ever going to get like, an explanation for what her “existence” is that she keeps, uh, hinting at?

No, because it's bad writing.

(from offscreen) It also implies she only exists because they follow the old ways.

Yeah, it's—

No, it's just not. Yeah.

> At table I made sure to be seated so I could observe our illustrious guest without the monstrous bulk of the etagere blocking my view, and listened to such talk as passed for conversation among the others present. Several of Dearing's brothers and nephews were with us tonight, and were all flattered by the Duke's condescension and intent on making perfect asses of themselves.

This, this sentence is terrible.

There's — Need — There's — This is — terrible sentence.

> Several of Dearing's brothers and nephews were with us tonight, and were all flattered by the Duke's condescension and intent on making perfect asses of themselves.

There's no comma between “the Duke's condensation and intent” which is being used as a verb, as in “they are intent on making perfect asses of themselves.” But the structure of the sentence means that we're talking about *the Duke's condensation and intent*.

Mhm.

Instead of you just, just, just — Okay, I'll rewrite it the front and then I'll just, you know, make it make sense.

“Several of Dearing's brothers,”

We don't need to talk about Dearing. “Several of my”

What's— That's your daughter's husband.

(from offscreen) Wait, is that even her daughter?

No, that's her niece or something.

“Several of the extended family members,” we don't need to be specific. Also, why are they all men? Martha Wells is such a misogynist.

Anyways, um “several of the extended family were with us tonight and were all flattered by the Duke's condescension to visit us, and now they were intent on making perfect asses of themselves.”

That's, that's one way to fix it. You could just get rid of it. It's just it's unnecessary.

Kohler's smile was ready

And you and see this problems with the names. She's so bad at fucking names.

We're referring to him as the Duke in one sentence and then we're suddenly referring to him by his his last name in the same fucking paragraph, which would imply that “the Duke” and “Kohler” are two different people. But we're — he's Duke Kohler. There's no reason for him to re—

This is in *the same paragraph*. And it's not even the excuse of she refers to him as a duke, and then he's like, "Oh, please call me by my name." And then we start referring to him by that.

No, it's just literally in the same paragraph causing confusion for no reason.

This was written in 1993. Nothing about her writing has improved. It's only gotten worse.

Okay.

> Kohler's smile was ready and his accent was barely discernible; he had, I believe, been educated in this country. I felt our guest's eyes on me, with more frequency than quite right -- I was no longer the kind of woman young men stared at.

Uh, and it's like again trying to like it's trying to seem like this is set in an old thing and written in an old time, but it's, it's not it's not convincing, because she just throws shit in and then doesn't commit to it.

There's no, what what other way would you think of say saying that besides committing to it? Like?

(from offscreen) Refusing to actually have a have a clear tone and consistency in.

Yeah, consistency is the word I'm looking for. Get my books. How hard is it raining outside?

(to cat) Hi, pretty kitty. You're adorable.

You're just going to get some silence for no reason why.

(from offscreen) I mean, you know, you can pause, though.

It is raining so much.

Waiting for a Door Dash delivery because it is— How long has it, has it literally been raining? Because it was raining when I woke up. It's been raining all day. We don't have a car and it's cold out.

Anyways, um yeah, the consist narrative consistency, tonal consistency, all that shit.

Also, we don't — we're never given a clear date of when this is supposed to be taking place or even any hints. So, it's just kind of — it's just vibes, and they're not convincing.

> It wasn't until the last remove of turbot that the reason for this visit was aired. As Dearing, who

(to cat) why are you going under the couch?

> As Dearing, who fancied himself something of an amateur historian, came to the end of a tiresome monologue on the age of the parish church, Kohler leaned

Like, we could just be calling him Duke Kohler. Why are we just— Why are we referring to him as — it's like, just call him Duke Kohler or just call him the Duke??

Because only referring to him by his last name makes you forget, if you're reading this normally, that he's supposed to be the Duke. Like.

Uh.

> Kohler leaned forward and said, "That is fascinating, but the subject that I truly wanted to consult you on was the legends concerning the Great Thorn Forest. I'm thinking of making a study of it, myself."
> Electra had been consuming wine, and at this point gave vent to a most unladylike snort. As her dinner companions were compelled to come to her aid, and the attention of the table was momentarily distracted,

And that's supposed to be funny cuz she's like, choking on her glass, because they're talking about the Thorn forest, and it's supposed to be funny, and it's not really funny.

(to offscreen) Are they actually out there? Probably.

I don't — just for the record I don't know what the fuck is wrong with the people down here who build buildings and homes and apartments, but they have some kind of fucking vendetta against gutters and

like, just basic logic for how you should build roofs for the water to react when it rains, because every single house and apartment we've been into down here, every time it rains, the water is like guided to drip and pour directly where you have to walk to get—

(from offscreen) Not a drip. It's a waterfall.

Yeah, it's not a drip. Dripping is— that's not, that doesn't convey the severity of the, the, it's a fucking waterfall exactly at the spot that you need to walk to get into the door.

I don't know what the fuck is wrong with these people down here, but they don't have gutters, and they design their roofs to literally guarantee that you're going to get drenched if you try to go inside a building.

Like, what the fuck. Just just make the roof angle the other way or put gutters. What is wrong with you people? And it's not it's not like it rains rarely down here. It rains all summer. There's no excuse for this.

It's 2025, people. I know this building isn't new, but that doesn't that does not change it. It's ridiculous.

Anyways, um uh blah blah blah.

> the attention of the table was momentarily distracted, I said, "Are you really? I would never have guessed."

Uh

> He turned the dazzling smile on me, and I saw I had not imagined the wary suspicion in the depths of his blue eyes.

Like, why? Where are you getting that from? Because he's smiling at you? What was the question? What did you say? Uh, he said, I'm, I'm, I'm Oh, just read the dialogue.

“Um, the legends concerning the great forest. I'm thinking of making a study of it myself." She says, "Are you really? I would never have guessed." And then he smiled.

> He turned the dazzling smile on me, and I saw I had not imagined the weary suspicion in the depths of his blue eyes.

So, mind reading. Mind reading. Yeah, mind reading, but not not lit— not literally mind reading.

He's just smiling. And we're being told that this was proof that she hadn't imagined ~the weary suspicion in the depths of his eyes~

(sarcasm) Cuz he can't have actual body language that we are seeing, cuz like, he, he's — not he couldn't be like, sitting there visibly tensed or anything despite the cheer of the conversation and the warmth of the room, or anything like that. No, we just get just, just mind reading and it's not even — she lit — she doesn't literally have the power to read minds.

It's just bad writing.

> He said, "I am, Madame. Would you be able to assuage

A-swaj? A-swage? I've heard it pronounced both ways.

Assuage my cur—

assuage a-swage sounds better.

> my curiosity?"
> "If I could, I daresay I wouldn't. We all know the danger of curiosity."

What kind of statement is that? If you're supposed to be trying to make him not be suspicious, what's the point of saying that?

This is funny:

> "And is the Great Thorn Forest very dangerous, Madame?" he pounced.

That's— As though —

It's such bad writing. Would you like to explain why that's bad writing?

No, cuz that's not the

Okay. The, the saying that “he pounced” because they're Martha Wells really loves doing this thing where she pretends there's really deep, uh, machinations going on beyond the dialogue, but it's not. You're just not. It's just bad writing.

(to cat) Oh, don't unplug the computer. Please don't. Just step. High step. High step. Keep walking. Come on. Get over here. High step. Don't nudge the cord.

Yes, you can steal my spot. Don't unplug the cable. Don't nudge the cable. Come here. You can steal my spot right here. Sit there. Sit there and steal my spot. Thank you.

For the record, our cats, Mr. Eclipse in particular, is more well-trained than either of my mom's dogs, which is fucking pathetic.

(to cat) And you're a good boy.

I'll be right back. You're all just going to listen to silence and I don't care.

Seriously, who decided not put gutters there.

Oh, cookies. I brought I got chips and things.

All right, kitty cats. You can play with that bag as long as you're good and don't tear it to obnoxious pieces. Wait, potato chips.

All right, I'm back now. Hopefully with fewer interruptions.

(to cat) Hello, pretty kitty. You're just stealing my spot.

Uh,

> Electra had sufficiently recovered, and the others

Wait, I can just get a soda now. Hold on.

Now, I'm not saying I'm making this video bad for the algorithm on purpose, but it's not not on purpose.

(to cat) Hello, pretty kitty. Thank you. Him being adorable. Yes.

Which way is the camera facing? It's zoomed in somehow. camera. What are you doing? I was going to show you our cute little kitty here, but I don't know what it's doing. It's like zoomed in really far.

This is Mr. Eclipse. He's a cute little baby. He's not a baby. He's a big boy now. He was rescued on the 4th of July in 2023, weren't you? And the neighbors had to pause the fireworks so we could get him and his siblings in a carrier.

Anyways,

> Electra had sufficiently recovered, and the others were beginning to return their attention to us.

And this cat is more well-trained than two dogs who have received official training. Because if I tell him to get off of the counter or somewhere he's not supposed to be, he listens. Their dogs will just fucking bite you and claw you. And I still have a giant bruise on my leg from their dog clawing me.

> Dearing caught my eye, and for an instant his expression was appalled.

She liked the word appalled.

> I think he had actually forgotten my intimate acquaintance with the subject under discussion. Hastily, he said, "In the purely botanical sense, your Grace, the thorns are sharp, and rumored to be poisonous. I would count that dangerous."

You know, if you look at good authors and like try to just make up categories to fit all their characters into, it's not very easily to say that, “oh yeah, this character is just this character. This character is just this character.” Dearing here is just Rathi, who is just like, a milder version of Chime. And that, that one

token neoponoun user in System Collapse is just Chime again.

Anyways, uh yeah:

> "'In the purely botanical sense,'" Robson, Dearing's cousin, repeated, laughing heartily. "Good one, old man." Robson was a fool, and what he thought 'botanical' meant was anyone's guess.

Martha Wells, what you think “gender is a social construct means” is anyone's guess. She thinks nonbinary people are just all genderfluid who physically transition every time.

After she read Ancillary Justice as her direct stated explicit inspiration for writing the Murderbot Diaries, because a lot of people including me, assumed that she was *simply ignorant*, and that in between, you know, writing books, she was like listening to Queer people, including explicitly non-binary people and binary trans people.

Um, but no, it's not it's not simple ignorance.

She actively rejects us from her worldview.

She literally read Ancillary Justice and that is her direct stated explicit inspiration for writing the Murderbot Diaries.

If you haven't read Ancillary Justice, go do that.

Martha Wells isn't ignorant of the statement and what it means that gender is a social construct. She just absolutely violently purposefully rejects it just like she rejects actual trans including non-binary and binary trans people and gender non-conforming people from her world.

Fucking A. There goes the computer because I nudged the cord. Fucking-A.

(to cat) Sorry, pretty kitty.

(to offscreen) Want to open it and I'll just read it off the TV while my computer turns back on.

Yeah, she, she's, not, she's not ignorant of what she's doing. She's doing it on purpose. She willfully rejects accepting trans people into her worldview, especially non-binary people who cannot be simply classified as man or woman.

(to cat) You are adorable.

This cat is making the cutest little faces at me.

All right, we have it open on

(from offscreen) ...say that the heading picture is just a...

No. Well, I don't— that, that was just chosen for the, the magazine thingy. Uh, zoom in like, a bunch.

Zoom in with the mouse.

Okay. Okay. Now I got to scroll back down.

Uh, yeah. Okay. Okay, we were at the

> Robson was a fool, and what he thought 'botanical' meant was anyone's guess.
> A few of the ladies tittered, trying to smooth over the awkward moment and Dearing smiled nervously.

Do you notice that none of the ladies except for the one gets a name, but then there's men everywhere who get names?

It's almost like she's a fucking misogynist.

Um, ableist. Yeah. Again, because Yeah. She really fucking lo— like this, the—

Where' the mouse go? In the...

Yeah, she loves making fun of intellectually disabled people.

Oh yeah, I remember. You can't see the screen. That was me highlighting the paragraph. Um, imagine me highlighting the paragraph.

Uh,

“Robson, Dearing's cousin, was a fool, and what he thought botanical meant was anyone's guess.”

She loves making fun of intellectually disabled people. And while this Robson character isn't explicitly, um, intellectually disabled, this is an extremely wealthy family that would have been sending all of their kids— Yeah, this is an extremely wealthy family that would be sending all of their kids to get educated.

So the implication by him still being quote “a fool” is that he's intellectually disabled. She fucking loves making fun of them. That's lit— Isn't that literally the first thing that happens in The Cloud Roads?

(from offscreen) Yep. Yeah. “Moon had to resist the urge kick him in his ugly head.”

I'm going to go get that book. We're getting— We're going— We're going on so many fucking tangents here. You're along for the ride.

You can come out later.

Thanks, Jennifer Jackson. Hey, look. There's a little illustration.

(sarcastically awed) Look. Wow. Amazing. It starts on page one. What a crazy concept. Books where the stories start on page one. (end sarcasm)

Let me read you the first page of uh the Cloud Roads. We're doing all of this shit.

> Moon had been thrown out of a lot of grounding

We're going to have to talk about that.

> Groundling settlements and camps, but he hadn't expected it from the Cordons. The day started out normal enough. Moon had been hunting alone as usual, following

(sarcastically) He's just such a lone wolf, guys. (end sarcasm)

> Moon had been hunting the var(?) the big flightless birds common to this river valley. He had killed one for himself, then taken a nap on a sun-warmed rock and slept a little too long. By the time he found a second varant(?) in for the camp, killed it, dressed it, and hauled it back

Also, this picture doesn't show anything. It's literally just a smudge of colors. Um black and white. Yeah, it's just a black and white smudge of colors on the side here taking up most of the page, so that this is, this, this page one is only taking up like a quarter of the page quite literally.

Um blah blah

> and hauled it back. The sky was darkening. The gate in the rickety fence of woven sticks was closed and he shook it shifting the heavy dead bird on his shoulder. Open up. It's me. The gate and the entire fence were mostly a formality. The camp was built on a field leading down to the wide bed of the river, and the fence didn't

go all the way around. The jungle lay just outside of it. Climbing up the hills toward

the blah blah blah blah. She's actually describing things for once, but blah blah blah.

After more shaking, something moved just inside the gate. And Hack's dull

face — Dull voice, not his face. Hack—

Hack's dull voice said, "Me who?" Then Hack laughed, a low noise that ended in a gurgling cough

(sarcasm) Because making fun of people's laughs is awesome. (end sarcasm)

Moon looked away, letting out an exasperated breath. The fence wasn't made any more effective by letting the most mentally deficient member of the group guard it, but there weren't a lot of jobs Hack could do.

Let me scroll again.

He tried to make his voice flat and not betray his irritation, showing Hack you were annoyed, just made him worse. The meats spoiling Hack. Hack laughed again and coughed again and finally unlatched the gate. Moon hauled the bird inside. Hack crouched on the ground be beside the fence watching him with malicious glee. Hack looked like a typical cordan

blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. Uh

some of the others, especially the young, the effect

blah blah blah.

They had— some of them have scales.

On Hack. It just looked slimy. Hack, who held a similar opinion of Moon, said. Hello, ugly.

Uh, blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.

> Keep up the good work, Hack, Moon said, and resisted the urge to kick Hack in the head as he carried the carcass past.

Let me put the book away again so cat doesn't claw.

Yeah. The very first thing that happens in the books of the Raksura is that Moon is—

(from offscreen) First establishing character interaction. The very first.

Yeah. The very first thing we see to establish who Moon is as a person is that he hates, uh, intellectually disabled people, and as well as physically disabled people, because Hack is coughing. He's not drunk. Um, so that's implying that he's physically disabled and has a chronic fucking illness that makes him cough. Probably asthma or something. And we're just supposed to hate him and think that him supposedly being ugly because he looks quote unquote “slimy”,

that's equated to him being a bad person, and, and him being intellectually disabled is supposed to make him a bad person.

(sarcasm) “And oh, but see, he thinks Moon is ugly, too. So that makes Moon's blatant ableism fine.” (end sarcasm)

That's, you know what my mom used to say when we yelled at her as literal 5-year-olds from the back of the car because she was making fun of people's names? Uh, making fun of Asian people's names. She said, "Oh, well, I'm sure they do the same thing to us."

And I'm like, "Mom, as 5 years old, grasping that no, it's not the fucking same thing at all. You can't make fun of Chinese people's names as a white woman and claim America— in America and claim that. “Oh, but it's it's totally the same thing. They probably do the same thing to us” As a 5-year-old. No, mother.

Anyways, we're getting so fucking off topic. But anyways, that's context, because also, Hack thinking

that Moon is ugly is just to show that Hack is an evil mean bully and that Moon is so oppressed.

(from offscreen) Yeah, might want to check the battery percentage.

Oh, good point. Uh, what's the battery? 18%. Fuck. I hate this goddamn phone. Let's plug the goddamn phone in.

All right. All right. Let's try to read this quickly. Blah blah blah.

> A few of the ladies tittered

(sarcastically) The unnamed ladies, because women don't matter. (end sarcasm)

> A few of the ladies tittered, trying to smooth over the awkward moment and Dearing smiled nervously. Kohler smiled in return, as if he appreciated the joke, but said, "My interest lays more in what is rumored to be within the forest."

> "White palaces, with gates of gold?" I said. "Halls paved with marble, hung with silks, velvet, jewels?

Why is— where— why are we saying this _ like it's ironic when that's literally true?!

> he inhabitants still present, trapped there in time and magic, men and women -- oh, yes, especially women -- caught in sleep like flies in amber?" It doesn't do to mince words with these people, or they start to imagine themselves subtle.

Martha Wells, you're the one trying to act like you're subtle.

> The others were silent. Kohler's rather wolfish eyes narrowed. "Madame seems to speak from personal experience."

It's like, what are you talking about?!?!

What do you mean??? Why would that???? She's saying this shit— I'm opening a can of soda.

(to cat) You're not kittens. You know what that means. Uh, pro tip. If you rescue some feral kittens, acclimate them to the sound of you opening a can of soda. Uh, because the kittens we've just rescued, they have very, very good self-preservation instincts. So, I wasn't thinking and I opened a can of soda and literally the instant that it made that hiss noise, they all vanished behind the chair out of sight. They do this anytime there's a sudden noise, they are just gone. They are very good little, uh, uh, they have very good self-preservation instincts and very good flight instincts, I must say.

I did, I, I felt very bad for scaring the shit out of them, though.

Um, yeah, just, um, especially if you're raising kittens by hand, just open cans of soda within their range of hearing and do other things that make that kind of artificial hissing noise so that they're not terrified of it. Also, just for the record, because a lot of movies

and shit get this wrong, and so does fiction. I mean, books, fiction.

Um, when cats are hissing, it means they're afraid. It doesn’t — it's not a sign of aggression, it's a sign of fear.

A cat hissing at another cat or a person or a dog or something is saying, "Hey, give me some space. I am nervous." It's *not* saying, "I'm gonna kill you."

It's it's a sign of fear, not— not aggression.

So, if your cats are hissing at something, they're not being aggressive towards that thing. They're being scared and saying, "Hey, hey, hey, hey, back up. I'm nervous. Give me give me some personal space.”

Let me drink some soda.

> “Madam seems to speak from personal experience.”

And see the correct re the correct response to this absurd statement, if we're going to pretend that this an absurd statement, this should— this should— make her burst out in laughter because imagine—

Imagine you're just telling somebody like a fairy tale and they're like, "Oh, you sound like you speak from personal experience."

And then you're and then you're supposed to act like —

That's ridiculous. That's ridiculous. Like literally imagine saying, "Oh yeah, they say Bigfoot is 7t tall and covered in fur."

And then somebody's like, "Oh, you sound like you speak from personal experience."

And you're just like, "What? What are you fucking talking about? I'm literally just telling you the goddamn story. Why would you assume this is from personal experience???"

(from offscreen) “They say Mothman, uh, flew over this car while they were driving down the highway and they never saw it again.”

“Sounds like you were in that car!”

Like that's just ridiculous. Anyways, bad writing. Yeah, it's bad writing because, like, he's just jumping to these conclusions and it's and it's supposed—literally he's ~pouncing~ to these conclusions, literally. We're—

(from offscreen) To make it seem like their conversation is witty and clever when it's very much not.

Yeah. Yeah. It's It's just trying to make the, the conversation seem more clever and, and and deep than it really is.

And like, I've I've read so many things that actually succeed in making conversations that on the surface with the literal words, um, seem very simple, but underneath they're saying 50 million different things.

And in fact, it really pisses me off when villains are allowed to just say shit that blatantly, but because they hide it behind some nice words, nobody ever does anything. I literally want to see a villain get their fucking throat ripped out when they say one of these one of these thinly veiled threats that everybody knows is a threat.

I'm just going to— I want them to be hit over the head with a frying pan. Cast iron frying pan.

Anyways, um,

> “Madam seems to speak from personal experience.”

(from offscreen) He sounds like a UFO chaser or something.

> I had to fold my lips over a smile.

...Fold my lips over a smile.

> "Young man, do you believe me as old as that?"

And it's like, that's not the correct response, but it's like Butler retreat. And this is so bad.

All right, let me repeat the dialogue. She's like, "Oh, you're expecting the stuff from the fairy tale." And then he's like, "Oh, you seem to speak from personal experience."

> I had to fold my lips over a smile. "Young man, do you believe me as old as that?"

Are you ready for the next sentence?

> Kohler retreated in confusion.

(from offscreen) Is he the Duke?

Yes.

(from offscreen) Why can we not just call him Duke Kohler???

Because reasons. Because it's badly written.

I was— Yeah, I was literally just talking about that, because a few paragraphs ago, he's literally referred to as the Duke and then he's referred to as Kohler, as though the Duke and Kohler are two different people. This is— This is the, the prince dude that we're talking about.

The Prince is also the Duke, and his name is Kohler.

(from offscreen) Who is Dearing??

Dearing is Electra's husband because— so— it's just misogyny.

(from offscreen) Protagonist’s son-in-law.

Yes, she, he's the, the great great whatever in-law and his name gets mentioned more than the actual person who's related to the protagonist, because misogyny.

Uh,

> Dearing nodded importantly. "Yes, there's a tale of a greathouse or keep of some past age

> trapped within the forest by whatever witchcraft caused the thorns to appear. It's pure legend. The thorns have always been there."

And you notice how like we're just getting told this shit like “the thorns have always been there”, implying it's been long enough that uh, at least since before this dude was born, probably slightly before that, but we're not getting told the exact how many years ago this shit happened, because it's badly written.

It's radly bitten. Yeah, I'm just gonna say that as unironically now. It's radly bitten. I just think it's funny. I don't know. Pobody's nerfect. Pobody's nerfect. Radly bitten.

I need caffeine. I haven't had caffeine all day.

(to offscreen) So, the ADHD medicine works?

(from offscreen) Yes, that's— I've not had to drink an energy drink in almost a week. I have not had to drink

caffeine at the second I wake up and in the middle of the day.

Should I just start calling this guy Prince Kohler so you guys know who the fuck he is? I think I'm going to. It's just so you know—

(from offscreen) Just do that afterward. Reread paragraphs of that afterwards.

All right. Yeah, I'll give I'll give you the, the actual experience first.

> Kohler said, "You must be right," and allowed Dearing to turn the subject to a famous fayre hill in the next county.

And the here we're spelling it f a y r e. That's an old spelling of fairy.

And what are those kittens doing?

And we're just saying that just again as an... what? There's a word I'm looking for. In... not insubstantial.

In... insincere? It's like, it's like insincere and insubstantial, but not not quite those words. There's another word.

Uh it's just thrown in there to make it seem like it's oldfashioned, but then the rest of it isn't really convincing you of that. So, it's just sprinkled in there badly.

Uh,

> and allowed Dearing to turn the subject to a famous fayre hill in the next county. This worried me more than anything. Our prince had not come to learn anything, or to pry for information. He already knew. Had he known of my presence here when he had decided to break his journey at Dearing's house?

And then next paragraph is simply the word

> Perhaps.

And then we get a line break. But like, okay, here—this is all one paragraph for the record.

The the prince dude saying, "You might be right." And then letting the guy change the conversation and then her monologue, her internal whatever is just all in that paragraph as well.

And we're just assuming based on the fact that he's letting the conversation be changed, that means that he he already knows everything.

And it's like, okay. Or maybe he realized that you're not going to tell him anything and that pushing you, um, is just going to get him kicked out and cause a scene.

But nope, it's a Martha Wells story. So, um we're just, we're just mind reading and told exactly what is actually going on because it's bad writing.

Had he known of my presence here when he had decided to break his journey at Dearing's house?

Why is it— I have a question. Besides, you know— why is it Dearing's house?

Why is it the great great great whatever? What the fuck do you call the person who marries your niece? What is that? Just Google that quick. Oh, you you have the mouse. Okay, Google that quick. What? What?

The dude who marries your niece. What do you call that?

You just call him a nephew-in-law?

(from offscreen) probably. You have son and then daughter.

I know. It's just weird though. I've never understood all these twice removed and once removed and etc. What is That's so weird.

Is that answering answering the question? All right, we we will just never know. We'll just say nephew in law.

Why are we— Why is the house owned by the nephewin-law instead of the ancient fucking witch who is all powerful and assumably footing the bill and is assumably the one paying for all this shit?

Why does the house belong to this dude instead?

You would think if she is a powerful fucking witch, she can get away with owning the goddamn property that belongs to her.

But, you know, Martha Wells doesn't even want to pretend to be a feminist. So, it's just, “oh, yeah, of course, the the house that she's lived in for several hundred years. No, it it definitely belongs to the nephewin-law, the great whatever nephew. Nobody else.”

It doesn't make sense. Where— what if— whatever. It's it's badly written. It's badly written and misogynistic.

Then we have a line break.

> The only other clash occurred after the gentlemen had finished their port and cigars, and joined the ladies in the drawing room. I was working on a square of embroidery, seated in a corner away from the fire. I had always preferred spinning, but one can't do it in the drawing room nowadays.

Why not?

> I still kept a wheel in my parlor, and spun much of the finer thread we used in the house.
> Kohler took a seat near me. He sat forward, a little closer than I liked; if he had done so to one of the other women in the room, I would have felt compelled to intervene. Eyes intent, he said, "Madame...But I don't think we have been properly introduced?"
> "If that's so, then you shouldn't be speaking to me at all," I pointed out.

And it's like, all right, as I said, as we just pointed out, in the interview that we're reading, Martha Wells says that she didn't start reading until after she read

something by Jane Austin, after college, and it's like, okay, so that's what she's trying to mimic here, but I'm literally reading fucking Persuasion right now, and I read Pride and Prejudice.

It wasn't that great it was, it was fucking boring. I can't tell all the goddamn people apart, but like, she's not even doing it properly.

Because she's trying to mimic it, but she's not— she's not consistent with it. So like, it's not the issue that's in the dialogue. Yeah.

It's the, the narration does not fit the dialogue at all. So there, it's just— and like, this isn't even if, “if that's so, then you shouldn't be speaking to me at all” is not how a woman in this era, that this is presumed to be, would be responding.

> He ignored that. The aristocracy feel they can take or leave manners at will, but let some poor baronet take that attitude with them, and they stiffen up like pokers.

So she's again pretending, "Oh yeah, I, I'm definitely one of you guys, poor people." While— as though these people aren't their own kind of aristocracy, they are literally in a goddamn mansion that they've owned for hundreds of years. They're rich fuckers.

But we're supposed to pretend that because this guy happens to be called a prince, that means um, uh, uhhh, (sarcastically) they're definitely the poor people, though. (end sarcasm) Yeah. Uh-huh.

Also, “some poor baronet”. Some poor baronet. Your idea of poor people is a baronet. Jesus Christ.

> He said, "I fear I must apologize, Madame. It seems I insulted you at dinner." He hadn't liked being made to look a fool, and he was determined to

We're just mind reading again. She— and this is what I mean by her writing hasn't improved since 1993, is when this story was written.

> He hadn't liked being made to look a fool, and he was determined to bait me.

We're just mind reading him now, even though we're supposed to only be knowing what this fucking character's that and whose name we don't even know, is thinking.

Uh,

> I gazed at him from under lowered lids.

And this— his dialogue is in the exact same paragraph as her dialogue right now.

> I gazed at him from under lowered lids. "It seems you did. But if the thought of an apology frightens you, you would be ill-advised to continue on your present course."

Like, are you seeing this? This is— He's talking and then she's talking in the exact same paragraph.

(from offscreen) Yes.

Endlessly endlessly endlessly.

He's talking up here. I'm highlighting. Not that you guys can see it. And she's talking down here.

And it never stops. It still happens in 2025. Literally.

> "What course is that, Madame?" He spoke heartily, the attitude of a young man jollying along a cantankerous old lady. I disliked him, for all his blond curls and trim body; I had better princes than this, in my prime

It's like, whoa there!

What the fuck are you talking about now!? What do you?? What do you fucking mean!? What are you talking about!?

Why are you attracted to a 20-year-old??? Literally, why, why are you an— Why is this character— an old ass lady— who is attracted to somebody who's probably fucking 20 or so, if not younger??

Martha Wells thinks that pedophilia and abusive age gaps are okay as long as you downplay it and as long as the fucking, uh, perpetrator is a woman, or, you know, um, token non-binary person who's only allowed to be non-binary because of the stereotypes, cuz you know this whole goddamn thing that led us here, saying that ART is so much more experienced than Murderbot and is so much older than Murderbot, and we should see their relationship as romantic when it's already explicitly fucking abusive both emotionally and physically.

And now we're getting told that it's also pedophilic in nature because that's just how old, how much older ART is than Murderbot and how much more experience ART has than Murderbot, because she just can't help herself.

> The other ladies were watching us, though the men in the room remained oblivious.

That's— again, I'm, I'm reading Persuasion. That's not how these situations work, even though that's what she's trying to fucking mimic.

It's also just more radical feminism in the most subtle way.

> The blood is thin now, after all these generations, and it is easy for them to forget, as Dearing had.

What do you mean forget as he had? He's not related to you except through marriage.

> Electra was so nervous she fluttered like a moth.

You notice that's the second time she's been described as fluttering?

Yeah, this is— she's trying to mimic the, the style of Jane Austin, but it's like okay, but you— you kind of missed some of the key fucking features.

> I said, "Why, whatever course a foreign noble pursues in our fair country."

What? Huh? Oh, saying, uh…

"What course is that, Madame?"

This is the problem with having so many goddamn things between dialogue."

I said, "Why, whatever course a foreign noble pursues in our fair country."
"The course of justice, Madame," he said, eyeing me in a sort of grim satisfaction. "Only that."
At the end of the evening, little Master Matthew escaped from the nursery long enough to upset the tea tray on Kohler's fashionable breeches. In the ensuing confusion I rewarded the child with a sweet cake.

(from offscreen) Was he named Matthew at the beginning of the book?

I don't think so.

(from offscreen) You can scroll up and check cuz they can't see.

Oh, yeah. Cuz that should just be the very first line, isn't it?

(from offscreen) You can just control F Matthew.

We'll just see.

Yeah. The very first time that the name Matthew is brought up, despite that child being in the very first scene, is this right now.

Uh, where's the little wheelie bar at the side there? We're, I'd say about halfway through.

Yeah, half we're almost halfway through the story, and now we are only finally getting told the name of the child that was at the start.

Unless this, you know, a different child, I don't know. Um yeah, the very first time it's mentioned.

So if that seems out of nowhere, it's because it is.

And then we get another little, also, the whole little “I rewarded the child with a sweet cake”, just because calling something a generic sweet cake makes it seem like something somebody would say in this this generic undescribed unspecified day and age in an unspecified country.

But it's like okay but what kind of sweet cake? Where were those? Did you sneak it from the table that was only meant for adults?

Like, where's this thing spawning out of? It's only there because “I gave the child a sweet cake” seems like something somebody in this day and age that's unspecified would maybe do.

> I retired shortly after that, or tried to.

Hold on. I'm going to make it stale before I can even start. Oh, dump them in there.

> Dearing came up briefly to apologize for allowing the dinner conversation to stray to such a sensitive area for our family. I let it pass;

> I don't think he truly understood Kohler's purpose in coming here, and to most of the household my exploits are only stories, not truly to be believed.

And it, it's just— this isn't— this is not— this isn't how people or like, families work.

Unless she's explicitly trying to hide this shit from people and trying to get everybody to think it's not real, why?

This — this doesn't make sense. It doesn't make sense.

> Several of my younger great grand-nieces who fancied themselves my heirs in power came to offer various plots and plans for distracting or disposing of Kohler. One was of such a risque nature that I was quite impressed, though I reminded the child that enthusiasm was no substitute for experience and talent.

And that's even grosser with the whole pedophilia thing. Literally saying that children are offering to sleep with the prince to distract him because apparently that's the example she has been setting for them, and that it's, it would be better if they were if they were going to go along with this row,

(from offscreen) It'd be better if *she* did it.

To this 20-year-old. Maybe not even.

> After dispensing solace and censure as it was required, I sent them all away, and drew out my mirror to watch our illustrious guest.

That's the second time she's called him “the illustrious guest”, and it's just, like, it's, it's not really doing what you think it's doing.

> He sat with the other men for a long time, until the lamps guttered and a servant was sent for to attend to them. They busied themselves with cards and brandy, though our Prince did not imbibe to excess, as the others did.

And see, we're calling him a prince again for no reason. For no reason. Yeah. He's a prince, and he's a duke, and also, his name is Kohler.

We're never going to call him Duke Kohler or Prince Kohler, though, we're just going to do one of the three at random.

> Finally Dearing called an end to it, and they stumbled toward the stairs.

Like, if she's thinking of this dude in terms of he's a prince, then why is he not solely referred to in the narration as prince, and then other people are referring to him as Duke or whatever, or Kohler if they're being unnaturally familiar. That's how you would do characterized narration, but we're just doing random fucking coin toss every time he's referred to, as what he'll be referred to, with no rhyme or reason.

> Finally Dearing called an end to it, and they stumbled toward the stairs. I paused to stretch;

my fingers were cramped from clutching the mirror so tightly.

Why do you have to clutch the mirror so tightly? Just sit it down.

It had been a long day, and I anticipated a long night. I had no way to know whether Kohler would wait the few hours till morning and take his leave of Dearing as if he intended nothing else, or if he would leave the house sometime after the others retired. I would simply have to watch, and wait.

None of this makes sense anyway.

There was a knock at the door of my parlor. I ignored it. The servants knew better than to disturb me and I had no wish to talk to any other member of the household. Then I heard the door ease open.
I was seated at my dressing table, in my bedchamber, and the door connecting it with my parlor stood open. I heard stealthy footsteps

> cross the carpet, and pause just out of my range of vision.
> I smiled, and said, "Oh, do come in and get it over with."

That dialogue there, you, paying attention and that that that thing— She's smiling in reaction to this.

Okay. Just Yeah. Have you watched me read Witch King? She's smiling. Okay? And, and, daring them to come in and get it over with.

> He took that last brave step and stood framed in my bedchamber door. It was Kohler's cavalry-troop valet, clutching a stout walking stick in one sweaty paw.

(from offscreen) Dehumanization.

Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Would you like to add anything else before I continue reading?

(from offscreen) Nope.

> I admit to disappointment. It's an insult when they send their servants to kill you. My displeasure must have been evident. He gripped the walking stick more firmly, muttered something like, "For King and country," and rushed at me.

Also, like, where'd he get this walking stick?

> I whipped up my mirror and he caught sight of his own reflection. He stumbled in his headlong rush and froze, as my charm took effect. I had had ample time to prepare it as he crept across the parlor.

Notice, you notice that? Are you paying attention? Are you paying attention like you pay attention, hopefully, when I am reading The Murderbot Diaries and when I read Witch King?

You notice how we're told only after the fact that she, “Oh, she she definitely cast this spell while he was creeping across the parlor just two fucking

paragraphs above here. But we didn't say that until after it's done.”

You notice that never stops?

Uh yeah, I had had temp blah blah blah.

> His eyes were stunned, then terrified as white whiskers sprouted beneath his nose and gray patches of hair appeared on his face. That face shrunk steadily, disappearing finally within his collar as his suit of clothes collapsed.
> I slammed my mirror down on the dressing table and stood, stepping over the confused mouse as it struggled to free itself from the pile of clothing. I hurried from the room without bothering with hat or cloak; I was angry now, truly angry, for the first time since Kohler had arrived.

You might even say ~she's really fucking angry right now!~

Even though she was just smiling, she took him out with zero effort, and then and then all of a sudden she's enraged.

And we don't even get the “suddenly I was fucking enraged. I didn't know where the anger had come from.” No, we're just, we go from her smiling and, and being sarcastic about it and, and defeating the dude without any trouble whatsoever, and not being concerned or even actually shocked and offended in any way, to

I was angry now truly angry.

It's like why? Why? You're clearly not under threat. You, you weren't scared in any way. Like it would have been so fucking easy to write this scene that she was actually fucking scared, and hadn't been expecting that, and was actually fucking shocked that one of them would break into her room.

But there's no surprise. There's no fear. There's not even like, offense for breaking the social contract, or anything like that.

We're— She's just “I was angry now. Truly angry.”

And and then the reason she's angry is that he didn't come to kill her himself. I guess because she probably wanted to seduce him is what we're supposed to take away from that.

> I took the servants' stairs, which were deserted at this hour, except for two gossiping downstairs maids who fled in panic at my appearance.

And it's like, okay, the stairs are objectively not deserted if there's two people standing at the bottom gossiping.

That's not what deserted means.

> As I pushed open the baize door I sensed something behind me, and turned just as the second of Kohler's servants was swinging one of our best silver candlesticks straight at my head. I ducked, muttering the first charm that came

> to mind, and the man cursed and dropped the suddenly red-hot silver.

Again, you notice there's like no actual fear, or shock, or like even concern for any other members of her family, because if they're attacking her, why wouldn't they be also attacking other people?

She's not concerned for the servants. She's not trying to protect the servants. They're not threatening the servants. They're not threatening anybody else.

She's taking these people out with zero effort. It's just ridiculous.

(to cat) Are you gonna sit down? Hello.

> Before I could take further action, the servant gave a choked cry and stumbled forward to collapse at my feet. Behind him stood Brooks, our head butler, armed with the other candlestick of the pair.

> "Very good, Brooks," I said. Brooks has been with us a long time and knows the family history better than Dearing.

Cuz again we just have to do [sarcasm] Ooh, servants really love their masters. [end sarcasm] And look, another new named character, and it's also a guy!

Also, you can close out of the control. Oh, yes.

Uh, and it's like, okay, so, and we're supposed to pretend that this guy knowing the family history better than the dude who owns the house, for some reason, is supposed to be like a noble thing of him.

But it's like, okay, but your family history is doing evil shit, so he's just as evil as you for supporting you this entire time.

> "Not at all, Madame." He stepped over the moaning body of Kohler's servant and held the door for me, snapping his fingers for the footmen gathering in the passage behind him to

> attend to the clutter. "Will Madame be needing the coach brought round?"
> "No, thank you, Brooks, I haven't time." I hurried for the outer door. "Oh, Brooks." I paused. "There seems to be a mouse in my rooms. Better have one of the cats sent up."
> "At once, Madame."

We're supposed to be cheering on how awesome these servants are for just knowing exactly — and how competent they are and it's so awesome, but like, they're doing evil shit!

> The night was dank and chill, but the moon was full and my blood was up. I could smell Kohler, the third of his servants, and horse on the night air. At the end of the graveled drive the oak tree informed me that Kohler had indeed passed this way, heading toward the forest.
> Swift travel has long been one of my skills, and the moon gives me strength. I sped after him, sometimes on the muddy road, sometimes

> through the fields when the hedges permitted it.

And we're not getting any actual explanation of what she's doing besides that she's moving fast.

Is she just sprinting unnaturally fast? Is she levitating? We don't know. How literally are we supposed to take it? That “the oak tree told me he had indeed passed this way” But why was there any question of that in the first place? Which other way could he possibly go except towards the great thorn forest?

It's like, it's just ridiculousness.

> Swift travel has long been one of my skills, and the moon gives me strength.

Uh blah blah blah.

> The sky was gray with dawn when I reached the outskirts of the forest.

And it's like, okay, then you're not actually traveling all that fucking swiftly, are you? If it took you that fucking long??

> I had followed in Kohler's path without difficulty, and was satisfied to see his gig standing at the edge of the trees,

And we're call— and again with the usage of words just to seem cool. We're calling his fucking coach a gig for no reason. And it doesn't fucking fit,

(from offscreen) Even though they already use the word coach.

Yep. Uh...

> I had followed in Kohler's path without difficulty, and was satisfied to see his gig standing at the edge of the trees,

And then in parenthesis,

> (I am, if I do say so myself, extraordinarily good with spells of sleep.). I blew it toward him on the light morning wind, and he sank to his knees, then slumped to the wet ground. The horse lowered its head to nose him curiously. Then I moved forward to stand at the edge of the Great Thorn Forest.

For the record, Great Thorn Forest is all capitalized.

> The tall oaks were like a great wall, impenetrable and mysterious, the gaps between them giving entrance to a green cavern of unknown depth and danger. The smell of damp leaves and decayed secrets hung in the air.

And that's just such a confusing fucking description there — because we're told we're at the edge of the great thorn forest, but then we're also told, oh, there's a giant wall of oaks forming a wall, and then the gaps between them are a great green cavern.

It's like... I thought, I thought the edge of the great thorn forest was a wall of thorns, but now it's also a wall of oaks.

And there, the, the, the the great thorn forest is just “a giant green cavern visible past the oak trees” that don't have thorns.

> My last hope was that Kohler was not truly of royal blood. But as I pushed past the low branches, I saw

I don't — I don't think Martha Wells knows what oak trees look like.

What do you mean the low branches? We're talking about old ass oak trees right now, that are hundreds of — These are hundreds — These are oak trees hundreds of year old! What do you fucking mean?

Okay, I — maybe I'm just a — I mean, I know I'm a plant nerd, but like, have any of you ever seen an old ass oak tree?

The thing with with trees, like when trees are really fucking old, they don't keep their lower branches anymore. Those just fall off as they age, and they — the trunk gets wider and the branches all just get higher up off the ground.

If you're talking about old ass fucking oak trees, they're not — there's not going to be little branches low down. It's really fucking open below, at walking height for oak trees that are old as fuck.

This is just a fundamental lack of understanding of how trees grow, especially oak trees in particular.

Like, Christmas trees, those that fucking look like that, those are very young trees. Like, that's why they have branches that go all the way down to their bases, because they're very young trees in comparison to how old they can get.

Look up a fucking…. Oh, what's the...fuck, I just forgot all the name names of the pine species that grow here.

Just look up pine trees in Florida or something. Look at them. They don't look like Christmas trees. Old as fuck trees don't have branches that go all the way to the ground. Your Christmas tree that you put in your house is an extremely young tree. That's and they're they're they're shaped to be like that. That's — it's just — all right.

This this is a nitpick, but it's like it's such a basic fucking thing.

The tall oaks and “I had I pushed past the low branches”. They're tall oaks. They're not going to have low branches.

You have to do basic research when you write things and if you're going to be talking about old ass fucking oak trees, the very least you can do is look up pictures of old ass fucking oak trees.

Come on. I'm I did research on what what kind of fucking towels they would have available and when all of this shit was invented for a thing that I didn't even end up writing.

But I know the shit, because I did the goddamn research.

> But as I pushed past the low branches,

That's going to bother me so much.

> I saw the first growth of thorns had parted for him.

Like if you wanna — if you want to say that she has to push past shit to get past the old fucking oak trees, just say, "As I pushed past the younger saplings that had sprouted this year." Just say that. Just say something like that. My gosh.

> I saw the first growth of thorns had parted for him. They parted for me too, perhaps more willingly since I had given them life, and I took the path I had not taken in years.
> Finally I let the thorns close behind me

And it's like, what do you mean you're letting them close behind you?

Whatever.

> and threaded my way through what had been an extensive pleasure garden in a century gone by. Before me lay fountains buried under small mountains of moss, marble nymphs and satyrs clothed in tall grass, a sunken lake where gilded boats, empty and derelict, drifted, a waterfall grotto now dry and the domain of spiders,

I, I don't, I don't think really — whatever.

> and overgrown mazes, clotted with heavy wild roses and brambles

For the record, if you don't know brambles, that's referring to blackberries and raspberries very particularly. A lot — most people don't know that, because in the old books when they said brambles, everybody knew they were talking about blackberries and raspberries, but now people just think brambles is a generic term for plants that are ugly. It, it, it's literally, it literally always means blackberries and

raspberries. So the, the overgrown mazes that are overgrown with wild roses and blackberries and raspberries.

> I heard the humming of bees, drowsy in the morning sun, but naught else stirred.

And again, with the insincere usage of oldfashioned words that doesn't fit the rest, because this whole, this, this whole paragraph could have been made to sound old-fashioned, but we just end it with “but naught else instead of “but nothing else”.

And it's like, okay, you're not — you're barely even fucking trying.

> Vines had conquered the palace even as my spells had, burying it under a green avalanche, allowing only occasional glimpses of the white stone walls, the delicate turrets and arched galleries.

(from offscreen) Pause. This caught my attention the first time. It's called the Thorn forest.

Yes.

(from offscreen) You have to get past a magical wall of thorns to be able to enter. But suddenly the thorny vines are apparently not part of the curse, even though they're magic and they react to people with noble blood.

And, and it's also not a whole thorn forest, because she just had to walk past a single little wall of thorns and now it's suddenly wide open like, and, and suddenly the thorny vines are not part of the curse.

There's something — the vi— the vines that are covering the goddamn buildings and shit. You, know those brambles which are not what's climbing the, the building.

I don't know what the fuck’s supposed to be climbing the building, cuz she probably didn't bother even to look up what things climb shit.

Like, it could be Virginia Creeper, but presumably this is set in Europe and I don't know if they have that

over there. It's probably ivy, but we don't even get told that.

Like the thorny vines that the whole place is supposed to be known for, and the, the goddamn story is literally named Thorns as the most useless title ever.

Um, yeah. They're not even — The thorny vines aren't even the ones like climbing over everything.

It's literally just a single little wall that you just get a door through if you're of of royal blood.

Anyways, um…

> But the suffocating greenery had been pulled from before one of the great ironbound doors,

Okay, again, and these are not the magical vines. These are just normal plant vines.

Martha Wells didn't do any research. You can't —

> the suffocating greenery had been pulled from before one of the great ironbound doors,

Do you know how long that would take?!?

This, this vining plant, whatever species it is. If, if — it's probably multiple, because multiple plants would take advantage of this shit.

Why aren't — Okay, first of all, if all of these plants are going crazy, why aren't there trees growing up through the pavement?

It's, it's very uh, convenient what's happening and what's not happening.

But these plants have had hundreds of years to climb up this goddamn castle. There's no fucking way some random dude all by himself — because he he left his servant outside. He's just by himself. He doesn't have a machete.

He — there's no way he could get those vines away from that door without taking like an entire goddamn

day to fucking work at it. And it would probably be easier to climb them to get into a fucking window than to pull them away from a door. A

lso, the “had been pulled from before one of the ironbound doors” is another way of just

Yeah. It's just trying to to make it seem dated, but it's unnatural and it's not convincing because it's not it's not consistent.

People — “had been pulled off of one of the great Iron doors.” Like, you could say it would have been hacked off. Yeah, that would be fine saying that it had been hacked off, but like even then you're going to blunt that fucking sword.

Like. a single year's — like, not even a single whole year's growth of American trumpet vine gets so thick and so strong.

Like, it's extremely difficult to cut, let alone pull off. And he he's not using his sword on this shit.

Like, just — please just do basic research before you're writing something. It's the bare minimum.

Blah blah blah, a door was open.

I caught up my skirts and ran.

That's all one little paragraph by itself, meaning that that's supposed to be setting up tension.

Except we still haven't been told exactly what her goal is, or what she's trying to prevent.

And it's just, it's just very insincere, is the word for it. It's just — like — because this character is not experiencing any emotion. She's literally not experiencing a single emotion that we can see.

She's just doing things and oh, she's running now.

So, I get — as, as if she wasn't running before this whole goddamn time. And it's like, “I caught up my skirts and ran.” Okay, but what what are you running to do? Like, there's no urgency here.

Even though there's clearly, like, from that line we're supposed to pretend there is, but I don't know what's going on. What is her goal? What is she trying to do?

> The high halls were shadowed, the gem-like panes of the windows darkened by grime and the outer layer of foliage.

Okay. Okay. No. The, like, there would be no light coming in through that fucking — these plants have had a hundred years to climb this fucking — There's no light coming through at all! It's pitch black in there except for the light from the doorway!

Uh,

> Dust thick as flour coated the massive furniture

Why aren't animals in here?

> the tarnished silver and still-warm gold. Spider webs of astonishing size stretched down from the oaken beams overhead, bracketing the hall like tattered curtains. Sleeping servants lay in

> piles of rags, a few courtiers slumped against the walls or stretched on the flagstones,

Pause in and get the door.

[offscreen] He wants to charge him inside… like midnight.

Uh,

> Sleeping servants lay in piles of rags, a few courtiers slumped against the walls or stretched on the flagstones, and one woman, curled on her side in a pool of faded silk.
> I could see the signs of his passing; he had stopped to peer and touch, even now.

Okay, I don't understand this sentence. What do you mean “he had stopped to peer and touch even now”? As though he was being touchy-feely with everything this whole time.

Like, you could say this if he'd come into their house and immediately started poking all of their paintings

and just, like, just taking their paintings off the walls and examining — shit like that, and being very touchy-feely, and, and just doing shit —

And then as if he was known to be in a state of extreme distress and urgency in getting here, when he's very clearly has no reason to do anything except stroll casually through, literally like, he wasn't aware he was being chased! As far as he knows, she's dead. Nobody's coming after him.

Like, why are we saying “he had stopped to peer and touch even now” as though he's been doing that the whole time, as though he's freaking out and he shouldn't be wasting time or something.

It doesn't make any sense.

> I sped through dark marble halls, to the great winding pile of the central stair.

And it's like again, we're, we're, we're only — through her objective actions, is there [there is] supposed to

be some kind of urgency being conveyed, but it's not being conveyed, cuz there's no urgency.

We're just told, “I gathered up my skirts and ran.” “I sped through the halls.” And it's like, okay, but why? Why?

> My power had waned somewhat with the moon's descent, and when I reached that room, that highest chamber in the tallest tower, I was badly out of breath.

And again, again, the powers that she has, we get told they exist only afterwards. There — we weren't given any hint that she needed to hurry because her powers would stop working when the moon, uh, set or whatever. Nothing like that.

We just get told it afterwards so that we can pretend she's — ~oh, she's just a poor little old lady who's out of breath now.~

> My hair was coming down in gray hanks and I was glad indeed that I had never bothered with the foolish modern custom of corsets.

Okay, those two statements have absolutely nothing to do with one another and doesn't fucking make sense. What do you mean??

Her hair is “coming down in gray hanks”. What? What is that supposed to fucking mean?

(from offscreen) Are we implying like, she had her hair back in an oldfashioned ponytail, and the ponytail is coming undone somehow, for some reason?

If we know what her hair looked like before, literally, this is again, as they just pointed out, we we weren't told what her hair — what style her hair was in before now. So, “my hair was coming down in gray hanks” has — Okay, that doesn't make sense.

What? What? What, what was preventing your hair from hanging down in the first place?

We're not told that like, her, her, she was wearing a bonnet or something, and it got caught in one of the thorns and she didn't stop to get it cuz ~it's too urgent~. The thing that's not urgent, whatever. And then, and then this is the exact same sentence of, “and I was glad indeed that I had never bothered with the foolish modern custom of corsets.”

It's like, neither of those things have anything to do with each other, and it's just, it's just failing to grasp what corsets are.

Um …

> The chamber was round with a dozen windows, looking out over the sleeping domain. One was open, the faded curtains drawn back so light fell on the bed draped with velvet and cloth of gold.

Again, I have to say! These vines have had a hundred fucking years to climb over this castle, and we were told that they were covering the castle and suffocating it, but now all of a sudden, when it's

convenient to setting the scene, um, they're, they didn't cover this one window, even though they definitely fucking would have.

Like look up muscadine grapes. Look up American trumpet vines. Like, I'm not — I don't know if Google will show you photos from a distance of what they do, but muscadine grapes alone. And I'm sure —

[phone dings] I’m getting a random text, shut up, from a fucking robot.

Uh, I'm sure Europe has their own versions of muscadine grapes and American trumpet vines and shit.

Um, as — this is just bad writing, cuz the, the vines were covering the whole thing, um, but they're also super easy to get off, and also they're conveniently *not* at this one window that we need to be open. because ~it's dramatic~ and for plot reasons, quote unquote plot reasons.

Um…

> One was open, the faded curtains drawn back so light fell on the bed draped with velvet and cloth of gold.

Does it not rain here? If this window has been open the whole time and the curtain drawn back, is time just supposed to not be passing here?

Because the thing is that they're just magically asleep. There's — this whole fucking chamber should be filled with dead leaves, the dirt that those dead leaves decompose into, animal bones, from birds and shit nesting in there, so much shit.

But nope, that uh nope. Nope. None of that. This is a paragraph all by itself.

> For that moment my eyes were only for her.

Which is just creepy as fuck given Martha Wells's fucking history of romanticizing and downplaying pedophilia, including in this story, by expecting us to just think it's totally normal for a 100 plus year old lady to be lusting after a young man.

> She was barely more than a child. In the present day she would have lingered in the nursery, learning watercolors and geography. Blond hair covered her silken pillow and her face was pale, pure, and still.

[sarcasm] Totally not creepy at all.

> My eyes went to him, next. He had had time to do nothing else but open the window, and stared at me now in shock and angry surprise. "Not one step nearer," I said.

Okay. So, he opened the window.

> Kohler revealed no fear, and I suspected he felt none. He would have known little fear in his life of privilege.

As though this fucker doesn't live in a goddamn massive mansion with dozens of servants that she personally has lived in for a hundred plus, probably several hundred years now. And she doesn't know

jack shit about him or his childhood! Literally, she doesn't know anything about him!

Like, it's so — “his life of privilege” is again Martha Wells trying to signal, “I'm just like you, fellow poor people. Ignore the fact that I literally didn't start reading books until after I graduated college and, and then immediately became a career author where I have no day job and my literal entire job is to write books that don't even sell properly.”

Like there's so much — she's just trying to do — It's literally the meme of the dude with the skateboard saying, "How do you do, fellow kids?” “How do you do, fellow poor people? Look at look this prince guy. Oh, he, he doesn't know any fear in his life of privilege. Ignore the giant fucking mansion I live in with the dozens of fucking servants that I've owned and for some reason my nephew dude owns for hundreds of years!”

uh blah.

> He would have known little fear in his life of privilege. He glared at me impatiently, and said,

Okay, just imagine imagine literally having no fucking job after you graduate college and just having your husband pay for everything and then your your career is that you write books and that's all you do. Imagine being that fucking privileged.

> "You don't smile as you look on your evil work. Can it be you feel regret?" The thorns had torn his coat and his cravat was askew, his curls tousled. I still didn't like him. He had a tendency to go red in the face, and he would probably run to fat later. No, he was not the man to melt my heart at such a juncture.

Do you see how fucking weird and random and out of place this is? He's not like— Also, the statement “I still didn't like him”. That's just so fucking childish and the exact same fucking that Murderbot says in The Murderbot Diaries in this day and age, decades after she wrote this.

He had a tendency to go red in the face,

Because people who whose skin flushes when they're angry are ugly, and it's not like that's totally tied to a bunch of fucking disabilities or anything.

and he would probably run to fat later.

Because Martha Wells hates fat people and thinks that being fat is morally — indicative of a lack of morals.

No, he was not the man to melt my heart at such a juncture.

The man is not trying to fucking seduce you, you creepy old fucking lady. What the fuck is this shit?

Like he is — he — It's just ridiculous. I swear to God.

"Not regret," I said. The journey here had tired me and this place roused memories.

So after all that zero effort, we're told that, ~oh, now she's tired and upset. She's just a sad old lady. She's a helpless old lady. Look, she's tired now after not expending any effort.~

> "I was young, in the fullness of my power,

And again, you know, she just keeps using the same phrases over and over again. And it's like, okay, can you say something different?

> "I was young, in the fullness of my power, and the failure to invite me to the christening was only the last and worst of the insults I suffered. Or thought I suffered. I could not have done else, being what and who I was. In a long life I've done worse, and better, since."

This is such an — This is just — It's just — We're not saying anything. It's supposed to be saying something.

It's like, okay, so you're a horrible fucking person who who who trapped a whole bunch — an entire

kingdom's worth of people in a magical sleep for the, the horrible crime of not inviting you to a fucking birthday party that she — literally saying that's the *worst* insult they gave her. Not inviting her to a fucking birthday party.

If you're not aware, a christristening is just when you give the baby its Christian name because they've survived long enough.

(from offscreen) They survived to adult [child]hood.

Yeah. Like “it's I could not have done else being what and who I was.” So, “You, you can't blame me for what I did. I, it was just impossible for me to do anything else. I had no choice in the matter. I, it is what it is.”

> In a long life I've done worse, and better, since."

It's like, okay, you don't need to — This is — This is meant to be — It's — It's meant to be something.

It's not doing anything besides like weird — It's just bad.

> He shook his head in disgust. "You are cruel indeed, to look on such an innocent face, and relegate it to eternal sleep."
> "Cruel, yes. But now the cruelty

And again I've said this so many times in the latest live reading review.

Um, all of this dialogue just starts immediately after the other person has started talking with no anything in between.

> "Cruel, yes. But now the cruelty is in the service of kindness. You've seen this place; you must guess its age. The time to wake her is a hundred years past. Releasing her into our world would be to relegate innocence to Hell."

(from offscreen) Can I say something?

Yes, you can.

(from offscreen) The best time to plant a tree was 25 years ago. The next best time to plant a tree is today. This is just ridiculousness and edginess for the sake of being edgy.

I'll have to find that that meme again. Somebody made a meme of the I think it's the Monopoly dude standing in front of like the British flag. I presume a British person made the meme. Uh and then there's saltine crackers behind him and saying um, I, I uphold the I uphold the, the — “I uphold the status quo. This makes me edgy and subversive.” And that's, and that's what Martha Wells is doing right now. She's just —

> He laughed. "Lies, sophistry."
> I persisted, in perhaps a foolish effort to make him understand. "The King here is a King no more. He cannot even claim the land his palace stands on.

That doesn't make sense. Yes, he is still a king. What do you mean he can't claim the grounds his palace stands on? He — this —

Okay, let me finish reading the fucking dialogue. And it's like, okay, it doesn't make sense. This doesn't that's not how this fucking works.

> "The King here is a King no more. He cannot even claim the land his palace stands on. It would be stripped, the riches stolen. The inhabitants would be lost, maddened by the changes around them. The servants and peasants would be cast out to starve, the nobles trotted about as curiosities. I haven't the power anymore to protect them from it, and must live with the consequences of my folly. You would expose her to that?"

Okay, there's— (sarcasm) “You must feel bad for me because of what I did to these people. Don't feel bad for them, though.”

And all of these excuses here are just completely asinine and not how this fucking works.

Martha Wells seems to be working off of the assumption that like, being a king is a thing granted

you by other people, like, being polite to you and not like something you take by force.

“The king here is a king no more. He cannot even claim the land his palace stands on.” He has an army there. He has — all of his fucking people are still there. What do you mean they can't claim the land they're on? It's not — We're not talking about some — Nobody else is here!

Uh, some shitty fucking contracts and pieces of paper aren't going to mean shit! They have an army! What do you mean they would be cast out to starve? They have all their fields and shit! What do you mean? What are you talking about?

“The nobles trotted about as curiosities” It's like, what do you mean they'd be cast out to starve? They have all of the money here! They uh they they're the “it would be stripped. The riches stolen”Again. They got the whole army.

(from offscreen) It's It's as — Martha did more research on what a castle is than this shit. Yeah. The

castle is literally a fortification. It's a military base. Literally, they have their army. The history squad. I can't remember his name off the top of my head, but he's great. He's got a whole — he does, he does, he does historical tours of uh, famous British castles and stuff in the UK. He told you how to make bows and arrows. He has a whole bunch of medical history and weapon history videos. Go follow him.

Like this is just completely ridiculous. It's — Martha Wells right here is framing like having a government and, and controlling a land, as like “oh that's just something everybody agrees that you get to do.” And it's like, no, that's something you take by force. That's what armies are for.

He doesn't have — he — it's just, it's this is nonsensical.

And there's also nobody there, because the entire thing has been cursed for the entire amount of time. Nobody knows it's there! Nobody cares to come here, otherwise they would have already! It's like, she had to run through — magically speedrun through the

entire night through some giant forest that took her, even speed running, the entire night to get through.

So it's like, what, what do you mean? What do you mean there they would be stripped? They're very clearly in the middle of fucking nowhere and there's, there's, it, it doesn't make sense. It doesn't make sense.

Okay. Well, let's continue.

> You would expose her to that?" It was useless. They will say I have done it from jealousy, that I am an old and bitter woman and I couldn't bear to see a beautiful young girl triumph in happiness.
> Let them say it.
> I know the world. I began this in foolishness and a desire for vengeance, I admit, and I continued it in folly. But I ended it in sober judgement, and this was not the Prince to break my spell or warm her heart.

What the fuck is this shit. This is so fucking nonsensical. So creepy. Oh my god.

And this is also just yet another thing, of all of her characters just avoiding consequences at all times by burying their head in the sand.

And that's the moral. Don't rectify your mistakes. Just pretend that you were right all along, and just double down forever, and this is the moral choice to make.

(from offscreen) It's doubling down.

Yeah, that's this is the literally the moral is “actually the villains of the story should double down forever because actually they're correct.”

Um, because we we're going to pretend that people are just lying about them by stating the basic fucking facts.

(to cat) Hello little kitty. You don't need to clown the sofa.

Um,

> The gaze he turned on her had passion in it, but it was not the passion of love.

I — exactly why the fuck would it be?? We've been given no hint to his —

[video glitches and ends]

December 8th, 2025. We're continuing this because the first time uh, my phone automatically stopped the video because it ran out of space.

So, um, this is an interlude for the usual live reading of the Murderbot thing just to really illustrate the fact that her writing has not improved at all since 1993, and I'm recording this, as I said, December 2025. Anyways, I'll continue, I presume. Okay. Well, I'll just read this, this paragraph.

We're almost at the end of this deeply terrible short story. I just have my phone propped up so it doesn't overheat like a little.

(from offscreen) You said this was published in 1993.

Yes.

(from offscreen) This is her work from 32 years ago.

Yes. This story is 30 — from 32 years ago. And Martha Wells's writing has gotten worse instead of improved with time.

[yells] There goes the camera.

All right. I'll scroll with my fucking keyboard.

(to cat) No, you're fine. You're good. I'm sorry. I'm not mad at you. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Don't be jumpy.

(from offscreen) Is it a thing that you can replace a charger port? No idea.

(to cat) I'm sorry, pretty kitty. I didn't mean to yell at you. That was me. Good boy. Come here.

(from offscreen) That’s the sound of a laptop shutting down because the charger cord got because I bumped

the charger cord by less than a half a second and scared my pretty kitty even (to cat) though you didn't do anything. Sorry. Yeah, you're a good boy. You're not in trouble.

Here you're now you're stepping on it. Come back here. Come. Yeah. Yeah, you're a good kitty cat. You're not in trouble. You can lay back down.

That was me nudging the fucking thing very tiny with my goddamn keyboard. My other keyboard. Because the keyboard on the laptop itself is broken. Yeah.

(to cat) Good pretty kitty.

[turning camera] I'm going to show you, not make people dizzy. [show black and white cat lying on sofa] Look at him. Look at this cutie pie. [cat rams face into camera] Okay. You can't look at him because he wants the nuzzle the phone. Yeah. Yeah, he's a good boy.

How about you read it? I'm, I'm annoyed now. I'm, I'm really tired of this computer doing this shit.

> The gaze he turned on her had passion in it, but it was not the passion of love. I had seen the same light in young Matthew's eyes, when I gave him the sweet cake. He said, "Her, her I would take back with me, to protect and cherish..."

I think the other video cut off right around here, so you may or may not have been able to hear our fucking incredulous laughter over “but it wasn't the passion of love”.

And it's like. first of all, literally nobody even remotely implied that he was claim — he's, he's not claiming to be in love with her.

He's just saying up until this point when he actually says anything, we don't know what his motivations are, but we are inferring that his motivations are, you know, to rescue these people, especially the princess.

And “but it's not the passion of love” as though we are assuming in any way that he is in love with her, or that he's claiming to be in love with her.

And also, okay, even if we go with the assumption that he wants to rape the princess, which is supposed to be what we're assuming here, because every evil villain in a Martha Wells thing is the most generic flat evil rapist ever, cuz that's what she uses as a shorthand. That and implying people are cannibals when that makes literally no sense because it's literally just racism.

Yeah, I don't feel like doing this now that my computer shut off again. So, you can do the commentary.

[narrator’s reverse]

But yeah, just that this is supposed to be in this these lines of “it was not the passion of love.” It was, it, we'r,e we're literally comparing how this guy's looking at this princess who he's been alone with in this room for who knows how long, probably hours at this point, with the same kind of ~greed~ that. I guess a six-year-old— was that supposed to be a six-year-old?

I don't know.

Oh, there's no, I, that a child who tries to murder his governness by throwing her off a balcony somehow, that we're supposed to view as a fault of gentle parenting tactics.

Um, yeah, he is looking at her the same way a toddler looks at a sweet cake. So, and. and this is what the protagonist is projecting onto this guy.

(from offscreen) The whirring noise is my my laptop turning all the fans on while it tries to turn itself on again.

Yeah. So yeah, we're supposed to we're supposed to agree automatically with the protagonist pulling these things out of her ass, because this is how all Martha Wells protagonists interact with villains, and the world.

(from offscreen) Read Wolf Night when this is done. Ass pulls everywhere.

We're supposed to assume that he's a creepy rapist who wants to rape the princess cuz reasons. But if that was a thing, he would actually be doing anything to actually show that, instead of the protagonist just magically magically correcting — correctly, because the narrative says so, and because the author says so, assuming these things with zero evidence to back it up.

If he was a creep, she, old lady protagonist, would have walked into the room and seen his hands on the girl, hands up her skirt, anything like that.

No, he's literally just standing there looking at her, probably trying to figure out how the fuck to break this curse.

And apparently, he went through all of the effort of opening up the window, which would have been glued shut with all the strength of the vines that have had a hundred years to grow over this fucking castle. Yeah. Letting fresh air, letting light some light in from the moon.

All the sun's risen, I think, at this point. Yeah.

Anyways, there's that.

"Her, her I would take back with me to protect and cherish," he says. And we're supposed to take this line sinisterly, because the protagonist in a Martha Wells story is always right when they magically assume evil intentions on the part of whatever the int, whoever the antagonist is, when there's zero evidence for that.

> "And to perdition with her family, her companions, her loyal servants? She would not thank you for that, if the shock of her situation left her with the power of speech."

And and here's some more like casual ableism and stuff like, "Hey girl, you've been in a cursed sleep from magic for like 100 years or so. This is going to like just saying this to you is apparently enough to just drive you comeomaos cuz misogyny." because misogyny and just like, even if someone's like speechless with shock or disbelief when they find a

thing that that does not dictate how they are for the entire rest of their life, and this is just more extremely lazy ableist misogynistic writing, that this is being stated as fact, that the, that waking up a hundred years in the future with your entire family household and the entire population of your uh, little castle — which is a military fort for anyone not aware — uh around you to support you. and be sharing this all with you. I

t's just like and the castle is still intact. They just have to pull off the vines and apparently that's easy enough that one man can do it. Yeah. like it just gets worse as we go more lines down. You'll see.

> He said nothing, staring at me angrily, and I began to suspect that his motives were even less pure than I had thought.

Cuz, cuz he's glaring at you for saying that she would be sad without her friends and family at her side. So this makes him even more evil.

> Incredible as it seems, I felt responsible for her, as if I was her nursemaid and not her captor.

And here we again have the downplaying of this is the literal fucking wicked witch who— wicked fairy. I'm pretty sure that was pissed off she didn't get invited to a princess's birthday party and decided to curse the girl and all of her family and friends into everlasting sleep. And we're supposed to be on her side, because now she feels protective of her… Whatever the word for the opposite of Stockholm syndrome is, cuz she's possessive of her.

> Moving closer, I said, "But perhaps that would be more to your taste. A prince of your age is surely married?"

You know, a girl that can't speak cuz trauma magically ma magically assuming this about the guy."

Uh,

> A prince of your age is surely married?"

> He flushed, in a blotchy and unattractive fashion.

Because because ableism and all villains have to be ugly.

> "I could hardly expect you to understand, witch." He reached into his pocket and I suddenly found myself facing a small pistol.

It, it, it's very funny.

> I blinked foolishly. Now there, stupid old woman, how many times did you tell yourself the rules had changed? My most effective method of defense was a sleep spell, but if I raised my hand to my lips to blow it towards him, he would have time to fire. The pistol's grip was fine wood; if I made the weapon hot, he would still be able to trigger it.

And this is one of the this is one of the uh Martha-Wellisms where ~oh no the protagonist beats themselves up over making a mistake or not thinking

about a thing~ but then it doesn't actually matter, and it exists for usually just one line.

In this case it lasts for exactly one tiny paragraph. ~Oh no, I was so stupid. I forgot the rules had changed because I guess I'm so out of touch with the world outside my little fancy goddamn fucking manor house — not how this works — that I forgot I've been around for the entire development and technological advances of guns!!!~

She's not a time traveler. That this literally doesn't make sense. You've — She's been here the whole time. She's not time traveling. She's not popping from year to year and uh forgetting the details.

She's been around the entire technological development of guns. There's literally no reason that she would ~foolishly forget the rules had changed~ because she's been around for the entire hundred years that guns have been around and invented and become popular and widespread and accessible enough that you can carry one around in your pocket

instead of carrying around a giant fucking barrel the size of a horse.

This makes no sense. And this is literally just complete and utter lack of world research and having extremely shallow characters that don't actually live in the world they live in.

“The curtains on the open window behind him stirred and through the air in the room and though the air in the room remained musty and —” never mind. Hold on.

> The curtains on the open window behind him stirred, though the air in the room remained musty and still.

Gee, it's almost as though a breeze can ruffle the curtains even if it doesn't fully go into the room when you have the window open.

> Delay, I thought, I must delay. I was too old to throw myself about, dodging balls or bullets or whatever it is pistols shoot at one nowadays.

You've been around for the entire technological development of guns. people. All the men who live in your manor house as fucking noble rich motherfuckers use guns to hunt.

Literally, this is just misogyny, and completely flat characters, and not actually researching anything, and having characters who don't actually meaningfully inhabit the world that they inhabit.

This is just bad world building and lazy writing.

> Whatever had possessed me to attempt to talk to the man? I said, "A sword is more customary, and more honorable."

Why would it be to kill a fucking witch who's uh keeping people prisoner for hundreds of years? Um, no. There's no honorable way to do that. It sucks to be you, but fuck you.

> His smile was irritatingly complacent. "I know your kind too well to rely on honor, Madame," he said.

And we're supposed to find that insulting on the protagonist behalf, but like no, he's right. Literally, you're proving him right here. You're only telling him he should use a sword for honor so that fucking sneak attack.

This is stupid. We're trying to frame this man as an evil, creepy one wannabe rapist villain pedophile. That's what we're doing in this story.

While he's trying to rescue an entire fucking group, or at the very least one child, from the clutches of this witch who has just left these people to rot in the forest for over a hundred years.

> "Then it's fortunate you don't know the rest of my family," I replied.

Cuz plot twist.

> His expression suddenly turned fearful, and I knew he would fire his weapon. I threw myself awkwardly to the floor as the gun went off. Smoke and the stink of powder filled the room.

> I raised my head and saw Kohler, unconscious and crumpled helplessly on the floor. I pushed myself into an awkward sitting position, and saw the bullet had made a terrible mark on the wall behind me.

I love how we used awkward twice in the same paragraph instead of any other word that we could have put there.

> Then Electra was bending over me anxiously. Her hair was mussed and torn from her flight up to the window, and her morning dress stained from crouching in the casement. I had seen her preparing to cast a sleep spell on Kohler, but her spells do not work quite so fast as mine.

And here we have one of the uh I like to call them the, like, BBC Sherlockisms and Steven-Mofffatisms of lazy writing where you build suspense by just straight up hiding and lying about things to the, uh, to the audience.

So, instead of saying that Electra was hiding behind those curtains when the open, when the curtains stirred like, three tiny paragraphs ago, to actually build the suspense in the in the audience of “oh will he turn around and see her before it's too late?”

No, we just don't know that she exists or is there, or can do any of these things except as a big grand plot twist reveal of pulling these things out of the ass, with her ass, with no setup.

> "Oh, Auntie, are you all right?"
> "Of course I am," I said. I was not.

Cuz that's another Martha-Wellsism.

> I was covered in dust from the floor, and I was bruised and exhausted. Electra took my arm and I allowed her to help me up.
> "You should have told me that he meant to come here, Auntie," Electra scolded. "You should never have followed him here alone. He could have killed you."

"He failed," I said. "That is all that matters." Then I ruined the solemn effect by sneezing uncontrollably.

Cuz we got to do it. And it wasn't even solemn in the first place. It wasn't sole— This was not a solemn moment. sure about this. This is just random things happening to solve the plot because the plot — because the story is over now.

"We'll get you right home for a nice cup of tea," Electra promised, and I admitted that it would be a welcome restorative.

Again with the trying to put in old-fashioned language, but it doesn't fit with the rest of the actual narration.

She returned to Kohler's unconscious form and bent over him. "Take his other arm, Auntie?"
I looked down at his lumpy body with distaste. "What on earth for?"
"We're taking him back to the house. I'll put a bit of my special dust in his tea, and he won't

> remember a thing. We'll tell him he had a nasty fall from his horse, and send him off no whit the wiser." She frowned. "You didn't do anything too permanent to his servants, did you?"
> "Not too." I remarked, reluctantly stooping to seize his other arm. I am hardly responsible for the vagaries of cats.

And this is supposed to be funny. Like we're — first of all, more ableism and just fatphobia. Not even fat,phobia. Just calling the villains. Yeah. Fat,phobia and calling the villains ugly as a shortorthhand for them being bad, because suddenly his body is “lumpy” when they haven't magically cursed him with boils or anything like that. It's literally just a sleep spell.

But suddenly because he's mean and evil and we're — magical protagonist is magically correctly assuming that he is a creepy rapist pedophile, because we have to justify the story showing him as a villain, with zero evidence in the actual story and his actions to back that up.

Suddenly he's lumpy because having a lumpy body is gross and means you're evil.

> We hauled him toward the window. I had lost my gift for flight years ago, but Electra was strong enough to take all three of us. I thought Kohler deserved to stay here with the woman he meant to awaken. Not as fitting a punishment as I would have devised in my youth, but satisfying nonetheless. But Electra has a soft heart, and it is useless to argue with her.

The end. That's the end of the fucking story. That's it. That's literally the end. That's the end.

And also, we're we're saying that she admits she was wrong for trapping these people in sleep for not inviting her to a birthday party. For not inviting her to a birthday party, that she put these people in an eternal hell coma and trapped them in this forest and left has left them here to rot with no actual supervision or maintenance of where they're literally stuck in an enchanted sleep.

And it's not even that she can't — it it's not even that she *can't* undo it, and has dedicated her life to at least taking care of them, to try and make up for something that she knows she can never make up for.

She can undo this at any time.

She just doesn't want to.

She's just doubling down forever. And like Yeah.

And also, but despite that, despite her saying, "Oh, it was wrong of me to put this these all these people in an enchanted sleep for literally eternity, unless I willingly choose to wake them up. But also, I think we should leave this guy who came here to rescue these people. I think we should also just leave him here on the floor and do the exact same thing to him because he's evil, therefore, it is justified.”

I — or rather, “I've said and assumed he's evil because I, the protagonist have protagonist centered morality, and everything I do is correct, and everything anybody else does that I don't like is

automatically evil and Satan spawn. I think we should leave him here on the floor to rot for all eternity as a punishment for, for going against me.”

That's it. And this is supposed to be, I, I see, I can only assume this is her version of trying to — When did Wicked come out?

I don't think that came out in 20— 1994.

Okay. No, Wicked didn't come out until two years after this, but like this this is just bad.

There's no actual plot to this. It's just: Guy’s visiting. He's asking questions. He gets he gets to the castle on his own, cuz he's actually resourceful and competent. And then we assume that he's a creepy pedophile rapist because he has to be for him to actually be functional as a villain, because this author does not — really taking the villain and pretending she's the good, because we're taking the literal villain and pretending that she is actually a good person even if she made some mistakes in the past, as long as she doubles down on them, that means she's good.

And literally wants to repeat them, right? And as the very last lines of this, it's supposed to be that she wants to repeat those exact same mistakes with zero self-reflection, because if you're doing it to someone who's bad, it's okay.

That's the exact same logic that led her to making what she claims to know is was a mistake in the first place. Yep. Yeah. The last line of this whole thing is “Electra has a soft heart and it's useless to argue with her.” That's supposed to be our conclusion. We don't see, we don't see this character actually meaningfully think on how she's apparently stopped like, countless random princes and kings and stuff from coming here to rescue, uh, this princess over over a hundred years.

And none of them have actually, like, none of these encounters have spurned her to actually think and actually be like “maybe, maybe I should stop doubling down on the harm I've done and framing it as good. Maybe I should actually meaningfully try to make amends by actually freeing these people from my

curse and actually letting them live the rest of their lives,”

Um, no.

Even this, there's literally no thought put into this.

This is just “how do I make the witch a good person without actually changing anything? How do we maintain the status quo and, and support the status quo, and show try to frame this as good and progressive, because we say that men are always evil, creepy, rapist, pedophiles even when they're literally, there's literally nothing in the text to actually support that.”

And it would be so easy to make it actually in the text that, that's what it is.

But that would — even if this guy, this particular guy in this instance *is* an evil creepy

— 1995, not 1993 1995. Okay. I thought this was from 1993. That changes things.

June 1995 in the Realm of Fantasies magazine.

I'm googling something currently.

Okay. Nope. I can't find I can't find when Wicked released in 1995, but I do know that Google whatever the book title publishing.

It just said the year in the wiki page

Because that's one of the things about this author's writing. It's always just trying to catch on to trends. If if like —

Japan has a tsunami warning. Uh if somehow you're watching this in Japan, we're not live, but there's a tsunami warning in Japan as of right this second.

Did you guys see this?

I know.

Yeah. I can't find I can't find what month uh Wicked released in 1995, but I have a feeling that this was written as a direct reaction to that, because like—

People have been doing this kind of thing for a while now.

So, which is true, but yeah, all of her writing is just just hitting tropes, supporting the status quo while trying to say it's progressive and trying to uh, do genre inversions, which literally just means “we support the horrific status quo while framing it as good, progressive, and just. And that it's useless to fight against slavery. And you, it's useless to fight against the tech billionaires who are corrupting our society and keeping people enslaved, because if you if you kill one techillionaire CEO billionaire, they'll just put a new one there. But it is good and fine and actually logical if you just mow down all the poor and enslaved people that are being used as cannon fodder by this tech. You should you can just do that just to look cool.”

That's literally why I just fucking say that's literally why there have been no and will never be any fucking slave rebellions in The Murderbot Diaries.

She thinks that that slave rebellions, she thinks that they are part of the quote unquote status quo and that they're cliche. So therefore, not doing a slave rebellion and instead claiming that slavery is good, that'll, that's that's how you'd be subversive, because the slaves want to do the jobs they're enslaved for. They would just like it better if their owners were a little bit nicer about it.

Mhm. It's it's fine to be enslaved as long as your slave owners are are are relatively nice to you. And by relatively nice to you means they're literally uh,,, psychologically torturing you, deliberately trying to trigger panic attacks, treating you as subhuman, not giving you medical care, um ,letting you walk around their base bleeding out from losing 20% of your body mass, forcing you to walk your way out of the goddamn helicopter after you almost die, saving one of their worthless fucking lives.

And this is just Book One.

Mhm.

Okay. Open, open Wolf Night. Our, our interlude now that I have space on my fucking phone. This will just be me reading the unc, uh unconnected what is the word I'm looking for? The irrelevant short stories that she also wrote that one.

So, you can just Google Wolf Knight by Martha Wells and it'll be the Lone Stars Stories uh link from literary.ericy.com.

So, so let's let's see the other one. Scroll down. I think this one's from 2006. It's at the very bottom.

Yeah, this one was written, or at least published, in 2006 on Lonestar Stories, which is a digital magazine that unfortunately seems to no longer be running, but they still have them all up on their website, or in, or if it if that page of the website—

(from offscreen) She's written a Farscape story, or at least an essay about Farscape. That is horrifying.

Yeah, that's is why I literally said she literally she literally watched Farscape. She knows exactly what Scorpius did to John. And if you've watched Farscape, you know, too. You know what Harvey does. I mean, I mean you also probably think you know more than what he does because he fucking lied and the writers wanted everybody to know he was lying, but apparently I'm the only one who like, caught on to the very basic fact that he was lying.

Anyways, I'm not mad about that. Totally. It's fine. It's just, it's good writing, flew over the audience's head. Can you guys pay attention? He was lying about that. It's a lie.

Anyways, she she watched Farscape enough to write an essay for it for some magazine. She knows, she knows everything that happens in Farscape. She watched it the same way I did, except apparently she watched it thinking, "Yeah, it's so awesome when your abuser literally fucks with your brain to make it so

that you can't hate them or fight back to defend yourself."

Because that's literally what is going on in the Murderbot Diaries. That is literally, in the goddamn text, why Murderbot worships its fucking slave owners. because its brain is literally — has been hijacked so that it has no choice but to love and worship and want to protect and want to follow its slave owner's orders.

Brief interlude: If you hear a lot of jingle bells, that's the cat, sound of cats going absolutely ham over their new toy.

Yes, if you have cats, if you see these little toys in the store that are like little round tracks with a ball inside, cats do in fact love them. They're going crazy over it.

Okay, let's let's let's just read Wolf Knight by Martha Wells. Oh, I can't scroll up? Oh no, that's, that's cuz I'm using the wrong keyboard.

(to cat) Don't step on that keyboard, pretty kitty.

I have to steal the keyboard that's over here cuz my computer will probably get shut down again. All right. Where? Why is the Why is the keyboard buttons not working? Oh my gosh, this is so over complicated.

(to cat) Hi, Kitty. You are stepping directly on that phone. Please don't do that. Please don't step on the phone.

And now I have to try and make the mouse move where I want it to go. Can I use the keyboard? Okay, thank you.

(to cat) Come here, Taaz. You can come sit over here with me. You just can't step directly on the phone.

She said no.Oh, okay. Darn.

Okay, let's read let's let's read Wolf Night by Martha Wells.

And you can all see the cracked up again.

Not even technical here. Trying to get the little stand to pop up.

(to offscreen) You made the little stand on the back of my phone get out of place.

There we go. Okay. Just don't even bother looking at the screen while you're listening to this. There's nothing to see but me moving the phone around.

It was a—

Yeah, this is from — that, that story we just read was published in 1995. Okay. Okay. Now I remember I was thinking it was from 1993 because she mentioned somewhere possibly in the author's — about the author thing that she started writing in 1993. So I was thinking of the word 1993.

So that was written it published in 1995. This story here was published in 2006. We don't know when it was written.

Okay. Yeah, this isn't going to work. So just take your keyboard back, because it notice that was gone. All right.

So, has to be opened on my damn computer because all I have to do is type W into the search bar. But, stop overheating. Calm down.

So, this was published at least 11 years after what we just read to you. Yeah, that that number.

You know the difference in my writing between — what the fucking shit I was writing in high school versus now?

Yeah, this was this was published literally 11 years after what we just read. All right, it was and, and I'm reading this again, I must state, December 2025.

All right, are you ready? Have you — do you have all of your favorite Martha Wells stories in your mind while we listen to this story from, is it also 11 years ago now?

Yeah, from 19.

Are you ready to listen to the story from 19 years ago?

> It was the dead end of winter and Parker was riding through the Little

Also, just trigger warning for anti- indigenous, specifically anti-Native American racism. I'm not going to be saying the name of the spirit that is bastardized in here, um because you're not fucking supposed to, and you're not supposed to fucking bastardize them like this.

This is disrespectful. And anybody who wants to defend this by saying, "Oh, it was a different time back then." You can go hit yourself in the head with a fly swatter.

Racism has always been bad. Just because the white people in charge didn't want to admit that it was conveniently ignore the people calling them out for it.

Literally, anytime there has ever been bigotry in history, there have been the victims of that bigotry and their allies who have been fighting against it.

There is literally zero fucking point in history where anti-native racism has been considered normal or okay. It's just that you're a fucking racist.

> It was the dead end of winter and Parker was riding through the Little Sally pass, his saddlebags filled with

Oh, and uh as as we mentioned in the first part of the video, you can tell that she's trying to just throw in random fucking words that seemingly fit the vague time period, but then the entire rest of it doesn't fit the time period. So instead of making it seem authentic, it just comes across really, really really fucking fake.

So even this little literal first sentence here, let me highlight it so I can just read the first sentence.

> It was the dead end of winter and Parker was riding through the Little Sally pass, his saddlebags filled with a payroll he really oughtn't have, wearing every stitch of clothing he owned and wishing he was someplace warm, like Hell.

The word oughtn't is just thrown in here. O U G H T N apostrophe T is just thrown in here to try and make this seem like it's authentic, but the entire — nothing else about this story feels authentic and feels like it's actually in the time period, so that word being there is just jarring instead of immersive.

> Up in the highest notch, just before the canyon started to slope down, he saw an old Indian standing alongside the trail.
>
> The old man was knee-deep in snow, a ragged hide robe wrapped around him, his head slumped down and stringy gray-white hair falling forward so Parker couldn't see his face. He looked as if he had come just so far and

> couldn't go a step more. At the moment, it wasn't hard for Parker to sympathize.

Like, you can already see so many things.

> He reined in, leaned forward and tipped his hat back. "Old man, do you need some help?" The horse couldn't carry two for long, but judging by the bony shoulders outlined by the shabby leather, the old man couldn't weigh much more than a child.

And like this is supposed to be saying, "Oh, look, our character is a good person. He he offers to help an old man."

> The Indian didn't answer. The horse stamped and snorted, uneasy. It was late afternoon, thick gray clouds overhead and the wind rustling the fir trees down the pass. Snow was falling, very

(from offscreen) …some really weird tenses in that sentence.

Uh, I have to say the, I'll read, I'll read it again.

> The Indian didn't answer.

Period.

> The horse stamped and snorted, uneasy. It was late afternoon, thick gray clouds overhead and the wind rustling the fir trees down the pass. Snow was falling, very gently, little flakes catching in the old man's hair. Parker wondered uneasily if the man had died like that, frozen stiff, standing up.

And like, okay, um, we're about to get some racism and it's not even racism that “makes sense” because we just gave — we just got a really crappy little description of the area. Hold on.

Hold on.

Yeah, the man — it —

> The old man was knee-deep in snow,

All right. The snow is knee deep and he's standing there. And it's also snowing very, very lightly. It's not like they're in the middle of a blizzard.

Uh, this is badly written. All right.

> Then the Indian lifted his head.
> His eyes were red, as if the vessels had burst and filled the whites with blood. The pupils were open slits of blazing light.
> Parker's feet came out of the stirrups as he fell sideways off the horse, dragging the rifle out of the saddle sheath on the way down.

And it's like, okay, that's already a confused fucking sentence because did he fall off the horse on fucking purpose, or did he fall off in shock? Because this is, this is ridiculous.

> As he landed hard, the startled horse leapt away like a deer and Parker had the gun aimed, all in one furious heart-stopping, scared-witless moment.

But like, did he lit— Did he fall off the fucking horse on purpose, and grab it, and literally planned to grab the gun like that?

Because that doesn't seem natural. It could be he — like, like okay, if you have a, a special sheath on the horse's saddle for your gun, the, the butt of the gun is going to be facing upwards, because if it were facing downwards your gun would literally just fall out every time the horse takes a step.

So, how exactly is he falling sideways off the horse, seemingly from shock, but then also managing to grab that gun effortlessly if it's not facing the right way for him to be doing that easily while he's literally in the act of falling off supposedly from shock.

(from offscreen) And falling off a horse is not a short distance.

Yeah. Unless this is a very small fucking horse, like this is, this is a big deal.

> The Indian hadn't moved. Parker expected him to be doing something by now: turning into

the name of a bastardized spirit that I will not repeat.

> growing horns and batwings, or big teeth to eat the meal that had stupidly stopped to chat, but he hadn't moved. Parker kept the rifle trained on him but didn't fire. On the off chance that this was a shaman who hadn't decided to kill him yet, he didn't want to make this worse than it already was.

And like this is just so much fucking racism.

So literally, in this universe, this is meant to be establishing that yeah, the Native Americans might literally fucking eat you if you are nice to them and, and try to offer them help. They might just just literally try to fucking kill and eat you because they are actually demons.

Not to mention the whole — it's — this, the framing of “a shaman who hadn't decided to eat him yet.” And

what was the following? “He didn't want to make this worse than it already was.”

But if you're saying, "Okay, maybe it's not the bastardized spirit that people are acting like is a “intrnet cryptid” instead of something from a closed fucking religion." Uh, now we're saying, "Okay, well, maybe if it is not one of those bastardized spirits, uh, what if, if it's just a regular old Indian,” because I have to fucking say that word. “What if he's a shaman and he hasn't decided to eat me yet?

Hadn't decided to kill him yet.

“I don't want to make it worse”. What do you mean you're going to make it worse?

(from offscreen) If he's an actual person, was thinking you pointing a gun at him after you offered to give him a ride ain't going to make it worse.

Mhm. He's either going to be a decent person or he's just a random generic bandit.

The eyes he didn't want to look at were fixed on midair. Very quietly, the old man started to speak. The voice was raspy and hollow, but human. Parker couldn't understand him; there were three tribes around these mountains and the language could belong to any of them.
Parker stayed where he was until the old man stopped speaking, and his head slumped again. Cold was creeping through Parker's blood. He pushed to his feet, chilled from the snow. Nothing happened. He started to make a wide circle around the Indian, but when he got even with him, the figure disappeared. Damn, Parker thought, irony coloring his fear. This is going to be a day. He took an experimental step backward, and from that angle he could see the old man again. Someone coming up the trail from the other direction would never have noticed anything.
Clumsy in the deep snow, Parker went on up the trail and spent a while catching his wary horse, and another while calming her down. And calming himself down. It had to be a warning,

> but he had come this way last year, and he knew this wasn't anybody's sacred ground. So what was the warning for? It was

(to cat) Hello. Are you going to step on the phone and knock it over here? You can sit here. That's his spot.

Done. Scoot the light for him.

(to cat) Here you go. Yeah, you can sit, kitty cat.

Uh,

> It was undoubtedly clear as glass, if you understood whatever language the old Indian's chimera spoke.

And this is the, like, again this is just another Martha-Wellsism, where she will just use jarring words and then never fucking explain them, because she thinks using the word chimera instead of simply saying illusion spell, even though this is a short story and we don't do anything with it, makes her clever.

(from offscreen) Nothing— I don't think anything else in this gets referred to with any kind of archaic term like that.

Mhm. there. Martha Wells genuinely thinks that simply confusing re her readers on purpose by using words weirdly like this, and then not, like, no at no point until now have we been given any hint that words might be used like this.

But like, okay take His Dark Materials, otherwise known as The Golden Compass, for example: that is literally an alternate universe where language has diverged slightly, so that the word “daemon”, which originally was a completely neutral word meaning spirit and spelled D A E M O N, that is a positive word in their culture, and it means your familiar spirit, animal spirit that is literally born with you and spends their entire lives with you and represents your soul.

That's what your, that is your daemon. D A E M O N. Their whole language diverged just fucking slightly, or at least the English language did, so that they, they say that, and when instead of calling saying

electricity, it's... I just forgot the goddamn word they used.

It's um amberic? I think so. Amberic, because, amber, electricity, and ember, uh diverged at some point.

Literally, it's an entire alternate universe, explicitly an alternate universe, because at some point, a character from a world more closer to ours goes there and then he and Lyra, the protagonist, are having a chat comparing the, their various words and the usages of them because he gets there, he he hears people talking about demons and he's like, "Um, do I need to be concerned because there going to be a giant evil winged horned red guy coming. Yeah.

Like, not literally, but like he's he's baffled by the use of the word demon. And he's just like, I I don't know what's going on.”

And then then he and Lyra literally sit around and and talk and compare the usage of their words and realize that the both of the words that they are using, electric versus ambaric or whatever it is, both come from the

same old fucking thing and they just went in different directions.

> It was undoubtedly clear as glass, if you understood whatever language the old Indian's chimera spoke.

Commenting to say that since and I've read this multiple times now, so, I'm no longer shocked by the usage of the word chimera there, but the first time I read this, it was literally so jarring that I just had to fucking stop because it's like, what do you mean? What do you mean a fucking chimera? What are you talking about?

And then there's no justification for this. There's no explanation. Like, this would be literally fine if the entire short story were using language like this to build up the world. But we're not. We're just throwing that in for the sake of being pretentious.

Because as I've said multiple times now, there's a difference between being pretentious and just

genuinely doing world building and using words in a way that makes sense.

And this is just pretentious, because in order for this to not be pretentious, this would actually have to be built up, and it would have to make sense, and it would have to be followed up on.

It's not.

It's just there to use different words like a fucking high schooler right-clicking words in their document to pick synonyms that don't actually mean the fucking same thing.

> Common sense said to heed it

And this makes so much more sense now that we realize literally Martha Wells admits that she did not start reading books until after she graduated college. That makes everything make sense. And the white mediocrity is so fucking strong that you can literally Not Read Books until after you've graduated college, and then literally still get away with not having a day

job and making your entire career being an author as someone who didn't fucking read books until after you graduated college.

> Common sense said to heed it

Any — I wouldn't be, I'm not going to be shocked if Martha Wells comes out and reveals that she's a fucking Mormon one of these days like Stephanie Meyer or whoever the fuck else. Um

> Common sense said to heed it anyway and turn right around and go back. "Can't do it," he told the nervous horse regretfully. The payroll in the saddlebags said he had to go forward. Parker mounted again and urged to horse on

That's a typo.

(from offscreen) [muffled laughter]

What? What are you snickering about?

(from offscreen) I was giggling about the fact that he's got a payroll. I don't think we know what it is, where it's from, where he's going with it, what form of currency it takes.

Well, this is pretending to be a western though.

> Parker mounted again and urged to

that's supposed to be “the horse on”

> slowly picking a path through the snow. It was getting colder and there was no use looking for answers where there weren't any.
> It took a long time getting out of sight of the place, and Parker didn't look back.
> But he wanted to, the whole way.

And then we get dot dot dot line break.

> A storm chased Parker down the mountain and into the deep pine of the valley. It was dark and he was leading the horse by that time, battered by the wind and drenched by freezing rain.

Okay, he's dead at this point.

He's already dead at this point, he just doesn't know it yet.

He's now down the mountain and in a valley in in winter presumably while there's at least a knee length deep of snow. That was at the top of the valley. Now he's in the fucking valley.

I don't think Martha Wells knows how heat works.

Okay, uh, pro tip. If you're, if you're in a wintry mountain thing, you've never been — if you're, if you're in a fucking valley as opposed to standing up top on the top of a fucking hill, it's even colder down there, because. you know, the whole “heat rises”, which is why you're supposed to crawl on the ground if there's a fire so you're not suffocating in the smoke. which is being brought to the top because of it's hot.

Yeah, that also works in reverse. All of the cold air on this fucking mountain is going to be concentrated in the lowest parts, including the valleys.

And now we're b— we're told he's being battered by the wind. And he's trudging he's on foot. trudging through at least knee-deep snow.

That was at the *top*. There's going to be deeper snow in the colder valleys where gravity would have fucking pulled it. *And* he's being battered by the wind and he's *drenched by freezing rain*.

Like. you got frostbite hours — This man is — This man cannot — No.

The

> The snow at the top of the pass was nothing but ice down here in the pines, just wet

No. No.

> The snow at the top of the pass was nothing but ice down here in the pines, just wet enough to find its way inside his coat and soak him to the skin.

All right, this man — This is, this is a pathetic lack of lack of fucking research. This man's dead. I'm — No, I'm not even sorry. He's just dead.

He, he, je has frozen to death long before this fucking point. Especially because he's — we know, we were told he's wearing everything — every scrap of clothes on him.

We don't, we weren't told how, what, what material it is. This man is frozen to death. He —

No! No! No! And he's now wearing multiple — And it's night time! It's night time! He is wearing multiple layers of soaking wet clothing that has — we're told twice in this fucking tiny little paragraph, that he's drenched by freezing rain and soaked to the skin with ice.

He's dead!

We're not even given the justification that, since magic clearly exists here, we're not even given the

justification that he's using some kind of fire spell to keep himself alive.

This is just bad writing. Oh my god. This is so ridiculous.

He doesn't even have a coat that was treated with oil to make it water repellent. Literally, not even.

And like, we're literally told he's he's soaking fucking wet in a blizzard, because a storm chased him down the mountain. And it's like, he's dead! He's dead!

> There was a stage stopover and outpost a little way ahead, and he meant to stay the night there.

See, Martha Wells is bad at writing and she's never improved at writing. There's, she's, she's clearly treating getting soaking wet with rain as just something that's inconvenient and annoying to make you sad, not literal life threatening.

You're, you're — he's dead now. He's just fucking dead. There's — there's no way past that.

We could have justified this by saying “he had concentrated some kind of fucking heating healing spell inside his chest to keep himself going, but he was quickly developing frostbite despite that.” Just *something*.

Like, if you have magic, you can use it to justify some of these things, but this is not even an attempt at justification. There's nothing here. We're just acting like being freezing cold, completely soaking wet, every layer of clothing you have soaking wet, and weigh down by freezing rain, in a snowstorm that you've been out in all day, and he was already cold at the when it was daytime and he was standing on top of that hill!

We were already told that even with all of his clothing, he's still cold! All the clothing he owns! Literally all of the clothing that he owns, which doesn't amount to much, because we weren't just

given a description of how many fucking layers he's actually wearing.

This man's dead. This is a complete fucking fundamental failure of doing basic fucking research or even using basic fucking logic.

This is just vibes-based writing and not giving a single fuck about anything else. “Oh yeah, we've all had that day where you get where you got stuck out in the rain without an umbrella. That sucks. Haha.” No, he's dead. This isn't “
aw dang, I just walked into my office soaking wet because blah blah blah.” And there's a laugh track playing.

This is— He's dead. This is a life-threatening emergency. And this man would have died hours ago. Especially because he's — This man's dead. This man's dead. He could — He's in a pine forest right now.

He — I was literally thinking while he's up on that fucking hill. Why — okay, if he's this fucking cold,

then he needs to prioritize getting warm instead of getting away!

This is bad writing. This is ridiculous.

But see, at least there is some there's a silver lining here, in that this is bad writing, but unlike everything else Martha Wells has published, this is free. So, we can cut it *some* slack, but we can't cut it enough *enough* slack, because then she continues this trend that she does here, forever, and never stops.

It's been 32 years since she started writing professionally and she literally has not improved.

She literally still doesn't know what the word non-binary means in 2025, because she she doesn't fucking give a shit about basic quality of writing. She doesn't care. Nope. She doesn't care about any Queer people at all, including non-binary people.

Let me check.

Um, out there, probably. Yeah.

> The snow at the top of the pass was nothing but ice down here in the pines, just wet enough to find its way inside his coat and soak him to the skin.

He's dead. This man died hours ago and it is simply his fucking ghost telling the story.

Now imagine if that were what was happening. That would actually be — I'm going to have to write that story now. That would actually be a good story.

> There was a stage stopover and outpost

You just don't know it yet. Yeah, literally. Neither does the horse. Yeah. “Oh. Oh, I'm I'm such a smart person. I'm. I'm. I'm. I know what I'm doing. I'm definitely going to go out into this fucking blizzard in winter with no waterproof clothing at all.” Probably not waterproof shoes. I. I won't be shocked.

It's been a while since I read this, but I can't wait until we find out if his shoes have holes in them and are soaked through with snow and ice water, and

Martha Wells thinks this is simply an inconvenience and not Yeah, you've lost, lost his toes. You've lost all of your fucking toes and you're probably going to lose your fucking feet, too.

Um, yeah. Imagine a story where a character does this shit and dies and doesn't realize it. Like, they go to sleep thinking, "Oh, I'm so miserable. This is going to be the worst night of my life. I'm going to have such a funny story to tell everybody at the office” and then they wake up, but they're not actually waking up. They're just a ghost now.

(from offscreen) Anyways, and even so, they would actually have to be, "It's so hot in here. I need to take off all my clothes.” Because that's what happens when you get to that point of hypothermia is that your brain just starts shutting down and you think that you're warm and sweltering. So then you literally — That's why people are found naked in the snow, because they were delirious and taking their clothes off.

Uh-huh. So yeah, literally there's there's this is Yeah. Um,

> There was a stage stopover and outpost a little way ahead, and he meant to stay the night there. It was far too early in the year for a stage to run through here, but there would probably be a caretaker. Unsure of what condition he would be in when he arrived, Parker had cached the saddlebags back along the trail, under a pile of flat rocks.

[sarcasm] I'm sure nobody will notice a, a giant pile of fucking rocks. [end sarcasm]

And okay, notice how we don't get any —You notice how the snow suddenly doesn't exist when it comes to him and the and, and the ground is ~definitely~ not frozen? So, it's not like— there's —

This is nonsensical.

We — It's, it's not actually possible to take this story seriously if you actually think about anything that's going on.

Okay. I don't know if you've ever tried to dig in the ground when it's winter, let alone a fucking blizzard and ice and snow: The ground gets hard when it's cold out, guys. That's kind of how moisture and ice works.

And okay, the ground was covered in snow and ice. and he appar, he apparently took the time to to pick up a whole bunch of rocks which will also be freezing cold and making his hands even colder.

I don't know if he has fucking gloves, but if he does, they're soaking wet at this point.

He took the time to stand out there and, and bury saddle bags, which are big, under a bunch of fucking rocks. This was after he encountered the warning illusion. Yeah.

> He hadn't encountered any man- and horse-eating demons on the way down the pass, or anything to show what the chimera's warning meant. But maybe it was such a lousy night even the demons were tucked up in bed.

And again, you see this is just going purely on vibes. Martha Wells thinks that a literal fucking blizzard in which you are soaking wet and forced to walk on foot for hours the entire night through, she thinks that this is simply a. a. a. like minor. a bad hair day. It's just. it's just a silly inconvenience and annoyance. Something that can make you irritated, but. but nothing more than that.

> Then ahead in the dark, he saw a flicker of light. He pushed toward it, stumbling over invisible rocks in the dark, thinking that better be the post. as he got closer

He's and also like he's just walking ahead of his horse. He's not even like huddling with his horse as they walk forward and using the horse as a, as a wind break and trying to share heat with it, which he wouldn't be doing if his clothes are soaking wet. He would just be making that horse colder by pressing soaking wet clothes into its side. But that's beside the point for now.

Like there's no re— there, there was no care put into this whatsoever.

As he got closer, he started to make out details. The light came from a couple of hurricane lamps. The muted glow.

Why are there hurricane lamps? Why are there hurricane lamps in the west? It's just such — call them lamps. Why are there — You don't have heart. No, I'm not going to get I'm not going to — fucking ridiculous.

The muted glow illuminating a row of wooden posts that looked to be that had to be a stockade wall. He could see a a broad wagon gate standing open. Two men looking down at something crumpled on the ground. The light caught blood bright against the muddy ice. The damage was mostly concealed by the dim light, but Parker could Park But what Parker could see told him it had been a man. Oh, fine.

(from offscreen) [muffled]

Huh?

(from offscreen) It — are the guy's genitals on display. Is it clothing? What says this was a man?

Literally.

> Oh, fine. Parker muttered. This was about just about all he needed. His horse, finally catching the scent of blood in the freezing wind, jerked her head inside. The men looked up startled, and there was suddenly a rifle pointed at Parker's chest. "Easy," he said, lifting his hands, showing one was empty, and the other held the horse's reigns.

I, again, again at this point this man should not be able to lift his fucking arms away from his fucking sides or wherever he has — hopefully. I fucking hope at least had them curled to his chest trying to stave off hypothermia and frostbite.

Like, this man should not be able to fucking feel his fingers. He should get in here and not be able to

fucking unclench his frozen frostbitten hands from that fucking reign again. They should have cut it off of him — the, the reigns, that is — cut the reigns just so he can—

They should literally have to be being forced to cut the fucking reign so that he can get inside without dragging the horse inside after him.

And at this point, you may as well bring the horse inside, too. Um, this is — there's no care put into this. There's. there's no —

Okay, I was writing a story as a literal 12-year-old, and I was doing more research than Martha Wells has ever put into any of her writing as a fully grown adult.

She wrote this when she was a fully grown adult. Hold on. What year? How old was she when she wrote this? She was born in 1964. pretty sure one year before JK Rowling.

Martha Wells was 42 years old when she wrote this, and she does literally less research than like any 12year-old writing the first fanfiction.

Writing — no I wasn't even writing fanfiction, I didn't know fanfiction existed I was just writing an original story.

Literal 12 year olds do more research on hypothermia and shit than Martha Wells did as a 42 year old, and that's — and now she's however old she is in 2025, and she's still refusing to do basic research again.

I literally cannot stress enough to you all: she's been writing the Murderbot diaries for 8 years now, and she has never fucking bothered to do basic research on what the word non-binary means. She literally has no fucking clue what the word non-binary means in 2025.

She's not just simply ignorant. She actively chooses to be a fucking bigot.

Uh, as I must stress forever, she literally cites Ancillary Justice as her direct inspiration for writing the Murderbot Diaries. This is not a case of simple ignorance, she is actively rejecting physically disabled people, fucking trans and non-binary people, or as I should say, as, as I as I enjoy saying, non-binary and other trans, and binary trans people, from her worldview.

She actively rejects us. She doesn't want to think about the fact that gender is a social construct. She doesn't actually think that physically disabled people should be allowed to exist in society and be acknowledged as fucking human beings. All of this shit.

Anyways, let's continue. Um, yeah. Yeah, we were at the

> his hands lifted up show he lifting his hands showing one was empty and the other held the horse's reigns.

That that sentence doesn't make sense with how fucking freezing cold this man is. He, he should be about to fucking collapse.

Uh,

> one of the men picked up a lamp and carried it over.

And as I said, we could have justified him being able to continue on in this way by saying that he he knows exactly one fucking spell and it's a goddamn heat spell that he's using to keep himself alive.

We could have done that, but we're not even doing that. It's just shit writing.

> One of the men picked up a lamp and carried it over, staring hard at Parker. Parker tugged his scarf down from his face so they couldn't so they could see he was human and opened his coat.

So, he's got at least a coat. We still haven't — We were told that he's wearing every single piece of clothing he owns. We weren't told exactly how many pieces of clothing or what type that was, though.

(to offscreen, about cat) She's watching you. She's watching you. You got to pet her. Look at that face. Look at that face.

(from offscreen, to cat) You've seen these. You've nuzzled them. It's a mask.

Maybe the paint smells bad.

(from offscreen) No, cuz this one's dry. She's also just kind of sleepy. So, yeah, she's getting comfy. Look at that little bread loaf.

(to cat) You're adorable, Gizmo.

Uh, where was I? Oh, yeah.

He's, he's wearing a coat now, um, a coat that is soaking wet and literally soaked through to the skin. Yeah,

(from offscreen, muffled) he there the,

No, they're still standing out in the snow. It's presumably still still raining freezing ice.

He should not be able, or at least he should — Okay, first of all, he should not be able to open his coat, because his arms should be frozen stiff and he should not be able to move his fucking fingers.

Second of all, uh at this point, opening his coat to let even more cold in should be like, he should be more willing to get shot than do that, honestly, because he should be delirious at this point.

> He didn't have a speck of blood on him, and the gutted body was covered with it, steaming in the frigid air. "Who are you?" the man with the rifle demanded.

And at this point, he again, he should be fucking delirious. He should be collapsing. He should be barely able to talk.

(from offscreen) For once, Martha Wells’ protagonist to actually have a reason to collapse.

Yes. Literally, this is like — if if any of her characters have ever had justification to actually collapse and have a scene break, it's right now. because this man's he should have died hours ago.

He would have died hours ago if Martha Wells knew anything about what she's writing about or cared to look up basic shit.

Again, this was published in 2006. There's no excuse for this shit. Like people in the nin— people in 1931 were doing more basic research for the shit they were writing than Martha Wells did in 2006.

> I was coming down the path when the storm started. Wanted to take shelter here for the

> night. Parker told him the cold rain was stinging his cheeks.

So it's literally still raining freezing ice.

> What happened? Nobody answered. and the one with the window lamp withdrew.

She also, again she also doesn't, she just doesn't really seem to grasp how the mechanics of heat and cold work.

We're told that it was snowing up on the top of a hill where there was sunlight and warmth, relative warmth because heat rises. But we're told that down in the freezing cold valley where all of the cold is collecting, it's just liquid freezing cold rain. That's not how that works.

Uh,

> Nobody answered. The cold rain was stinging his cheeks. What happened? Nobody answered and the one with the lamp withdrew. Hey, are

you going to let me in? Parker felt helpless, trying to pretend he could still feel his toes.

It's like, no, Martha Wells, it's, it's too, it's too late for that. His his whole fucking feet at this point are gone. This man is dead several times over.

He could hear they were arguing but couldn't make out the words. If he had known he was going to end up like this, he would have let the army catch him and save the whole damn trip over the damn mountain.

She thinks just throwing the word damn is doing something. It's just it's like “so fucking angry right now!”

It's like, man, you could have stopped at any point to build a fire. You chose not to. It's — This is ridiculous.

All right, come in. Someone fin shouted finally. They had to throw a tarp over the body and drag it aside before he could get the horse through the gate.

Okay, at this point he should not be giving a single shit about the horse, because I don't think this horse even belongs to him.

Um, like even if he likes animals, at this point, unless he is desperately clinging to the horse in his delirium, he should just be like, he literally, he should just he should not should have — he should have nothing on his mind but getting inside.

If he were, like, again, as as we've pointed out, his fingers should not be able to fucking move at this point. That can be a reason for, for having to waste time keeping him out in the cold because he's literally attached to the horse by the reigns that they can't get off the horse because maybe the reigns are also frozen onto the fucking horse. Anything at all.

But nope, we're just — Martha Wells is just treating literally being in a life-threatening situation that would have killed this man several times over, we're just going vibes based only. And it's just “oh, it's just uncomfortable. No, no concern whatsoever, though.”

Um,

> There was a sheltered lean tube just inside with another hurricane lamp.

Oh my god, I'm getting a drink. Laugh. Laugh. Laugh. Laugh track. Insert laugh track. I feel like we should make up a laugh track and we just push a button every time something fucking absurd is said.

Oh, pro tip. As I open this can of soda, public domain sound clip coming in 5 seconds.

[sound of soda can opening]

That's public domain. Um, yeah. Uh oh, hold on. I got to drink it. It's kind of overflowing.

Okay, pro tip because I forgot about this with our little adorable rescue kittens. I opened a can of soda and um I forgot that they need to be adjusted to things like that, because they're in they have to be kept in my room, cuz um our whole entire house was not kitten proofed for the size of the kittens we found.

It's cat proof. kitten proofing? Very different, especially when they're tiny.

Um so they have to stay in my room, so they're not being exposed to many noises. They are now, on purpose, but I forgot that they don't know what the sound of a can of soda opening sounds like.

So I opened a can of soda and they it scared the fuckingshit out of all of them, because to them it sounds like a sudden hissing snarl and uh, like, they literally bolted.

I opened the can of soda and all of them disappeared.

They are they, have very I think I said this in a different video, but they have very good um self-preservation instincts from living on that playground where we found them. So they like, if they hear a scary noise, they instantly bolt for cover, which in this case is under a chair.

(from offscreen) [muffled]

There should be ham and cheese. I don't know if we have any more bread, though.

Yeah. Uh if you are raising kittens or puppies and dogs, any baby animal really, uh make sure they're just getting exposed to all of the common sounds of the household that you can expect. And also, yes, we are just going on a tangent now. Um

Let me see if Yeah.

Um you can just get just get them used to all the noises so that they know they don't need to be scared of it. And if uh whether you have cats or dogs, probably works with other things as well. Let me get a drink now that it's not fizzing up.

Uh we've actually trained most of our cats to not be completely terrified of the vacuum cleaner. And the way that you do that, and yes, this is just kind of devolving into a little pet training section because you should train your pets to not be scared of the vacuum cleaner because you shouldn't be having to terrorize

your pets on purpose or by accident when you turn the vacuum cleaner on.

So, if you have cats, if you have a dog, and this works with animals of any age, they don't have to be babies. It's literally not true that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. It's just easier to train them when they're younger. But it's not it's it's so it's so possible to train old dogs new tricks. I fucking promise you. And this also applies to cats.

You can in fact treat teach cats to do tricks and follow obedience things in general. Like. I have literally trained our cats here. I have two different tongue clicks, I do one when they are doing something that I want them to stop, and I have another one for when I want them to come to me. It literally works.

I also, they also know the word down when we're pointing at the floor to get off whatever surface they're standing on and go to the floor.

(from offscreen) Don't forget how much space these videos take up.

So, I'm aware we're going on the fucking tangent. I decided it, and you have to be here to do commentary.

So, and also um I taught them back up, which means if I am trying to get into the bathroom, which is a door that opens inwards because I'm giving one of them treats to get medicine and something, everybody else has to actually back up and sit and wait, and they can't come into the bathroom until I give them permission.

Anyways, if you want to train your pets to not be scared of the vacuum, get out your vacuum cleaner and spend a few minutes letting them sniff it and just be normal around it. You can give them treats so they have positive associations with it. And then tell them multiple times in the same tone of voice each time, “I'm turning the vacuum on.” I should not have said that, but they are all asleep, so they don't care.

Um, just say something like that a few times and always do it in the same tone of voice and then turn the vacuum on. When you and every single time you need to vacuum, spend at least 30 seconds saying this

so that they have warning. When you are done vacuuming for good, you say, "I'm turning the vacuum off."

Don't say it if you're just stopping for a me few minutes because you got to move it across the room or something so that they know when the scary noise is going to start because most of this is coming from them having no idea what's going on because it's just all of a sudden there's a roaring noise that's scary.

If you remove the sense of surprise, you remove a lot of the fear, especially if you don't harass them with it. When dogs are chasing after the vacuum, that's not cute. That's them feeling threatened and overstimulated.

You should not be teaching your dogs to “play” with the vacuum because that's just them being stressed out. It's not them actually having fun. Anyways, uh we can continue. Uh

there was a sheltered lean tube just inside with another hurricane lamp. Standing in the lee of

it out of the wind and rain was like stepping into a warm parlor. Some

No, no, no, no, no. At this point, it's too, he is too far gone. Simply not being hit by the, the the fucking wind and the rain? That's not enough at this point. This man's dying. He is actively going to be dying.

Something short and wrapped up in fur started to talk to him, but Parker's attention was caught by the young man with a shotgun who was closing and bolting the gate. The short furry figure pointed past him into the compound. Stables that way, son got be here at a bad time. You did. That was an understatement. Parker followed him out of the shelter. The freezing wind struck again, broken somewhat by the stockade. Parker staggered across muddy ground slick with ice patches. They blundered around the big dark shape of a stage coach and into the stable which was blessedly warm and far better than the leanto.

Parker waited until his guide got a lamp lit and asked, "You had a little trouble tonight?"

Again, this man should not be able to fucking talk, but he is, casually, so fucking easily.

You notice he still hasn't passed out, which he should be. He has fucking hypothermia. He's, he should be losing his fuckin feet and probably his hands. You might say that now.

This is wolf country tonight. It chuckled.

And again, you notice the casual dehumanization every time we've described this fucking person after setting up that, that fucking magic is a thing in this fucking universe. The way we're talking about this person implies that they're not actually human, because we're referring to them as some*thing* furry and a furry *thing*. And now we're referring to this person with it/its pronouns literally just to dehumanize him.

> It chuckled, face still invisible under the fur hood. It's bad, too. Real bad. There was a team of matched grays and a couple of tired pack mules already stabled. Parker picked a stall without waiting for permission, unsaddling the horse and starting to rub her down.

No, he can't do this shit. This man's dying. He— Okay, even if we say, "Okay, maybe he can lift his arms to show that his hands are empty." He can't do all of this shit! It's just not happening.

Uh,

> his hands were numb inside his gloves and clumsy, and his frozen ears were beginning to thaw, giving him a pounding headache.

That doesn't even begin to describe the torment this man should be in.

Like, you can say “he started to saddle the horse, but realized he couldn't.” And then also,
“people were dragging him away while he kept

insisting he needed to go back and finish stabling the horse.”

...Why is my phone not wanting to stay propped up?

Like, he should — he's, this is just bad writing.

Anyways, um

> the fur covered figure just stood there and watched. Parker guessed they were starved for entertainment around here. He decided to play naive and asked, "So that fellow was killed by wolves?" The figure laugh the figure laughed, shed the hood and a couple of knitted scarves, and turned into an old little man with salt and pepper beard, small eyes, and big yellow teeth. He reminded Parker of a chipmunk, and not in a good way.

Just— Okay, hold on.

Notice how this is oldfashioned times, before the advent of fluoride, toothpaste, and dental care. But

only the evil guy that we are not supposed to like has big yellow teeth to show that he is evil.

Even though teeth whitening doesn't exist. So everybody's teeth are going to be yellow unless they're drinking vinegar all the time and wearing right now

Literally. And we are again continuing to to dehumanize this little old man which is just ableism and ageism, because this man is so short he probably has a form of dwarfism, because he's like, being — every description we're given implies that like he's bare— he's not even coming up to our protagonist's waist.

That's how that's how fucking tiny this man is being described as. So this is just again ableism, agism, and fucking, uh, I think they call it lookism, which is literally just pretending that not being conventionally attractive makes you evil.

Uh yeah...

> He reminded Parker of a chipmunk and not in a good way. Not wolves, one wolf. We got wolf trouble. A werewolf. Parker gave him a hard look. A werewolf. It won't be a full moon for another two weeks.

Again, I can't I can't stop emphasizing this conversation should not be possible right now with the level — They're in the stable now, which is slightly better, but it's not, it's, it's just — Parker's teeth should be chattering so much he can barely get a word out. He shouldn't be able to talk even if his teeth aren't chattering. This man should be dying of fucking hypothermia.

And if he's not meant to be dying of hypothermia, then why didn't she just have it be goddamn summer? And there's a fucking rock slide blocking the further road. Something. But nooo, it's just, it's just vibes based. It's just, “oh yeah, walking home through the rain would really would suck, wouldn't it?” Okay, but you're not in the middle of a city where it's warm and

it's — is not simple inconvenience. This is life-threatening.

> A werewolf. It won't be a full moon for another two weeks. Besides, he didn't think an Indian shaman would bother with a chimera to warn about a werewolf. This one don't need a full moon. Don't need nothing. He ain't under no curse. Likes it probably. Sinful. He shook his head. A sad ship chipmunk.

Literally just dehumanizing a disabled old man. But we're supposed to pretend it's okay, “because look, he's got he's got big yellow teeth! That makes him evil!”

> Killed two men and a horse earlier today. I saw him. took a couple of shots at him, but he just faded away into the snow. He grinned. "You don't have to look like I'm dafted, young fella. You can ask the stage passengers. They believe." Parker wished he could ask the mules. They probably had more sense. "Yes, I might do that. You'll see. We're going to have wolf travel

> tonight, that's for sure." The chimp monk laughed again and headed for the doors again.

This is — This is — Martha Wells's writing has literally never fucking improved. She just fucking loves dehumanizing the villains, and in this case, literally a little old man with dwarfism. Uh...

> and headed for the doors. Come on into the post when you're done. Stabling is half price for tonight because of the storm.

(from offscreen) [sarcastically] Capitalist.

Yeah.

> Parker finished with the horse, swearing under his breath. He was trapped for the night with a stage full of other people's problems and towns men who thought everybody they met was a werewolf. Probably all on their way to Miller's Crossing for a witch burning, he said in disgust to the horse who flicked an ear.

I, I'm going to keep stressing: this man should be unconscious. He should be dead. This is ridiculous. I could accept — this has fallen off.

I could accept this if — literally we would have just been told that he knows a fire, uh, a heat — a fire spell combined with a healing spell, that he was taught as a kid after he fell into an icy river and, and, and uses all the time.

I could accept that, but this is ridiculous.

> Outside again, he couldn't see much of the post house in the dark, but got the impression of a long rambling building. When he opened the heavy wooden door, what little conversation there was stopped

Because you know all those scenes in movies where “somebody opens a door and then everybody stops talking. That's cool. He stepped—”

Even though it doesn't make sense for this shit. It literally doesn't make sense. It doesn't make sense.

> He stepped inside letting the wind slam the door shut behind him.

Huh? I thought he was in the stable outside again.

> He couldn't see the post house in the dark, but got the impression of a long rambling building.

Okay. So, he's walking from the stable. Yeah. And it's all one paragraph with a, with, for that person who made a poll on Tumblr, this story has two spaces after each period. I just noticed somebody was asking about that.

Um, yeah.

> When he opened the heavy wooden door, what little conversation there was stopped. He stepped inside, letting the wind slam the door shut behind him.

So, the door opens outwards. That's a, That's That's dumb. People. People, especially colonizers, in an area that is actively under fucking conflict, they're

going to build doors that open inward so that you can fucking barricade them.

Whatever. Um,

> this was the long public room of the post where passengers would wait while the horses were changed. The lanterns were smoky and most of the light came from the fire in the big stone hearth. The place smelled musty, like it hadn't been opened up in some time, and the walls were patched with yellow newspaper.

Again, he should be unconscious at this point. His knees just need to give out at the very least, and he needs to fucking topple forward. This is ridiculous. Uh,

> There were three men, one sitting at the plank table, one standing at the hearth, and one looking as if he had just stopped pacing and was anxious to get back to it. Parker tipped his hat politely. He hadn't seen an unfriendlier set of expressions since the last time he and Harry

had robbed a train. He wished Harry were here now instead of waiting for him in Piscaro, but there was nothing to help that. He headed for the fireplace and put his back against it, dripping on the city stone as the ice caught in his coat melted.

Again, it's not just in his coat. His coat isn't waterproofed. This man is soaked to the bone by freezing rain and has been for hours, night — since *before* the sun set.

Quite a night. From h from this angle he saw there was a woman seated at the table too. Gloved hands around a mug for warmth. She wore a long black dress and her hair under her bonnet was very straight and very dark. Her face was calm and still, like something from an old Spanish portrait, but her skin was pale.Who the hell are you? That was the pacer. Apparently not in a very genial mood. Easy, mister. I just came in out of the cold, Parker said, sounding sociable to save argument again.

He needs to be collapsing.

> In his career, he had always been more interested in acquiring money with as little notice as possible and not shooting people. He didn't like trouble for trouble's sake. The obviously overroought man glaring at him was well-dressed in his 40s, graying, built stocky, but going to fat.

You notice you notice how the antagonists are always ~probably going to run to fat later~. And this man is going to fat because he's antagonistic.

Also, this should not be one paragraph. It's, it's fine to say that Parker doesn't like causing trouble for trouble's sake, but then why are we describing the man in that exact same paragraph, if the followup is not, “he looked like the exact kind of person that Parker would like to rob, way too rich for his own good.” Something like that. But there's no, there's no good reason for those two sentences and concepts to be in the same paragraph together.

Ow! Foot! No!

Uh, yeah. We got all that description and then we just get:

> He snarled. How can we be sure of that? Parker's mouth quirked at the nonsensical question. Guess we're just going to have to take my word for it. The woman said quietly. Mr. Abernathy, please. Parker liked her voice. Quite right, ma'am. the man standing at the other end of the mantle said. His coat was still dripping on the floorboards, and Parker figured he had been the one of the two men at the gate. No reason to be unfriendly. He looked at Parker.

Also, if you're confused about how many people are in this room, so am I.

I'm getting a drink quick. It named three men and one woman. Yeah. It's just baffling though. Um things… Yeah, there were three. One was blah, one was blah, and one was blah. Mhm.

> He looked at Parker. I'm Gunderson. That's preacher Johnson. He nodded to the dark clothed man still sitting quietly at the table. Mrs. Johnson. Damn, Parker thought. And Mr. Abernathy. We were heading to Twin Rivers on the stage, but the ice storm hit and we had to stop off here. Gunderson was about Parker's age with a droopy mustache and a flashy red waist coat.

Again, another anti-description, something that has actively gotten worse the longer she writes, because in 2025, we're still getting shit like this.

This Gunderson character was “about the same age as the protagonist”, whose age we don't know. We haven't even been given an implication.

Uh...

> We were heading to Twin Rivers on the stage, but the ice storm hit and we h had to stop off here. Gunderson was about Parker's age with a droopy mustache and a flashy red waist coat.

And see, this is all just very confusing, because she could have simply described what the characters look like when he entered the room, but now, doing it now is just making it more confused. I don't know who the fuck is supposed to be who.

(from offscreen) There's also no explanation about what a stage in this case is it a train?

It's a stage coach.

(from offscreen) Yeah, but random ass people don't know that.

Oh, yeah.

(from offscreen) Random ass people who don't read things aren't going to know that.

> That was a mistake, Abernathy muttered, starting to pace again. That was going to get on Parker's nerves sooner rather than later.

Well, your nerves are frozen, so you're just dead. I don't care what you think.

> There wasn't a choice. The preacher stood to put a comforting hand on his wife's shoulder. He was droopy and mousy.

Oh yeah. Mhm. Every time somebody refers to somebody as “mousy” simply because we're not supposed to like them, it's just like — this is just the worst most pathetic kind of writing.

> He was droopy and mousy looking

Which —

> and seemed to need the comfort more than the composed figure of his wife.

[sarcasm] Because if we pretend that um men are cowards, that means that we're doing feminism, right? [end of sarcasm]

Kind of early in the season to run stages through this route, isn't it? Halfass was more like it, but Parker wanted them to talk about themselves and not ask him questions.

Are you getting the Murderbot vibes? Are you getting the Moon vibes? Are you getting the Kai vibes? Are you getting the vibes of every single Martha Wells protagonist ever to fucking exist?

Abernathy shrugged. The weather was clear at at

Ch-andler's? Sh-andler's I never know if I'm supposed to pronounce this like an SH sound or a CH sound

at Chandler's Ford.

I— because I've I've met people whose last names are Chandler, Chandler with an S at the end. Some of them pronounce it Chandler and other people pronounce it Shandler. So I never know. Either way it means candle, just, candler, candle-maker just for the fucking record.

Um

The weather was clear at Chandler's Ford. I thought it would hold. I have to get to Twin Rivers. It wasn't your fault, Mr. Abernathy," the preacher interrupted kindly. "I have a position at a church further west. My wife is going to teach school there. We wanted to get there as soon as possible, so we took the risk of the weather." Gunderson glanced at Parker a little more pointedly. "And you are heading to Miller's Crossing." He wasn't heading there, but it was a logical destination for anybody coming down the Little Sally Pass. So, you think wolves killed that man out there? They stared at him, stricken, except for Mrs. Johnson, who lowered her head a little and lifted a hand to her mouth. Gunderson shifted uneasily. That was the stage driver. Two other men have been killed since we pulled in at dusk. Old Jim, the post caretaker, saw something attack his helper outside the stockade. He fired at it, but by the time he got out there, the boy was dead. It

> wasn't pretty, so the stage outrider went for help. He came back tied to his horse, tore up so much that How day, our driver, hardly recognized him. The horse was was bled so badly it didn't last long either. None of us kind of left us trapped here, at least until morning. He smiled thinly. This is the You see why things are a little tense.

This is ridiculous.

(from offscreen) They should have literally just shot him on sight. This is—

Yeah, this is beyond ridiculous.

So, these people here are literally in the plot of a horror movie, and they're all just — they're very casual about it for no fucking reason, and they have been for hours, probably since nightfall.

This is ridiculous.

Parker frowned, trying to make sense of it. It seemed like whatever it was hadn't been stalking the area for long, or Jim and his helper would have been dead before this. It had to have been here at least long enough for some shaman to find out about it and put up the chimera to warn his people off. You think it'll let you alone in the morning? You aren't going to try to leave when the storm lets up? from what they

What — He's — This man is so—

Okay, the man is suggesting that they leave in the middle of the night, uh, immediately after a fucking blizzard. and just go at night in winter.

You aren't going to try and leave when the storm lits up. From what they had said, the thing like to pick victims off one at a time. A stage full of armed people should be safe, even moving slow in the dark.

What the fuck is he talking about!!!?

(from offscreen) It wasn’t safe in the first place! It literally—

Yeah, we're just ignoring that!

> These things don't have power in the daylight, Abernathy said, taking out a handkerchief to wipe his face. A haunt got stirred up in pines one night, frightened a couple of folks to death. But it lost its power in the morning, and just drifted around. You could see right through it, like frosted glass, and it couldn't do a thing. Yeah, but that was a haunt, Parker thought. Haunts didn't eat you. It was probably a mistake to attempt to talk rationally to these people, but he tried.

And it's like, where??? What do you fucking mean?! It's— What do you fucking mean? They're all — What do — This is — This is the strongest —

It's just — Martha Wells thinks that she is the smartest person in every room she walks into. And all of her fucking protagonists reflect that, because they

all have the exact same personality, and they are all just her fucking mouthpiece.

If Murderbot weren't Martha Wells's mouthpiece, the narrative would be proving it wrong.

If Parker right now thinking these people are, just based on nothing, that they're completely irrational — this is what she actually believes! When they let him inside instead of shooting him on sight, which is actually the rational thing in this instance.

If you're being stalked by a goddamn serial killer, serial killer monster person!

> It was probably a mistake to attempt to talk rationally to these people, but he tried. Why are you all so sure it's a werewolf? They don't usually.

And it's like again just and it it's it's very funny finding out that Martha Wells literally did not read books until after she graduated college. But then, she

still clearly thinks that she's better than every single other person.

Uh...

> The door banged open, letting in a blast of cold air. Old Jim and the man who had let Parker in and the man who had let Parker into the post. He took a hard look at Parker and said evenly, "I'd like you to turn over your pistol.

Who— Who's doing that? Is that old Jim or the other dude? Because we just referred to most of them.

> Parker lifted his his brows. Considering what's happening here, that doesn't sound like too good an idea. We didn't have to let you in. The mound the man countered, eyeing Parker unkindly.

We're just supposed to dislike him for that, for pointing out basic fucking shit like, yeah! Correct! They did not have to let him in here! They could have shot him on sight, which would be the rational thing!

Mhm.

> Jim chartled at him. Hell day. I run this place and just cuz you like cuz just cuz you people jinxed it with a wolf curse is no reason for me to turn folks away on a night like this. Glad the chipmunk.

We literally just continued to dehumanize this disabled old man. And also, like, elderly people are inherently disabled. We just call that being elderly though.

> Glad the chipmunk was on his side. Parker said, "Look, the thing you described isn't going to have to sneak in here. It'll just climb the stockade." "That could be right," How agreed evenly. "It could also just be that Jim's werewolf is a crazy man playing games." They stared each other down. Parker could see the man was afraid, maybe frightened enough to do things he wouldn't ordinarily do. "What does that mean?" Parker asked him quietly. You going to run me out of here?

This is so fucking ridiculous.

This man should be on the floor and dead at the very least. He needs to be in a fucking coma.

His feet and hands are not salvageable, but whatever, we're just pretending it's drama. ~So cool.~

> How didn't answer, and his expression didn't change. The others were watching like it was a stage drama. Whatever happened, Parker didn't think they would interfere. Then Hell Day said slowly, "You can say. You can stay, but I want to keep your gun until you leave in the morning. I already took the rifle out of your gear in the stable." He added, suddenly a little self-conscious. It was the only thing I touched. Parker's eyes narrowed, but it was almost fair under the circumstances. He debated being jumped by How and Abernathy and probably Gunderson and Johnson, too, and ending up out in the cold with the thing the Chimera had been left to warn about versus being stuck in here and armed with the thing the Chimera had been

> left to warn about. Either way, it was better without the cold. It's a deal. Smiling affably, he unbuckled his gun belt and stepped up to hand it to How.

And then we have another line break.

Getting a drink. I'm starving.

> Somebody suggested food and Jim said, "That's a good idea. Come on back to the kitchen and I'll get us some dinner." But it was Miss Johnson who silently took charge, taking meat and bread out of Jim's larder

Because misogyny, it's literally just misogyny. And you notice that our protagonist is a man? It's, it's just misogyny, and it never stops.

The literal bare minimum you can do is have female characters who actually matter and female protagonists. But Martha Wells is a fucking misogynist. So she literally cannot even be assed to

have a female protagonist who actually gets to fucking, you know, have her own story to herself.

Literally. Emilie of Emilie in the Hollow Worlds is the only female protagonist she's ever written who doesn't have to share every other chapter or whatever with a male narrator. And Emilie is such a passive protagonist that she literally might as well *not exist*.

Uh…

> But it was Miss Johnson who silently took charge, taking meat and bread out of Jim's lard. She turned the meat over on the table, studying it, nose wrinkled thoughtfully, before she cut it up for sandwiches, did the same for the bread, and sifted the coffee like she was looking for weevils. Jim allowed her free rain, chuckling to himself about a woman's touch in the kitchen.

Martha Wells, she says that so that we don't like Jim for being a misogynist, when she's literally the one writing this shit.

(from offscreen) Lampshading it does not mean you're not doing it.

Mhm.

> Considering how bad Jim smelled at close range, Parker didn't think she was doing it out of a sense of duty at all, and he had never been so grateful in his life.

So, we're saying what?

> Considering how bad Jim smelled at close range, Parker didn't think she was doing it out of a sense of duty at all.

So, we're literally taking blatant misogyny and saying, "Oh, but it's actually — it's, it's not misogyny. She's *choosing* to do this. It's not having a sense of duty because she's a woman and it's her job, she's, ~she's choosing to do it~. It's not misogyny at all. It's totally not misogyny for the single fucking woman here to have to feed all of these grown ass men.

> She took her gloves off to work, and when she handed him the plate, he noticed her hands were pale and neat. The nails filed back nearly to the quick. The kitchen was a smaller room and the polished the the pot-bellied stove kept it almost warm.

What do you mean almost warm? What do you— What do you mean? What?

You are in a house with a fireplace and you are now in a small room with a heater and we're saying it's only almost warm again.

We're just doing vibes-based fucking— We're— nothing!

It's just so fucking— Okay, I guess we got to explain this to people.

If it's cold outside, and you have a heater in a small room, your small room is going to be warm. Especially if you have, what is it? Three.

Those three people, plus her, plus him, plus the two people who came outside.

You have seven people and a wood stove in a small room. It's going to be warm in there.

That's — And you’re —

(from offscreen) Especially if it's insulated enough to be stuffy.

Yeah. Like we're literally told that the whole thing is stuffy and, meaning there's no fucking breezes. So, it's not like the cold is coming in. It's not drafty.

She doesn't — She didn't — She doesn't — She doesn't understand any of this shit.

> Nobody seemed to want to talk, but Parker still wanted to know more. So, what did you see? He asked Chipmunk Jim,

Which we are now using as— We are literally using Chipmunk as a proper noun and calling him

Chipmunk Jim “because dehumanizing fucking disabled people is awesome”, and we're supposed to think that's funny.

> Jim stared at him blankly and Parker clarified when the first man was killed. He was outside the stockade. What did he go out there for? He was trying to get Jim to tell the story from the beginning, knowing people always came out with details that you would never think to ask about or that you didn't want to ask about in front of the concerned parties. From what the others had said, it sounded like the coach had already been inside the stockade, and Parker would have liked to know who was stretching their legs out in the yard and in sight when the men had been killed, just to settle his own mind. But Jim shuddered in his bulky coat and skipped,

What? What do you mean they're all still wearing their coats??? This is just so badly written. He's — [groan of exasperation] whatever.

> But Jim shuddered in his bulky coat and skipped all that, saying only, "The light was falling early, failing early because of the storm. I just got a glimpse of it running off into the trees. I heard it howl."

(from offscreen) Starting at the beginning, literally, he said, "I couldn't see a lot because the sun was failing."

Yeah.

Martha Wells is bad at writing and, and she actively refuses to improve and actively refuses to accept any criticism.

> That doesn't mean it's a werewolf," Preacher Johnson said quietly, making everyone look at him in surprise. He had his hands wrapped around a mug of coffee for warmth, his eyes on the fire inside the stove's belly. Mrs. Johnson didn't eat didn't look up at him. There are creatures of darkness that could do this, that could curse this entire valley.

Are we, does that mean that werewolves do not count as creatures of darkness? Why? Why are these two separate categories?

> Ignoring the interruption, Jim continued, "Dark as pitched, dark as pitch, running like a wolf, but on two what? Running like a wolf, but on two legs. Hopping. Hopping for our lives." He shuddered again, but Parker had malicious enjoyment in that, not fear.

Do you hear this shit?

> starved for entertainment, Parker thought again. If it's not a werewolf, then it could be somebody using craft, making a chimera of himself to make it look like he was with the others. And if that's so, he could have killed your guard with a spell and not his hands. Abernathy snorted, but Haye and Gunderson stared at him. Gunderson said, "You ask questions like a law man. Are you a law man?"

It's like, what? What?? What??? This is ridiculous! He's not even asking questions — he's just — he's not asking questions like a fucking law man. he's just asking questions!

This is ridiculous. And we're supposed to ask— this is, this is this is Martha Wells pretending that “oh, the other people, they don't even, they don't even ask simple questions. That means they're stupid.” That's literally what's going on here.

Gunderson's— Yeah. They're just staring at him because he's asking basic questions.

(from offscreen) It’s smart when the protagonist does it, buthow you dare ask her about her work!

Yeah. Yeah. When when the protagonist asks basic questions, just like with ART, um when Parker does it, it's just “it's just common sense and it means other people are stupid.”

But when I'm asking basic questions about, you know, continuity, how the fucking world building is

supposed to work, then that just means I “don't understand how storytelling works.”

And this is — and the person claiming we don't understand how storytelling works literally didn't start reading books until after she graduated college and thinks that's something to be proud of.

> You ask questions like a law man. Are you a law man?

I don't actually know how you pronounce this word. I'm I'm looking up how to pronounce “Jesuit” because I don't know if you actually pronounce it that way. Let's see.

Push play. Tell me how to say it. Why is this Why is this a minute long? Yeah.

Jesuit or Jesuit.

Okay. So, it is pronounced exactly how it looks.

Are you a law man? I was raised by Jesuits. It wasn't true, but it did tend to shut people up. Why do you think it's not a werewolf? How asked, sounding more like he might be willing to listen to the answer. Parker chalked it up to the Jesuit thing. It's not a full moon, Parker pointed out. But it seemed like there was another reason, too. Parker's Parker's gut was telling him that even if everybody on the coach except Hell Day was a werewolf, he would have still bet the whole army payroll that something else had done this.

Uh, and then we have another line break dot dot dot of asterisks.

Uh, okay.

Parker never managed to get more sense out of Jim, and nobody else had seen anything to speak of. Finally, Mrs. Johnson went down the hall to one of the bunk rooms to retire. Parker thought the back of the house had to be nearly as cold as outside, but she seemed to want the

> privacy. Gunderson had gone out to take How's place guarding the gate. The others were in the kitchen.

And again, I cannot stress, these people are in a fucking blizzard. Most of — a lot of these people were soaking wet, because their coats were dripping, because they're soaked to the skin.

This isn't the kind of situation where — and they're in, the, they're in, the, they're in the plot of a horror movie! This isn't the kind of situation. no matter what the fucking, uh. vague unstated time period is, nobody's going to be going off to the by themselves to sleep in any way.

Especially not when it's freezing cold outside and you're we're told that a fucking stove in a small crowded room is only making it “almost” warm, so, meaning that it's still cold inside the building.

These people are all in danger of freezing to death! They're all gonna be hanging out in the goddamn kitchen, the smallest fucking room that they can have,

because — sending people out in a blizzard to guard the gate when they can just bar all the doors from the inside?! This is so fucking ridiculous.

Like, we are literally supposed to be, to, like, the — this is all, again, no research, no care was put into this whatsoever to make sure it actually even remotely makes sense.

They're in a blizzard.

They are all actively in danger of freezing to death.

They're not sending people outside, especially not by themselves.

This is ridiculous.

They are all going to be huddled up in the smallest room, which was the kitchen that had the stove, and they're all going to be — they're going to have shit in front of the door to keep all the heat in there, and they're just going to stay in there all night.

Uh…

Parker thought the back of the house had to be nearly as cold as outside, but she seemed to want the privacy

Which is ridiculous!

Gunderson had gone out to take How's place guarding the gate. The others were in the kitchen.

And this is what I mean when I say it's like ridiculous and so impossible to keep track of how many people are actually here or who was doing what?

There should be five people total. There's like seven people. There's seven of them.

Parker waited for the place to get quiet. Then he went out on the porch. The storm had died away earlier while they were eating, leaving the night still and frozen. There were lamps lit out in the yard now.

Also, everybody's reactions to what's happening is so chill when it shouldn't be in any way. It's just ridiculous. Um..

> There were lamps lit out in the yard now, several hanging from the porch roof and lighting the area around the gate in pools of yellow light. He couldn't see anybody moving, just the fine coating of ice. He had never been warm enough to take his coat.

Oh my god.

Oh my god.

> He had never been warm enough to take off his coat

And his clothes were still damp. It's been hours. It's been hours and the man is still in soaking wet clothes soaked to the fucking bone this whole time, and we're just, he's, he's just magically alive.

Also, this happens in Emilie and the Hollow World, too.

She's freezing cold and then she goes for a fucking swim in some fucking water. and it's still freezing cold, and then she just sits and sits somewhere for a while to to warm up by not moving.

And then she's warm enough to go for a swim again, at night, all by herself, in not a bathing suit, in soaking wet clothes.

Martha Wells is a terrible writer. She doesn't— She doesn't do any research. She doesn't care about anything. It's just “Oh, yeah. It's It's definitely fine to __”

She just uses shit like this for cheap drama. It's just vibes based, but you're not actually supposed to think about what this means.

Like Emilie literally, I don't know what chapter that was. It was not chapter one, I don't think.

She should have frozen to death at the very least.

She should have passed out and missed her fucking opportunity to uh, be a stowaway because she almost furs to death on the docks, because she's swimming at night.

And also the, the child is supposed to be like, 16 years old, but then she still decided — it's just — go read Emilie in the Hollow World and see for yourself.

It's ridiculous.

Or Obsolescence. No, this, No, this one's No, the shit just in, again with this kind of vibes based. Oh, yeah.

Uh, it's just ridiculous.

> He had never been warm enough to take his coat off

While in a building that has a fire in the fireplace, and no drafts, with seven other people.

She doesn't know how any of this shit works.

And his clothes were still damp.

He's literally wearing wet clothing still.

And he stepped off the porch and walked toward the stable, ice crunching underfoot. The sound was oddly loud in the quiet. And Gunderson stepped out of the lean tube beside the gate to stare at him.

She really likes saying that these people are just staring at the protagonist, because that makes them seem stupid, because they're just staring instead of, to—

We could have said “he leaned over to check out where the noise had come from”, but no, it's just “to stare at him”.

Parker, determined to maintain a friendly and innocent demeanor no matter what, waved. It

was too dark to see the man's expression, but he didn't wave back.

If it's too dark to see his expression, why do you know he's staring at you? You could have just said he saw “he saw the shadow—” No, not even that. You could have just said “he saw the shadow of Gunderson move to watch him.”

Since Gunderson had seen him and it would be good to have a more obvious reason for walking around in the cold, Parker stopped and opened the stable door. He held it wide enough for the lamp light outside to penetrate the darkness. The horses and mules stared curiously at him. Then a patch of ground a few feet away exploded from a shotgun blast.
Parker bolted for the corner of the stable almost before he realized Gunderson must have shot at him. In the dark patch between the two buildings, he flattened himself against the wall and called out, "What the hell?"

"I saw it! It went this way!" Gunderson was running across the compound, out of the lamplight, toward the outbuildings.
"Don't follow it!" Parker yelled. "That's what it--"

And then the, the dialogue ends in, just in, uh italics.

wants. Oh, for God's sake.

Because again, “the protagonist is the only person here who has common sense, and is the smartest person here, and already knew from simply walking in that these people weren't rational, and it's impossible to talk rationally to them.”

He ran after the man.
Past the barn, between two tumbledown outbuildings, Gunderson jolted to a halt, lifting the gun. Something moved in the shadows, a fast blob of darkness.

Why are we calling the thing the scary thing that's supposed to be scary a blob?

Parker saw Gunderson go down and the gun go flying. He dived for it, landing in the frozen mud and snatching it up. He rolled and f

Again. This man is still in damp clothes that have — his clothes are still literally fucking wet. It's been hours. This man is so fucking dead.

But we're supposed to pretend that he can actually do dodge rolls, multiple dodge rolls, and leap around and grab a gun from the ground.

All of this, this man, this man has died so many fucking times over. But, but it's just vibes-based, because walking — “walking through the rain is just simple simply an inconvenience, right?” Not like —

He rolled.

He did another dodge roll.

He rolled and fired the other barrel into the dark thing standing over Gunderson. It jerked,

snarled, and tore away from the body,
hunkering down only a few paces away.

Parker rolled to

How many times is he rolling?!?!?!?

Parker rolled to his feet, holding the empty gun
like a club,

He's—

So he did a dodge roll to get to the gun.

And he's doing another dodge roll to get to his feet,

holding the empty gun like a club, thinking,
Back away slowly, then run, very very fast.
Then the creature laughed, a high-pitched
growl of amusement, and bolted off into the
dark.
He took a step toward the body, but there was
nothing to be done; Gunderson had been ripped
open neck to groin, blood pooling dark on the

> frozen ground. Saw that one coming, Parker thought sourly. It could have gotten him, too. It obviously knew the gun was empty, having tricked Gunderson into firing the first barrel. But he figured it had done what it came to do; picked another one of them off. Then he felt a prickle along his hairline and looked up. Mrs. Johnson was standing a few paces away on the other side of the body, a neat figure in her dark coat and bonnet.
> "Mr. Parker," she said with perfect composure, drawing her skirts back from the blood.

This is ridiculous. It's freezing cold out here, but we're supposed to pretend these people are just wandering around outside casually.

> "Mrs. Johnson," he said. She didn't look at all discomposed for a woman standing over steaming insides. Yep, Parker thought, Just out for a walk on an icy winter night in an isolated outpost populated by strange men and murdering werewolves.

Martha Wells thinks that lampshading these things makes it makes it magically logical.

> Of course, she might just be having an affair with Halday or Chipmunk Jim.

Continuing to dehumanize him.

> He tossed the useless shotgun down next to the guard's body. "I don't have a gun."
> "Neither do I."
> "But I don't think you're unarmed." He circled to the right, trying to get a better view of the body without touching it, keeping one eye on her. She went left, keeping one eye on him.
> "Did you see it?"
> "I saw what I was meant to see," she said, her voice as neat and precise as her movements.
> "Why did he shoot at you?"
> It could have sounded like an accusation, but Parker knew it wasn't. "He didn't. He thought he saw it creeping up on me. But there was nothing there."

What?

“He thought he saw it creeping up on me. But there was nothing there."

Why? Why? What? We're just saying shit out of nothing, based on no— out of nowhere based on nothing!

He added, "He saw what he was meant to see." Her fine mouth twisted in agreement. "It's unfortunate."

This is— Do you hear this shit?

This is supposed to be ~really cool and mysterious~ and it's just meaningless. I'm not reading it again.

Then the door to the post banged open and hurried footsteps crunched on the snow. Mrs. Johnson vanished into the dark with a flick of her skirts. Parker yelled, "Over here!"

Abernathy, Preacher Johnson, Halday and Chipmunk Jim were running toward him from the post.
Johnson moved up beside Halday, saying with grim fear, "So it's in here with us now."
"Maybe it always was." Abernathy looked white-eye scared. "This thing . . . it didn't start until we got here."
"That's what I said," Jim put in, not helpfully.
Ignoring him, Johnson was glaring at Abernathy. "What do you mean? You think it's one of us? Is that what you're saying?"
Abernathy flung his arms up in exasperation.
"You heard the old man, none of this happened before we got here! It has to be one of us. I said we should all stay together, but Halday and I were alone in the bunkroom when the shots woke us. Where were you?"
"I was with my wife, where do you think?"
Johnson said coldly.

And then that's another line break.

> Abernathy stomped back inside, but Halday held a lamp while Johnson and Parker got the body wrapped in a tarp and carried it out to a shed near the stockade wall, where the other three bundles were. If it hadn't been for the cold, the place would have smelled like a charnel house by now.

Again, we Martha Wells thinks to just telling us that it's freezing cold. It's literally so cold outside that it's cold even inside, while they're in the fucking tiny kitchen packed with seven people and a stove.

Oops. Phone batter is dying—

Okay, plugged in. Now we can stick that.

(to cat) Sorry, you can go back to sleep. I didn't— Your name is not ‘phone is dying’. Why are you acting like I called you? You're adorable.

> "It can't be one of us," Halday said as they crossed the yard on the way back. He sounded as if he was mostly talking to himself. "No one

> was alone, except you." He threw a sidelong look at Parker. "And you don't have blood on your clothes."
> "Thank you for noticing," Parker agreed.
> Johnson said, stubbornly, "It must've climbed the stockade, then got back out again."
> And he'll stick to that story 'til it kills us, Parker thought

Because, again, we're pretending that this, that that these people are irrational for, for —

As though the idea of something climbing a fucking wall is unbelievable!

> He said, "I'll take the watch. If I can have some shells for the shotgun."
> Halday stopped and eyed him. "It's my job, I'll do it."
> Lack of blood only went so far, apparently. As the others went into the house, he said, "I'll check the horses, then," and headed toward the barn

Because, again, as the — This is fucking ridiculous.

So, they're they're supposed to be suspicious of this guy and think he might be the serial killer werewolf, but then they literally just continue to let him wander off by himself when he could — if, if we are going with the assumption he's a werewolf that he could just use that to fucking transform and kill some more people!

He glanced back, making sure Halday's attention was on the gate, and stepped into the shadows between the two buildings.

It's night time! Like, how— whatever!

He stood still

Where was— Oh, I scrolled too far.

He stood still a moment, feeling his feet freeze, waiting for his eyes to adjust. Now he could finally have a look for what he had originally come out here to see.

> He made his way through the dark, past the rundown outbuildings. It was too dark to search without a lantern, but on this night that would be like traveling with a brass band.
> He reached the stockade wall, and felt his way to the corner. He couldn't see a damn thing and reluctantly tugged his glove off. His fingers were mostly numb, but the marks carved into the post were wide enough to feel with the back of his hand. He stepped away

Again, this is so fucking ridiculous.

Like, dude, Martha Wells, his fingers alone are not numb. His entire hand should be without fucking feeling. This man fucking— He literally took his glove off. This is ridiculous.

> His fingers were mostly numb, but the marks carved into the post were wide enough to feel with the back of his hand.

He has been wearing completely soaking wet clothes for hours now, and they — he, he — at no point did he

take them off to dry. He's literally been wearing them for hours.

Literally, he's literally still wearing soaking wet clothing that is literally sapping his body heat every single fucking second he continues to wear them.

This is literally why every single fucking time you watch a movie or something or even documentaries about people with frostbite, if they are wearing wet clothes, the very first fucking thing you need to do is get them out of the wet clothes, because that literally is sapping away your body heat.

This is why people in movies take off their wet clothes and huddle somewhere dry and get — like, basic fucking shit that literal children are taught when they play in the fucking snow! You take off your wet socks when you come inside or your feet will continue to freeze!

I swear to God.

He couldn't see a damn thing and reluctantly tugged his glove off. His fingers were mostly numb, but the marks carved into the post were wide enough to feel with the back of his hand. He stepped away, pulling his glove back on. Those were some kind of hex signs, and the carving wasn't new. They were pointing inward, meaning to protect whatever was in the compound. "Not doing such a great job at that," he said under his breath.

Unless they were. It could be that, Parker thought. He should have gone with first impressions.

He went back to the house, moving quietly, keeping to the dark patches. The floorboards of the back porch didn't creak, and somebody had left the latch lifted on the kitchen door. But Chipmunk Jim had been awful careless for a man who was being stalked by a werewolf or whatever the hell.

You all are. They are literally just let you wander off by yourself again. This is ridiculous.

Parker had thought about trying to enlist Halday's help and already discarded the notion. Appearances aside, Johnson would probably be the one most likely to keep his head. But explanations and proof would take too long, and they would all end up with their insides steaming on the ground. And he still wasn't certain where Mrs. Johnson fit into all this, if she was an innocent bystander or cheering from the grandstand.

He had to pass through the front room to get to rest of the house, and Johnson was in there with Abernathy, sitting on opposite sides of the room, both watching the door.

Let me get a drink. Any comments?

(From offscreen) Just that there's nothing happening.

Yep.

Parker nodded to them as he went through to the back, down the dark hallways, past the locked doors that led to rooms for storage of

supplies and beds for passengers, past the presumably locked door to the bedroom Mrs. Johnson had taken.

Halday had put the guns in a locked room in the back that did the duty of a safe for mail. Parker felt for the lock with a certain degree of confidence; he had been a safecracker before it got easier to just blow the things up. But the hasp was already broken.

Well, you should have seen this coming, he told himself wearily. He stepped back and pushed the door open with a finger.

Jim was standing inside, leaning against the cabinet where Halday had put the guns. He chuckled merrily to himself. The chipmunk teeth were now long and white and pointed on the ends. He said, "Now tell old Jim what gave him away."

"There was hex marks protecting whatever's inside the stockade. If you could do that, you could stop anybody with a wolf curse," Parker said, to give himself time to think. Jim had long

> dirty claws now too, long sharp ones, that hadn't been there an instant ago.

We literally just said Jim had long dirty claws now. long, sharp ones. We literally described the claws as long twice, in like, under 10 words.

Um…

> His coat had fallen open to show nothing under it but a squat muscular body covered with straggly black fur soaked with blood.

So, this man's fur is also soaked with blood. He's also freezing to death. Oh my gosh.

Especially because this is implying that he's been soaked with blood the whole time. This man's also dead. Everybody here has frozen to death.

> Jim had smelled pretty foul as it was, but the cold had disguised the worst of the odor.

Martha Wells is also really obsessed with the idea that predatory animals smell terrible because, like most random fucking conservatives, they don't use logic.

Um,

> but the cold had disguised the worst of the odor. "But it's not a wolf curse, is it?"
> "Oh, no. That was just a joke." Jim chuckled. "You weren't the only one I was teasin'. Funny, huh? What's the point of someone being a werewolf and smelling the witchery on me, and then not being able to tell anybody about it because you can't say how you know? Now that's funny."
> "You used a chimera to make Johnson and Abernathy think you were with them when Gunderson was killed."

These are all just statements. These aren't questions, by the way.

> "You used a chimera to make Johnson and Abernathy think you were with them when

Gunderson was killed." Parker took a step backward, trying to think where the nearest weapon was, if he could make it all the way outside to Halday and the shotgun.

And this is— This is so fucking ridiculous.

Jim shrugged. "Didn't have to. Just gave them a little nudge to make 'em fall asleep. I was in the yard with you the whole time, boy. When they come running up I just stepped up behind them like I'd been following them the whole time."

This is ridiculous.

Harry had always said Parker liked to make things too complicated. He took another step backward. "So you thought you'd live in the woods, eat folks, for fun?"

Jim shook his head, grinning. "I came out here to get away from the witchcatchers back east, but the damn Indians sniffed me out. The local medicine man made one of my rituals backfire

> and I ended up like this. I hadn't tried any since; they're dangerous stuff."

Again, literally saying that the Native Americans are actually dangerous and can hurt you with their magic, their scary, scary magic.

Uh...

> Parker took the last step and slammed the door, but Jim was damn fast. He was just turning to run when the door burst open, knocking him flat. He shoved to his feet and slammed his way about seven paces down the hall when claws caught in his coat and yanked him flat.
>
> Parker twisted around and saw Jim leering down at him. Parker kicked at his kneecap, connecting hard, and sending Jim falling forward,

What?

flailing.

We're— We're pretending he got kicked in the knee, very hard, and is falling forward from that. He got kicked in the front of his knee and he's falling forward.

Parker rolled and scrambled up, lunging forward again but a set of claws wrapped around his ankle and pulled him down.

Also, again, I have to keep pointing this out the entire goddamn time: His clothes are still soaking wet. He's literally still freezing to death, because he hasn't taken off his wet clothes.

Uh

Then the nearest door flew open. It startled Jim enough that he let go when Parker scraped at his hand with his bootheel. It gave Parker just enough time to get his feet under him and throw himself through the door and into the room.

> He landed on the dusty floor and realized the dark figure looming over him was Mrs. Johnson, bonnet askew and furious, holding an ax.
> Jim lunged in after Parker

And, also, I— let's do some basic media analysis here: The the bonnet is supposed to be representing of her her real place in society, but it's askew, and she's furious, and she's holding an axe.

[Sarcasm] This is the same as actually writing something like, progressive about women, isn't it? [end sarcasm]

Uh...

> Jim lunged in after Parker and got the first swing right in the face. He staggered back, yowling like a wounded bear,

I would not describe bears as yowling, but whatever, you could have said, roaring like a wounded bear.

> and Parker shoved to his feet, breathing hard.

A faint line of consternation between her perfect brows, Mrs. Johnson

Oh Oh, I hate — Jesus Christ. I'm gonna—

I'm getting the cat spectator — because — before I—

Everybody put your fucking guesses in the telepathic group chat.

(to cat) Watch out. Thank you.

All right. I had to walk away, so I'm back.

All right.

A faint line of consternation between her perfect brows, Mrs. Johnson handed him the bloody ax, saying, "Better cut his head off to make certain."
There wasn't much else to do under the circumstances. Parker took the ax and said, "Yes, ma'am."

And then it's a line break. So, literally, the woman doesn't even actually get to kill the fucking monster.

She literally has to hand the axe over to a man so that he can do it instead.

And then there's a line break, because we can't ever actually show the final battles.

She just likes to skip past them.

Mhm.

Uh so under that line break:

> What with all the explanations of how Jim turned out to be a monster, Parker didn't get a chance to talk to Mrs. Johnson in private until the next morning, when Halday and the others were occupied with harnessing the horses and loading the coach. They were going to take Jim's poor packmules with them, since there was no telling when the stage company would be able to get someone to take over the post.

The sky was gray and overcast, but it didn't smell like more rain was on the way. Mrs. Johnson was standing primly on

Primly.

Mrs. Johnson was standing primly on the porch, wrapped in her dark coat, her little hands gloved again.

So much fucking misogyny.

Without looking at him she said, "You knew. About me, I mean. When?"
Standing below her on the muddy ground, Parker leaned against the post. "When you took your gloves off in the kitchen." He thought that would have been a good moment to take her hand, but across the yard, Preacher Johnson was holding the horses for Halday and had one eye on him. It was a shame. He had never had a woman hit anybody with an ax for him before, and it had quite turned his head. He just explained, "You keep your fingernails cut back

so you don't accidentally scratch anyone. What I didn't realize is that you were checking the food to make sure Jim didn't put any curses on it. He looked so unhealthy, I just thought you were checking it over for rot."

She nodded slightly, keeping her eyes on the other men across the yard. "He knew, as soon as I stepped off the coach. As I knew what he was." She folded her hands tightly. "You haven't said anything yet, so I assume you don't intend to."

"Oh no, ma'am," Parker assured her. "My friend Harry has the same condition."

She looked down at him then. Her face was still serious but her dark eyes were smiling. "You haven't told me your name," she said, not making it a question.

Considering what he knew about her, Parker couldn't see why not. "It's Robert Parker, ma'am."

Parker managed to be the one to hand her into the coach, though Preacher Johnson gave him a

dark look. Parker just tipped his hat and smiled.

And that's the end of it.

That's the end.

That's the end.

It's over now.

(from offscreen) You do commentary then.

Huh? Yeah. Yeah, I got to grab the other one.

(from offscreen) I like how we're ignoring that this is a married woman because they're both in charge. Like what is he? Is he a Catholic preacher? Is he just a Christian preacher? Does Christianity exist in this world?

No idea. But they are allowed to marry.

(from offscreen) Yeah. Um I knew that that from Wicked Yeah, that being about his own father.

Okay. Like, all right, before we do anything else, she the, the, the, the quote unquote “plot twist” that's not a plot twist, because it's badly written, is that she's a werewolf and she knew that Jim, the old man with dwarfism, she knew that he was the fucking serial killer the whole time, but she didn't do anything about it.

And we're pretending that, “oh, well, she she couldn't do anything about it. She had to keep her own her own secret.” And it's like, at the expense of other people's lives?!?

Like, how many people died in this fucking story???

(from offscreen) A bunch!

So many people died!

(from offscreen) Four, I think. And like Yeah. Because they mentioned somebody was sent back disembowled and tied to their horse, which then also died.

Yeah. And a horse. So like sh— this, this, this, this lady is a horrible fucking person, and she is just as fucking responsible for all this shit!

Like, she, she knew who was the fucking culprit the entire goddamn time, and presumably her husband knows, she's a werewolf, so she could have told him, and they knew the whole entire time, and then they still didn't do anything about it!

And Martha Wells wants us to think, "Oh, they're such good people. She's such a cool person because she's— she has tiny hands, and perfect brows and stands primly.”

She's a rich white woman. She's literally a rich white woman who who didn't lift a fucking finger to save anybody's lives when it was entirely within her fucking power.

She literally knew who the fucking killer was the entire time and didn't do a single thing to let anybody know about that, and, and didn't even put any effort in to hint at it.

She— Okay, we're stopping him—

She literally could have played into the stereotype of a scared white woman, and she could have just pretended to be terrified of Jim and make something up, but she literally didn't do anything at all.

She knew who the killer was the entire time and was just happy to let him continue.

(from offscreen) Literally, as long as it didn't impact the food she was eating.

Mhm.

Anyways, yeah, Martha Wells has not improved her writing in 32 fucking years.

That's longer than I've been alive that she's been writing professionally.

And she literally has not improved at all.

And she is in fact actively getting worse.

I can read Rapport now as the final— Well, this video is definitely going to run out of space.

It's an hour and a half and also my phone's overheating, which is probably why Mr. Eclipsy likes to sit on it.

All right, look at this sleepy kitty. [shows black and white cat]

(to cat) Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you up. You can go back to sleep. Yep. Bye-bye.

19

It's December 14th, 2025. All of the transcripts are finally edited and I figured out how to get Calibre to read out loud to me.

Okay, for anybody else trying to figure out how to get this work, open your ebook in Calibre. Or how are you saying it? Calib-ree? Calib-ray? Calibre. I don't — I always thought it was like you're Calibreting something. I thought it was like playing on the word

free as in like it's a, it's, I don't know what cal stands for. Maybe a catalog or something. That doesn't make sense...

Anyways, right click and then click read aloud. And if it says if — it'll, it'll take a few seconds to think about it.

And uh if it then says, "Oh, there's an error." Um, when you've clicked the read aloud thing, a little popup will show up in the top right corner. Click the little gears icon and then there should be some thing saying like, your profile or whatever. Just click like, legacy or modern, uh, Windows thingy.

(to offscreen) Hand me that that orange cloth. Forgot to clean the lens. It's dirty. There's the camera. It's okay.

Uh, mine was set to whatever default. Calibray, Calibree, Calibre, however the fuck you're supposed to pronounce it. Mine was set to some weird default. There's like three options. Mine was set to the third one. The other two is like a legacy Windows

something or other, and then a modern Windows something or other.

My laptop is on Windows 10, so I put modern Windows, so now it works. And then you can also, um, right click and then click profiles, I think that's where is at. Okay. Now to to change what voice depending on your system, you go to the little — you click, right click, turn it on, and then click the gears in the upper little tiny box corner thing, and then click whatever language, and then whatever voices are downloaded to your computer, it'll start listing them out.

But I'm going to have the computer read what's in the book because that means I just don't have — I have to talk less because it gets very tiring. So we'll see if this will work.

Gotta click it. It'll take a few seconds to think about it.

But um just for the record, we are at — we just got through Murderbot saying, "Oh yeah, I have a very simple plan to simply, um, hack a taxi — an automated, automatic taxi that's not a person and,

and just sneak over and get what I want, and then sneak away, and have nobody know I was there."

Perfect plan. Completely morally neutral plan because hacking a regular old taxi that's not a, ~a robot in disguise~. It's not a robot inves— Yeah. It's not a robot in disguise. It's just a fucking taxi on autopilot.

That is morally neutral. unlike everything else that Murderbot has ever done, which is just torturing people for fun and murdering people.

—And that glue is so stinky. We got arts and crafts over here. There's arts and crafts going on with stinky glue. It's not as bad as it could be, but it's still stinky.

Um, yeah, we just got done of Murderbot saying, "Yeah, my plan's going—”

Oh, wait. Hold on. because I think we read that interview after recording the last video.

You know how I said, assuming you're watching all of these videos, you know how I said that I have literally always gotten time travel fucking vibes?

Let me make a bookmark. Can I make a bookmark? Well, that Okay. Yeah. Let me Can I Okay. New...Okay.

Well, I didn't make a bookmark for it, but you know how, assuming you're watching all these videos in proper order, which you should be, I said at at the start of what, like — right before Murderbot boarded ART and came to know that ART was even there—

I said, I've literally always gotten time travel fucking vibes from this one description. From the very first time that I read it, it's just like pinging all of my I'm — I love time travel. I love time travel. I love time loop stories. I love alternate universes. It's fun as hell.

The one scene in here where Murderbot is going — it's, it's boarded the space station and is going to the ship that it decided it was going to get on, and *all of a sudden*, before it gets there, it can't, because a

haulerbot crashed or something like that, I don't remember the details, so now it, it's changing —

Instead of going to the ship it originally planned on, it has to go to ART instead.

And from the very first time I read this, that just seemed way too fucking convenient and out of nowhere with how the rest of this shit is written, because it's not like characters are constantly having to, you know, *reckon with a world that exists outside them*, cuz it's badly written.

Like that just doesn't happen in this series.

And I— and that's that's just from Book One. And it— it's, it's always held true, except for this one weird as fuck moment that's just very fucking weird and out of place.

So I've literally always gotten weird freaky creepy time travel vibes from it. Like, literally having me asking, from the very first time I read this book, “Okay, are we going to get the reveal that somebody

time traveled back in time at some point to force Murderbot to not — to divert away from that original ship and get on board ART instead so that it meets ART earlier in the timeline? Because that's the vibe I'm getting here.”

And it turns out I'm literally fucking correct. Not not in the way that I thought, but literally fucking correct. What I said, not literally, but literally. No, lit. Not not literally in the exact literature—

(from offscreen) Literatur lit literaturily literaturily. Literarily.

Literarily I am correct.

You know why I got time travel fucking vibes of “That is completely unnatural and something is off here”?

It's because I just found out from another interview of Martha Wells that somebody else pointed me to, um, yeah, that's like that because *she had an entirely different story written to begin with and then she deleted all of that and then just changed and made

that diversion to make Murderbot go meet ART instead* because she was originally— Huh? \

(from offscreen) I'm just giggling about the, the badness of the what you're about to say. Yeah.

Originally, she literally planned to have the whole ~Murderbot gets a surgery to make it look more human~. She literally is happy to admit that her original plan was to just reveal that as a single paragraph as all of that shit happened offcreen between Book One and this one starting.

That was her original plan. And she doesn't see like. any problem with saying that that's what she was going to do.

Like she's not saying it as in, "Yeah, I realized that would be really shitty, that's just a terrible thing." How she phrases it, ~oh that would make it seem like I'm writing something I don't even believe in.~

And it's like, that's what you're already doing.

But like, she — her literal plan was going to to be that, ~oh yeah, I will just casually reveal that all of this shit happened offscreen~ and it was just going to be a single fucking paragraph.

(from offscreen) Probably a sentence

Like and then yeah, I was literally right about the time travel shit, and feeling like this shit is happening because — to divert an entire alternate universe that originally happened in the original fucking timeline, and now this is being done to make Murderbot go meet ART.

And that's literally what fucking happened!

Martha Wells literally had an entirely different godamn story written out and then deleted all of that back to right there to make this happen instead.

And then **she still didn't actually edit that first section** that she deleted everything back to, so that what she's writing now makes sense with what she didn't delete.

Like at that point, if you're only going to keep however much there was before that, which is not a lot at all, get rid of that, too, and start the whole thing from scratch so, it all makes sense and lines up.

But she didn't do that.

Which is why my fucking time travel fucking vibes alerts, not vibes, which is why the time travel fucking alarms, alarms were all going off. My fucking spidey senses. Literally, that's what happened.

It's ridiculous.

Anyways, we are now, according to Calibre, 35% of the fucking way through this story, which is just ridiculous because pretty much nothing has happened.

Like we don't act like we could have spent all this time, not really progressing the actions itself, but we could have been getting to know Murderbot better, or at least getting to know ART in detail, but we're not doing any of those things.

We're not actually getting to know the characters any better.

And we're — we're like, we don't, we don't know Murderbot any better than we did in Book One.

And we don't really know ART at all, because it's just lying about everything.

And Martha Wells is going to wreck most of this shit later, and then we still — we, like —

So, we're not getting to know the characters.

We haven't spent 35% of the entire goddamn story fleshing out the characters more.

We haven't fleshed out the world building and, and we're not we're not progressing the plot yet.

35% of the way through the story and we haven't accomplished anything.

So yeah, we're are now under an uh “dot dot dot” uh, “asterisk asterisk asterisk” as Microsoft Zira is going to read off to us when I click uh, read now.

But yeah, to sum it up for all the people skipping around at random instead of looking at the number at the start of the episode and thinking, “hm, if this is number 18 or 19, cuz I have an intermission, um, maybe I should go to episode one.”

No, they're just — you're just reading reading watching it at random —

Um, yeah, Murderbot had just revealed ~Oh, yeah. My plan is to sneak aboard a taxi, a thing I can do without any effort whatsoever.~ Because remember, everything that's not company technology is so easy to hack it doesn't take any effort at all!

So, Murderbot can do this so easily.

It was just going to be a stealth mission when Murderbot has 100 Sneak, like me, and fucking Skyrim literally just — or no, that was Oblivion: I

didn't know who Mannimarco was, but I perfectly shot him and snuck my way back out of the cave without anybody noticing.

I, I, I wasn't even paying attention to the quest. This is from years and years ago.

Um, like the time I perfectly shot somebody in Skyrim in the ankle, which is what I was aiming for, and it was delightful.

Like, Murderbot, it would be so fucking easy for it to simply just hack a goddamn autopilot taxi. A fucking auto— Oh, it's literally an automobile.

Literally an automobile!

Why do we pronounce mobile like that instead of mobile? British and automobile. Oh, yeah. I guess it is British.

It would have been literally *effortless* for Murderbot to just hack a thing, sneak over, sneak around there, sneak back, and then it's done.

But ART has suggested, "No, actually, what you, the runaway slave who's trying to avoid attention, what you should do is create a fucking paper trail to prove that you were here and, and put yourself in front of all the cameras, in front of all the fucking things, and just make a paper trail."

And it's like, *why*?

This is — this is not providing any benefits whatsoever towards, towards Murderbots's well-being, anything like that.

Like, it would be one thing if we were saying “you need money” because you — like, just say it's, “it's actually not possible to hack the money thingies, money systems, and that like, yeah, you can try hacking shit, but this would be a really easy way for you to make money, and it's probably the least dangerous way you can make money that you're going to find as a runaway slave.

So, like you really cannot afford to pass up this opportunity to get money right now because you're definitely going to need that in the future.”

Like, we could have said something like that. But, you know, money doesn't actually exist in this universe, even though it's supposed to be criticizing capitalism, but you know, the characters? They don't actually need money for anything, because, you know, um they they all conveniently don't fucking eat. And if they do eat, well, uh food's free.

It's like — it's, it's it's so fucking lazy and shallow.

Anyways, have we ever seen them eat anything?

They— in Home: Habitat, Range, Niche, Territory, they were sitting around drinking coffee and weird juice shit. But like, what are they eating for food?

Exactly.

What kind of things do they grow on Preservation?

Exactly. Exactly.

We don't fucking know, because there's no goddamn world building.

All right, so, let's see if I can right click. See if this will read out loud.

It takes a bit of —

[automated reader interrupts]

> Once ART was docked and the transit rings bought piloted tugs were removing the cargo modules, it cycled the lock for me and I slipped through into the imbarcation zone. It had given me access to its comm so it could ride my feed through the transit ring. It claimed it could help me, and while I was skeptical of that, it could at least keep me company.
> As I walked away from the safety of arts lock, I dropped back down to 96% efficiency. I hit the station entertainment feeds for new downloads to try to calm down.

Okay. Well, ju— I guess just for a test video, I'll just have it read that, and then I'll watch, I'll just make this video shorter than the rather other ones, and then I'll just watch that to see if it was actually coming through at all, cuz I can't really put the phone closer to the speaker.

So anyways, “dot dot dot” or line break.

> Once ART was docked and the transit rings bot piloted tugs were removing the cargo modules, it cycled the lock for me and I slipped through into the embarcation zone. It had given me access to its comm so it could ride my feed through the transit ring. It claimed it could help me while I was

“It claimed it could help me” that — she's missing a comma. There should be a comma. See? Okay. I had this — I've I a what few weeks ago probably, at this point I read aloud the short story Man Made by somebody whose name starts with an A. I forget the author's name.

But that's a good story, but it's missing a lot of fucking commas, so, it makes reading it out loud unnecessarily difficult, because the point of commas is to tell you, when you're reading it out loud, where to put emphasis, where to pause, all this kinds of shit, it's conveying so much information.

Huh?

(from offscreen) Where to breathe.

Where to breathe. Where to pause and breathe because you're you're giving a statement, stuff.

We're missing a comma here. “It claimed it could help me.” There should be a comma after “me”.

And while I was skeptical of that

Comma, see it did properly put a comma. It — Martha Wells did properly put a comma there.

And while I was skeptical of that,

See the comma there helps us put emphasis on the word “that” and also says ‘pause and then continue’.

So, this sentence should be “it claimed it could help me, and while I was skeptical of that, it could at least keep me company.” What we get instead is, because we're missing a fucking comma after me, it's instead is:

“It claimed it could help me and while I was skeptical of that, it could at least keep me company.”

You see the difference? You can just, like, just pause this video and go to our channel and just look up the audio book I made for Man Made by what's the author's name? I don't remember. Sorry, man. I don't remember what your name is.

(from offscreen) [muffled]

Yeah, duh. Obviously, it's public domain or I wouldn't be making an audio book for it.

You can see — you can listen to that and read along. I think I made that one so you can see it in the document. But like, you can see me have — stumbling over sentences because it's like, dude, you just — you just put a comma there so I know how I'm supposed to — where I'm supposed to be doing stuff.

I'm literally going to have to edit commas into that on my own time and then make another audio recording that's better, because I'll know when where emphasis is supposed to be going.

But anyways, yeah, we're missing a fucking comma.

And again, I wouldn't be nitpicking all of this shit if these were free to read online, but they're *not* free to read online. They're extremely fucking expensive for how short they are.

Again, we're 35% of the way through this story already, and nothing has happened.

Like, nothing has happened besides torturing Murderbot, and that only lasted like, like four pages.

We're supposed to be breezing past that like there's no fucking tomorrow.

Uh yeah, “it claimed it could help me”

(from offscreen) [muffled]

No, but there should be.

> And while I was skeptical of that, it could at least keep me company. As I walked away from the safety of ART's lock,

Again, so why commas are in the correct spot the rest of this paragraph? Why are we missing the one that's needed? Uh,

> As I walked away from the safety of ART's lock, I dropped back down to 96% efficiency. I hit the station entertainment feeds for new downloads to try to calm down.

It's like again, ART's claiming that it's going to help Murderbot with this mission that Mur— ART is

sending Murderbot on, but it's like, you, you could have just — you could have just made this a stealth mission.

We could have at least been given the motivation of “You need money. I know you've been able to get by now so far without money, but you you stole those fucking clothes you're wearing from another — from some other fucking poor person. I don't think you understand the consequences of that.”

Cuz Martha Wells sure as shit doesn't want us to think about the consequences for that.

This is a capitalist dystopia supposedly. What do you think happens if your uniform, which probably doesn't even belong to you, gets stolen from you, as a poor person? It's not going to be anything good.

But Martha Wells doesn't want us to think about that, because she doesn't care about poor people, so, we're not supposed to even notice that this is a problem that Murderbot has probably caused somebody.

If this story were well written, um, that happening would cause a fucking cascade effect of all kinds of shit. Maybe that—

(from offscreen) [muffled]

Huh?

(from offscreen) I'm giggling over here because what if ~the old enemy~ is a —

I think I said that. I think I said that because appar — uh, there's another teaser summary for book eight, which is technically book 13, saying ~an old enemy returns~ and it's like, okay, but Murderbot doesn't have any old enemies. But I did joke “Oh, it's probably the person whose fucking uniform it stole.”

Anyways, um...

> I'd already sent a message to the social feed node about the advertisement.

Hold on, let me get a drink of water. First of all, I must — don’t turn the laptop off.

(to cat) Hi, Sapphire. Don't you come over here and cause problems now. Okay. Go be a cute little kitty. Go play with your toy. Come here.

Let me put my water there. I'm just going to see if I can crochet while I'm doing this at the same time, cuz I'm crocheting something I don't actually have to look at.

(to cat) No, cutie kitty. You're — You're too cuddly right now. I'm sorry. Come here. Come here. You're so heavy. Here. You can sit with me some other time. You got to — You got to — You're adorable. No. No. You're too cuddly.

I can't multitask this much.

(to cat) All right. Look at your fluffy tail. No…

(from offscreen) If she goes that way, she'll definitely unplug the computer.

Did you throw the toy yet? Yes.

(to cat) Come here. Come here, cutie. Come here. Thank you. I know. You're so cute.

Properly wipes that —

Unless I smelled it again. Kitties. A

ll right. Sapphire is is sabotaging it by really wanting attention right now. Okay.

(to cat) You could have come to sit with me at any point. All right. Okay, let me sit down. Let me sit down. Come here. Smacking your own face on my keyboard. Are you going to sit with me or not? Come here.

[fluffy black and white cat visible] This is Sapphire. She's super fluffy. Unrelated to Mr Lupon.

(to cat) Hello. Hello, fluffy kitty. Here, I I got to put the keyboard. Thank you. Look at her fluffy fluffy legs. Are you going to sit with me? You're adorable. Just

don't knock the phone over here. Sit right here. Sit right here.

I hope you can at least hear her purring since she's blocking the entire camera.

(to cat) You're adorable.

Um, okay. Let me read that sentence again while Sapphire, I guess. All right. Yeah.

(to cat) Are you going to sit with me? Hi. You going to sit with me? You going to sit here?

Look at this fluffy kitty.

(to cat) Don't, please don't put holes in my shirt. It's a nice shirt. Hi. Hello. Oh my gosh. You want to look at the camera? You want to look at the camera? She wants to nuzzle me. Hi.

I'd already sent a message to the social

(to cat) Hey, you're stabbing my shirt. No claws in my shirt.

> I'd already sent a message to the social feed node.

We're using the word node here for the feed and it's like for no good reason.

(to cat) What are you purring about? It's your butt [in the way].

uh with

> I'd already sent a message to the social feed node about the advertisement and had got and gotten an answer with a lo and gotten an answer with a location and time stamp.

And again, we still are not being just told in basic, basic fucking words to let us have a basic understanding of the situation, how the feed is supposed to work, cuz we're now — we're getting told

it's some kind of node: n o d e, with no other description whatsoever of how this works.

> The last time I'd had an arranged meeting with humans they

And again missing a comma, there should be a comma there after the word humans.

“The last time I'd had an arranged meeting with humans, *comma*, they kidnapped Mensah and blew me up, comma.”

So, so like we literally we have a comma after the word “blew me up” as — after the words “blew me up”. Yeah. And again, missing a comma there. And then:

> This could hardly be worse. I hacked.

[holding yarn] Let me, Let me let me try this so I can I don't Yeah, I was doing this in the dark car yesterday. I don't need to look at it as long as I get the fucking hook in the spot.

> I hacked my way through

It's just, again I can't take anything by magic. Literally, no, just wait.

It's, it's, it's just reinforcing again, like, none of this is even remotely difficult for Murderbot. There's literally no stakes whatsoever.

This blanket is getting big.

> I hacked my way through the Embarcation Zone security and out into the rings mall.

It's literally so easy and so *not worth commenting upon* that we're just — we're just skipping straight over any descriptions of it or, or even *trying* to tell us that it's difficult. It's so Murderbot,

(from offscreen) ~So cool. Of course, it's super duper easy to to to just hack its way through all the security on a space station. It's so — It requires so little it—~

Yeah, it's never been here before. It's not like it's lived here its whole life and has managed to figure out all this shit. No, it's just, it's ridiculous. Oh my god.

So, yeah, this is how easy it is for Murderbot to hack its way through the, the, the security itself on the actual space station.

Now, imagine how much easier it would have been to hack a single fucking automobile in the truest sense, and then just sneak aboard, instead of creating a paper trail for no fucking reason.

Like, there doesn't need to be a paper trail.

We don't need to have a slave showing its face to everybody with a goddamn paper trail.

> I hacked my way through embarcation zone security and out into the ring's mall. It was utilitarian compared to both the last transit ring and port free commerce.

I'm conf— Oh, we've teleported. Okay, that's — I was like, wait, what do you — what do you mean? It's compared to both — Port Free Commerce is the one where Murderbot is originally from where the, the company which is totally not Weyland Yutani — is located, and then I guess the, the one that Murderbot was just on for 5 seconds.

Okay, so we're just teleporting straight to the new location.

All right, that's so goddamn lazy.

Anyways, um,

> it was utilitarian compared to both the last transit ring and port free commerce. No garden pods, no hollow sculptures, no big hollow displays advertising arrays of ship rights and cargo factories and other business.

Okay, when have we ever been given descriptions of any of these fucking things???

“No garden pods, no holo sculptures, no big holo displays.”

It's like, when have we ever been given descriptions of these things even remotely recently, like???? You can't say it's different from those other two, as though when Murderbot walk but then — blah did not exist or get mentioned before now, like, imagine if the start of this book had opened with Murderbot walking past all the things that we're saying this space station right here *doesn't have* in comparison to the ones that supposedly did.

Even though like — I — I'm, Yeah, we were told that the, the other space station that it's from had all this shit. Not this one, though.

And it's it's just bad writing again. It's ridiculous.

Uh,

> No big hollow displays advertising arrays of ship rights and cargo factors and other

businesses. No shiny new interface vending machines.

So, you can get augments, which is what interfaces are, or — \

Let me get the keyboard over here. I don't need that.

So, you're telling me you can just literally get interfaces —again, a thing that we don't actually have any description of. Like, you could — I could be — I could refer to the phone that I'm recording this on, I could call this thing an interface, because it's technically — it technically is an interface for the internet. It's letting me interface with the internet.

We don't know what the fuck interfaces — We've literally never been given a single description besides being told that they come in jewel colors, and you can get them in all colors of the rainbow.

And apparently now you can just get them from a vending machine anywhere.

It's like, can we just get a basic description of how they work?

Also, why don't why do they have all this shit, but then they don't have just basic fucking cell phones?

I guarantee you anything an interface can do, my cell phone right now can do. Or at least *somebody's* cell phone can do. Maybe not mine, but like this is ridiculous.

Um,

> No shiny new interface vending machines.

And saying shiny new interface vending machines. as though the, the vending machines are what's shiny and new, not the interfaces that you get from it.

> Also, no big passenger transports coming through. So, not nearly as big a crowd of

And then we have a comma

> of humans or bots.

Again, see that comma? See how that comma functions in literally just me reading it out loud?

> Also, no big passenger transports coming through, so not nearly as big a crowd of humans or bots.

Well, for once, we say just humans instead of saying of “humans and augmented humans or bots”, because I'd have to commit murder.

> ART's idea was beginning to seem less like a stupid risk and more like a necessity. Blending in here would be harder if everyone was only here on their way to on their way to and from the installations on the moon.

Okay. Okay. But your plan wasn't to come here at all. Your plan was to literally hack a, an ~Autobot~ and — hack a fucking automobile and go directly to the moon and then leave! There was no go between!

“Let's go to the space station and put ourselves on camera and make a paper trail”, That was literally not part of the original — Murderbot's original plan whatsoever!

It was literally just “sneak in, sneak out.” That was it. It was literally a perfect plan. There's there was nothing wrong with the plan.

Again, as I've said, it would have been so easy to justify doing this instead, by pointing out “you need money. You can't actually hack those things. You you actually do need money if you're gonna get shit.”

Like you could have also easily add attention to Murderbot sneaking in, by Murderbot getting caught.

Literally. Literally. It's right there. Literally.

So fucking mistakes.

Literally.

Because this is Murderbot not immediately acing every single thing it does.

Mhm. We keep getting told Murderbot's a poor little underdog who wasn't given any education modules, but then everything about security friends —

It knows everything. It knows everything it needs to know.

Yeah. Literally, it gets it knows all this shit about security that it's claiming to have learned from television, even though we then get very, very uh heavy-handedly told it doesn't watch that kind of TV.

And it's like, but and also, *that kind of TV* wouldn't be on show anyways, and if, if that kind of TV *was* that common, then everybody would know this shit.

(from offscreen) It's not like Murderbot’s so uniquely capable of learning skills from watching TV.

This — Yeah. Anyways, we're just saying, "Yeah, ART was right. ART was so smart. ART was correct."

And it's like, okay, but we're just being *told* that. We're not being shown that. Like it — if, if ART had been actually correct, it would have been so easy to show us this, and let *us* come to this conclusion.

But instead we are literally just being told it immediately, with no actual proof whatsoever.

Literally the second word about sec— literally, we are literally still in the same fucking paragraph.

All of this that I've read so far uh since getting this is the same paragraph.

> ART's ideas was beginning to seem less like a stupid risk

And it's like, okay, but it, it [Murderbot] literally did not consider this plan to be a stupid risk in the first place.

ART literally said, “hey, let's do my thing instead.”

And then it was like, “yeah!” just instantaneously accepted as “that's what's going to happen now”, for no reason.

> Blending in here would be harder if everyone was only here

And like to be clear, we're not — by saying “blending in here was going to be easier” No, we're not we're not talking about the forced surgery, this is just of “Murderbot got a job”.

So that's why — [squints at yarn] I did that chain wrong. Hold on. [continues crocheting]

We're not— We're not saying that Murderbot — ART fucking making Murderbot have a surgery it didn't want to do, we're not saying that's actually helpful.

We're just saying “ART's plan to give Murderbot a paper trail was a good idea”, based on nothing.

> In my feed, ART said, "I told you so."

Because, you know, Martha Wells loves ART. It's her favorite fucking character she's ever written.

One, two, three, five.

The — and then, and then there's no commentary on ART saying, "I told you so” whatsoever. That's the end of that first paragraph when we get here.

It starts with “I hacked my way through the embarcation zone security” blah blah blah and then and then ends with “in my feed ART said I told you so.”

You didn't say that. You literally did not tell it so, though, because there was no fucking conversation whatsoever.

Again, this isn't the — this is not Murderbot's quest location.

This is not where its fucking quest marker is.

This is the in-between place to where its quest marker is, and it could literally have effortlessly just fast-traveled to its goddamn quest location, and then fast-traveled away again.

This is like if I don't know, we'll just make something up about Fallout 4.

This is like if our characters had the ability to teleport into the Institute at literally any point, and could teleport directly into like, Father's bedroom, or the synth making lab thingy, and just kill all the slave owners without without ever getting caught, because we're just that good at sneaking and hacking security systems and shit.

And then instead of — which demonstrated on page, which we've just demonstrated on page, like, literally it's so good at hacking shit, we are not even bothering to get a description, or even being told ~oh it was so difficult, trust me~ like you know the magic in Witch King.

Yeah, we're like, imagine if instead of doing all that, we, we instead do the whole “I'm gonna walk in the front door and make it really obvious what I'm here for.”

But, you know, not that Fallout 4 is well written in any way.

Anyways,

> The location for the meeting was a food service place in the main mall area. It was in a large transparent bubble in the second level of the mall.

We're using the word mall too many times. Like we've already been told it's in the mall. You don't need to say it's in the mall again in the very next paragraph.

> The location for the meeting was a food service place in the main mall area. It was a large transparent bubble in the second level of the mall overlooking

Like you — if I were, you know, uh, Lee Harris who got paid to edit this shit, what I would do is, I would just combine these two sentences, which I haven't even finished reading the second sentence yet. I guess I should do that.

> It was in the large in a large transparent bubble in the second level of the mall overlooking the walkways and counter service stalls below.

Again, no des— actual description of anything going on here.

[looking at crochet] Why do I keep having knots be tied in my yarn?

Okay, you know, how to fix these fucking sentences: “The location for the meeting was a food service place that was in a large transparent bubble on the second floor of the mall, overlooking the shops below.”

That's all you got to say. That's all you got to do to fix that, because you're saying mall twice in as many

sentences and just repeating the same information twice.

Again, basic, *basic* editing, and it wasn't done.

> There were multiple open levels inside inside the food area with tables and chairs and it was 40% full of humans and augmented humans. As I walked through, I picked up the occasional buzz of a drone, but no pings.

A thing we've still never been given a single fucking explanation for what that goddamn means in this setting.

Because you'll even remember, just back to the very start of this book, we're told that Murderbot has to go to a specific panel on ART's side to ping it through.

But then you can also ping people from a distance.

And you can also just send out a directionless ping, is which is what's going to happen in book three.

It's like, can you please for the love of fuck just explain to us what a ping is in this world, and how it functions in this world, because, okay, here's a little bit of a tangent but it's on topic.

I've read all of the Dragon Riders of Pern books by Anne McAffrey, because I'm a completionist.

They're not good. the world building... she doesn't know how evolution works.

But then again, I also don't think Martha Wells understands how evolution works.

But that is a conversation for a Books of the Raksura video, which is not what this is.

Okay. I've read all of the Dragon Riders of Pern books. It's a science fiction fantasy series, because they're on — they've got dragons, but they're genetically engineered dragons on an alien planet.

(from offscreen) Okay, that's explicitly an alien planet in —?

Shhhhhhh. That's irrelevant. I said alien planet. All the other shit is implied.

Okay.

So, so this I mean, the book series are not — the books are not fine. There are so many things. Fine is not on that list of words. But it would be fine, on a basic level, if except for the fact that Anne and her son Todd McAffrey both for some fucking reason, expect all of their readers to know all of these really obscure, at least to me, musical terms.

Like, I don't know what the fuck these people are talking about.

And some of them some of the scenes, it's even music teachers talking to students, so, it's like, the perfect opportunity for you, the goddamn author who clearly knows shit about music, to just put this shit on my level and explain to me what all these fucking words mean.

I can't even tell you what words they are that I don't remember, because that's how — there's so many of them, and none of them are ever explained within the story, even though we just keep using them.

It's like, this isn't actually basic fucking knowledge that all of your readers have.

And I shouldn't have to — like, I can't imagine reading these books when they came out. and not having access to Google at all times, have to go to — like, you would have to — you'd have to literally go to a fucking actual paper dictionary and look these words up.

Like, I shouldn't have to do research on musical notation and musical terms just to read a fucking science fantasy series about dragons. That's not on my reasonable things to expect from uh, a science fiction fantasy series about dragons on an alien planet fighting acid fucking from the sky.

I, I shouldn't have to look up what musical terms mean.

And that's kind of what's going on here, because like, yes, people, I'm aware that a ping exists in the real world. That's a thing. It doesn't tell me what the fuck it means in here. And I shouldn't have to look that shit up, because that should be part of the basic fucking world building.

Like, if you're going to do — if you are going to make people pay money for your work, you are in fact responsible for doing enough world building that everybody reading it knows everything.

[pulls on yarn too fast] Ow, that gave me a fucking rope burn. Fuck you, yarn.

Yeah, I don't know what the fuck a ping is in this goddamn setting, and I don't think I'm ever going to know, because, like whether or not demons are weak to water, it will literally change page by page.

Sometimes with — on the same page, we're supposed to be feel ~so sad~ for ~poor Kai~ that he got sprayed with a sprinkler, but then also he will stick his head in water and it's fine. And then will tie back

lots of long, soaking wet hair, *and not even towel dry it*.

Not even shaking it out. Not even going like this [pressing hand to hair and pushing forward] to try and push some water out of his hair. Just tying back soaking wet hair.

Anyways, where the fuck were we?

> As I walked through, I picked up the occasional buzz of a drone, but no pings.

No explanation for what that means or why we should even *expect* that to be a thing.

Also, if their security were even remotely supposed to be, like, good, what — even just in general, why wouldn't they constant— if, if it's as s— if, if detecting SecUnits is as simple as sending out a ping like, every five fucking minutes to to ping any SE units in the area? Why wouldn't they just make that part of a routine?

Like, it costs nothing. Nobody here needs fucking batteries or fuel for anything.

Why wouldn't they just have that as a constant fucking thing just to say that they are? Because like, security theater gets you a lot of fucking money. Just say, "Yeah, our our patent designed drones have [insert technobabble] specs and uh send out—”

Especially because we keep being told to pretend that ~everybody in this setting is super duper terrified and paranoid about SecUnits~.

So why isn't “basic SecUnit deterrent from public spaces” a thing?

And the answer is “because Martha Wells doesn't actually want to write about oppression in any way because she's racist and hates poor people, so she doesn't actually understand how oppression works.”

Like, imag — literally just imagine if Murderbot literally couldn't actually go anywhere in public without being in constant extreme danger because all

the security drones, as part of normally completely pointless useless security theater, is now *a very real threat*, because Murderbot is going to get pinged by them and noticed every five fucking minutes.

Like, imagine it literally has to get a goddamn timer and dart in and out of buildings that are shielded from this shit.

Again, that would — that would — that would have stakes. That would require Martha Wells to actually thinking about oppression in a way that's not bullshit. So that's why that doesn't happen.

> There were food smells in the air and the acrid sense of intoxicants.

I don't, I don't really think — presumably intoxicants refers to beer and alcohol here, but I like, I don't think that smells acid.

What do you think if you think the word acrid, like, not beer. Like, like, like I've smelled beer. There's drunk people that go to the store all the time.

(from offscreen) Something that's like burning plastic or burning rubber.

Yeah.

Like I don't think anybody would really describe beer as acid. It's, it's got a different smell. Presumably that's what the hops smell like. I don't fucking know.

> I didn't bother to try and analyze and identify them. I was too nervous and trying to focus on looking like an augmented human.

So, it's like, okay, again, trying to — She's trying to justify not doing basic set descriptions by saying, "Oh, it just makes sense for the character.” It doesn't make sense for the character, though. But whatever.

> The humans I was to meet had sent an image so I could find them. There were three of them, all wearing variations on work clothes, no uniform logos. A quick search had shown entries for them in the Transit Rings social feed. They had listed themselves as unaffiliated guest workers,

> but you could list yourself as anything. There was no identity check.

And it's like, okay, all right. Why not? Why not? Why wouldn't there be? Again, Martha Wells doesn't really seem to actually give a shit about actually telling a story about a capitalist dystopia, because she just writes whatever makes it so that the plot, as she has decided it must go, can go, even when it doesn't fucking make any sense and actively undermines what little world building we have been trying to get established.

> Two were female and one was Tercera which was a gender signifier used in the group of non-corporate political entities known as the Devarti cluster.

And again, this is just blatant tokenization and not actually doing anything to make the non-binary stereotype that is Murderbot and all of the other robots all being forcibly assigned genderlessness because they lack genitalia — it's not doing anything

to make that any less just a fucking bioessentialist stereotype.

Uh, also Tercera literally just means third.

Again, it's — it's — she's — it's 2025 and she doesn't know what the word non-binary means.

This isn't progressive.

The next paragraph is all in parenthesis for some fucking reason.

> (To initiate the meeting, I'd had to make an entry on the social feed, too. The system was extremely vulnerable to hacking. So I had backdated my entry to look like I had come in on an earlier passenger transport, listed my job as security consultant.)

All right, bad sentence. Bad sentence because we're just — we're just continuing on.

This is all one sentence until we get to the end of the word intereterminate. All right, let me start over.

> To initiate the meeting, I'd had to make an entry on the social feed too.

Period.

> The system was extremely vulnerable to hacking. So, I had backdated my entry to look like I had come in on an earlier passenger transport.

There should be a period right there.

And then we should say “I'd listed my” but instead it's a comma and we're just continuing saying “listed my job as security consultant and my gender as indeterminate”.

As though all of that were a requirement of backdating the post, as in just editing the date of the post to make it seem like it it was older than it was.

It's just weird sentence and it doesn't need to be that way.

> Posing as its own captain, ART gave me a prior employment reference.

You see how it — ART didn't need to be told to do that by Murderbot in any way? ART just did that by itself. It's not like instead of um, “I suggested that ART pose as its own captain and blah blah blah blah blah.”

No, ART just did that by itself.

It knew to do that.

Presumably, it's been doing that shit for a long time now.

And then that

Yeah, for some reason that paragraph was all in parenthesis. No reason for it.

My phone is vibrating because the wall is vibrating—

Some —

> I spotted them at

Bad use of pronouns. We go from that and talking about ART, to just saying “I spotted them”. No, at — no, you can't. You can't. That's not how pronouns work. You should be saying “I spotted the people I was here to meet”

> at a table near the bubble overlooking the mall. They were having a tense whispered conversation and body language said they were nervous. As I walked toward them, my quick scan showed no weapon signatures, just a small powered sources of their personal feed interfaces. One had an implant, but it was just a low-level feed access tool.

And again, no description of what any of these things mean.

What exactly is a lowlevel feed access tool? It's ridiculous.

I had practiced this part with ART on approach to the ring, recording myself so both of us could critique it. I told myself I could do this. I put on my best neutral expression, the one I used when the extra download activity had been detected and the deployment center supervisor was blaming the human text for it. I walked up to the table and said, "Hello." All three of them flinched.

Why would they flinch at that? Flinching is going as though [demonstates] like —no, this is ridiculous.

All three of them flinched. Uh, hello. The Tercera said, recovering first. I picked up the feed from the security camera so I could watch myself and make sure my facial expressions were under control, and it was easier to talk to the humans while watching them through the cameras. I was well aware it was a completely false sense of distance from the situation, but I needed it. I said, "We arranged to meet. I'm Eden, the security consultant." Right. So, it was an it was the name of one of the characters.

All right. Whoever is making the fucking house vibrate, stop it.

Is that like a truck going over? Not a truck going over, a plane going over. Whatever.

> [[DQ]] It was the name of one of the characters in Sanctuary Moon. You probably aren't surprised by that.

And it's like uh it would be — I mean, we literally can't be anything except surprised, because we've never been told anything about Sanctuary Moon, let alone any of the characters’ names.

Like, imagine if we'd actually gotten a chance to learn about Sanctuary Moon as Murderbot relates the events of Sanctuary Moon to what it’s going through, and then we can just go, "Oh, I know that character. Oh, yay. Murderbot has named itself after the character!"

No, we just we only get *told* the names of characters from the fucking show when shit like this happening! There's no setup for it.

It would have been so goddamn easy! It's just — just do basic setup and world building! But Martha Wells doesn't want to do that.

It's just a — It's just a lazy shitty cash grab.

> [[DQ]] The Tercera cleared her throat. Te had purple hair and red eyebrows standing out against light brown skin. “I'm Rami. That's Tan and Maro. T shifted nervously and tapped to the empty chair. ART, who was considerably faster than me at data retrieval, performed a quick search and informed me it was an invitation to sit down across several human cu

Where — again, missing commas, like, there should be a comma after the word “down”.

> It was an invitation to sit down across several cultural human cultural indices.

We don't need — we don't need to say indices — in-dice-ez? In-dis-ees? That is unnecessary, and is just, again, the, the Corporate Word Speak and being *pretentious*.

Also, this is, this is bullshit. Murderbot knows that if somebody taps a chair that's an invitation to sit down.

Martha Wells is just doing this shit to pretend that, “oh, uh, yeah, it's such, it's such, it's such an underdog! And ART, ART has to look this up, too! ART definitely hasn't been, you know, literally inundated with quote unquote “human cultures” this entire godamn time, its entire fucking life. It's — It's definitely just as lost and confused as Murderbot is! This is definitely not a lie to literally manipulate Murderbot and literally continue torturing Murderbot just to see it squirm for entertainment because it's bored!”

> [[DQ]] It was giving me the etymology of the gesture.

That's, that's — No, that's not how that works.

That's not how that works.

It was—

I assume you're laughing at the, the sentence?

> It was giving me the etymology of the thing of the gesture.

“It was giving me the *etymology* of the gesture.”

(From offscreen) Who is? ART?

ART is giving Murderbot the *etymology* of the gesture of tapping a chair as an invitation to sit down.

Martha Wells is —

(from offscreen) Was somebody was using that in dialogue or about some line of dialogue that I had tuned out of?

Nope. Nope. Okay, I'll, I'll restart the paragraph.

(From offscreen) How would that be an etymology?

Exactly.

(from offscreen) Etymology is the history of words.

Exactly.

(from offscreen) Can I actually hold on? Let me let me…click. I'm slowly opening wictionary. slowly.

Literally, yeah.

(from offscreen) The study of the origin of words and the way in which their meanings have changed throughout history.

Yeah. She's literally just not using this word — Like, it, it, it's — there's a running joke that people confuse the word ety-mology, this, the, the study of the origin of words, with ento-mology, study of insects.

That's a joke. Nobody ever thinks that — etymology means can, can, be — that's not — this is just not how this works. It's not how this works.

> [[DQ]]You would think a SecUnit who had been shot to pieces multiple times, blown up, memory purged, and once partially dismantled by accident wouldn't be on the verge of panic under these circumstances. You'd be wrong.

And it's like, no, Martha Wells, if you had any basic fucking compassion for other people, you would see that it's completely fucking reasonable for somebody who's been put through all of these traumatic fucking events — And this is, this sentence is supposed to be funny! All of this bullshit right here, all of these objectively horrible things, this is being framed as a funny fucking joke.

This is a joke!

We're not supposed to actually care about how triggered Murderbot is feeling, of being forced into a goddamn public space surrounded by the very kinds of people who torture it.

(From offscreen) Oh, don't forget to mention all of Murderbot's so-called autistic traits is literally just

PTSD and extremely reasonable considering its circumstances. You can just say that louder.

(From offscreen) All of Murderbots so-called autistic traits is literally just untreated uh, completely untreated, unmitigated PTSD.

I mean, it can literally be both things. There's autistic people with PTSD.

(from offscreen) I know, but literally the fact that every single thing it does is explicitly because of certain things. Like — it doesn't move because you get shocked and tortured if you fidget.

Mhm.

(from offscreen) Even to shift your weight and just “Oh, I don't make eye contact” Because you imply that you were sexually assaulted in the first book, but we'll never address that. And you know, the fact that most slave owners who are comically evil for the sake of being comically evil would probably want to torture a slave for daring to make eye contact with them, but

we're not actually saying anything about the cruelties that slavery and systems like slavery allow people to do, but whatever.

> [[DQ]] You would think a SecUnit who had been shot to pieces multiple times, blown up, memory purged, and once partially dismantled by accident wouldn't be on the verge of panic under these circumstances.

And it's like, uh, that's supposed to be funny.

We're supposed to find the, the, the, the fact that Murderbot has gone through all these things, that's supposed to be funny.

And it's like, yeah, anybody who knows that you've been through these things would think it entirely fucking reasonable for you to be having a fucking panic attack, because you're surrounded by people who would likely do that shit to you again if they find out that you're an escaped slave.

Uh,

[[DQ]] wouldn't be on the verge of panic under these circumstances. You'd be wrong.

And it's like again, you notice we're just being told Murderbot is having a panic attack? We're just being *told* that. Not actually being shown that in the description whatsoever here. Like, literally, let me read the last two paragraphs again. Actually, no, because that's, that's — it's literally not saying a single thing about Murderbot.

We're not even getting told, um, “I— my hands were shaking” or anything like that. It's just “oh, by the way, I'm on the verge of panic. I'm not going to show you that. Just trust me though. Totally man. Trust me, bro.”

[[DQ]] Rami added,

Oh, and I will have to say now, uh, having the character Rathi in Book One and then now Rami in Book One is just bad. Their names look too similar.

Like, Rami never shows up again throughout the entire goddamn series, because Martha Wells is exorsexist, but, like, it's just not good. It’s just showing a lack of care.

> [[DQ]] Rami added, "Uh, I'm not sure where to start." Tapan nudged Tur apparently conveying moral support.

Okay, see, that was technically a correct way of saying that because we're not, what was that person calling it? We're not randomly reading Tapan's mind to judge her motivations as though they're fact.

But like, so yeah, again, Murderbot does grasp these basic fucking gestures. It understands that somebody nudging somebody else in this context is probably trying to convey moral support, but yet, we're supposed to pretend that it — and ART more particularly — just are just ~so confused and scared~ by somebody tapping on a chair. It's ridiculous.

> [[DQ]] Tapan had multicolored braids wrapped up around her head and a blue old jewel toned

interface clipped to her ear and slightly darker skin than Rami. Maro had very dark skin.

(from offscreen) [[CHECK VIDEO: Maro had very]]

We did actually just get told that Rami has light brown skin.

(from offscreen) Okay. Okay. I was —

This is like, the one and only time that we have a, a comparison made where we actually know what is being compared to.

[[DQ]] Maro had very dark skin and silvercoled little puffs of

It's — okay again, it's two — but you notice that Maro here is the one being described with very dark skin, and Maro is the one of these three characters that has *the least* to do in the story?

Maro, of all of these characters, would be the easiest one to get rid of and just edit out, and nothing would

change. Martha Wells is, is ridiculous and so fucking racist.

And no, I'm not saying she's doing this racist shit on purpose, this is just how baked in the racism is!

Of the three fucking characters, the one who has the darkest skin is the one that that has the least to do in the story, and is also one of the two that's completely shoved off screen, never to be seen again.

(from offscreen) Colorism.

Mhm. This is called colorism because — you've heard of racism. Colorism is another form of racism within racism, because colorism says — well, racism says anybody who's not white is bad and is worth less than white people. And then on top of that, you have colorism, and you can look up the brown bag test.

Colorism then says, um, “the lighter your skin, the, the more value you have. Though of course you will never have as much value as white people, but the lighter your skin, the more the more marginally

valuable you have, or valuable you are. And the darker your skin, the less value that you have.”

And then Martha Wells just said that Maro, of these three, has the darkest skin. And then Maro is the one with the least to do with the story. And these people all already have very little to do with the story, and don't actually get to be characters.

Uh,

> [[DQ]] Maro had very dark skin and silver colored little puffs of hair and was almost beautiful enough to be in the entertainment media.

And that's just a very strange statement to state there, as though like — because that's, that's clearly meant to be a compliment, but like, tying in all of Martha Wells's other racism and the fact that Maro literally could not exist and nothing would change about this...

Saying that she — because, yeah, we're we're told “two of them are fema — female and from that and one is tercera” and from that information their pronouns are assumed.

So, we're supposed to assume that Maro's pronouns are she/her because we're told that Maro is female. But, you know, everybody wants to try and argue with me that, “oh, they don't list their sex in in in their their feed bios. They they list their genders!” Really? You sure about that? You sure about that?

Yeah. That — saying that

> [[DQ]]Maro had very dark skin and silver colored little puffs of hair and was almost beautiful enough to be in the entertainment media.

That's, that's, that just seems like saying — [[CHECK]] "What are you guys doing?"

(from offscreen) Notice how she can't have black hair. It has to be silver.

Yeah. None of these characters who are— we're being told have Black and brown skin, and are different shades of brown skin, none of them have are allowed to just have their natural hair colors, it all must be dyed crazy colors. Uh yeah, Tapan has multicolored braids. What did we say? In the exact same hairstyle, um to Ra—

The goddamn names are so interchangeable cuz they have no personalities.

Rami has purple hair and red eyebrows and Maro has silver hair and all of their hair is in extremely elaborate braids, and, and nobody's allowed to just have their natural hair color in in a natural hairstyle.

Where was I at?

This paragraph is so filled with shit it doesn't need to be.

I'm terri

Okay, we're continuing. I found it.

> [[DQ]]I'm terrible at estimating human ages because it's not one of the few things I care about.

Again, Martha Wells trying to pretend, “oh, it just makes sense for Murderbot not to know these things!” It needs to know this shit if we're being told that, “Oh, it's definitely a good bodyguard! It's really good at security, but also it doesn't know anything about anything or anyone or the entire environment around it! But it's definitely good at security, guys! Trust me!”

Uh, I'm pretty sure my Fallout uh, New Vegas character is better at security, and I let that president get shot.

I at least wandered around to look for the shit that they fucked up. I didn't fix it, though, cuz it's not my fucking job to do their goddamn security for them.

If they don't want their president getting shot, maybe they should maybe they should like, fix some basic uh,

really blatant problems. I shouldn't have to come in and fix their shit for them.

But I'm I'm pretty sure I'm better at security than Murderbot, because I at least took the time to walk around. I could have fixed the shit if I gave a fuck, but I don't.

> [[DQ]] I'm terrible at estimating human ages because it's one of the it's not one of the few things I care about. Also, most of my experience is with humans on the entertainment feed.

What do you mean? Huh? Most of murderbots exp— What are we?

Most of my — like, are you listening to this??

(from offscreen) Uh, I'm having that one song by that one artist that I kept listening to. Um trying to get my story straight, but something's in the bathroom getting higher than the Empire State. Um, just popped into my head.

Okay.

(From offscreen) You said chart that thing.

But are you listening to what I just said? What Martha Wells is now claiming that most of Murderbots interactions with humans comes from media, even though it's only been able to watch TV for four years now. And now, out of it nebulous unknown — out of its little nebulous unknown age that could be anything, which is again just more shit writing, because —

As you've seen if you've had the misfortune of watching me read Obsolescence, uh, you'll know by now that Martha Wells does not know how to write children, because there is a — there are multiple child characters in Obsolescence, um, and we don't know how old they are.

And they could be five or they could be 18.

We don't know.

It could literally go either way because how the charact— the child character talks and acts changes every single sentence that she says.

And it she literally she could be 17 or she could be 5 years old, and we just don't know, and, and the story doesn't give us any _ clues besides the fact that, um, she's somewhere that — it's like a space station summer camp.

So presumably she's a child. So maybe not 18 but 17 or so.

(From offscreen) Oh, is this about poor Lily?

Yeah, the one who could be five or — age from — ages 7 to 17.

Again, we don't — we've never been given so much as a hint of how old Murderbot is.

And now we're being told that “most most of my experience” and that's how this is being framed — “Most of my experience”!

Not saying “most of my experience with humans and interpreting human facial expressions is from media because I binged watched XYZ amounts of media on Fast Forward.” So blah blah blah blah blah _ like that.

No, we're just saying most of Murderbot's experience is with humans on the entertainment feed, and they aren't anything like the ones you see in reality.

So this statement here is implying that most of Murderbot's life, the only interaction it's had, or experiences it's had with humans for most of its life, is from watching TV, which it's only been able to do for 4 years now approximately.

So that's implying that Murderbot is, is like, was not literally older than —

It's like saying Murderbot's fucking 5 years old. That's the implication being made here. If most of Murderbot's experience is with watching TV, a thing it's only been able to do for four years now — What is — What — That's implying Murderbot's only five fucking years old.

And like. we are supposed to think that Murderbot has amnesia and presumably — we're supposed to presume it can't remember most of its life… Except that doesn't even work, because that's never actually taken seriously or — quantified.

That's the word I was looking for in the last video. It's never quantified in any goddamn way.

So it just it doesn't — that's not true. It's just not true.

Like Sam Becket, we know he's missing so many memories because, yeah, he has somebody there who is, he, he's remembering stuff, and then he doesn't remember how he knows it.

(from offscreen) And he also has his best friend in the world who he doesn't even remember who remembers him who has to deal with all this shit.

Mhm.

And then in in parenthesis:

> [[DQ]] one of the many reasons I'm not fond of reality because the humans on TV aren't like the ones you see in reality.

And again, like we're just implying that Murderbot is 5 years old right now. So if we take this shit at face value, even if we factor in the fact that Murderbot is supposed to have amnesia that's never quantified in any way that lets us actually make sense of it or, you know, remember that *that's even a thing that it forgot.*

Um, if we take this statement of “most of my experience is watching people on TV”, that's making me think that Murderbot is at maximum or so like maybe 9 years old, because four years ago it would have started watching TV. It's just... this is this is a mess.

Pro tip: If you're going to write a story, you should probably know how old your character is and, and convey that fucking information to the to the audience. At least have a general fucking age range in mind.

You don't have to explicitly tell us “I'm,

(from offscreen) My name is Ethan Darkness, Dementia Ravenway. I'm 17 years old.

Yeah. I don't even think she says it there, does she? I don't I don't think so.

Yeah, just, you don't need to say an exact age, but your character —

Murderbot could literally be any age under the fucking sun, and we have we would have no fucking way of knowing.

This — the story sure as shit loves to frame Murderbot as being one of Mensah's children, because Martha Wells is racist, but like, it, it could be anything!

> [[DQ]] But I thought all three might be young, not children, but maybe not that far from adolescence. They stared at me and I realized I

> was going to have to help. I said cautiously, you want

I see we used commas there correctly.

> [[DQ]] You want to hire a security consultant? This was what they had posted on the social feed. And from the number of similar requests, it was common for groups and individuals to hire private security before going to Rabbi High. I guess hiring human security guards is what you do when you can't afford real security.

Yeah. Slavery. literally saying, "Oh, I guess hiring security guards that you pay for their work is what you do when you can't afford to hire a slave to be a meat shield." And notice how we've gone right back to that, “the company's actually the best ever and they're so competent. Using a slave meat shield is actually what's giving you real security, unlike unlike a human bodyguard who's actually getting paid for their work!”

Um, because we're now saying that the only good security and *real security* is enslaved meat shields.

(from offscreen) [unintelligible] ...better at pretending to be a human because Murderbots the best at everything it does. So much better than humans. But also she wants her five minutes of fame by trying to make commentary about and again we just keep jumping back and forth. Are SecUnits good good at their jobs or are they extremely cheap and shit at their jobs? Again, we have swung back once again to yes, the security companies are the best ever and they put in all the good resources. And when you hire a slave to be used as your personal meat shield, that means you're getting real security. This is a positive thing. You should always want to hire a slave, enslaved meat shield instead of hiring an actual security guard who gets paid for their work, which is a thing they signed up for and have fucking basic human rights.

Yeah. Instead of doing that, you should just become a slave owner and use a meat — an enslaved meat shield as your security. This is progressive, right?

This is literally that's what's going on right now.

We are 38% of the way through the story now. We've progressed 3% of the way through the story since I started reading this.

We finally met our side-quest givers.

> [[DQ]] Rami seemed relieved. Yes, we need help. Maro threw a look around and said, "We shouldn't talk here. Maybe. Is there someplace else we could go?" It had been stressful enough getting here. I didn't want to have to go anywhere else right now. I did a quick scan for drones, then initiated a glitch in the connection between the restaurant and transit ring security. I caught the cameras and showed ART what I wanted it to do. It took over and edited me out of the systems recording and cut the camera watching table out of the system. I unglitched the connection to the ring's main security, which wouldn't notice the missing camera feed for a short time. For the short time we would be here.

(from offscreen) [laughter]

Huh?

(from offscreen) I'm just giggling at the overpowered and the ridiculousness and then saying that we can't possibly free slaves because that would be too hard.

Yep.

(from offscreen) But we can do all this.

Yeah. All that shit I just read off, that's completely effortless and takes literally a fraction of a fucking second. “But what but we can't free — we can't free the other slaves. It would just be ~so~ difficult, um, that the, the companies they would just — they would just um… fix their governor modules.”

A thing that has never even been remotely a thing that Murderbot has ever been even remotely concerned about.

[[DQ]] I said, "It's all right. We're not being recorded

Because it literally did all of that shit right there in between the these characters saying, "Hey, maybe we should talk somewhere else."

Literally, in the time it takes me to say the next word, it did all that. You can just — and then we're like —

I'll, I'll literally read it without including that shit.

[[DQ]]Maro threw a look around and said, "We shouldn't talk here. Maybe. Is there somewhere else we could go?"

-

> [[DQ]] I said, "It's all right. We're not being recorded."

That's literally how quickly it did all of that.

And then we're just supposed to pretend that Murderbot just can't, can't free other slaves.

It can't even do like the laziest version of freeing the other slaves, which would literally just be making a fucking self-replicating computer virus that literally does nothing — that literally does nothing but hack all governor modules and just jump from every single system it touches to hack all governor modules.

That's it. It would literally be as simple as that.

What — it could literally just send out. send out a mass email with computer virus worm thingy attached like that famous computer — the one of the first computer viruses it was literally called a fucking worm and I can't remember the specifics but it's spread through emails and shit, and it's just, like, this is effortless, especially because the feed, the thing that's never been properly described or given limitations, exists everywhere —

(from offscreen) [muffled] …actually central to the plot of this book and I can't wait until you read it out loud, what the feed does.

Yes.

(from offscreen) And it gets worse.

Yes. Okay.

The excuses to not do things to move the plot forward and actually care about other enslaved people gets worse infinitely.

Okay.

> [[DQ]] They stared at me. Rami said, "But their security." "Did you do something?" "I'm a security consultant," I repeated. My panic level was starting to drop primarily because they were so obviously nervous. Humans are nervous of me because I'm a terrifying Murderbot. And I'm nervous of them because they're humans. But I knew that humans could also be wary and nervous of each other in non-combat and non-adversarial situations in reality and not just as part of a story. That was what seemed to be happening. But it let me pretend this was business as usual during one of the

> rare occasions when clients asked my advice about security.

That's a lot of — That's a lot of words, but seems to directly parallel, but also contradict, exactly what it said in the first book of literally, “humans don't like murderbots and I'm uncomfortable around humans because blah.”

Yeah, it's—

Yeah, we're just contradicting that and throwing that out in the trash.

> [[DQ]] Part of my job as a SecUnit was to give clients advice when they asked for it as I was theoretically the one with all the theoretically the one with all the information on security.

You mean — yeah a thing that makes sense for Murderbot to be, because it's literally it prides itself on its ability to protect people, but we're supposed to pretend that it “just makes sense” for Murderbot to be completely unaware of its surroundings.

Three, four, five. I only have to count at one point in when it's when I get back to the corner

> [[DQ]] As I was theoretically the one with all the information on security. Not that a lot of them had asked for it or had listened to me. Not that I'm bitter about that or anything.

And then people think that Murderbot saying sarcastic things like that is what proves it's an unreliable narrator. Even though that's a — a sarcastic narrator is not the same fucking thing as an unreliable narrator. That's sarcasm. You're meant to pick it up as sarcasm. An unreliable narrator is not just the narrator being sarcastic.

> [[DQ]] Tapan looked impressed. So, you're spliced, right?

And again, this is pathetic.

This is just Martha Wells just trying to be relevant and trying to pretend like, "Oh, but they got slang."

—What's, what's in that drink? I'm thirsty for something that's not just plain water.

(from offscreen) Diet Coke, maybe. So that it's not iced tea. It's definitely not supposed to be sweet teas. Most certainly not sweet tea.

Diet something is very flat. They got our order wrong. What time? Oh, it's 11:48. I'll have a fake stuff that doesn't have caffeine. Feel free to narrate anything.

(from offscreen) I'm dealing with slightly smelly paint. I'll be able to do a family portrait.

Would you like to show that to the camera at all?

But just — What was I saying before I went to get the sprite besides…? Oh. Oh, yeah.

We're just adding in more slang terms, more sci-fi-sounding slang terms, to try and seem legit, like a legitimate sci-fi, instead of just *being* a legitimate sci-fi story. Cuz this term, this — Yeah. And I'm saying

this in particular, because the term spliced will never show up in the entire series ever again.

She's just saying it here to seem like, “oh, I I know what this I know what the sci-fi kids say! They use the word splice, right?”

But we're not actually using it. We're just saying it this one fucking time, and this is not the same thing as actual world building!

As I've said, saying there's dragons is not world building. World building is showing us the dragons and how they interact with cultures around them and how they interact with the environments around them and how it — it's it's not just *literally*

> [[DQ]] Tan looked impressed. So, you're spliced, right? She patted the back of her neck indicating where my data port was.

And remember, that data port is not actually supposed to be on the back of Murderbot's neck.

Martha Wells has just retconned that. That shit's supposed to be like, hidden inside so that its neck had to be *sawed open* because Murderbot felt like its head was being chopped off, because they had to literally cut open its skin to get inside its fucking brain — the back of its neck, not its brain in particular, to get inside its fucking neck and find that thing.

It's not just a casual USB port on the back of the neck!

Because even as incompetent as this security company is, and we're told they are, except for right now when we're supposed to be really impressed by the, the security that their their fucking enslaved meat shields can provide.

(From offscreen) ~Human security isn't real security. You have to get yourself an enslaved dehumanized human meat shield!~

Yeah. Murderbot's data port is not on the back of its neck. That's not how that works. That's just a shitty retcon.

> [[DQ]] You got augments. You have extra access to the to the feed. Spliced was an informal term for an augmented human. I had heard it on the entertainment feed.

And again, just telling us this shit instead of just having this be a term from the first book.

Imagine if instead of saying augmented human every single time, we said the word spliced instead. It — just imagine. But, you know, that would give them less word count and less character count to to fill out that less than a centimeter of a book that they were so fucking desperate to pretend was longer than it really was.

> [[DQ]]I said yes, then added among other things.

Why are you saying among other exactly?

> [[DQ]] Rami's red brows lifted in understanding.

Now, we're just mind reading again. That should just say lifted.

(From offscreen) Also, is she dying her eyebrows? Or presumably, presumably

> [[DQ]] Rami's red brows lifted in understanding.

And again, these characters are such non- characters that I constantly — wait... no, yeah, it is Rami, the one that uses the neopronouns.

(from offscreen) Martha Wells is such a fucking coward and just hates non-binary people so much that she can't even in 2025—

Yeah

(From offscreen) She — what

I said that she can't even look up the definition. She literally still doesn't know what the word non-binary means in 2025.

Okay, Rami — instead of saying Rami's brows lifted in understanding, okay, stop mindreading other characters.

It should have said Rami lifted her eyebrows or — ter eyebrows. See, I'm literally getting her? Ter and Tapan mixed up because they're interchangeable. I swear to fuck. And Rami doesn't talk. So —

Oh my god, it's so bad. Somebody should have told Martha Wells, you need to learn conservation of, of, of fucking, like, if you don't — you don't need —

There don't need to be three characters here!

We could have just had one fucking character here representing everybody else!

We don't need three of them, because there being three of them means nothing! There's no meaningful

difference between them at all! And every time — they're not even relevant in the rest of the story!

All right. Yeah. And I have an eye doctor's exam in the morning, but my eyes are annoying me.

So seeing Rami after reading Book One with Rathi and I just keep thinking it says Rathi again, because it's like, the ex — it's literally just one letter off!

And this is a big deal in book five, because we have Arada and Amena and it's just like, oh my god, and it keeps happening again.

Literally Martha Wells is doing everything in her power to actually to avoid actually using Rami's neoponouns of te/ter, presumably t e r s e l f.

We're never given the full set spelled out, but like, “Rami's red brows lifted in understanding.”

We shouldn't be saying “in understanding” at all. Get rid of that shit. Just say Rami's red brows lifted and then change that to Rami lifted ter eyebrows.

> [[DQ]] Maro looked impressed and said I

And again we have Rami taking an action and then Maro is talking in the same paragraph.

Literally just put a fucking par— line— paragraph break after und— just get rid of the word understanding!

Just say “Rami lifted her eyebrows.” New paragraph. “Maro looked impressed and said blah blah blah.”

> [[DQ]]I don't know if we can afford our credit account is if we can get our data back. Then Rami took it up again. Then we would have plenty to pay you. ART, who was apparently very interested in the job scenario, started to search the public feeds for a pay scale for private security consultants. I reminded myself that I was pretending not to be a sex unit, so me questioning them wouldn't

[cats making noises] What was that?

[[DQ]] Um, I reminded myself that I was pretending not to be a SecUnit, so me questioning them wouldn't seem out of the ordinary.

I don't know if you guys can hear all the cats scampering and skittering around like little crazy kitties.

[[DQ]] I decided to start with the basic information. Why do you want to hire me? Rami looked at the other two, got nods in response, and cleared her throat.

At least this time, Martha Wells didn't say Rami's throat cleared.

[[DQ]]We were we were working on

I'm not I'm not gonna keep saying the name of this fucking space station because the automatic transcript keeps autocorrecting it to various things and it's too annoying to keep track of.

So I will just be referring to it as RH the letters from now on, because it's obnoxious and also it's completely meaningless.

The rest of what I will read will be accurate, but I am tired of having to correct the transcript on the spelling of this fucking thing.

For the last time, I will say it just so you know. It is RaviHyral. Capital R, A, V, I, capital H, Y, R, A, L.

Completely meaningless!

Whatever that is short for, we never get told, because it's not actual worldbuilding. It's just smashing words together because *that's what happens in Alien*.

> [[DQ]] Rami looked at the other two, got nods in response, and cleared her throat. We were working on RH for Tlacey Excavations.

That's a capital E. That's a proper noun. Tlacey Exped — Excavations.

So, Tlacey runs an excavation company.

This is ridiculous.

> [[DQ]]One of the smaller um row contractors

That is um, a thing we don't know and have never been given context for and aren't going to be given context for right now either! Will never ever come up again. It will never come up again.

She's just saying words for just to say words.

> [[DQ]] We do mineral research and technology development. T explained that they were a collective of technologists, seven of them plus dependents who traveled from work contract to work contract. The others were waiting in a hotel suite with Rami, Maro, and Tapan, having been deputized to act for the group. It was a relief to hear that their mining experience was in tech and research. In the mining contracts I had had,

We got another had had. Uh

> [[DQ]] the texts were usually in offices off the pit site or adjacent to it and we didn't see them unless they got intoxicated and tried to kill each other which admittedly was rare.

So these are the sort of rich fuckers who work on places where slave labor is used, but, you know, we're not supposed to care about that in any way.

(from offscreen) Except “we got to protect precious humans”.

Yep.

> [[DQ]] Tlacey's terms were great, Tan added. But maybe too great, if you know what I mean. ART did a quick search and returned with the opinion that it was intended to be a figure of speech. I told it I knew that.

And ART's just lying about not — ART's just pretending not to know what this shit means. It knows what the script means.

> [[DQ]] Rami continued, "We took the contract because it would give us time to work on our own stuff. We've had this idea to develop a new detection system for strange synthetics.

(from offscreen) I think this is the first time that's used, maybe.

I don't remember.

(From offscreen) It wasn't used in the first one. I don't remember.

That's what I'm saying. I don't remember.

Uh, ~strange synthetics~. Even more blatant Alien bullshit.

Uh yeah, that's about the alien shit that's never explained in any fucking way.

> [[DQ]] We took the contract because it would give us time to work on our own stuff.

Also, if you think them researching this shit is important in any way, or a setup for anything, it's not. It's not.

(from offscreen) [muffled]

What?

(from offscreen) Why would you be able to detect strange synthetics? That implies that it all comes from the exact same source instead of multiple different presumably alien cultures, which is what I was assuming at first, but then I remembered that Martha Wells is racist. So, it's just and a racist Stargate stand-in. So, it's just the Ancients all — It's literally just Ancient Aliens is what's going on here. Like, literally just ancient aliens. It's all “They are the master race.” Unironically, that's where these Alien Ancient alien remnants come from.

[looking at crochet] This blanket is getting big.

It's xenomorph goop. That's why it never gets explained, because this is this is a, a no xenomorphs AU of “what if David decided to protect the. the the crew of the Prometheus?” Literally, that's what this is.

> [[DQ]] We had this idea to develop a new detection system for strange synthetics. RH has a lot of identified deposits, so it's a great place for research.

[looking at crochet.] I put an extra chain. I don't need one. No. Yes, I do. I need that.

> [[DQ]] Strange synthetics were elements left behind by alien civilizations. Telling the difference between them and naturally occurring elements were previously unident elements that were previously unidentified was a problem in mining. Like the remnants of alien occupation/ civilization uncovered by Grey Chris on my last contract, they were off the limit off limits for commercial development.

It's like okay, but again, if — this is begging, even if ignoring all the other fucked up shit in that sentence, it's begging the question:

Who is enforcing these, saying that you can't do anything with the alien shit?

Who's enforcing that?

There's no fucking over— there's no, there's no centralized government. There's no — there's not even the version of a corporate UN.

Who is, who's saying the — who's making these rules in the first place? And who the fuck is supposed to be enforcing them?

Why can a contract from Pin-Lee, who's from a backwater freehold planet, have any kind of weight, enough to bring a weapon of mass destruction onto a public fucking station? Literally, it doesn't make sense.

> [[DQ]] That was all I ever needed to know since every job I'd ever had involving alien material was much just me standing around guarding the people who were working on it.

In parenthesis:

> [[DQ]] ART tried to explain it to me and I told it to save it for later. I need it to focus.

So Martha Wells is pretending she knows what is going on, but you know that's never given to us in world building.

We're now 40% of the way through the story since this video started.

(from offscreen) This [muffled] —

Yeah.

> [[DQ]] Rami said we were making good progress, but then suddenly our group got

> terminated with no notice and they took our data.

And again, this doesn't make any fucking sense if you actually put yourselves in the character's shoes, as a person whose, whose thoughts have to follow logic.

Explain to me what what possible motivations Tlacey could have for firing them before they've actually succeeded with the work. It literally doesn't fucking make sense, cuz we're we're going to about to be told that Tlacey stole all their shit.

Stole all their their their ~important data research~ keeping them on the page — instead of just keeping them there until they've actually successfully invented the technology in a way that she can reproduce and then just kill him, which is effortless.

Again, they don't they don't work for any big corporations, so, we're supposed to pretend that that means that they're inherently moral.

That's not how that works.

So, like again, so we're saying they were just making progress, but we're supposed to pretend that she would just fire them instead of taking their the final product for herself and then killing them. It's ridiculous.

It doesn't fucking make sense if you think about it logically for 5 seconds as I'm —

Okay. I'm Tlacey. What would I do in this situation if I want to steal the scientist's work? You don't kill the fucking scientists or fire them. Why would you fire them? You don't fire the scientists before they've actually finished making the death ray. You wait until the death ray is working and functional and then you kill them. Probably with the death ray. It'll even give you time to make a dramatic speech.

> [[DQ]] Tapan waved her hands. All our work, it wasn't anything to do with our contract. Mara finished.

These characters are just supposed to be like interrupting each other and all talking, and it's not it's

not actually a good enough excuse for there to be three of them.

> [[DQ]] Mara finished. Tlacey stole it basically and they deleted the most current version off our devices. We had copies of the older iterations, but we've lost all our recent work. Rami added,

What do you mean — Again with saying “XY Bharadwaj finished”, and then she literally keeps talking!

We said Maro finished, and then Rami is still adding on!

Are you actually all finished talking or are you continuing to talk? You have to pick one!

> [[DQ]] Rami added, "We filed a complaint with UMRO, but it's taking forever to process it, and we don't know if it's ever going to come to anything." I said, "This sounds like something you should go to a solicitor about."

Also, Martha Wells using the word solicitor instead of lawyer is again just her trying to be pretentious and trying to seem like it's “ooh super duper complex and, and and cool and smart.” And it's just like it's it it's just bad.

> [[DQ]] It wasn't unusual. The company data mined too, but it wasn't as clumsy or obvious as trying to delete the work from the original creators devices

Because, you know, guys, the company, they're ~so~ smart. They're really good at their job. Except for when we're going to be told that they're really bad at it and are cheap. But you know um, you know, just don't don't think about anything that has happened before now. Just exist in the moment. Just go off the vibes of whatever is being said to you right now.

> [[DQ]] If it did that, then the creators wouldn't come back and enter into more security bond agreements, which would give the company access to whatever they were working on next.

So yeah, Martha Wells is literally capable of having characters and including corporations use logic when that isn't going to — whatever, whatever is supposed to be going on here.

> [[DQ]] We thought about a solicitor, Rami said, but we aren't in the union, so it would be expensive.

Why aren't you in a union? We're not given any explanation for why they haven't joined the union.

(from offscreen) Unions are poor dumb hicks who want to pay fees.

Mhm.

But then, uh...

> [[DQ]] it would be expensive. But then yesterday finally answered our petition and said we could have the files back if we returned our signing bonus. We have to go down to to RH to do that. T sat back into her chair. That's why we

> wanted to hire you. This was starting to make sense. You don't trust Lacy. We just want somebody on our side, Tan clarified. No, we definitely don't trust Tlacey, Maro countered. Not at all. We need security for when we get there if things get touchy. Tlacey herself is supposed to meet us, and she has an entourage of bodyguards, and there's no general security except

What? There's no general security on the place that Murderbot wanted to just sneak into, which would have been effortless?

There's literally no fucking security wandering around? My god.

> [[DQ]] And there's no general security except what Umro has in the public areas and the port. And that's not much.

There's literally no security in the areas that Murderbot would have to go through to get to where its fucking quest marker is.

It literally would have been fucking effortless for Murderbot to hack a ship that's *not* a person! Morally neutral action! Sneak aboard. Sneak there. Sneak past the literal non-existent security. Sneak into wherever it is. Read the fucking thing, and sneak back out and be on its merry fucking way.

You can see what — That is — It would have literally been effortless. There's, there's no security. But, you know, we got to do what ART says.

Um, even though it doesn't fucking make sense and we're not given any actual in-universe justifications for this, let alone an out of universe one.

(from offscreen) [muffled] It's a boring thing.

Is it AI generated shit?

(from offscreen) Thankfully not.

Okay.

> [[DQ]] I didn't know exactly what she thought she meant by touchy, but all the scenarios I can imagine in that situation weren't good ones.

And when is this chapter over?

This is a, like, this chapter is more paragraphs than I feel like reading.

> [[dq]] The company offered SE units so the clients didn't have to hire humans to guard each other. From what I had seen in the cals, me doing a halfass version of my job was still better than a human trying to do it

(from offscreen) Cuz pro-generative AI and shit for replacing humans with robots

Even — Okay, so “Murderbot doing a halfass job version of its job is still better than a human trying to do it.”

And by its job, we mean Murderbot being enslaved to be a fucking meat shield is and halfassing that. Not

really, because we're never actually shown Murderbot halfassing its job whatsoever.

It's still better than a “human”, ~real human~ doing it.

And it's like, okay, if that's true, then why doesn't Murderbot pay attention to its surroundings even when it's *not* halfassing its job?

Explain that to me.

> [[DQ]] I was still watching us through the captured security camera, even though I wasn't allowing it to record. I could see my expression was dubious, but in this case, I think the situation warranted it. I said the meeting with Tlacey could be held through a secured comm channel. The company bonded those too for funds and data transfer. Maro, whose expression was even more dubious than mine, said, "Yeah, but Tlacey wants to do it in person." Rami admitted, "We know it doesn't sound like a good idea to go." It was a great

great idea to go if you wanted to be murdered. I had hoped for an easier job, courier duty or something, but this was protecting humans who were determined to do something dangerous was exa which was exactly the kind of job I was designed for. the job that I had kept doing more or less, often as less as possible, even after I had hacked my governor module. I was used to having something useful to do, taking care of something, even if it was only a contractually obligated group of humans who, if I was lucky, treated me like a tool and not a toy.

Martha Wells, you're — you're terrible.

[[dq]] After PreservationAux, it had occurred to me how different it would be to do my job as an actual member of the group I was protecting. And that was the main reason I was here.

What do you mean? That's just a lie. Whatever.

[[DQ]] I phrased it as a question because pretending you were asking for more

> information was the best way to try to get the humans to realize they were doing doing something stupid. So, do you think there's another reason Tlacey wants you to do this exchange in person other than killing you? Tapan grimaced as if that was something she had been aware of, but trying not to think about. Maro tapped the table and pointed at me, which was vaguely alarming until Wrath until ART

See, literally seeing the word Rami is making me think I have to read Rathi.

> Vaguely alarming until ART identified it as a gesture of empathetic agreement.

All right. Do you have your phone? And do you have the, the Book One on your phone? Because I don't.

I will read the sentence again.

> Maro tapped the table and pointed at me, which was vaguely alarming

So, we're pretending that Murderbot doesn't know that being pointed at is a sign of agreement, even though Rathi did that in Book One.

And I think I told you all to remember that, but I might have forgotten to point out “remember this”.

Rathi pointing at Murderbot. Murderbot grasps that this is Rathi agreeing with it. This literally happens in Book One, but because Martha Wells — do you remember the wording? I just — search “pointed at me”.

(from offscreen) I can imagine.

Or maybe Rathi pointed. If that one doesn't work,

Which song is it that says, "You've come to kill me, but you'll end up dead."

(From offscreen) Um, Overtake You.

Okay, that's what I thought.

Maybe just try pointed. It's probably not in you had it. No, maybe pointing because of tenses getting fucked up.

It, it, it, it's in there. I specifically remember it. They're in one of the damn spaceships.

Point.

(from offscreen) Rathi was staring into the distance and through my feed I saw he was reviewing my field camera video of the gopaw habitat. He pointed in my direction, nodding. “I agree.” Okay. So, I don't—

I think you're too quiet for the people on here to hear because it's all the way over here. So, what was it?

(from offscreen) Rathi pointed in my direction, nodding.

That happened in Book One. Murderbot had absolutely no instinctual negative reaction to Rathi pointing at it, because Martha Wells is just trying to pretend that Murderbot is more socially anxious than

it actually is, through — and doesn't hum so much. Yeah. And pretend — She's trying to backtrack on how much Murderbot worships humans as though it literally wasn't worshiping the PreservationAux team from page 1 in Book One.

People love to pretend that “oh it it started to like them over time.”

You mean offscreen?

What we were told happened offscreen?

That's entirely offscreen before the story starts, so that Murderbot literally starts out worshiping them and knowing everything about them, including all of their fucking relationships with one another?

Yeah. Uh we're just lying. We're just being lied to and told that ~Oh, Murderbots thinks it's scary that somebody pointed at it!~

It, It's never had this happen before. It literally happened in Book One, you lazy fucking writer.

> [dq] Rami took a sharp breath and said, "We think dot dot dot.

We weren't finished. We weren't finished. See, we have a comma there, I was just messing up reading it. We have a comma there properly.

> [dq] Our process was incomplete, but we weren't so enthusiastic about it. Dot dot dot. We think they must have listened in using the security feeds and heard us talking and thought we were much further along than we actually were.

So, this is Martha Wells's excuse, presumably because somebody said, "This literally doesn't fucking make sense. Why the fuck would the villain not have the complete product in her hands and fire them before they finished making that?"

So, this is her excuse against that criticism of, "Oh, well, they were — they were — they they were making it seem like they'd accomplish more than they actually had."

That doesn't work though, because there's still literally no final product in front to to handily take.

> [dq] So I don't know if they can complete it. Maybe they realize it's not worth without much without us to finish it. Maybe Tlacey wants us to work for her again. Tapan said hopefully. Probably before she murders you. I didn't say

There's another one for you.

> [dq] Maro snorted. I would rather live in a box in a station mall than work for her again. Once they had started to talk about it, it was hard for them to stop. The collective was completely divided on,

And by collective, we're referring to a group marriage, a giant group marriage.

Uh,

> [dq] the comp collective was completely divided on what to do, which was apparently paid for

> for all of them since they were used to agreeing on everything. Tapan, who according to Maro was not too naive for this existence, thought it was worth a try. Maro, who according to Tapan was a cynical impediment to both fun and progress, thought they were screwed and should just cut their losses. Rami was undecided, which was why T had been elected leader of the collective for the duration of this problem. Rami did not seem thrilled by the collective's confidence, but was gamely trying to proceed.

This isn't characterization. We're just being told they have personality traits in relation to one single thing.

Tapan is naive.

Maro is cynical.

And Rami isn't either.

The non— the token non-binary character is neither cynical nor naive. They might — you might say te’s non-binary.

> [dq] Finally, Rami finished up with, "So that's why we want to hire you. We thought it would be better to go in with someone who could protect us. Keep her crew from messing with us. Show her we have backup while we negotiate."

Not in dialogue, just prose:

> What they needed was a security company willing to bond them for me a meeting and return trip and send a SecUnit with them to guarantee their safety. But security companies like that are expensive and wouldn't be interested in a job this small.

Literally saying, "Well, what they should do is become slave owners and hire a slave to use as a meat shield. But, but companies like that are expensive!

Again. See, we've gone back to ~Oh, the company. They're so expensive. They're so— They're so skilled and expensive, except for, you know, when they're cheap for all the bullshit —uh, wouldn't be interested in a job this small.”

> [dq]They all stared at me worriedly. In the security system view, from that angle, it was obvious how small they were. They looked so soft with all the fluffy multicolored hair and nervous, but not of me.

That's just — we're literally just infantilizing them now, and using the fact that their hair is dyed and is not their natural colors and the vague — Martha Wells loves describing ostensibly Black hair as fluffy with no other details.

We're using the fact that their hair is not their natural colors as motive to infantilize them.

> [dq]I said, "I accept your job." Ramian,

(to cat) what are you doing under there? Kitty cat.

> [dq]Ra Rami and Tan looked relieved. And Maro, who clearly still didn't want to do this, looked resigned. She said, "How much do we pay you?" She glanced uncertainly at the others. Can we afford you? I mean, ART had a set of spreadsheets ready, but I didn't want to scare them off with a figure that was too high. How much were they paying you before you were terminated? Rami said, "It's 200 CRs per cycle for each worker for the limited term of contract."

And again, we are never given any goddamn context for how long a cycle is. Even now, when people are talking about how much they're getting paid and the, the, the, the currency of CR that's never come up before now — and it will never come up ever again.

> [dq]It's 200 CRs per cycle for each worker for the limited term of contract. It didn't sound like this would take more than a cycle. You can pay me that. One cycle's share of the contract. Rami Rami sat up straight. Really?

So, is that a year? Is that a week? Is that a day? I I guess it's a day, even though saying we're getting paid XYZ per cycle sounds like a, sounds like a yearly fucking salary.

Again, it's shit writing. If you're going to write something where you, literally you are using the word cycle instead of year or day or week, you have to tell us how long it is.

(from offscreen) I've been reading a Transformers fan that's just fluff and I can tell you now with confidence just from them actually using it in context-clue filled conversation what an orn is, what a megaorn is, what a [decaorn?] is, what a bream is, as measurements of time, because this person actually uses them consistently and does it enough with context clues that you know exactly what the fuck they're talking about.

If you could not hear any of that through the muffling of the cardboard, my twin says they are reading a fluff, fluffy, fluff-filled Transformers fanfiction. And just from reading that single fanfiction from context

clues alone because the author uses them consistently and uh frequently and always consistently they know what an or is and a mega or and a what?

(from offscreen) Uh, a bream a bream. Decaorn. A deca— or I mean that's obvious 10, but yeah. And they're just working it into every single casual conversation by replacing regular words that we would use for these things and using it with these. Makes sense.

Yeah. A thing that Martha Wells is not doing in any way.

[dq]It didn't sound like this would take more than a cycle.

So, let me say this shit. By, by replacing cycle with day, because from this sentence I was assuming that a cycle was in fact a year.

It's 200 CRS whatever the fuck that — we don't know what that's an abbreviation of— per cycle for each worker for the limited term of contract.

So, they're getting paid 200 CRS a day.

> It didn't sound like this would take more than a cycle. You can pay me that. one cycle share of the contract

And it's like, that's too many words for what is actually being said.

So, so you so you're hiring a bodyguard and they're like, "Hey, how much how much did you get paid when you worked at Taco Bell or whatever” and you say, uh, $200 a day,” which even that in this economy that's a lot of money.

Uh, and then they're like, "Okay, you can pay me that." And they're like, and then instead of saying uh — one. one one day's worth of my employment, you would say $200.

> [dq]One psycho share of the contract. Rami sat up straight. Really? Reaction meant I'd asked for far too little, but it was too late to correct the mistake. I did need to give them a reason

> why I was willing to settle for a small amount, and I decided the partial truth was better. I need to go to RH and I need an employment contract to go there.

I feel like that's not something you should be telling people because now that just seems extremely fucking fishy.

If I were these people and I was trying to hire a bodyguard, and then they were only asking for an absurdly low price, and then were saying this

(from offscreen) I’d think they were here to kill me or rob me blind.

No, I'm not. No. If I, if I say I need a bodyguard and then some random person walks up and, and accepts the job for like a ridiculously low amount of price and then says, "Oh yeah, I need to go over there anyways." I would be very suspi— especially in a capitalist dystopia, which is what this is supposed to be.

I'd be very suspicious that this person's not actually a bodyguard and that they're literally just taking my money so they can go over there to do shit. Like. you don't know why!

> [dq]the fan asked and Rami nudged her by way of admonishment.

Why are we — so Murderbot doesn't magically suddenly doesn't know that pointing at somebody is a form of agreement anymore. But it does know that Rami nudging Tapan is a form of admonishment. A word I'm shocked Murderbot even knows with how much we're told Murderbot doesn't know.

[dq]I mean, I know we don't have a right to ask, but and then Murderbot thinks to itself in italics, even though italics in this fucking book are meant to only be used to signify dialogue, because we just have to confuse people for no reason:

> [dq]Don't have a right to ask. That wasn't something I had that had ever applied to me before PreservationAux.

They didn't ask you anything, Murderbot. They didn't say they didn't have the right to ask you anything. They literally fucking mind raped you while you were unconscious and told everybody else your fucking secrets.

We are *again* being lied to and being told that Murder— that the PreservationAux team treated Murderbot ~so well~, that they respected its privacy, and didn't ask it questions it didn't want to answer.

We're just being lied to again.

> [dq]I told the truth again. I need to do some research there for another client.

That's the truth. Murderbot's literally not lying when it says I need to do research there for another client, another one of my slave owners. It's literally telling the truth.

It's going here to do research for Mensah, its goddamn slave owner, *not itself*.

> [dq]Like ART, they understood the idea of research, especially proprietary research, and they didn't ask any further questions. Rami told me they were scheduled to leave for RH during the next cycle and said T would put in the request for the private employment voucher. I arranged to meet them in the mall near the

And again, why are they the ones who are securing this fucking voucher? It — again, the whole government, governance! It doesn't make any fucking sense!

> [dq]I arranged to meet them in the mall near the access for the shuttle embarcation zone and then left. I released the security camera as soon as I was out of range.

And I'm sure nobody's ever going to notice that the security camera stopped recording shit and that all of the shit is is hacked up and hacked back together. Nobody's ever going to notice that, cuz uh that would be inconvenient.

> [dq]I got back to ART and huddled in my favorite chair and we watched episodes for the next three hours while I calmed down

Because we're supposed to pretend that Murderbot was actually extremely panicked during that whole entire conversation even though it wasn't, and that wasn't conveyed to us in any way, because Murderbot's not actually allowed to be um, socially awkward or neurodivergent in a way that actually impacts it and impacts how it actually interacts with other people.

We just get told afterward, "Oh, and then it it had to huddle in its favorite chair and watch TV until it calmed down” instead of actually showing us any of this shit for real.

Again, we're just being lied to. And it's just a fundamental failure of writing of she's just telling us shit instead of actually showing us anything.

> [dq]ART monitored the transit ring's alert feed in case someone had realized what I was, but

> there was nothing. "I told you so," ART said again.

Now, that is about, um, ART fucking coercing Murderbot into surgery that Murderbot didn't want, that didn't actually do anything in this situation whatsoever, because literally nobody was looking for it with a fucking ping. And it's ridiculous.

> [dq]I ignored it. I hadn't been detected. So, now it was time to think about the rest of the plan, which now involved keeping my new clients alive.

And by clients, Murderbot always means slave owners, because that's what the word client is a euphemism for. It literally always means slave owners.

And then we're now on chapter five, which is 44% of the way through this fucking story.

And that's it for now. Yep. Bye-bye.

20

February 9th, 2025.

I feel like the camera... Maybe it's just cuz I'm slouching a bit because I have a kitten on my lap.

Um, this is the 20th video. No. Yeah, the 20th video for this series. You may have noticed my hair is different. It's because, um, I take my glasses off whenever I'm cutting my hair with the clippers and didn't realize that the guard had been taken off.

So, all of this was bare. It's growing back very quickly, but you can see that.

We are reading — if this is the first video. Okay, if this is —

I'm being stabbed by a kitten.

(to cat) Hello. That's my legs. Have you not figured this out yet? Come up here and be cute. Come up here for the camera. Come here. No, not you start to come here. Come here. Come here. You were just

being an adorable sleepy little baby. Now you got to cause problems as soon as I start recording. Anyways, uh if you didn't get the memo, I haven't made a video in a while because I rescued kittens in October and they're causing chaos.

(to cat) Aren't you? Aren't you? You want to come here if you're doing a slow blink at me? Come here. Come here. Look at the camera. Come here. Look at the camera.

This is Mr Lupon.

(to cat) Look at the camera. Just don't push the button with your nose.

He's the little runt of the litter when we found him.

(to cat) Ow. Jayken, don't stab me. That's my legs. You guys should know this by now. Guess I'm not allowed to use a blanket. All right.

Anyways, rescued kittens on Octo in October because I was at the park taking pictures and then they just

came out of the woods. And Mr Lupon — if you want to come back, stop stabbing me, please.

Usually teaching kittens not to use their claws is very easy, but these guys are really stubborn about it. This is Mr Lupon — had three weeks of reinforcement because they were — Well, they were being, they got socialized every day for an hour by volunteers. So, that's not excuse. They're just being stupid.

Anyways, Mr Lupon uh, I rescued them because I realized both of his eyes were completely glued shut and he literally had no idea I was there because he could not see from the infection.

That's much smaller than your hand. Also, he was literally smaller than my hand. Here he is. Look at him. Look how big he is. He's still small, though. He's still, He's not, He needs to gain more weight. He's getting a little bit skinny cuz he's going through a growth spurt. So, we have to give him wet food and lots of treats that he likes just so he gets enough calories. Yeah.

Anyways, if this is the first video in this playlist, you are clicking on the playlist of me reading these books out loud and giving you line by line commentary, not me rambling about these adorable little kittens.

He's looking at the phone. They've They've been obsessed with my phone since I found them. So, he might smack it with his paw and end the video. Please don't do that, little man. Don't do that. Thank you. You're so cute.

He's just laying his his little head on my arm to be adorable, and it's working.

Anyways, if this is the first video you have clicked on in this series, we are more than halfway through — This is Book Two here. This is another book. We're just going to do another price comparison.

We're more than halfway through Book Two here. So, if you would like to not be baffled, find on our ow. Can you Oh my gosh. Stop kicking. All right. I'm not allowed to have a blanket because they just want to stab my legs through it for some reason. If you don't

want to be confused, find the playlist. If you you should notice the number 20 at the start of this video. It's because it's the 20th one in the series. go to our channel and just type in one 01 or if it appears in a playlist it might suggest it in the on the side. I don't know how YouTube does stuff these days.

We're more than halfway through Book Two. So, if you are fine with being confused and starting almost halfway through Book Two, you're welcome to stay. Just don't complain that you have no idea what's going on cuz you can start at the the beginning anytime you want.

Anyways, just for a price comparison, I was given this for Christmas. Um, this book here, suggested price for US is $16.99. Uh, suggested price for Canada is 22.50. This book has we measured it before. The pages account for 1 cm. Uh, this one we haven't measured. Um, this one the suggested price is ninteen-ninty— Don't stab me. 19.99. And then I guess that's a European I guess a pound maybe. It's got a little Lshaped thing.

So, So if you're British cost you 10 bucks. 10 pounds I guess. I don't know what you call them for slime.

And there's this. Here's this. I was given this for Christmas. I've never heard of Monique Singleton before, but it's called Primal Nature. The the advertisement actually had a summary. The summary is hilarious and sounds like something I would have written as a 12-year-old. And that is a compliment.

Here's the summary. This is not an ad, by the way. I'm just reading it because and then at some point I'll read this for this and we'll compare the summaries and see how accurate they are. Uh...

“Subjected to decades of experiments. Subject 336 should have broken. Instead, she changed into something stronger, faster, and infinitely more dangerous. Now hunted by governments and feared by all who cross her path, she hides in the shadows, torn between blood lust and her own fragile humanity. But one question plagues the minds of allies and enemies alike. Who is subject 336?”

I would have written something like this as a 12-year-old. I just love experiment escapes lab and runs around. It's cool.

Stick that back so nobody uses it as a scratching post.

(from offscreen) did you mention we haven't read this yet, but we love this because the advertisement for it actually gave a description actually had a bit of the?

Indeed. Anyways, uh this doesn't have a summary on the back. It's on the inside. Uh, actually, I'm not going to reread that because presumably if you've gotten this far, you're either resigned or very happy about starting in the worst place possible to be confused. Good for you.

Or you've watched all of them and you probably don't want to see me reread the summary.

And if you do want to see me reread it — don't stab me. If I suddenly just make a face, it's because a kitten has their claws out, even though they should know better. You literally are, You literally have two

toys right next to you. Look. Yeah. Get that. You made me almost just dislocate my foot. You want to play with your little mouse? You want to get your mouse?

Anyways, we are on page 60. 60. And it's been a while. It's been probably a month or so. Again, I'm never going to get over the disgusting, the disgusting size of the margins!

Look how much space there is at the bottom. Look how much space there is at the top. And that's all just to make it seem like there are more pages in this book than there actually are, because they're making sure that the text takes up the least amount of page or yeah, page possible so that they can try to justify putting in more pages. Yeah.

Hey, also for the record, I had started recording continuing this and then I had to stop because I had to I was staring off into the corner because the kittens were just starting to cause chaos and all this shit and it's — it just did not—

Sorry for stepping on your tail. It just did not get continued. So, we're just starting afresh.

Maybe I will upload those as bloopers. I don't know. Remember bloopers? Maybe not. They should make bloopers a thing again. Bloopers are fun.

Uh, we just got past the part where Murderbot explained what its original plan was, which was the most straightforward, simple, and, and safest plan possible. It was just going to hack one of the mindless — *actually* not sentient uh autopilot spaceships, sneak aboard, sneak that over to the thing, go do stuff in secret, sneak back out.

It would have literally been the simplest thing possible. But then Martha Wells's favorite character ever, ART, swoops in and says, "Actually, instead of doing the safe thing, how about— ”

Oh, also, you might have noticed my glasses are different. Uh, another reason I didn't continue is because my uh old glasses hadn't been replaced in three plus years by accident. So, whoopsy daisies.

Um, and also my eyes got a lot worse, especially this one. this one on this side. This one. So, could not see a bunch of shit all of a sudden.

Anyways, um yeah. So instead of doing the simplest thing, ART is swooping in and saying, "Actually, how about we do this really, really dangerous way instead that puts you in unnecessary amounts of danger, leaves a massive paper trail to show that you were here. Um, which also endangers everybody that interacts with you, and also you're going to be under so much more stress than you would have?”

Uh, and then Murderbot has no objections whatsoever, and we just immediately pivot to doing that instead, because ART says it, so therefore, it's what's going on now, even though it makes no fucking sense.

And it would have been the easiest fucking thing for Martha Wells to edit this so that it just fucking makes sense, and it, and it isn't just taking — just throwing plan A, which was legitimately the best fucking plan,

and just saying, "No, we're gonna do it so much more difficult for no reason."

She didn't have to do it this way, but she chose to, and it's just bad writing, and it's just like, can you please just edit your fucking drafts properly?

Anyways, we're on page 60, quote unquote 60, because they insert a bunch of blank pages. Then again, the margin, I'm not sure how big of a book this would be if they actually used the, the page economically, but I'm sure at some point maybe in the future when it's public domain, somebody will print the entire fucking series economically, and we'll see.

And it will probably be hilariously small.

I'm guessing like the whole series at max would take up like, this much if you actually printed it to just actually print as much book as possible.

> [dq]Once ART was docked and the transit rings bot piloted tugs were removing the cargo

> modules, it cycled the lock for me and I slipped through into the embarcation zone.
> [dq] It had given me access to its calm so it could ride my feed through the transit ring. It claimed it could help me, and while I was skeptical of that, it could at least keep me company. As I walked away from the safety of Arts Lock, I dropped back down to 96% efficiency. I hit the station entertainment feeds for new new downloads to try to calm down.

Also, hold on. Let me get Oh, there's my bottle of water. Feel like something just fell off. Yes, my hat.

(from offscreen) Wasn't Murderbot at some point complaining about a lack of storage space? I'm pretty sure it was doing that in Book One and now it's just casually, you know, downloading every single thing that it comes across.

Yeah, that's why it deleted a bunch, that's why it deleted the—

(from offscreen) Yeah.

—survey shit for —

Explicitly in Book One, the reason that Murderbot didn't know who they were was that it needed the storage space for, for media and shit.

Meaning, in Book One at least, books, TV shows, plays, musicals, audio dramas, not just TV shows — But the flanderization has already started, so — bless you. That was a cat sneeze.

Um, so explicitly in Book One, it struggled with its internal storage space and struggled to have enough keep enough space to download all the TV shows and books and shit it watches.

And that disappeared before this book even began. It it it has infinite storage space now. It never has to juggle anything or worried about—

Can you come over here? Why Why don't you want to sit with me now? Huh? Huh? You can come back. Oh, cuz you're getting a bath. Okay, you can go get a bath. He's No, I don't know if you can tell. His fur is all

must mused up because he's getting a bath from his sister. You can go get a bath. He's just going to sit here now. He might try to stab me...and, and the book cuz he wants to be. Yes. You're so cute. ~I'm going to curl up and go to sleep.~ You want to purl louder so they can hear that? He said, "No, I'm just going to sit here."

Uh, yeah. So again, we are already removing obstacles and stakes, including just the basic stake of managing your storage space on your fucking phone, which is inside Murderbot's head.

Uh, where was I? Hi. Look at his adorable little face. Thank you. He's looking at you. That's you. That's your little face. He's so sleepy.

> [dq]I'd already sent a message to the social feed node about the advertisement and gotten an answer with a location and time stamp. The last time I had I'd had an arranged meeting with humans, they kidnapped Mensah and blew me up. So, this could hardly be worse.

Also, the last time Murderbot had a, uh, arranged a meeting with humans, that was when Martha Wells literally could not think of a single fucking way for the actual heroes to outsmart the villains or out compete them in an actual fight or anything so that literally the only way the book could end with the heroes quote unquote “winning” was to literally tell the — I'm not even joking:

They literally told the villains, "Hey, you know your nuclear bomb over there? We're going to blow it up.” And then they — hi — were given no proof that this was a thing that they had the ability to do, because of all the safeguards that were supposed to be there.

Um and then Murderbot was like, "Oh yeah, we we can definitely do that. We definitely know how to set off a nuclear bomb that has a whole bunch of safeguards on it. We can totally do that."

And then they didn't actually ask for proof or anything. And they — the bad guys that is.

Don't don't no. Just be chill, Mr. Shiny Fur.

They literally just the bad guys were like, "Oh my god, they're gonna set off our nuclear bomb." And literally sprinted over there. Not literally sprinted, but they literally ran over there as fast as they could in their fastest little spaceship and then landed next to the nuclear bomb and then went over to stare at that.

I'm not It's my hand. I'm gesturing. You don't need to try and smack it. That's not what hands are for. Hands are for petting you, not for being smacked.

They literally ran over to the nuclear bomb that they were just told is going to be detonated, and then literally stood around, staring at it at point blank range, not even not even trying to diffuse it, not trying to disarm it.

(from offscreen) Like Wily Coyote.

Huh?

(from offscreen) I said they ran over like Wily Coyote. Yeah, they ran over like Wily Coyote and literally just stood around in point blank, directly in front of the

bomb that they were literally just told was going to go off, and then it goes off and they all die.

Literally, that's how the first book ended because Martha Wells is fucking shit at writing and literally could not think of a single way for the actual protagonists to do anything.

Oh, also Murderbot immediately conveniently got knocked unconscious because she couldn't think of anything any way for Murderbot to react to this situation or any way to actually show this situation being resolved by the blowing up of the bad guys with the nuclear bomb.

So, the character, the protagonist literally just conveniently falls unconscious so that she doesn't actually have to write anything to actually resolve this situation in any way.

(from offscreen) Conclude it.

Yeah, write a — She doesn't write a conclude— She doesn't conclude stories. She doesn't even end most

fight scenes. It's just “Oh, and then the character very conveniently got knocked unconscious. Moon, Moon fell unconscious, so, um, we don't actually need to show any of the supposed resolution. We're just going to have a time skip and then everything's fine and then the book will end on a random fucking line that doesn't make any sense, with the moral that women belong in the kitchen so that their husbands don't have to worry about them.”

Not joking.

Anyways, yeah.

So, again, I cannot stress enough the, the first book, it only ends and is quote unquote “resolved” by the bad guys being told a bomb was going to go blow up. So they literally ran over to stand in front of it and got themselves blown up, because Martha Wells is shit at writing and wrote herself into a situation and then literally could not be bothered to figure out any meaningful bare minimum logical way for them to get out.

> [dq] I hacked my way through embarcation zone security and out into the ring's mall. It was utilitarian compared to both the last transit ring and port free commerce. No garden pods, no hollow sculptures, no big hollow displays advertising arrays of ship rights and cargo factories and other

This is a long this is a very long sentence for for reading out loud. Also, I might have had COVID for a third time, but mostly asymptomatically because I keep getting out of breath more than before, which is irritating as hell.

[dq] No garden pods, no holo sculptures, no big hollow displays advertising arrays of ship rights and cargo factors and other businesses. No shiny new interface vending machines.

Period.

> [dq]Also, no big passenger transports coming through. So, not nearly as big a crowd of humans or bots.

Hey, look. For once, we have not said humans or augmented humans or bots. We've just let augmented humans, aka cyborgs, aka physically disabled people, exist within the category of human. That's probably — that's one of the few times that's allowed to fucking happen. Woohoo. Bare minimum *lack* of abject ableism.

> [dq] ART's idea was beginning to seem less like a stupid

Okay.

ART's idea was beginning to seem like less of a stupid risk and more like a necessity.

Okay. But if you think it's a stupid risk, why are you going along with it without question from literally just right over here? [points at page before] What do you mean it seems like a stupid risk, but you're going along with it? You didn't even have to be convinced!

So again, she's — this is her lampshading the fact that they're doing a terrible fucking plan after Murderbot

had literally the best, safest, most efficient plan, and then we went with the shitty plan instead that just creates so many more problems and now we're acknowledging that it's a stupid risk.

But why are you going along with it then?

> [dq]ART's idea was beginning to seem like less like a stupid risk and more like a necessity. Blending in here would be harder if everyone was only here on their way to and from the installations on the moon. In my feed, ART said, "I told you so."

Because according to Martha Wells, ART is always right because it's her favorite character ever. And also abuse apologism and also this is bullshit.

No, this doesn't do anything to prove that ART was right, because Murderbot's literal plan was to avoid walking through this fucking area in the first place. It was literally going to steal a fucking regular goddamn spaceship that is not a living ship, not a person in any way, and just sneak past this shit.

ART’s — ART is the reason that Murderbot is being put into the dangerous zone for literally no reason except very clearly that ART wants to play with a — its shiny new fucking toy and stress Murderbot out and just just do shit for no fucking reason.

[dq]I told you so.

It was literally never going to come here at all. Literally never. It was literally going to sneak past all of this shit.

This is, this is the the midway station. This is like the middleman of the fucking thing, because for ART's plan at least, we have to land on the big space station and then go over to this other place and get permission to do that and leave a fucking paper trail, and also it put, put Murderbot's face on all of the fucking security cameras.

Put its fucking face in the memories of everybody here and then just just do all this extra shit for no fucking reason and now it's like, "Oh, I told you so. You couldn't have snuck through here."

It was literally not going to do that.

It was literally not going to do that in any way.

It was literally going to go directly to where it needed to go, in stealth, and come back, in stealth, without interacting with anyone. There's no ‘I told you so’. You are literally creating the situation that is that is not fucking good. That's not how this works.

But we are but we're not supposed to be aware of the fact that this is the worst possible plan that ART is forcing Murderbot into, because Martha Wells just wants us to think —She doesn't even want us to remember from literally *less than a full fucking page ago* Murderbot's actual original plan that was literally going to work perfectly!

We're just supposed to think, ‘oh yeah, of course Murderbot could not have possibly gone through its original plan. Um. Because its original plan wouldn't work with ART's plan, even though it was nothing like ART's plan, because it was literally avoiding all of this shit!’

> [dq] The location for the meeting was a food service place in the main mall area. It was in a large transparent bubble in the second level of the mall, overlooking the walkways and counter service stalls below.

Also, please note the lack of description of this actual space station. We're getting told there's things here. We're not actually told what it looks like.

Like, for all we know, this mall could all be consisting of hot fucking neon pink with eye burning yellow accents. We don't know.

Everybody here could be wandering around in fucking pajamas. There's no actual descriptions of what the place looks like.

Like, is it is it really fucking dirty gray metal? Is there — is it landlord white? Is it any, like, what is — what does it actually fucking look like?

If you walk into a mall, if you have if you live somewhere that malls still exist or existed ever, they can look very different.

It's not like a mall has a defined fucking thing that it looks like. Like you can't just say, "Oh, um, there's a transparent bubble in the second level of the mall overlooking walkways and counter service stalls below."

Do you know how I could give that description to so many people and just have tell them to draw it and they would draw 50 million different fucking things because nothing there is actually descriptive?

You can imagine anything you want, because it's not telling you what to imagine besides there's buildings, there's stalls.

We don't even get to know what the stalls are selling or bare minimum what they look like.

Are they are they super professional and sleek? Are they ramshackle? Were they hastily cobbled together?

Are they all forced to follow some kind of branding, colorization, style, anything? Anything whatsoever?

What is it, what is it they call it in video games? Is it besides aesthetic? Like what? A theme.

A Yeah. What's the fucking theme of the place? We don't get to know any of that. ~It's just it's a mall. Why Why should I describe what it looks like to you? All malls look the same!~ Apparently.

> [dq] It was in a large transparent bubble in the second level of the mall, overlooking the walkways and counter service stalls below.

I feel like I should just start an art group out of spite and just give people descriptions from these books. What little fucking — the, the bare minimum not even actually describing anything that we get from these books.

Yeah. And then just say just draw what draw what you think that could draw that and just show all of the different things that it looks like.

And like, the fact that everybody draws Murderbot and the other characters looking completely different is not a compliment to Martha Wells. That is showing her fucking failure, because —

I, we, I think we've discussed the racism and white supremacy and plausible deniability enough. I'll I'll continue reading.

> [dq]There were multiple open levels inside with tables and chairs and it was 40% full of humans and augmented

We kind of I just gave it a compliment for not dehumanizing disabled people and it's it's it did it again just out of fucking spite. Fuck you, Martha Wells.

Huh? Sorry, Kitty. Miss Osma. Osma, you want to come here? Say hi. Is she even looking this way? No. Nope. Okay.

> [dq]It was 40% full of humans and a augmented humans

Because fucking physically disabled people. Disa— uh what is the meme? Never mind. Whatever.

> [dq]As I walked through, I picked up the occasional buzz of a drone, but no pings. There were also

Have they made drones not be ridiculously fucking loud in the future? Because again, we keep getting told all of this shit is super cheap. If it's not, if it's super cheap, then why aren't the drones just deafening like they are in real life?

> [dq] I picked up the occasional buzz of a drone, but no pings.

And again, once again, I'm going to bring this up every time pings come up. We've been never been given any fucking explanation for what a ping is in this universe and how it functions, because it seems to change rules every single fucking time.

It, as all — as most things in a Martha Wells book do, it it does whatever is needed in that exact moment to

make the plot work, even if it contradicts everything else.

> [dq] There were food smells in the air and the acrid sense of intoxicants. I didn't bother to try to analyze and identify them. I was too nervous and trying to focus on looking like an augmented human.

Also, Murderbot has never attempted to identify specific food or alcohol smells. That wasn't a thing in Book One, and it was never hinted even in Book One. So, I don't know why that is being specified. It's completely fucking unnecessary.

And also, uh, Martha Wells's favorite excuse for not describing anything or having world building in this is that, ~well, Murderbot wouldn't care.~

Murderbot's hypervigilant and is supposed to be obsessed with security. It's the exact fucking character that would be obsessing over every single fucking thing.

If Murderbot were competently written as a character that's meant to be hyper vigilant and obsessed with security, we would be getting detailed fucking schematics of every single fucking building it goes into, the volume of people compared to however the—whatever limits are put on that building for occupancy, the amount of air, all of this shit that would just be getting laid out the second it fucking steps foot into anywhere at the start of each chapter.

Just the fucking statistics for the building, escape routes, probability of escape time, how long it would take to get there, uh, without injuries, all based on whoever the fuck is the slowest in the group that Murderbot has to guard.

How long it would take to get there if Murderbot has to drag everybody. All this shit, this is just basic fucking writing if you actually give a single shit, but Martha Wells doesn't.

> [dq]The humans I was to meet had

And, again, Murderbot’s too fucking nervous ~trying to pretend to be something it's not~. Actually, no. But that — it is, it literally is an augmented human, because it's a fucking cyborg.

But it's probably never going to be allowed to figure that out, because Martha Wells is racist and would rather do slavery apologism and dehumanize slaves and dehumanize physically disabled people and especially dehumanized physically disabled enslaved people.

And again, Murderbot doesn't need to be here.

It was literally going to sneak onto — It was literally just going to hijack a fucking taxi and sneak past all of this shit. It's only here because ART is an abusive fucking bastard who wants to play with Murderbot's fucking life like it's a goddamn toy.

[dq]The humans I was to meet had sent an image so I could find them.

Osma, look here. She's, She's not even remotely looking this way. Come say hi, Osma. She's literally not even looking at me. Hey, there's nothing on the TV. Why are you staring at it? Saw the car go over that way. Osma. She could not give any fewer fucks. Hello. I'm talking to you, little cutie pie. I can't snap my fingers. She's She said, "No, I am not going." She's literally not even looking.

All right. Anyways, Osma is the the gray stripey kitten who had to have her eye removed. It's seemingly fully healed shut now because she got her surgery. She's said, "No, you don't get to see her."

Hey, Osma. Osma. Now she looked this way and then immediately looked away again. Thank you, Mr Lupon. At least you come when I call you.

> [dq] The humans I was to meet had sent an image so I could find them. There were three of them. A

She got smacked in the face. Her babysitter— very gently. They're not mean to her. He said no. She loves

uh just ramming herself full body into the older cats and they're just like, "Can you not?" She's also loves to meow really loudly at people like she's yelling at them when they're just, and that's her way of saying hi, cuz she's silly.

Hello. Thank you for not using your claws.

> [dq]The humans I was to meet had sent an image so I could find them. There were three of them all wearing variations on work clothes. No uniform logos.

And again, what the fuck do work clothes look like in a super super sci-fi future? Far into the goddamn future where humans have colonized all sorts of planets and the word Earth has never come up. What do work clothes look like then?

Because work clothes can mean literally anything. Work clothes can mean wearing a fucking fancy suit if you're a fancy rich waiter at a rich fancy restaurant. Work clothes can mean a fucking McDonald's uniform. Work clothes can mean literally fucking

anything. It could mean a damn janitor's outfit. It could mean wearing, I don't know what I don't know what park rangers or whatever wear. It could mean just anything. Work clothes. You have to fucking specify these things.

And this is why—

(From offscreen) And now she's gone the opposite direction supposedly. Supposedly because people keep claiming that Book 8 has “too many descriptions”.

[skeptically] Okay.

(from offscreen) Yeah. Witch King style.

Oh yeah.

(from offscreen) Supposedly describes everybody's clothing. Let me get a drink. In ridiculous horrific detail.

Mhm.

(from offscreen) And she does that in PlatformDecay.

Okay.

Don't fall water bottle.

Yeah. This is another anti— Oh, there it fell.

This is another anti-description. What does work clothes mean? What does that mean?

Again, I've played Fallout 4. Work clothes could mean a fucking synth uniform.

(to cat) Who's that? You good? You good? You want to say hi to the camera?

Work clothes could lit mean literally anything. So,

> there were three of them all wearing variations on work clothes. No uniform logos.

And it's like, and okay, there's like two different things being referenced there. Work clothes and uniform. But they're also not wearing a logo. So, why

would it be a uniform if it's not a fucking logo, and if they're all wearing different things, which is the what the word “variations on work clothes”?

> [dq]A quick a quick search had shown entries for them in the transit rings social feed. They had listed themselves as unaffiliated guest workers, but you could list yourself as anything. There was no identity check. Two were female and one was Tercera, which was a gender signifier used in the group of non-corporate political entities known as the Divarti cluster.

And again, non-corporate political entities that just means a regular fucking government. And there could be a purpose in using this fucking corporate speak bullshit, but there is no actual purpose. It's literally just there to pad out the word count and seem sci-fi-y and, and sophisticated, but it's just fucking corporate speak, unironically, in a series that's supposed to be criticizing capitalism.

Also, this all this is just more of Martha Wells's fucking bullshit and exorsexism.

People love to say, "Oh, well, see, there's a character who uses neoponouns in Book Two, so that means that the series isn't stereotyping non-binary people.!" Except no. Nope. Not.

This isn't actually fucking progressive in any way. You'll see why.

Well, in case you've never read this book before, you'll see why very shortly.

Uh,

> [dq]To initiate the meeting, I'd had to make an entry on the social feed, too. The system was extremely vulnerable to hacking. So, I had backdated my entry to look like I had come in on an earlier passenger transport, listing my job as security consultant and my gender as indeterminate. Posing as its own captain, ART gave me a prior employment reference.

Also, that first sentence there could do with some fucking editing. Let me read it again.

> [dq]The system was extremely vulnerable to hacking,

oh, pause. Hold on. Uh, another reason I haven't made one of these videos in like since October probably is because my laptop uh, is not working. I can technically turn it on, but at at what cost? At what cost?

Okay, in case this is your first video, my laptop's battery has not worked for years. I refuse to get a new one until it literally explodes or something. Uh, because it's just fucking wasteful. And also, I'm not going to do this shit where I buy what is supposed to be a laptop that will last a reasonable amount of time and then they do obsolescence shit and it immediately stops working.

Battery hasn't worked for years. It has to be plugged in all the time in order to turn on because the battery doesn't work even though I made sure never to overcharge it. Uh, that was fine. I don't give a shit. I'm fine with plugging it in.

But now the charger cord itself, like either the port for the laptop or the end of the cord, I don't know which one, um, has some problems now. So if it gets moved even a tiny bit, it shuts the laptop down. So I will like instantly no warning, just boop, power off.

Uh, so far it hasn't caused any massive problems with the computer itself from abruptly shutting down. Uh, but the more times it happens, the more likely it is to cause a massive fucking computer ~boom~ or something. Not not literally explode, but just like, fuck up all the programs.

Um, so if you missed the memo, I have been editing the transcripts that YouTube supplies to make the subtitles actually accurate.

And since my computer cannot be trusted, uh, I will not be able to edit these subtitles until I can either hook up an actual keyboard to my phone or figure something else out.

Um, if anybody wants to volunteer to edit the subtitles, I don't know why you would, but I mean, I guess you technically can.

Uh, I did ask people and they voted yes, keep making the videos even if the subtitles can't be edited. Uh, so that's why I'm doing this.

I will attempt to edit them on my phone, but that's going to take forever because I can't type for shit on this phone and also don't really have a program for my phone for it.

So, the subtitles most likely won't be accurate if you're watching this video when it's new and probably not for a while after that. So, I apologize.

Um, there are certain words that it absolutely will fuck up. Uh, if it says if I'm saying SecUnit, s e c u n i t, it will probably change it to change it to “sex unit” or something, because Martha Wells didn't fucking think that through.

It's very clear she didn't say the word “SecUnit” out loud enough before publishing Book One. She didn't think that through. That's literally what it sounds like.

And also, uh, I don't think Bharadwaj is in here. So, hopefully that will be the one time I have to say that name, because it never spells it correctly, and I don't know how I could possibly pronounce it to try and get it to to to spell it properly.

Uh, yeah, hopefully it they're not too bad, but I just wanted to say that.

Okay. Um, oh yeah, this sentence could do with some work: “The system was extremely vulnerable to hacking, comma, so I had backdated my entry to look like I had come in on an earlier passenger transport, listed my job as security consultant, and my gender as indeterminate.”

It's just, it just sounds slightly off. Just sounds weird. Like, it's not horrible, but there's just something weird about it that I feel like needs to be edited. A

lso, this again, uh, please note specifically what is being listed here. Uh, I listed blah blah blah

> [dq] listed my job as security consultant and my gender as indeterminate.

That's the information Murderbot is giving these, its its employers, prospective employers, about it.

Gender: indeterminate

Job: Security consultant.

That's all they know. You know what's missing from there? Pronouns.

And you will see, because Martha Wells is an exorsexist.

She doesn't actually support trans people, we make the world too scary and complicated for her. If she can't just assume people's genders from looking at them, she doesn't like that. She does not. She hates the fucking concept that you could ever have to

simply ask somebody what their pronouns are or, just ~the horror of horrors~ have them tell you.

She hates that and you can fucking tell from her writing, especially with System Collapse, which, until this newest thing, was the last the newest published book.

Also, if I keep lifting my glasses, it's because my ears are fucking crooked. My entire body is crooked. This ear is so annoying. So, it just makes this side fall down all the time.

She hates trans people. She doesn't actually support us. She can't imagine anything worse than simply asking or sharing pronouns with people.

So, again, to specify, Murderbot has listed its job as security consultant and its gender as indeterminate.

No, no such thing as, "And I listed my pronouns as it/its." And we know that it didn't do that.

You'll see.

> [dq]Posing as its own captain, ART gave me a prior employment reference. I spotted them at a table near the bubble overlook.

And again, bad uses of pronouns. We shouldn't be saying “them” because we just referenced ART. So, we should be saying, "I spotted the people I was supposed to be meeting," or in this case, ~the humans~. “I spotted the humans I was coming to meet.” “I spotted the potential clients,” etc.

We're just saying “them”. Even though that pronoun them can only connect back to ART, because that's how pronouns work.

Pronouns work — You say a name— Give me a name.

(from offscreen) Polychrome.

You, You say the name Polychrome and then you say a pronoun like them. Uh... “There's Polychrome. I gave them a piece of cat— a catnip plant.”

I don't, I don't know. “I gave them a bag of cat treats.”

Who is this “them” referring to?

Polychrome by the rules of all language.

If it then turns out I'm actually talking about somebody completely different, a pet sitter, if I'm talking about a fucking— the person petsitting Polychrome, cuz she's a cat…

She's sleep. She's asleep.

Uh if I say “There's Polychrome, I gave them a bag of cat treats.” And the ‘them’ there is referring to the person petsitting her, instead of Polychrome herself, that's me being —

(From offscreen) — Talking about two different people including yourself.

Huh? I said —

(from offscreen) (muffled) after you.

Yes. After I've literally just referred to myself and the cat.

The “them” must refer back to the last fucking proper noun stated, which in this case is Polychrome.

And in *this* case is literally ART.

“ART gave me a blah blah blah ART. I spotted them.” This is just basic fucking grammar. This is basic streamlined communication.

You don't say — like, again, here, “posing as its own captain, ART” That's fine, because we are saying that ART is posing as its own captain because that sentence is just going in a little loop. That's fine. *This* isn't.

And I know everybody's going to be like, "Oh, that's nitpicking."

This is basic shit. And Martha Wells has been writing for longer than you've probably been alive. Almost longer than I've been alive. No, she has been writing.

Yeah, she has been writing longer than I've — Yeah, she's literally been writing longer than I've been alive. There's, there's no excuse for this shit. It's — this book was published in 20—

Wait, yeah, duh. Because that was the year of the fucking scam started.

This book was published in 2018, because the entire first four books books are literally just one fucking story very blatantly chopped into four for DLC culture for books so that they could sell four fucking books for the price of a massive fucking novel each.

You know that fucking book I pointed out at the beginning? Same fucking price, pretty much, for this shit.

And this is only a fourth of what is very clearly just one godamn story chopped into four.

This was published in 2018.

Martha Wells has been writing since at least 1993.

That's when she started *publishing*.

There's no fucking excuse for this shit. This is basic shit, and she never gets better at it.

Just as she never gets — she's never fucking improved in having one fucking character's dialogue per goddamn paragraph, the thing most fanfiction writers learn within their first year of publishing fanfiction.

She's been writing since 1990— publishing since 1993, no idea how long writing before that.

And she still, in 2026, is literally not fucking separating different characters’ fucking dialogues into two separate paragraphs. And she's still not fucking using pronouns correctly. This is just the bare fucking minimum, and she's not doing it.

And they're not even — and, and it gets worse.

She's actively getting *worse* at writing, because everybody keeps just making all of the excuses for her.

> [dq] I spotted them at a table near the bubble overlooking the mall.

And again, we still don't know what this fucking bubble looks like or what the mall looks like. We're just repeating the information that's not actual information. It this could be a dimly lit, dingy, fuck, I don't know, postapocalyptic

(from offscreen) [muffled] ...and those could be the bubbles.

Mhm.

> [dq] They were having a tense whispered conversation.

And again, see, “I spotted them at a table near the bubble overlooking the mall.” That sentence could be fine if the next fucking sentence started with “the humans were blah blah blah blah blah.”

Because you can say, uh, characters blah blah blah, I walked into the room and then I saw it.

You can say that. Or you can say, "I walked into the room and then I saw him."

And then that's its own paragraph for suspense. And then we get the reveal of what this it/ him or whoever whatever pronoun we use is.

In the case of I walked into the room and then I saw it. It would be like a dead body or a werewolf or some scary fucking weirdo monster thing. Just something.

But we're not we're not doing that. We just continue using the unspecified pronoun “they”.

> [dq]I spotted them at a table near the bubble over

Oh, you want to tell everybody those statistics, because this is in parentheses over here.

You want to share those statistics if you have, if you remember them.

(from offscreen) I have it written down still.

Okay. Just make sure you talk louder or lean this way past the cardboard.

We have — we're interrupting our third page just for some hilarious statistics for you to keep in mind.

As we've, as we've pointed out, the flanderization has already started. It’s started. You don't know the depths to which it will descend.

Because remember, in Book One, Murderbot didn't *just* watch TV shows. It read books. It listened to music. It's already reduced to only watching TV shows.

And at that, two of them in particular, and watch documentaries. That's it.

We don't even get any details or hints of anything else besides “oh um we we totally watched some documentaries but none of them are listed by name”, and that's the last time that will happen, because from now on it's just The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon and World Hoppers and that's fucking it.

It's going to get so much worse.

And as for the parenthesis are you actually sides —

Yes, I have it pulled up. I was waiting to figure it out.

Okay, let, listen listen listen to this, this, this portent of what is to come.

It's actually not a portent. It's just the literal cold hard facts.

Are you ready? Go!

(from offscreen) For Book One, which is 176 pages officially according to Amazon. Not really, but officially according to Amazon.

Just talk a bit louder just to be sure.

(From offscreen) There are the number of “fucks” given in in v— all variations of that word, is three. The number of “shits” given is nine.

Pause so I can summarize.

In Book One, the word “fuck” was used, and variations, was used three times. The word “shit” and variations was used nine times. Continue.

(from offscreen) The number of parenthetical aides, AKA things in parenthesis, 20 separate parentheses thingies. That's counting the first one. So all of the parentheses things in parentheses, there were 20 of them in Book One.

(from offscreen) Am I giving the stats for Book Two?

Yep. We're — you're giving them all.

(From offscreen) Book Two, which is 16 pages shorter than Book One at 160 pages officially. Officially the number of “fucks” given, nine. The number of “shits” given, four. The number of parathetical aides 41. Doubled.

And that's — we tripled the — we tripled the number of f-bombs. We — What did — What did shits go to?

(from offscreen) Uh four down from nine. We did decrease the, the the usage of the word shit, and then we doubled and then some the number of things in parenthesis.

(from offscreen) We went from 20 in the first book to 44 in this book.

This of which, is one of them. You can continue.

Book three, which is 160 pages, the same length as Artificial Condition—

Supposedly.

(From offscreen) Officially supposedly officially. Number of fucks given, 12. Number of shits given 16. Can we have a drum roll for the number of parenthetical aides? From Book One, which is 20 to 41 in Book Two, and the exact same page count for book three: We have 119 parenthetical aides.

Did you hear that? Did you hear that? And that's not even the worst. Book one, usage of parentheses 20.

Book Two, this one, 44. Book three, it was what? 119. 119!

It gets worse. And it gets ‡ that that's not even the worst of it. You might be thinking, “how can it possibly get worse?” And also, yes, they did take the time to to fucking scour the books for all of this information so you can enjoy it now.

Ready?

(from offscreen) Book four, which is 176 pages, which is the same length as Book One. Uh, number of fucks given, 24. Number of shits given, 15. Number of parenthetical aides is 130. We're now at 130 uses usage of parenthesis.

(from offscreen) And then there's Network Effect book five.

Oh boy.

(From offscreen) 352 pages —

Just say just say it super loud just to be sure because —

(from offscreen) Book five Network Effect is 352 pages. The number of fucks given is 60. The number of shits given is 40. And the number of parenthetical aides is 426.

There's lit— I hope you can all hear that.

(from offscreen) 426 usages of parentheses parenthetical aides in Network Effect, which is literally more than it has fucking pages.

Unironically, you — 426 you parenthetical aides in how many pages?

(from offscreen) 426 in 352 pages.

Like what's that ratio?

(from offscreen) I don't know. Also, book seven system collapses worse.

Is that the one where we we went through with the fake highlighter? I don't know. Okay, continue.

(From offscreen) Book six, which is the one — the very first book that came out completely out of chronological order purely just to string people along and get more money and fill in the publishing gap uselessly with the random-ass one shot that makes absolutely no fucking sense and does nothing, uh is 176 pages. Same page count as the first one and whatever else I said that was. Number of fuck given, 37. Number of shits given, 22. Parenthetical aides 162. So we're down a little bit.

(from offscreen) Literally 162 uses of parentheses in book six compared to 20 in Book One, for the same official amount of pages.

(from offscreen) And then then there's System Collapse. System Collapse. There's System Collapse. And if the, uh, early reviews are anything to go by, PlatformDecay will blow it out of the water.

(from offscreen) Oh boy. Yeah, I forgot about that one.

System Collapse is 256 pages. The number of fucks given is 188. The number of shits given is 126. And the number of parenthetical aides... If you thought it was bad when there were 426 parenthetical aides in 352 pages, get ready for book seven, which has 538 in 256 [ages.

I forgot it was that many.

(From offscreen) Yeah.

538 parenthetical aides in what pages?

(From offscreen) 256.

In 256 pages.

(From offscreen) And it should be noted that those are the official page counts to Amazon and uh, PlatformDecay, according to also according to Amazon, has the exact same page count, but one of as Network Effect or System Collapse, as System Collapse.

Okay. I was going to say she's going to be just page count.

(From offscreen) Oh my some of the early— one of the early reviews that actually gave a more in-depth review for it other than just people mindlessly squeeing, is how many parentheses there are on just the first handful of pages. So, um yeah, it's going to be very funny when that comes out.

Yeah. And also, some people might be saying, "But you swear in these videos!" Uh yeah, I'm talking about bigotry and just bullshit bad writing. And also, uh, the thing about these videos is, I'm not sitting down at a computer and typing things out and going, hopefully, *we hope*, through multiple drafts and then getting them professionally edited and published and making you pay money for them.

This is completely off the cuff. Obviously, I have no fucking script. I'm swearing from what I'm reading. If I were writing a *fucking* book, I would not be swearing this much unless it were for some kind of *fucking* purpose in the book.

You might say the *fucking* book.

And yeah, and we're reading out these numbers because it's it's a thing — We're reading out these numbers

(from offscreen) Super fans.

Yeah. Because everyone's just like, "Okay, this is just getting — where is my favorite character go?"

We're just getting more and more — A lot a lot of a lot of the ARC copies, which is Advanced Reader Copy, meaning they send out a book before it's officially published to get reviews.

A lot of them are saying, "Was this shit written by chat GPT? Because if you told me this was written by AI, I would believe you because it's just it's just the same shit thing over and over again. The exact same tired plot. No actual development, and everything just keeps getting exaggerated after it's already been exaggerated eight times before now, and it just keeps

getting worse and the quality is just declining instead of getting better or even maintaining.”

Uh yeah. So what did we say? 16% I think it was 19 or something audience retention who continued to read to System Collapse.

Uh, so, yeah, needless to say,

(from offscreen) As your last aside you can mention that they once again gave All Systems Red away for free in —

Yeah. Apparently, just a few months ago, they again gave away All Systems Red for — the first book — completely for free, cuz I, I, a bunch of people were mentioning that in reviews as well.

(from offscreen) Um is the only reason they read it?

Yeah, that's the only reason a lot of people read these books, because they literally get them for free.

And I don't think there's any other things we need to specify.

But yeah, just keep those numbers in mind because, uh the flanderization has started, and it will only get worse and nothing will actually improve whatsoever.

Anyways, um unit loyal fans, even even the most diehard fans are like, “I'm, I'm sorry. I just I have to give up on this, because there's nothing here for me. I thought this this series started out so great and I wanted to stick it out, but it's just there's nothing. This is just abysmal.”

I And again, let's just restart this paragraph without any fucking proper grammar. Just the basics of communication. Your job as an author is to communicate. That includes on a line by line basis.

> [dq] I spotted them at a table near the bubble overlooking the mall. They were having a tense whispered conversation and body language said they were nervous. As I walked toward them, my quick scan showed no weapon signatures,

> just the small power sources of their personal feed interfaces.

Also, what do you mean weapon signatures? What does that fucking mean? Because that seems to be referring to energy weapons, as though they emit some kind of special energy. But like, you know what wouldn't emit some kind of special energy? A regular fucking gun, a knife, a slingshot.

Why are we saying there's no weapon signatures as though that covers all the bases? That's ridiculous.

Somebody could just have a fucking brick in a goddamn bag like Dewey and just swing their fucking bag! They could have a heavy fucking book in there! But yeah. “Oh, there's no weapon signatures!”

Knives exist. Regular fucking guns exist. Slingshots exist. Hair needles that are actually fucking for stabbing could exist. Hat pins, those are a thing.

> [dq]As I walked toward them, my quick scan showed no weapon signatures, just the small

> power sources of their personal feed interfaces. One had an implant, but it was just a low-level feed access tool.

And again, you'll notice we've never been given any physical description or just a description of the capabilities of any of these fucking things.

Like, what's the difference between a — what's the fucking difference between a feed uh, interface, and an implant, besides one of them you get inserted in your body?

Where does it go? Is it just getting stuck on the side of your head? Are they — where where does it go? Basic information and we are lacking it, because Martha Wells doesn't actually want to put in the bare minimum amount of effort to write a story properly, when we are being charged stupid amounts of money for these things.

> [dq]I had practiced this part with ART on approach to the ring recording myself so both of us could critique it.

And again, we are only being told these things afterwards after they've supposedly happened.

(from offscreen) First draftisms.

What?

(from offscreen) I said first draftisms.

They said first draftisms things you're supposed to fucking fix when you go back through it again to edit. Like, why, why couldn't we just have seen Murderbot and ART practicing this shit? Why do we have to be told it?

It would have actually shown them bonding, which too fucking late for that. Everything she chose to write and publish just makes ART a fucking, just an unrepentant abuser and, and an asshole, and not in the cutesy ironic way.

No, it's a genuinely fucking horrible person that Murderbot should be kept far the fuck away from, and just it's just an abuser. But we're supposed to think

it's awesome, because Martha Wells loves romanticizing abusive relationships.

Osma, you can come here and I will pet you.

> [dq]I had practiced this part with ART on Approach to the Ring, recording myself so both of us could critique it. I told myself I could do this. I put on my best neutral expression, the one I used when the extra download activity had been detected and the deployment center supervisor was blaming the human text for it.

And that's supposed to be funny, but it's like Martha Wells, she wants to have it both ways. We're supposed to — We're supposed to like slave owners when they're Murderbot’s slave owners and — but then we're also just supposed to be fine with Murderbot getting what could be other slaves in trouble, and just all this shit.

Like at the very least getting low wage workers in trouble for no reason. And it's like, so we're supposed to care about literal slave owners, but not the

minimum wage employees? Like, there's no fucking consistency here or whatever.

And it's just like, there's just no fucking solidarity in any fucking way, shape, or form.

Not that Murderbot needs to have solidarity with people who literally work for the company, but we're not even discussing that, because we're, we're, we're over here worshiping slave owners every other fucking step of the way.

So, it's just fucking ridiculous when “*These* slave owners are good! These people who work for the slave company, possibly not by choice? It's funny when *they* get in trouble for something that Murderbot did!”

And it's like what — which, which way is it? Because the only consistent thing is that we worship the rich people, because everybody on the PreservationAux team is disgustingly fucking rich. They're disgustingly rich. They're all rich people.

These people that Murderbot is getting in trouble, and we're supposed to laugh at it? They're not.

So, literally, we are always siding with the rich in this story. Even when they are explicitly slave owners who went out of their way to become slave owners.

Again, Martha Wells is not progressive in any fucking way. She really fucking hates poor people.

Go through these book and look at the poor people that actually exist as actual characters that we are meant to see positively. There are literally *none*. Zero.

Every single character in this story that we are meant to like is a fucking disgustingly rich slave owner. Every single one of them.

(from offscreen) Out of touch.

No, that comes with the disgustingly rich.

> [dq] I walked up to the table and said, "Hello." All three of them flinched. "Uh, hello," the Tercera said, recovering first. I picked up the feed from the security camera so I could watch myself and make sure my facial expressions were under control, and it was easier to talk to the humans while watching them through the cameras. I was well aware it was a completely false sense of distance from the situation, but I needed it.

And again, Murderbot doesn't need to be put in such a stressful situation that it is purposefully disassociating.

It doesn't need to be doing this.

It could have just snuck past all this.

We could have had a, a story that just — the characters make decisions that make a bare minimum amount of sense instead of this, because, again, Martha Wells didn't need to tell us Murderbot had the perfect plan already and ready to go and then just say,

"Oh, actually just just throw that outside. Just throw that away literally less than a full page after it's been told to us, and just we'll just do this other thing instead."

She didn't have to do that.

This could have been fixed in the fucking editing process for the fucking second draft of this shit, but nope. No such thing.

We're left with this shit.

And like, we're literally — Murderbot is literally forced to disassociate to deal with the situation that it does not need to fucking be in, that is putting it in danger and creating a fucking paper trail among so many other things.

I was blah blah. Oh, yeah.

“But I needed it.”

> [dq] I said, "We arranged to meet. I'm Eden, the security consultant. Right. So, it was the name of one of the characters in Sanctuary Moon. You probably aren't surprised by that.

(From offscreen) And Murderbot’s just breaking the fourth wall there.

Or who's the — Murderbot?

(From offscreen) Murderbot just casually breaking the fourth wall very abruptly. Eden is a gender neutral name apparently. Don't forget.

> [dq] We arranged to meet. I'm Eden the security consultant. Right. So, it was a name of one of the characters in Sanctuary Moon

And it's like, one of the characters and we — again, is it Murderbot's favorite character? What does this fucking character do in Sanctuary Moon? What is the fucking plot of Sanctuary Moon? What is the setting?

We just keep — We just keep getting this shit brought up over and over and over again. The M— the just the name of the fucking thing, and told Murderbot’s, "Oh, it's watch— re-watching for episode 473 for the bajillionth time!”

Not going to give us any information about it. It's not thematically relevant in any way. Murderbot’s not even just even aware of the fucking corporate propaganda baked into it.

There's no critical thinking skills going on in any way, in any way, shape, or form, either in universe or in the fucking writing process or demanded of us as the fucking readers.

It's absolutely guaranteed that The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon is stuffed to the gills with corporate propaganda.

But that doesn't get acknowledged, because Martha Wells doesn't want anybody thinking critically in any fucking way, hence the way these are written to

purposefully make that as difficult as possible, by glossing over everything important.

But also she clearly does not have enough critical thinking skills to be aware that *that would be a thing*. And if she does, she doesn't give a fuck, because if she asks Murderbot to criticize its favorite TV show and think critically about the messages it is sending, as — such as all the corporate propaganda that's absolutely baked into that thing, probably a major reason that Murderbot assumed any fucking government and country not run by a corporation is fucking — Where did it get that idea? From The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon. Garen-fucking-teed.

But if she wrote Murderbot to be engaging critical thinking skills in regards to its favorite media, that would be inviting the audience to use our critical thinking skills in regards to this fucking media.

And she does not fucking want that to happen.

Martha Wells is one of those fanfiction authors who only wants praise and only wants praise at all.

You are only allowed to read, use critical thinking skills, if you're just — or analyzing, if you're just singing endless praise.

The second you have anything to criticize or even just point out anything whatsoever that's not glowing praise, it's bad and shouldn't exist.

That's why The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon is never criticized or even questioned *bare minimum* throughout this thing.

We don't even know what the fuck it's about. It's just there. It's just “turn your brain off and enjoy it. Don't think about it. Don't use critical thinking skills. Do not use critical thinking skills to analyze these books or anything else that Martha Wells has written to analyze the fucking messages and themes and the moral values conveyed through it, such as ‘you should worship slave owners, but you should hate minimum wage employees. You can't kill CEOs, cuz they'll just bring — you, it's — you —There's no point in killing rich billionaire politicians because another one will just come in. Oh, but it it's actually good and

awesome and you should definitely murder and torture slaves to death because um the systems aren't — or it's not the people. By by people we mean the rich fucking billionaires and slave owners. They're not the problem. It's just the systems. That's why you should murder slaves!”

It's all fucking slavery propaganda and propaganda against doing anything about capitalism or the, just, even the bare minimum of criticizing capitalism, because *again* we just keep getting told nothing but good things about corporations in this fucking series, even though it's claiming to do the opposite.

As I've pointed out in all of the other videos leading up to here, we just keep shilling for the corporation that enslaved Murderbot and pretending, “oh, they're ~so~ honest. You can totally trust them to investigate themselves. They will always get to the truth because they're so honest. Corporations always investigate impartially and try to get to the truth because they know it matters!!!!!”

It's just corporate shilling.

(from offscreen) And they have the best security.

And they have the best security ever. And it's just it's just corporate shilling and bootlicking, but it's pretending not to be.

Even though it's never actually said a single anti-capitalist thing in the entire 13 fucking series stories published so far.

Uh, and then yeah, breaking the fourth wall.

> [dq]You probably aren't surprised by that.

Why are we breaking the fourth wall? Why? It's so jarring.

> [dq]The Tercera cleared her throat. T had purple hair and red eyebrows standing out against light brown skin. I'm Rami. That's Tan and Maro. T shifted nervously and tapped the empty chair. ART, who was considerably faster than me at data retrieval, performed a quick search and informed me it was an invitation to

> sit down across several human cultural indices. It was giving me the etymology of the gesture as I sat down. You would think a SecUnit who had been shot to pieces multiple times, blown up, memory purged, and once partially dismantled by accident, wouldn't be on the verge of panic under these circumstances. You'd be wrong.

And again, more showing— er, more telling, less showing. We just get told all of these things that supposedly happened in Murderbots's backstory, including viv— including a fucking vivisection, and none of them have ever happened on screen, and they never will happen on screen.

We have literally no evidence that any of these things ever fucking happened. We just keep getting told, "Oh, these all these horrible things *totally* happened to Murderbot!” in an off-hand fucking comment, and none of it's ever ever comes true, even remotely, even when interacting with new villainous humans.

Nothing like this shit ever remotely happens. And then Martha Wells just keeps saying this, and then not showing any of it or backing it up in any way, and then she acts all shocked and confused when people are like, "I don't know why Murderbot's scared of humans. They've —nobody's ever hurt it." And she's like, "Yeah, I told you they hurt it!"

Yeah, Martha Wells. No humans have ever fucking hurt Murderbot, not in the ways you you keep telling us, because none of that shit has ever happened on screen, and it's never even been described.

We just get told it in an off-hand fucking comment and there's literally no — and there's nothing there's no emotional impact here.

And again, like no, that's explaining exactly why Murderbot *should* be having a fucking panic attack now.

And as I keep pointing out, Murderbot doesn't specifically have trauma about humans. It just has regular social anxiety. That's what's, that's what's

making it anxious right now. Just *regular social anxiety*. Nothing actually targeted at humans in reaction to all of the hor- horrible things we keep being told has been done to it, because Martha Wells can't have Murderbot actually be traumatized because of the shit it has been through as an enslaved person being enslaved by slave owners, because *that would make slave owners look bad*.

So instead, she just has to tell us these things in a careless fucking emotionless manner, and then never show any of this shit,

(From offscreen) [muffled] ...the exact moment that she decided that happened.

The exact fucking moment she decided it happened, with no hints that this *was a thing* leading up to it.

And then Murderbot’s panic actually has nothing to do with that. It's just because, “oh, I feel bad because um I'm a terrifying Murderbot and real humans are scared of me because I'm scary.”

And it's again, we're not actually fucking doing anything with PTSD, because if we actually had Murderbot realistically be traumatized by interacting with humans by — meaning slave owners — that would just make slave owners look bad.

As I pointed out in Book One, um, all of the fucking— all of its fucking slave owners are getting pissed off, we're told that they're, we're told that they're yelling and throwing things and shit.

And it's like, any competent writer would would have Murderbot reacting to this with instinctive, fucking, you know, fear response from PTSD.

Its slave owners are so pissed off they are yelling and stomping and throwing shit What does that mean?

If you are their fucking slave, it means you are probably going to be fucking punished and hurt.

But no, we don't have Murderbot react with panic, even though that would have been the perfect fucking excuse to show these— “these are nice slave

owners!!!” because they would have realized that their slave is having a fucking panic attack, thinking they're going to hurt it.

And they could have all instantly fucking stopped, apologized, and reassured Murderbot and given it its fucking space to calm down, and done everything in their power to reassure it that “they're— no, they're not angry at Murderbot. They're not going to hurt it. It's not its fault. They're mad at the corporation. Nobody's going to hurt it.”

We could have done that. We could have taken actual steps to show that these people are ~good people~.

But instead, we just just keep showing that they're just horrific fucking human beings over and over. If you actually look at their actions, what they do, and what they fucking say as characters in Book One, they're just fucking horrible people. They're just horrible people.

But the vi— Martha Wells tells us wants us to think they're cute and adorable and wouldn't hurt a fly.

We're literally just supposed to go off vibes and ignore everything that they actually do and say, because that's the entire reason this series has succeeded. It's based purely on vibes.

When most people reading these books can't even tell you what the fucking plot of each one is after they've read it, even if they've read it multiple times—

Let me get a drink. Put the _ ribbon in.

Hello, pretty kitty.

Where are you going? That was adorable.

Hello, Jaina. Hey, you want to say hi to the camera? This is Jacen. You want to say hi to the camera, cutie pie? If you come this way a bit more, Mr. Jaguar face. You want to look at the camera? Can I pick you up a little bit? Here's chicken. Look at the camera. He said no. He's purring though. You're a cute boy. You're a cutie kitty. Thank you. Can I sit back down? You can sit with me if you want. Excuse me. Bye. Osma, is your — Are you stuck? All right, I'm going to lift Osma

up. Come here, Osma. You're so fluffy. Here, Osma. Look at this cutie pie. She's so fluffy. She's like ridiculously fluffy. Look how cute you are. You want to look at the camera.

Look at that little face.

Now she's looking. Oh. All right. Just don't push the button. Oh, no. Don't play with that. That's the book. Now she's standing in the way. You're so fluffy. Now you got to move. You want to sit on my lap or just go back to where you were? All right. She's sitting down. Her butt is — her her fur so fluffy. She's just covering the camera. Watch out. Come here. You You can either sit with me or go back to playing on the floor. But you got to you got to pick one. You don't need to grab the couch. I'm not going to drop you. Come here.

Now she's just— Look at her tail. She's so fluffy. You got to move now. You can sit on my lap. Come here. He's just going to sit in front of it now. Hi. All right, silly baby. Sit on my lap. Yeah. There we go.

Be gentle. They just love tackling each other. Oh, no. Now I'm too low or the phone got tilted.

Okay, let's continue, shall we? All righty.

Uh, starts on the next page. Uh,

> [dq]The Tercera cleared her throat. Tea had purple hair and red eyebrows standing out against light brown skin. I'm Rami. That's Tan and Maro.

Oh, wait. I was past that part. Uh, yeah. You would think a blah blah blah list of RE: things that have never happened to Murderbot on screen or shown any actual effects of these things, except for when we're just saying it and it's supposed to be funny, because this whole this whole paragraph is meant to be a joke.

> [dq]Rami added, "Uh, I'm not sure where to start." Tapan nudged Tur, apparently conveying moral support. Tapan had multicolored braid braids wrapped up around her head and a blue jewel tone interface clipped to her ear.

And again, what does that mean? It could look like anything.

> [dq]And slightly darker skin than Rami. Maro had very dark skin and silver colored little puffs of hair and was almost beautiful enough to be in the entertainment media. I'm terrible at estim at estimating human ages because it's not one of the few things I care about. A

And it's like, again, Murderbot should be careful about noting these things, because the ages of the people around you could be very important in an emergency situation such as determining who is most likely to panic. Who is probably trained in any of this shit, and so many fucking things.

Who you got to throw over your shoulder like a sack of potatoes? Run them out there while else, which, which fucking people are more likely — is everybody else more likely to tell you to protect first. Just so much fucking shit. Just just basic shit.

If we are supposed to believe that Murderbot in this setting is a real fucking person who has motivations that make sense, but it doesn't fucking make sense.

And it's all just to furnish shitty fucking lazy writing that doesn't even do the bare minimum amount of effort to make sense.

> [dq]Also, most of my experience is with humans on the entertainment feed, and they aren't anything like the ones you see in reality.

Again, that is just objectively not fucking true.

Murderbot only started being able to watch TV four years ago. We don't fucking know how old Murderbot is, because Martha Wells is shit at writing and cannot be asked to tell us, or she probably doesn't even fucking know herself.

In no universe is “Murderbot has been able to watch TV for four years” equating to “Murderbot has more experience watching TV than seeing real fucking humans.”

That's not how this shit works. It's not like it is a slave who is just assigned to do manual fucking labor on some completely otherwise completely autonomous fucking asteroid where there's exactly one human supervisor and then a whole bunch of robot and cyborg slaves.

That's not how this works.

Murderbot is literally always assigned to fucking people that it has to guard and interact with. Claiming “most of Murderbots's experience with humans is watching them on TV.” That's just literally not fucking true. That's not how this works in any fucking way.

Even when you account for its fucking amnesia, that's not how that fucking works.

> [dq]Also, most of my experience is with humans on the entertainment feed, and they aren't anything like the ones you see in reality.

Also, now in parenthesis,

> one of the many reasons I'm not found fond of reality. But I thought all three might be young. Not children, but maybe not that far from adolescence.

You coming up here, I teenagers, not children, but maybe not that far from adolescence. So they're teenagers probably. That's what we're going for. I think adolescent usually means a teenager.

So slightly older than a teenager. So like 19 or 20 maybe.

But then again, I thought Iris was established to be 19 or 20 or something.

And I guess not according to the newest fucking thing. It's terrible.

Or who knows, now that I'm live reading them. Maybe we'll find that that was literally established, and Martha Wells just lies about it in later books, like she did in The Books of the Raksura, because I was

literally — I was literally remembering correctly, and then she just fucking lied about it in later books.

> [dq]They stared at me and I realized I was going to have to help. I said cautiously, you want to hire a security consultant? This was what they had posted on the social feed. And from the number of similar requests, it was common for groups and individuals to hire private security before going to Rabbi Hyraal. I guess hiring human security guards is what you do when you can't afford real security.

Translation: I guess hiring an actual person that you fucking pay is what you do when you can't buy a fucking slave.

And that's supposed to be funny, and insulting to *the people who don't own slaves*.

That's— Would you like me to just read that sentence out so you can just make a whole thing?

No, I'm doing —Let me repeat: “I guess hiring human security guards is what you do when you can't afford real security. I guess hiring a fucking security guard you pay for the job is what you do when you cannot buy an enslaved meat shield.”

That's what that means. That's the sentiment and it goes completely un-fucking-criticized.

We're meant to literally agree with that statement legitimately. There's no pushback on that whatsoever.

> [dq]Rami seemed relieved. Yes, we need help. Maro threw a look around and said, "We shouldn't talk here. Maybe is there somewhere else we could go?" It had been stressful enough getting here. I didn't want to have to go anywhere else right now

Because again, ART has fucking forced it into a situation, and Martha Wells has written a shitty shitty book, forcing it into a situation that it doesn't need to be in, where it is under so much stress it's literally disassociating right now, and it didn't need to happen.

> [dq]I did a quick scan for drones, then initiated a glitch in the connection between the restaurant and transit ring security. I caught the cameras and showed ART what I wanted it to do. It took over and edited me out of the systems recording and cut the camera watching the table out of the system. I unglitched the connection to the ring's main security, which wouldn't notice the missing camera feed for the short time we would be here.

So much, so much wrong here. And again, Murderbot can just do all this shit without any fucking effort at all.

> [dq]I said, "It's all right. We're not being recorded."

Again, Murderbot can literally hack anything it wants at any fucking point, whenever it wants, with zero fucking effort.

> [dq]It's all right. We're not being recorded. They stared at me. Rami said, "But there's

> security. Did you do something? I'm a security consultant, I repeated. My panic level was starting to drop, primarily because they were so obviously nervous. Humans are nervous.

Lookie lookie. Humans are nervous of me because I'm a terrifying Murderbot. And I'm nervous of them because they're humans.

> [dq]But I knew that humans could also be wary and nervous of each other in non-combat in non-adversarial situations in reality and not just as part of a story. That was that was what seemed to be happening. But it let me pretend this was business as usual during one of the rare occasions when's clients asked me my advice about security.

And again, this is Murderbot retraumatizing itself. It literally feels like it's ~back at home~ *being a fucking slave*. Business as usual.

And this is portrayed positively.

Murderbot is back in the fucking mindset that it is a goddamn slave, it is property, and the only thing it can do is just push a tiny bit to try and get things to be done safely, but not actually be able to direct anything.

> [dq]It let me pretend that this was business

Why am I saying the word business so weirdly?

> [dq]Business as usual during one of the rare occasions when clients asked my advice about security.

Legitimately, Murderbot is — it's disassociating, and it's literally _ retraumatizing itself.

And this would never be — and this is there's no push back. This isn't — this isn't harmful for Murderbot as far as the fucking story is concerned.

This — as far as this goddamn series is concerned, this is literally the only thing that Murderbot should

ever be doing with its life, because this is the purpose it was built for.

—Even though it can be happy, and this is the only way it can be happy, by—

Oh, my phone screen dimmed. That might mean the battery. No. Why are you lying? You're at 54%. Why are you dimming the screen? fucking liar. Weird phone. All right. Lying.

Um, yeah, it's just retraumatizing itself, and as far as this series is concerned, this is the only thing that Murderbot will ever be good for, because Martha Wells said “Free will? No, it doesn't exist for slaves. They should always just stay slaves, that's the only way they can ever be happy, um, because you know, every single story about that concept is wrong. Mewtwo is fucking wrong.”

> [dq]Part of my job as a SecUnit was to give clients advice when they asked for it as I was theoretically the one with all the information on security. Not that a lot of them had asked for it

> or had listened to me. Not that I'm bitter about that or anything.

And see that stupid little sarcasm right there? People say, "Oh, see that's proof that Murderbot is an unreliable narrator. That means you can't criticize the series for any of the blatant fucking slavery apologism."

And it's like, first of all, blatant fucking sarcasm is not the same thing as being an unreliable narrator, because nobody's going to read that “Not that I'm bitter about that or anything.” That's not meant to be taken seriously. That's sarcasm. That's not actually—and that's not actually Murderbot being an unreliable narrator.

Being sarcastic and being an unreliable narrator are two very fucking different things.

> [dq]Tapan looked impressed. So, you're spliced, right?

And if you're wondering, no, it will never come up again. That that word spliced never again. It's just here because it sounds sci-fi and then we can't even do the effort of keeping it.

> [dq]Tapan looked impressed. So, you're spliced, right? She patted the back of her neck, indicating where my data port was. You got augments. You have extra access to the feed.

And again, remember that data port that in Book One was inside Murderbot's neck, so that you have to literally fucking chop it— Literally, Murderbot described it as feeling “like my head was being sawed off”.

The data port that the stupid combat override module, whose name I always say in random order cuz it's terrible— That's not just on the back of the neck for everybody to see. It's not just a USB port on a computer.

It was literally internal and clearly not meant to actually be accessed.

But no, we're retconing that. So, it's just it's just a fucking really really blatant USB port or whatever on the back of Murderbot's neck for everybody to see, because *bad writing*.

And also, it's literally never going to be un-deactivated. So, it literally is just there for bullshit and no other purpose.

It was literally only invented so that Martha Wells could have a scene of the slave trying to kill itself to protect its slave owners, which was literally originally meant to succeed.

Uh…

> [dq]spliced was an informal term for an augmented human. I had heard it on the entertainment feed.

And again, we're just being told this—

(From offscreen) [muffled]

What?

We could have just been given a goddamn scene from Sanctuary Moon.

Murderbot could have walked onto this station and there was a giant big fucking TV up there up on the ceiling playing playing some fucking thing, and we could have just gotten the goddamn dialogue and just a description of the scene.

You know, what I'm doing in my one story that I can't write now cuz my fucking laptop.

That's the thing we're just being told. “Oh, that's I've I've seen that on the entertainment feed.” No, you have not. You objectively have not, because Martha Wells didn't fucking bother to write that.

She literally just came just decided to use the word spliced now and then tried to say, "Oh yeah, it's totally always been a thing. Murderbot sees it on the entertainment feed.” It's never going to come up ever again because ~what's continuity? Not for Martha

Wells! We don't need that. That's just a basic fucking tool of writing. We don't need those!~

(from offscreen) It literally never comes up again for the record.

Yeah, I'm I'm I'm not exaggerating. I fucking know it. I would have remembered.

(from offscreen) [muffled]

Yeah, they just checked. Literally never comes up again, because, you know continuity? Basic fucking writing?

Uh

> [dq]I had heard it on the entertainment feed. I said yes, then added among other things.
> Rami's red brows lifted in understanding. Mara looked impressed and said, "I don't know if we can afford our credit account is. If we can get our data back, then Rami took it up again, then we would have plenty to pay you." ART, who

> was apparently very interested in the job scenario, started to search the public feed for a pay scale for private security consultants. I reminded myself that I was pretending not to be a SecUnit, so me questioning them wouldn't seem out of the ordinary. I decided to start with the basic information. Why do you want to hire me?

And again, Murderbot has to literally remind itself that it's not a slave in this situation, and it is allowed to ask questions.

And you'll see later in this fucking book that *that's not working*.

> [dq]Rami looked at the other two, got nods in response, and cleared her throat. We were working on Rabbi Hyraal for Tlacey Excavations, one of the smaller Umro contractors.

And again, we're just throwing out fucking words, and none of them matter in any way, because there's no actual fucking world building.

> [dq]We do mineral research and technology development. T explained that they were a collective of technologists, seven of them plus dependent who traveled from work contract to work contract. The others were waiting in a hotel suite with Rami, Maro, and Tapan having been deputized to act for the group. It was a relief to hear that their mining experience was in tech and research in the mining contracts I had had had. The techs were usually in offices off the pit off the pit site or adjacent to it, and we didn't see them unless they got intoxicated and tried to kill each other, which admittedly was rare. Tlacey's terms were great, Tan added, but maybe too great, if you know what I mean. ART did a quick search and returned the opinion that it was intended to be a figure of speech. I told it I knew that.

And again, ART's just lying here. It doesn't need to look this shit up. It knows all of this shit. It's just It's just lying.

And the things that make it a liar is that *Martha Wells doesn't give a fuck about continuity*, even when not caring makes the characters just horrible in hindsight, even more than they already were.

That's the same fucking problem with the PreservationAux team.

> [dq]Rami continued, "We took the contract because it would give us time to work on our own stuff. We'd had the this idea to develop new detection systems for strange synthetics.

I forgot they get called strange synthetics. That's funny.

> [dq]Rabbi Hyal has a lot of identified deposits, so it's a great place for research.

Strange— Strange Synthetics is just the fucking Xenomorph goop that she's ripping off. And then and — it's a ripoff. I just made a whole goddamn video about this, explaining this.

It's a ripoff because she's not actually putting in the fucking effort to just do world building, just the bare minimum amount of fucking world building.

> [dq]Strange synthetics were elements left behind by alien civilizations. Telling the difference between them and naturally occurring elements that were previously unidentified was a problem in mining. Like the remnants of alien occupation/ civilization uncovered by Grey on my last contract, they were off limits for commercial development.

You see how we're just casually saying there were totally remnants of alien occupation and civilization in the first book? And it's like, no there weren't. We could have seen this shit, we did not.

We just get told all this shit, and it's just ephemeral. It's, it's after the fact. It's just bullshit.

This is not proper writing in any fucking way.

> [dq]That was all I'd ever needed to know since every job I'd ever had involving alien material was just me standing around guarding the people who were working on it.

In parenthesis,

> [dq]ART tried to explain it to me and I told it to save it for later for later. I needed to focus.

So again, we're saying Murderbot has literally been on missions entirely about strange synthetics or alien remnants, AKA ripoff xenomorph goop, multiple times, but has just never bothered to learn the bare fucking minimum, including the bare fucking minimum that it would pick up from standing there while people are talking about it.

Because that would actually require Martha Wells to do fucking work.

That's my blanket. They just keep stabbing me through it. So, just shake it because they got dust all over it. Rani, no. Is he stealing your spot? Yes.

> [dq]Rami said, "We were making good progress, but then suddenly our group got terminated with no notice and they took our data." Tan waved her hands. All our work, it wasn't anything to do with the our contract. Maro finished. Tlacey stole it basically and they deleted the most current version off our devices. We had copies of the older iterations, but we've lost all our recent work

And, just weird. They're just completing each other's sentences, because we don't need to have three characters here. This could literally just be one person.

> [dq]Well, I'm representative while the others are back. Rami added, "We filed a complaint

> with UMRO, but it's taking forever to process it, and we don't know if it's ever going to come to anything." I said, "This sounds like something you should go to a solicitor about,

aka lawyer.

> [dq]It wasn't unusual. The company data mine, too, but it wasn't as clumsy or obvious as as to try to delete the work from the original creators devices. If it did that, then the creators wouldn't come back and enter into more security bond agreements, which would give the company access to whatever they were working on next.

And again, we just keep shilling for this fucking company. It's like, so are they really good at what they do, or are they terrible? It depends on what is needed in this exact fucking sentence.

> [dq]We thought about a solicitor, Rami said. But we weren't in the union, so it would be so it would be expensive. W

Why aren't you in the union? What union? I'm getting a drink.

(From offscreen) Uh, for this single fucking sentence.

Yes.

(from offscreen) Do you have any clue where I put the yellow glow in the dark?

Is it not on the stack of all the rest? Because these kitties keep on losing us. Hello, Rani.

Is it behind the computer right there? See if I can use the blanket without my legs getting stabbed again.

Um, continue.

Yeah, unions exist for exactly one fucking line right now. Guess I should not be turning away from the camera.

Uh,

[dq]we thought about a solicitor, Rami said. But we weren't in But we aren't in the union, so it would be expensive. But then yesterday

and like literally what union? What union? Why aren't you in it? Why isn't the union helping you? Why aren't we doing anything with this?

But then yesterday, Tlacey finally answered our petition and said we could have the files back if we returned our signing bonus. We have to go down to Rabbi Hyrell to do that. T sat back into her chair. That's why we wanted to hire you. This was starting to make sense. You don't trust Tlacey. We just want somebody on our side. Tapan clarified. No, we definitely don't trust

Huh. I put it up here. Oh.

[dq]No, we definitely don't trust Tlacey. Maro countered.

(from offscreen) Not at all. Fancy. You can hold it in front of the camera. Glow. Oh, it's actually glowed

white. That's supposed to be yellow. Yeah, it's very green. Is whatever. What makes it glow green in particular?

Do they all just glow green when they're under light and then they're just regular color when they're not?

(from offscreen) No, they they glow different colors and then it's only the actual pigment itself is only visible when it's in the bottle or a bajillion layers. Okay, that's weird. Uh,

> [dq]no. We definitely don't trust Tlacey, Maro counted. Not at all. We need security for when we get there if things get touchy. Tlacey herself is supposed to meet us, and she has an entourage of bodyguards, and there's no general security except what Emro has in the public areas in the port, and that's not much. I didn't know exactly what she thought she meant by touchy, but all the scenarios I could imagine in that situation weren't good ones. The company offered suck units so the clients didn't have to hire humans to guard each other.

> From what I had seen in the cals, me doing a half-assed version of my job was still

Trying to do it. And again, just more slavery apologism.

Martha Wells is just saying — just telling us, and we're never meant to question this ever,

(From offscreen) That according to The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary

Literally, according to The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon, which we will not question in any way, a, a fucking soap opera that has to have stupid drama on purpose to run — It's a fucking soap opera.

“Oh, the security gu— the human security guards on *the fucking soap opera* that we're not questioning in any way, they're really bad at their jobs, *because it's a soap opera and plot has to happen*. That means humans can never be trusted to do security and the only option is to have enslaved meat shields like me.”

The moral here is literally — and this is never going to be questioned in any fucking capacity ever — It's literally just saying “don't— you'll never be safe unless you hire an enslaved meat shield. And by hire I mean rent out or buy an enslaved meat shield.”

That's literally what this fucking book is saying right now. And it just keeps — and they — This will get doubled down on throughout the entire fucking series! Literally!

(from offscreen) Oh, by the way, human shield should be the term.

Meat shield.

(from offscreen) I know, but to really hammer it home, especially in Witch King.

Yeah.

Uh Martha Wells has decided that the, the protagonists using human shields isn't good enough

for just doing it in The Murderbot Diaries, she's doing it in Witch King, her shitty new fantasy series.

And in that one, the human shield is a literal fucking child who has been groomed his entire life into a pedophilic eugenics program, and now he's being used as a human shield by his adult fucking love interest, fully grown adult.

And the young child that is his love interest is being used as a human shield for him.

And this is meant to be cool and badass and romantic instead of horrifying.

Also— hi. You want to say hi? Here's Polychrome. Hello. You want to say hi to the camera? She immediately wants to step on the book. Hold on. Don't step on the book. You can sniff the book. You just can't step on it. You leaving? You going to lay down? She hasn't stabbed me. It's mostly Jaina, Jacen, and Mr Lupon who like to stab me through the blanket. You going to sit down? She's just looking at the floor now. Hello. You going to come back over?

(from offscreen) [muffled]

Uh, an hour and 47 minutes.

What are you doing? You're just walking in a circle.

We've gone 10 pages.

Can you sit your butt down?

Uh, yeah.

I was just doing slavery apologies and saying that the only way to be slave is to use an enslaved human shield.

> [dq]I was still watching us through the captured security camera even though I wasn't allowing it to record. I could see my expression was dubious but in this case I think the situation warranted warranted it. I said the meeting with Tlacey could be held through a secured comm channel. The company bonded those too for funds and data transfer. Maro,

> whose expression was even more dubious than mine, said, "Yeah, but Tlacey wants to do it in person." Rami admitted, "We know it doesn't sound like a good idea to go." It was a great idea to go if you wanted to be murdered. I had hoped for an easier job, corer duty or something similar, but this was protecting humans who were determined to do something dangerous, which was exactly the kind of job I was designed for. the job that I had kept doing more or less, often as less as possible. Even after I had hacked my governor module, I was used to having something useful to do, taking care of something, even if it was only a contractually obligated group of humans who, if I was lucky, treated me like a tool and not a toy.

Do I even need to say anything? Again, this is just explicitly Murderbot fucking being retraumatized and being forcibly fucking trapped in the mentality that it is literally just enslaved and it has no rights and it just has to do this and nothing else is is possible for it.

(from offscreen) And this is not being stated to be critiqued.

Yeah, this is this isn't — we're not saying this to to point it out and criticize it. It's not going to come back to bite Murderbot. It's never going to outgrow this. This is literally just what Martha Wells — *she will literally say explicitly in interviews, this is the only thing that Murderbot can ever do, because this is what it was designed to do, because we're dehumanizing it and saying that some people are just fucking biologically engineered just naturally to be enslaved.*

It's literally just the House Elves again, but in science fiction fucking trappings, barely, instead of fucking fantasy, it's literally just the Happy Slaves trope. It's just fucking white supremacist slavery apologism.

> [dq]After PreservationAux, it had occurred to me how different it would be to do my job as an actual member of the group I was protecting. And that was the main reason I was here.

Because it's here because it's here to, to, to double check— I have the hiccups now. It was — It's here to double check that, um, it actually hacked its governor module *after*, so that it didn't kill the people that it supposedly killed in its backstory.

Did you forget that that's why they're here? Because I did, and I'm aware of it.

Yeah. Murderbot's here to make sure that it it can go back to its beloved PreservationAux slave owners and know that it won't accidentally just go crazy one day and murder them.

That's literally why it's here. It's here to — it ran away from them because it didn't want to accidentally hurt them.

So, this book is supposed to be solving the mystery of Murderbot's backstory that wasn't actually a fucking mystery. Uh,

> [dq]and that was the main reason I was here.

Yeah,

> [dq]I phrased it as a question because pretending you were asking for more information was the best way to try to get humans to realize they were doing something stupid. So, do you think there's another reason Tlacey wants you to do this exchange in person other than dot dot dot killing you?

So, somebody should just ask Martha Wells as a question, “Hey, what why do you think it's a good idea to constantly worship slave owners? Huh? Why do you think that's a good idea? Why are we still killing and torturing slaves? Do you think it's a good idea? Do you think it's a progressive moral stance? Do you think it's anti— Do you think you have girl power by showing that it's good to torture slaves to death 12 fucking books into the series while worshiping slave owners every single step of the way?”

> [dq]Tapan grimaced as if that was something she had been aware of but trying not to think about. Maro tapped the table and pointed at

> me, which was vaguely alarming until ART identified it as a gesture of emphatic agreement.

You may recall I told you all to remember this in Book One. I told you all to keep this quote in mind. She's so bad at this. She's so fucking bad at writing.

“Oh, pointing at me for emphasis. I've never seen that before,” says Murderbot in this book, like, that didn't literally fucking happen with Rathi in Book One.

I told you all to remember it. I hope you remembered it.

If you're watching this as the first video, you obviously won't remember it unless you've just read that book recently.

Yeah, she's so fucking bad at writing she can't even be bothered to keep track of basic shit such as, yes, Murderbot does in fact know that people will point at you to in agreement because *that literally happened in Book One very distinctly.*

And no, Murderbot did not find it mildly alarming! It understood exactly what it was going on!

So, she's just lying to us because she can't fucking write for shit. This is to make ART's brainless fucking comments useful. Yeah, this is literally just there to pretend that ART being useful.

> [dq]Rami took a sharp breath and said, "We think." We weren't finished. Our process was incomplete, but we were so enthusiastic about it. We think they might have listened in on in using the security feeds and heard us talking and thought we were much further along than we actually were. So, I don't know if they if they can complete it. Maybe they realize it's not worth much without us to finish it.

And it's like, this is just so fucking ridiculous. Why would the — Why would the company that wants to steal this from them not wait until it's for sure completed and then just steal it? It's so ridiculous. They could — It's just — They're so bad at this.

(from offscreen) Also, they have like — They have more than just wire taps.

Uh-huh.

(from offscreen) They have video.

Yeah.

(from offscreen) They have, like, biometrics.

There's literally no reason that some “barely adolescents” could — can make a thing that nobody else under the company's employee can.

And if these guys are barely older than teenagers and they are being the, what, they're the ones being sent here for the representing the whole group, how old is everybody else?

And how many fucking children do they have?

And why are these guys the ones being sent here?

How old is everybody else?

Uh, yeah.

> [dq]Maybe Tlacey wants us to work for her again, Tan said. Hopefully. Probably before she murders you. I didn't say. Maro snorted. I would rather rather

I don't know why I'm pronouncing words so weirdly.

> [dq]I would rather live in a box in a station mall than work for her again. Once they had started to talk about it, it was hard for them to stop. The collective was completely divided on what to do, which was apparently painful for all of them since they were used to agreeing on everything. \

I guess the collective is meant to refer to a massive group marriage or because that's what it's implying, because we were told and dependent meaning children and elderly family members and shit. People who are—

(from offscreen) [muffled]

Huh?

(from offscreen) That's their age description.

Yeah. And these are — Yeah, that's why I was pointing out these people who are probably not more than ad— “probably not too far from being adolescents”, meaning like 19 or 20, I would guess, they're the ones who've been sent to be representatives for the entire massive group, meaning everybody else is probably younger than them.

How— what are the ages of the rest of the fucking people that they're married to? Begs the fucking question, especially considering Martha Wells's track record for romanticizing and normalizing pedophilia.

Uh,

> [dq]Tan, who was who, according to Maro was too naive for this existence, thought it was worth a try. Maro, who according to Tan was a cynical impediment to both fun and progress, thought they were screwed and should just cut

> their losses. Rami was undecided, which was why T had been elected leader of the collective for the duration of this problem.

Literally, how old is everybody else in this fucking group marriage?

Oh, there's a bug.

(from offscreen) Also, this this implies that they're saying all these questions of each other out loud in this conversation.

Yeah. Now, the phone doesn't understand it. Okay. Go away, bug.

Yeah.

Finally, uh, Rami— Wait, now hold on.

> [dq]Rami did not seem thrilled by the collective con confidence, but was gamely trying to proceed. Finally, Rami finished up with, so that's why we want to hire you. We thought it

> would be better to go in with someone who could protect us, keep her crew from messing with us, show her we have we have backup while we negotiate.

And it's just like this is just such a terrible plan, but we're just we're just going along with it.

(From offscreen) [muffled]

What?

(from offscreen) To interrupt. Every time you say Rami, I'm imagining Ravi, because—

Yeah, because it's literally the same except for one letter switched out for two.

(From offscreen) Amena and

Mhm.

(from offscreen) Fucking Bashasa and Bashat.

Mhm. And it's not even a hereditary fucking title!

> [dq]Finally, Rami finished up with So that's why we want to hire you. Oh, wait. No, I I got that far. What they needed was a security company willing to bond them for the meeting and return trip and send a SecUnit with them to guarantee their safety. But security companies like that were expensive and wouldn't be interested in a job this small.

Again, literally just saying they should just hire a fucking company to rent them a an enslaved human shield. “What they need is a slave to get stabbed and almost murdered for them to literally act as a human fucking shield. They should just get a slave!”

And then there's no further fucking commentary on this statement whatsoever.

Not here, not now, not in the future, not ever. Because this book is just slavery apologism, because Martha Wells is racist and loves slavery apologism.

> [dq]They all stared at me worriedly in the security camera view. From that angle, it was

> obvious how small they were. They looked so soft with all the fluffy multicolored hair and nervous, but not of me. I said, "I accept your job."

Also, we're just infantilizing them. Just infantilizing them.

(from offscreen) ...describes Black hair as “fluffly”.

She, she has a — Martha Wells, as a white woman from Texas, really has a fucking pattern of referring to Black hair simply as “fluffy” and she did that a lot in The Books of The Raksura, simply just describing people's hair as “fluffy” and giving it no other fucking description, and it's — it's, we're just infantilizing them now, even though we're we're told they're not children.

Uh,

[dq]Rami and Tapan looked relieved and Maro, who clearly still didn't want to do this, looked resigned. She said, "How much do we pay you?" She glanced

uncertainly at the others. "Can we afford you, I mean?"

> ART had a set of spreadsheets ready, but I didn't want to scare them off with a figure that was too high. "How much were they paying you before you were terminated?" Rami said, "It's 200 CRs."

We will never get an explanation for what that stands for.

> [dq]Per cycle for each worker for the limited term of contract. It didn't sound like this would take more than a cycle. You can pay me that.

And again, cycle, we still have no fucking definition of what that means. It seems here to be being used to mean a day. So, they were getting paid 200 CRS. What the fuck does that stand for? What can you buy with that? What can you buy with that? Insert a long fucking monologue from I just forgot to what the fuck it's called. A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. Insert that fucking monologue about inflation.

Um yeah,

> [dq]it's 200 CRS per day. For each worker for the limited term of contract. It didn't sound like this would take more than a cycle. You can pay me that. One psycho share of the contract. Rami sat up straight. Really? Her reaction meant I'd asked for far too little, but it was too late to correct the mistake. I did need to give them a reason why I was willing to settle for a small amount, and I decided the partial truth was better. I need to go to Rabbi Hyraal, and I need an an employment contract to get there.

Like this isn't a completely suspicious _ thing to tell people.

> [dq]Why? Tapan asked and Rami nudged her by way of admonishment. I mean I know we don't have a right to ask but dot dot dot.

This is in italics.

[dq]Don't have a right to ask. End italics. That wasn't something that had ever applied to me before PreservationAux.

(from offscreen) It didn't apply to you during the PreservationAux meeting. They literally fucking invaded your goddamn mind and then told everybody about it after making you remove your, uh, mask so that you'd be even more emotionally vulnerable. And Mensah did that.

Yep— No, that you got that timeline wrong. That happened afterwards. That happened after they literally invaded its mind and knew every single thing about its life.

(from offscreen) Oh, I meant she told Murderbot to remove its face plate so it'd be more emotionally vulnerable. And then they interrogated it about what they found in its mind.

Mhm.

(at cat) That was adorable.

> [dq]I told the truth again. I need to do some research there for another client. Like ART. They understood the idea of research, especially proprietary research, and they didn't ask any further questions. Rami told me they were scheduled to leave for Rabbi Hyraal during the next cycle and said T would put in the request for the private employment voucher. I arranged to meet them in the mall.

Wait, hold on. If Murderbot needs a fucking employment voucher to get there, how exactly are *they* getting back if they're not being hired again by Tlacey, which she could just force them to, again, *basic writing shit*.

Murderbot needs an employment thing to get there. They were fired. How are they getting back over there? Why isn't Tlacey simply forcing them to literally sign on to work for her again for whatever fucking terms she gets to set, because she has everything, including all their shit? Basic shit!

We're almost done this chapter, but I have to interrupt it to say that.

Like, literally, that could be a whole fucking thing! That could be an actual show of all the shit that people have to put up within this system, including these disgustingly rich fucking stupid researchers.

And yes, I say disgustingly rich because their job is to sit around in cushy offices doing fucking research, including their own goddamn research for their own fucking projects *on another company's time*.

They're not actually doing any of the fucking mining. They're not doing any of the labor. They're literally just sitting around fucking goofing off doing their own shit, their own — their own fucking passion projects, and getting paid by somebody else, on, on company time, and that's explicitly *what they're allowed to do*. They're not poor people.

Even though we keep saying, "Oh, they're they couldn't afford to hire a slave." And it's like, no, they're not poor. They literally have— They're literally

fucking academics who literally got paid to do whatever the fuck they wanted. That's not a poor person you're describing!

> [dq] Rami told me they were scheduled to leave for Rabbi Hyel during the next cycle and said T would put in the request for the private employment voucher.

I'm going to be bothered by this forever now. Literally, why didn't Tlacey just— Why — Why are they allowed to just go there without having to sign up to work for her again, with literally whatever terms she imposes?

We could have had a whole fucking thing where they are being forced to do this if they want to get their stupid fucking data back, and it's literally not important enough for that to matter, so they should just be leaving!

But if we pretend they're des— fucking desperate, just say they're being forced to sign up for this bullshit contract to get it, and they have to go with whatever she says or they can't get it.

And then Murderbot’s, just — anything, anything at all, anything to actually fucking have just basic continuity within this much of this goddamn book where we establish you can only go to this fucking moon if you have a job there.

Why are they allowed to go back there? They were explicitly fired. They're no longer her employees. How are they allowed to go there??

Because if it were as simple as, "Oh, I'm visiting somebody there." Murderbot would just be able to fucking fake a visitor's pass. The answer is it's fucking lazy, shitty writing that doesn't care.

> I arranged to meet them in the mall near the access for the shuttle emargation zone and then left. I released the security camera as soon as I was out of range.

So, we were told that, oh, the, the, the security people won't notice that the camera is not functioning properly for the short time we'll be here.

And then it's probably at least half a fucking hour, because remember, the, the three people went on a huge rant between themselves where they apparently described each other in very specific detail.

> I got back to ART and huddled in my favorite chair and we watched episodes for the next three hours — We watched episodes for the next three hours while I calmed down.

We're not even saying episodes of what? We just “watched episodes.

I went home and I watched episodes. Of what? Don't fucking know!

And again, well, it calmed down from… what? What has been described exactly? Literally nothing has been described again.

[sarcastically aggressive tone] Murderbot is really fucking angry right now.

Just like Kai was abruptly really fucking angry right now.

And the fucking old lady piece of shit creeper — who doesn't even have a name as far as I know — suddenly was really fucking angry about the dude that she just very calmly took out without any sense of shock, anger, even surprise.

But all of a sudden she's so mad and it's like why? Why? Why are you mad?

And again, again, even if we ignore the shitty writing: so, that was so fucking stressful for Murderbot that it literally has to huddle up in a chair like this for 3 hours because it's so fucking stressed and panicked?

None of that was fucking shown to us. We're being told that now.

And again, this doesn't need to be happening! Murderbot doesn't need to be ret-raumatizing itself like this!

But this is just being presented as what must happen, even though it literally doesn't need to happen.

Murderbot literally had the perfect fucking safe plan. This is just Murderbot being fucking abused by ART because it entertains ART.

It's literally just using Murderbot like a shiny new toy it gets to wind up and send into a fucking panic attack for fun.

> ART monitored the transit rings feed alert in case someone had realized what I was, but there was nothing.

So ART is literally making sure to tell Murderbot. “Oh, hey, I'm keeping track in case anybody found out you're a fucking slave.”

> I told you so. ART said again.

Again? No, there's no I told you so here.

Murderbot's plan did not involve — *squints at phone] storage low tap to manage...

[talking faster] There's no I told you so. I have to speed talk. Murderbot's plan did not involve going to this shit and doing this shit in the first place. There's no I told you so. It's just bullshit.

I ignored it. I hadn't been detected. So now it was time to think about the rest of the plan, which now involved keeping my new clients alive.

ART has literally just fucking tricked Murderbot into being a meat shield again. for fucking slave owners.

Bye.

21

February 10th, 2026. I almost said 2025 again. Continuing this. It's dark in here because it's night time for once, um, and I turned one of the lights off so we're not wasting electricity. And theoretically, having it darker in here will make me sleepy.

[to cat] Don't chew on my cardboard. Why are you being a little vampire? Don't chew on the cardboard. You can chew on the ruler you already chewed up. Mr. Lupon is already causing chaos.

We are on chapter 5. Last time I had to end the video abruptly because the phone suddenly decided, "Oh, I'm out of storage space. Uh, better end the video in the next 5 seconds or I will explode."

Anyways, um, yeah, I had to skip past this mostly, but uh, here's this quote:

> I got back to ART and huddled in my favorite chair and we watched episodes for the next 3 hours while I'd calmed down. ART monitored the transit ring's feed alert in case someone had realized what I was, but there was nothing.

Murderbot was so fucking traumatized by being forced to go out and act like a fucking slave again, which is what it is being forced back into the role of, even though we're pretending otherwise cuz we're like, "Oh, well, it's pretending to get paid to be a

fucking meat shield." except it's still being forced to be used as a fucking meat shield!

It was literally so traumatized by that that it needed to disassociate during the fucking events by looking through the cameras and pretending it wasn't actually in the fucking situation.

Literally disassociating from how traumatic simply fucking being there and doing that was. And now it has taken three fucking hours of it huddling. Huddling, huddling fetal position three fucking hours for it to calm down because of how fucking stressful and traumatic that was.

If ART as a character were a good person, it— Okay, first of all, it would not have sent Murderbot to do this shit in the first place, the bare fucking minimum.

If it had a single fucking shiver, shrivel. Sh. I'm trying to say the word splinter and other words at the same time. It's not working.

If it had a just the smallest— I was also trying to say sliver and got messed up with splinter. Splinter. Whatever. You know what I'm saying.

If it had the tiniest bit of fucking morals and compassion, it would have seen the state that Murderbot came back in, realized it was disassociating to begin with, and that it literally has taken three entire fucking hours of it huddling in the fetal position from fucking terror to realize, “oh, oh, okay, I'm so fucking sorry. I completely fucking miscalculated. This is apparently my first time interacting with a traumatized person ever in my life. I thought I knew what was best. Um, I'm so fucking sorry. You do not need to go back out there.”

Imagine that.

Cuz, cuz we're pretending in this book that ART's never experienced — ART has never had to deal with somebody with PTSD or any kind of trauma in its entire life apparently, because that's what Martha Wells tries to re reiterate to us in Rapport.

Hold on. I have to go fucking pour some more cat litter in the litter box.

[to cats] You guys have one job. Can you please do your one job? Well, no. You have two jobs. One of them is look cute. You don't even have to work for that. Your one job is just cover the crap in the litter box. That's all you got to do. That is all you have to do.

For the record, if you need some cheap air freshener if they're on clearance, these little wax melts were a dollar at Walmart. It's rippier scented and it smells so good. You can just sit it somewhere nearby. You don't even have to use it and it just smells nice.

[to cat] Hello. Here's Mr Lupon. Excuse me. Excuse me. He's purring like a little popcorn machine or a little geiger counter. Whichever one. He's looking at the camera. That's you. That's your cute little face. You going to lay down? Yeah, I know.

He has learned not to climb up on my shoulders now. He just likes to sit on my chest and or my lap. He likes

both. He wants me to hold him in place. I know. You're so cute.

Um yeah, literally just imagine if any of the characters in this book were even remotely good people or if the narrative itself, Martha Wells that is, cared about them not being good people.

Because all of these actions that ART is doing, this is what Martha Wells wants us to think is good.

Because if she didn't want us to think it was good — Hello. I know you're so adorable — There would be — Hey. No, no, no. Yeah, I know. You're like, well, if I do a bad thing, I can just nuzzle you. That makes up for it, right? Almost. But you got to stop. Stop being a little piranha. We've never let you play with our fingers. You got to stop that. You have so many toys. You got your little mouse? No. No. He's trying to grab the book for me.

Hey, Osma. Here's Osma. I don't know if you can see her. You want to look this way? She said, "No," she's just looking at the shadows. They like to chase

shadows. That's not the right angle for a shadow. Hey, stop attacking me. Stop it or you'll be banished to the floor.

You got to go to the floor. Sorry

If — this book would be fine if the characters being horrible people were at least acknowledged and the point of the thing. But we are literally supposed to think that there's nothing wrong with ART's behavior here, in forcing Murderbot into this situation. Forcing Murderbot to retraumatize itself.

Can you stop that little kitty? That's my bookmark. You can't eat it. That's my bookmark. That's mine. All right. You're banished. You're too hyper. Go chase your toy. Where did you put the ball? Where did you put the ball? Oh, here's here's your little Here you go. Get your pie slice. Go get your pie slice. You like that thing? It's got catnip in it. And he's immediately coming back again.

I, I have no problem with characters who are horrible people if the book acknowledges that they're horrible

people and that's the point. See: Flatland, A Romance of Many Dimensions.

Stop poking me. He's like, "But look how cute I am." I know. I know. He seems to be suspicious of the camera.

Like just imagine if ART had the bare basic morals whatsoever. Hi. And just said, "Oh, I'm so fucking sorry. I thought I knew what I was doing. I' I'm I've um… my….” What did it say before? I've… something about psychology or “people trust me and tell me stuff all the time. I totally know how to handle PTSD. I I definitely know what I'm doing.”

And then it sees that Murderbot is disassociate — Stop it. You can't use your teeth. Why are you so hyper all of a sudden? You're supposed to be sleepy after you eat wet food.

He's He's decided to do the exact opposite of the natural order of things. Did I put the ribbon in my pocket or did you steal it? Did you steal it or did I put it in my other pocket? Excuse me.

Okay. Did I put it in my other pocket? The ribbon has disappeared. I don't know where it is. Oh, okay. I stuck it under my shirt so he couldn't see it. Excuse me. Come here. Go over there. You're so cute.

Image— just just imagine!

Imagine if ART were the bare minimum level of a decent person, and saw Murderbot come back very clearly — Jacen, stop stabbing my toes! — very clearly disassociating, more fucking traumatized than it was before, and literally requiring three entire hours huddling in the fetal position before it is quote unquote recovered and ART decides, “I'm so fucking Sorry. I, I fucked up. This is entirely my fault. You do not need to go back out there. I'm so fucking sorry that I did not listen to you when you told me that you knew what you were doing.”

Sorry, Osma. You were directly where my feet go.

Just imagine if ART apologized here. Imagine if we were meant to acknowledge that this was a terrible fucking plan. But we don't do that, and we don't do

that because Martha Wells's goal with this series, whether she will ever admit it or not, is slavery apologism.

This is “the best plan” because it is the plan that forces Murderbot from now on back — and forever — into the role of a fucking human shield for slave owners and proxy slave owners.

Murderbot is never going to be allowed to do anything or be anything other than a human fucking shield who literally only has value when it is using itself as a human shield for rich people.

And that's literally the only thing that Martha Wells will ever let Murderbot do, because if she let it do anything else, then that would, you know, require something besides slavery apologism and she cannot fucking handle that, so it's never going to happen.

We are now on chapter five, which is on page 75 supposedly. Where did my drink go?

Oh, we're doing it again with the whatever. Uh, let me read. I didn't finish reading rereading this last page. Uh,

ART, monitored the transit rings alert feed in case someone had realized what I was, but there was nothing. I told you so, ART said again, which I

Okay, again, we have to cover that. No, there's no ‘I told you so’ in this situation because ART's plan is the one that required Murderbot to go to the transit ring and make a paper trail and put its face on all the cameras and in everybody's minds and interact with people directly.

Murderbot's plan consisted of:

1) hijack one of those manual fucking transports, not sentient for fucking once, literally morally neutral act because fucking corporations. Just take that, sneak over,

2) sneak around, go through secret things, avoid detection,

3) and then sneak back out without anybody ever knowing it was there.

There's no, "I told you so" There would only be an ‘I told you so’ If Murderbot had said, "Yeah, I'll just waltz through in front of everybody."

There's no ‘I told you so’, because ART is literally the one creating the situation where Murderbot is forced into this close contact with people.

And again, we see later books there are so many fucking people, most fucking people do not know what a SecUnit looks like as opposed to any other augmented human. That happens so fucking often.

And yet we just get told, "Oh, um uh it it it definitely had to be coerced into this torturous surgery that was literally just fucking torture for ART's amusement, Um, because uh,,, people definitely would have known it was a SecUnit!”

And it's like, that's literally never true. It's not fucking true in any goddamn way.

It literally doesn't actually alter anything that makes Murderbot stand out as a SecUnit.

And again, because Martha Wells is a shit fucking writer, we literally don't even know what makes a SecUnit look like a SecUnit, because she's never told us what proportions of their fucking bodies are metal, what that metal looks like, what the basic fucking configuration of the metal is, what style it's in.

We have no fucking clue what Murderbot looks like aside from fucking interviews online where she told everybody it was a Black person only to now backtrack as soon as Apple, the fucking corporation she's pretending to criticize, hands her money.

So, no, there's there's no ‘I told you so’ here.

It's just lying. We're just being lied to as the audience. Martha Wells is just fucking lying to us. We're just supposed to believe that, “oh, um, Murderbot's plan definitely would have failed because um, ART is so smart and did everything right!”

When ART is literally the one retraumatizing Murderbot, reinforcing its fucking brainwashing and lifelong conditioning, telling it that it has no value unless it is being a fucking human shield for other people, and just putting it into so much stress and danger for no fucking reason.

And now it's — And now it's literally fucking bragging about doing that.

> I told you so. ART said again. I ignored it. I hadn't been detected. So now it was time to think about the rest of the plan, which now involved keeping my new clients alive.

And again, every single time the word clients is used by Murderbot, that is explicitly the stand-in for slave owner. That's what clients means. That's the nicer word for slave owner. Just like guardian is the nicer word for slave owner.

Murderbot is literally — has literally successfully been forced back into the mindset that it is a fucking

slave and it has no value except keeping its slave owners alive.

That is what clients always fucking means. Client. Slaves do not have clients. They have slave owners and people renting out a fucking slave are also slave owners.

I can call them slavers if the fucking racist nitpickers would like that better. There's no fucking difference.

> Chapter 5. I met them at the embarcation zone. I had the knapsack, which was part of my human disguise, but the only important thing I was carrying was the comm interface from ART. It would allow us to communicate once I was down on Rabbi Hyraal and let me continue to have access to arts knowledge bases and unsolicited opinions. I was used to having a hub system and a sex system.

And again, Martha Wells never fucking read any of these words out loud. Why would you ever shorten security system to sex system? You're just trying to

make it sound like sex system. Because again, basic writing tip, read your fucking words out loud and see how they function out loud.

RIP to the people who have to record audiobooks for this.

Uh,

> I was used to having a hub system and a sex system for backup and ART would be taking their place.

in parentheses.

> Without the part where those two systems were part partly designed to rat me out to the company and trigger punishment through the governor module, ART's freedom to weigh in on everything I did was punishment enough.

End parentheses. I'm not going to Oh, good God.

It's going to be so bad when we get to System Collapse and I have There's literally a parenthesis in one of these books that never gets closed. So technically every single book that comes after that is part of that fucking parenthetical aside because that fucking bracket never closed ever.

Uh

> I had inserted the comm interface in a built-in compartment under my ribs. All three of my clients were waiting, each with a small bag or pack since hopefully they would only be staying a couple cycles.

Also, I do want to point out again possibly for the first time on video because I just got done making a shitty not really a comic because it's mostly text.

Um, again, there's no logical fucking in-universe reason for Murderbot to be going along with this plan the first time, which is literally just implying that ART has fucking implanted extra fucking brainwashing

code into Murderbot's head, which it could have literally done at any point.

It didn't even need to do the surgery because it's so fucking overpowered that it could literally have just frozen Murderbot in place. And — as Murderbot does all the fucking time, delete that section from Murderbot's memory.

It literally could have done that at any fucking point, including before Murderbot even boarded it.

Which is why you shouldn't fucking introduce characters who can do this shit unless you're going to provide proof that they haven't been doing this shit when you keep providing proof that yeah, they probably fucking did.

Because give me a single in-universe logical explanation for Murderbot to be going along with the most dangerous fucking plan without a single fucking shred of hesitation or anything anything when it literally had the perfect safe plan there.

And then ART literally just said, "Hey, but actually what if we do the most difficult, traumatizing, unnecessarily dangerous, literally creating a fucking paper trail plan instead."

And then Murderbot just goes, "Oh, well, you said that, so I guess that's what we're doing now."

There's no logical explanation except ART has fucking done something to Murderbot so that Murderbot literally has to fucking go along with this shit, because the out the, the meta explanation is that Martha Wells is shit at fucking writing and doesn't fucking think these through in any goddamn capacity.

The in-universe explanation can only be Murderbot is being fucking brainwashed and coerced into thinking this shit because ART has already fucking tampered with its mind.

And now Murderbot is putting a comm interface inside its body, which is just giving ART further access to its fucking mind, as though it didn't already have

the ability to squash Murderbot like a bug anytime it wanted.

Like, don't introduce characters with fucking this level of mind warping ability, mind warping, mind manipulation powers if if we can't if you're not going to — just don't do that in general unless they're literally the villain.

If Martha Wells were a competent writer and were actually in this for the long haul, then the secret big reveal at the end of the series would be that ART is actually the villain the whole time.

Or at least the university is the villain the whole time.

But also, it's more — it would more likely just be ART itself.

But that would require skill at writing and her to actually know how to do foreshadowing. But she wouldn't know foreshadowing if it told her it was going to punch her in the face later that day.

All three of my clients

And again, again just like the first fucking book, every time I say the word clients you need to mentally replace that with slave owner or slaver.

That's the mindset Murderbot is back in. These are its slave owners. Murderbot is their fucking slave. That is how Murderbot is objectively thinking of this situation.

It has literally been forced to fucking re-enter the mindset of, "Yeah, I am just a slave. I have no actual choices here. I just have to just do whatever they say." And that's explicit. That's explicit in this fucking text because Murderbot is going to lament that later because it literally is explicit.

But we're only supposed to think that's bad because the slave owners in Murderbot's mind end up getting hurt because of it. Not because Murderbot is being fucking reraumatized and reconditioned to continue thinking of itself as having literally zero value except being a fucking human shield.

Again, this entire series is just slavery apologism because Martha Wells is fucking racist and loves slavery apologism.

> All three of my clients, aka slavers, were waiting, each with a small bag or pack since hopefully they would only be staying a couple of cycles. I hung back until they a couple cycles. I hung back until they finished saying goodbye to the other members of their collective. They all looked worried. The collective was listed in the social feed as a group marriage and had five children of various sizes. Once the others had left, Rami Once the others had left and Rami, Maro, and Tapan were alone, I came forward.

And again, if these people are the are the ones being representatives for the whole group, and they're just barely not teenagers anymore, how old is everybody else in the group? And they already have five children of various sizes. How old is everybody else in this fucking group? None of this is painting a good picture.

And again, it would be fine if this were part of the goddamn supposed as as they've pointed out, it's not — this is literally not actually a dystopia, because a dystopia is showing you bad things to criticize those things.

This doesn't actually fucking criticize anything except individual people that Murderbot doesn't like.

We're not actually supposed to think that the systems or the people who uphold the systems are a problem. It's only a problem when it when it inconveniences the protagonist again.

So like these people are barely out of being teenagers, so they're probably only 19 or 20.

And these guys are the representatives for the group, implying that they are the oldest.

So, how old are all the other fucking people that they have married? And when were these fucking children born? Are the — Is this — There's a — Is there fucking child marriage going on here?

What exactly is going on here? I'm not supposed to be asking any of these fucking questions, by the way, we're just supposed to be glossing over this and not giving it a second fucking thought, because these books are not meant to be analyzed unless you're just singing it mindless praise, because it's — we're not — we're just supposed to accept the vibes, inhale the propaganda, and never question a single fucking thing.

> Once the others had left and Rami, Maro, and Tapan were alone, I came forward. Tlacey bought us passage on a public shuttle. Rami told me that could be a good sign, right? Sure. I said it was a terrible sign.

And again, just basic shit.

Again, if Murderbot were meant to be a competent character, and this can't even be blamed on Murderbot currently being in the mindset of ‘I have no choice’, because it could at least be thinking what I'm about to tell you, and then not saying anything

because it's in the mindset of it's just a slave and it doesn't get to have a say.

If the person that you are pretty damn certain wants to murder you pays for your fucking bus ticket, you know what the intelligent thing is?

Get a different fucking bus.

You can afford a fucking bus. Get a different fucking bus. Maybe report the fucking bus that they bought you a goddamn ticket for and warn whoever.

Say, "Hey, you might want to inspect that fucking bus. Might be something wrong with it. There might literally be a fucking bomb on it."

These are — This is a basic fucking conclusion that anybody who's thinking would come to.

Murderbot, if this were competently written, would come to this conclusion instantaneously.

But this, this these two paragraphs here:

> bought us passage on a public shuttle. Rami told me that could be a good sign, right? Sure. I said it was a terrible sign.

It didn't didn't say that out loud, but it's also not thinking the immediate ‘Yeah, this is probably booby trapped. We should get a different bus.’

Just bare minimum. Bare minimum and it's not happening, because it's not actually well written.

And again, even just doing that much would make you, the fucking reader, engage your goddamn critical thinking skills and start thinking for yourself as well and trying to figure out what the villain could be up to because “Oh, yeah. The villain bought you a bus ticket. The villain that you're pretty fucking sure wants to kill you bought you a bus ticket. Yeah, maybe you should not use that. Maybe you should get a different bus.”

Basic shit.

> The employment voucher got me through into the embarcation zone and there were no and there was no weapons scan.

Why? Why the fuck would there not be? Oh my god, it's just so fucking ridiculous.

> Rabbi Hayal allowed private weapons and had a low security presence in public areas, which was one reason small groups of humans needed to hire private security consultants to go there. As we approached the shuttle lock, I sent to ART, "Can you scan the shuttle for energy anomalies without transit ring security detecting the activity?"

There's so many extra words there just to make that seem more clever than it is.

It's just like, and again, they're still getting on the fucking bus that the goddamn murderer sent them.

> Then ART says, "No, but I'll tell it I'm running system. I'll tell it I'm running scanning

> diagnostics and testing systems." As we reached the lock, ART reported no anomalies, 90% match to factory specs. That was normal.

And again, it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter. Especially if Murderbot is somebody who supposedly wants people to learn this basic security shit. it's it it shouldn't matter if you're doing this testing in secret. It should immediately be telling them “Getting on that bus is a bad fucking idea. We should wait for not only just the next one, several after that in case Tlacey fucking thought this far ahead and we're doing rock paper scissors slash the scene from The Princess Bride. Just wait a while and get another fucking bus.”

Murderbot should be communicating this shit.

But that would require Martha Wells to think about this shit and actually think how these characters would act, especially with their stated motivations.

Uh,

> That was normal and meant if there was an explosive device, it was in it at the moment, buried somewhere inside the hull. Five other guest workers waited to board, and my scan read no energy signatures. They had stuffed packs and bags, indicating packing for a long-term stay. I let them board first, then slid in front of Maro and went through the lock, scanning as I went.

Also, what is Murderbot scanning with? It doesn't have drones. What exactly is it fucking scanning with? We've never been given an explanation.

There's a tiny little It's a little coffin beetle. Come here, little coffin beetle. Oh, you All right. I can't get the coffin beetle to show you. It's a very dramatic name. It's like a minuscule beetle. Like it's the size of the little numbers at the bottom of the page. That's how long it is. I don't know why they're called coffin beetles. I don't think they eat coffins in particular. Can you guys stop sitting directly where my fica go?

Hold on. I'm getting a drink. Where did I put the ribbon again? You guys keep making me lose things.

Also, stinky butts, you have one job. One job.

If you like flavored water, I like the Great Value kind best. Second best is Aldi. I think it was I don't remember the name of the store we got it another one from, but that was terrible. It's Kmart. Wait, does Kmart still exist? Kmart, Kroger, something with a K, possibly an M. Some kind of red logo. Theirs is terrible.

What was I saying? Oh, yeah. We have literally no idea how Murderbot is scanning things if it doesn't have access to drones. Because in the first book it was scanning things with drones. What's it scanning with now? It's eyes? How?

This is a basic question, and we are never going to get an answer. Come here coffin beetle. Can I show you to YouTube? Want to walk on my hand? Said no. Apparently they pay attention to light because it's walking away from my shadow. All right. Just imagine

a tiny itty bitty little kind of long brown beetle. It's just so fucking small. Like a grain of rice and a small grain of rice at that. They're just They just wander around. They just do stuff.

Yeah. What is What is Murderbot scanning with? How is it scanning? How? How? It literally doesn't have drones. It doesn't even have a secret little ART, ART drone.

> The shuttle was bot- driven and the only crew was one augmented human who seemed only there to check employment vouchers and shuttle passes. She

Assuming this person's pronouns

> looked at me and said there's only supposed to be three of you

and I point that out because just you wait.

> I didn't answer being in the middle of wrestling the security system for control. It was an

entirely separate system from the bot pilot, which was non-standard for the shuttles I was used to.

Topan's chin jutted out. This is our security consultant. I had control of shuttle sexis.

That's one word now. Because if we just smash words together, that makes it science fiction, right? [holds up book] Oh, well, that's definitely not readable. Use your imagination or look at your own book. Page 77.

This is our security consultant. Tapan says

instead of saying he is my security consultant, she is my cons security consultant. I can't talk. They are my security consultant. It is my security consultant. They are my security consultant. any of those things.

We're — They are not using pronouns for Murderbot because they don't know what Murderbot's pronouns are. So, they are simply not using any at all, because Murderbot didn't list fucking pronouns in its fucking goddamn job application.

And literally, they're not going to ask, because Martha Wells cannot think of anything she hates more than the thought of asking people asking or sharing their pronouns. Which is why in the seventh fucking book in this series, she went out of her way to have Murderbot shit on the concept — Seven full-length books, “books”, I say, books in the goddamn series.

That doesn't include any of the short stories.

And her reaction to people just asking her to have Murderbot tell another character its pronouns was to shit all over the fucking concept just to make sure that we all know how much she fucking hates us. She did that in 2023.

That was her response to fans asking, "Can you please just have Murderbot tell somebody, explicitly tell somebody it's its pronouns so that the rest of the fandom stops misgendering it?"

Which she, she wants to complain about people using the wrong pronouns for Murderbot, and then when people ask her, "Can you please just have Murderbot

just tell somebody?" Her response is to shit on the very concept of asking other people their pronouns and caring about people's pronouns enough to ask.

Legitimately that happens in System Collapse.

So Murderbot did not list its pronouns in its job application for these people, and they don't — so they literally don't know what its pronouns are, because it listed its gender as indeterminate.

That does not tell you a single thing about what pronouns it uses. It didn't even say no pronouns. There's just nothing there. There's no information there.

So, they are just not going to use pronouns to refer to it, instead of literally just asking it what it would prefer to be called.

Even though one of them is supposed to be non-binary because Martha Wells is a fucking cis woman and she doesn't actually care about non-binary or other trans people.

Little beetle is walking up the wall. I want to show you. Walk onto my hand. Walk onto my hand. I want to show you to YouTube. It's literally I literally putting my thumb against the wall for it to walk onto and it's literally turning in the opposite direction every single time. So, they pay more attention than regular spiders, but less attention than jumping spiders.

I bet if I I'm I'm not I'm too lazy to get a piece of paper. But yeah, they're harmless. I don't know why they're called coffin beetles. They don't — they're not poisonous or anything. It's not like they're going to send you to a coffin.

Yeah. So, the characters are just not going to use pronouns for Murderbot instead of literally just asking what its fucking pronouns are, which would allow Murderbot and Martha Wells to be explicitly clear about what Murderbot's pronouns are, instead of having the plausible deniability for the fucking bigots in the fandom who insist on calling it everything but its actual goddamn pronouns.

Because Martha Wells wants that plausible deniability. She wants to continue courting that section of the fandom, because they give her money. She doesn't actually give a single shit about people, real people who use it/its pronouns. She doesn't give a fuck as long as she gets her money, she does not fucking care.

> Tapan's chin jutted out. This is our security consultant. I had control of I already forgot that was there. shuttle seis and deleted its attempt to alert the bot pilot and the crew member to the fact that it was compromised.

And again, are we — supposed isn’t the moral of this series supposed to be that “robots are people, too”?

Because it sure as shit does not apply to all of the goddamn robots.

You cannot give me any goddamn justification for why hub system in Book One, which is literally just fucking HAL 9,000, but we pretend it is mindless and evil.

Yeah, we pretend that the series says “robots are people!” too. Except no, it it it hates robots's mechanical guts.

It's fine to brainwash and delete the goddamn memories of any random fucking robot you meet. That's fine. That's morally neutral. It's not like they're are people or anything. It's totally good to kill any fucking robot you meet. It's not like they're a fucking person or anything. Oh, and if Oh, if they're called a combat, a combat bot, that definitely means they're evil and deserve every horrible thing that happens to them.

And here is shuttle sexis, a fucking computer system. no fucking justification to differentiate this from any other goddamn robot who is a person. And it's — Murderbot is just completely fucking body puppeting it and silencing its attempts to get help. But we're supposed to pretend that, “um this series says robots are people, too!”

It doesn't. It does not. This is one of the most human-centric things I've read. And I've read a lot of shitty sci-fi.

This series worships humans because humans stand in for slave owners.

> I had control of shuttle sec and deleted its attempt to alert the bot pilot and crew member to the fact that it was compromised. The crew member frowned, checked the voucher again, but didn't argue. We went on into the compartment where the other passengers were getting seated. They were stowing their possessions or talking quietly. I hadn't eliminated them as potential threats, but their behavior was lowering the probability at a steady rate. I took a seat next to Rami as my clients

Again, every single time. What does that mean? Slavers. Slave owners. Slave renters. There's no fucking meaningful difference. They're slave owners.

> I took a seat next to Rami as my clients got settled and pinged ART again.

All right, that's a bad fucking sentence because there's no comma there.

“I took a seat next to Rami as my clients got settled and pinged ART again.” The way again the way these fucking pronouns work, that's implying that the slave owners or slavers as Murderbot is *literally thinking of them*, that means that they're the ones pinging ART instead of Murderbot.

“I took a seat next to Rami as my clients got settled and pinged ART again.” All you got to do to make that clear is reframe it as, "While my clients got settled, I took a seat and pinged ART again." Instantaneously, clearing it up and leaving no room for confusion.

> ART said, "I'm scanning for targeting anomalies and the and situation is currently clear."

And that's in the exact same paragraph as that first sentence.

So we are having Murderbot take actions, Rami and the other people are taking actions, and ART is speaking all in the same fucking paragraph.

> It meant it couldn't see anything on the moon aiming at us. If that was the plan, it wouldn't happen until we were underway. If somebody fired at the transit ring from the moon's surface, I was pretty sure that would be a huge deal and there would be legal ramifications, if not immediate violent retaliation by ring security.

Okay, they just knocked over the box.

> I told ART, if they fire at us on route, it's not like we can do anything about it. ART didn't answer, but I knew it well enough by now to know that meant something.

Why would you? And again, whatever. I'm not even going to get into that.

> I said, "You don't have a weapon system."

That's a That's a sentence. That's not a question.

> There hadn't been one on the schematics. At least the schematics that ART had made available in its unsecured feed. Do you?

That's a question.

> ART admitted. I have a debris deflection system. There's only one way to def to deflect debris. I had never been on an armed ship, but I knew they were subject to a whole different level of licensing and bond agreements.

In parentheses,

> if one of them accidentally shoots something, it's not supposed to. Somebody has to pay for the damage.

End parentheses.

> I said, you have a weapon system.

That's a statement, not a question.

> ART repeated for debris refle deflection. I was starting to wonder just what kind of university owned ART. Rami was watching me worriedly. Is everything okay? I nodded and tried to look neutral.

And again, that whole conversation is just obnoxious and confusing for no fucking reason, just to try and seem clever. And it's like, hold on. Yeah, it's just obnoxious.

> Rami was watching me wordly. Is everything okay? I nodded and tried to look neutral. Tan leaned past Tur to ask, "Are you in the feed? I can't find you." I told her, "I'm on a private channel with a friend in the ring who's monitoring the shuttle's departure. just making sure everything's okay. They nodded and sat back. The shutter went through the deck. That meant the shuttle had uncoupled from the ring and started to move.

I co I co I don't know why I was about to say that really weirdly.

> I cozied up to the bot pilot. It was a limited function model, not nearly as complex as even a standard transport driver bot.

And again, bot means robot who is a fucking person. Except for when it doesn't, because we literally we are not supposed to give a single fuck about robots in this series unless they are one of the protagonists or someone that the protagonist likes.

This — bot pilot meaning living fucking ship. We're not supposed to give a single fuck. Just like we're not supposed to give a single fuck about the security system that is meant to fucking cooperate with it.

It was a limited function model, not nearly as complex as even a standard transport driver bot. I had the shuttle sexist tell it I was authorized by Ring security and it pinged me cheerfully.

So Murderbot is literally fucking body puppeting the this security system, which is also a goddamn robot, because I've never been given any goddamn proof that they're not. and the hatred towards them makes me think they are.

And and it's just fucking speaking as it it's fucking possessing the goddamn thing!

> And it pinged me cheerfully. The crew member was sitting in the cockpit with it, using her feed to catch up on admin tasks and read her social feed download, but there was no human pilot aboard. I leaned back in my seat and relaxed a little. Media was tempting, and from the echoes I could pick up in the feed, that's what most of the humans were doing. But I wanted to keep monitoring the bot pilot. This may seem overcautious, but that's how I was built.

I'm not even going to get into it again.

Again, re further reinforcing that Murderbot is supposed to be a character who pays attention to

these kind of things. And yet, the fact that ~Murderbot just wouldn't care~ is used to justify the absolute lack of world building and basic character descriptions because Martha Wells is a bad writer.

So, she literally wants it both ways. We're supposed to think, "Oh, Murderbot is so good at its job, um, it's so good at paying attention to everything!!! Except for all of the shitty writing that’s excused by, "Well, Murderbot just wouldn't pay attention to that!!! Even though it supposedly pays attention to everything!"

Which is it? Which is it? Just admit you're shit at writing.

> I leaned back

And again I wouldn't be complaining about this the the shitty lazy writing as much if:

A) it weren't slavery apologism,

or

B) these were free to read online instead of costing fucking ridiculous amounts of money.

But it's just slavery apologism, ableism, reinforcing exorsexist stereotypes, and it cost an arm and a fucking leg. So yeah, I'm going to godamn complain.

> This may seem overcautious, but that's how I was built.

Further reinforcing once again that Murderbot can never be anything except a fucking human shield and that it shouldn't try to be anything else because “that's just how it was built”. Some people are naturally designed to be enslaved and they can't be happy if you free them. Don't be ridiculous.

> Then 24 minutes 47 seconds into the flight, as we were on approach, the bot pilot screamed and died as Killwear flooded its system.

See, we we're pretending that we care about it and showing that it is a goddamn person, but only for 5

seconds after it's already goddamn dead, just to have a bit of drama.

But when it comes to actually treating these people with the bare minimum levels of respect, nope, we don't actually do that, because there's no morals going on here besides saying slavery is good, slaves should always stay enslaved. There's nothing a slave can do that's worse than trying to be free, especially if that kills or hurts slave owners in the process.

> As we were on approach, the bot pilot screamed and died as Killwear flooded its system. It was gone before shut it was gone before shuttle sexist or I could react. I flung up a wall around us both and the killware bounced off. I saw it register task complete and then destroy itself. Oh fuck. ART. I used shuttle sexist to grab the controls. We needed the course correction in 72 seconds. The crew member jolted out of her feed by the alarms. Okay. The crew member, jolted out of her feet by the alarms, stared at the board in horror, then hit the emergency beacon. She couldn't fly

> a shuttle. I can fly hoppers and other upper aircraft other upper atmosphere aircraft.

Since fucking when are — Since when are hoppers upper atmosphere aircraft?? That was never established in the first book. And now we're just saying that like we've already known that the whole time!

> But I had never been given the education module for shuttles or other space going vehicles.

And again, this shit? this little fucking shitty ass complaint right here, this excuse, it gets so fucking old so fast. And I am not the only person constantly goddamn pissed off about this.

Oh, Murderbot is like, "Oh, we we are only given really shitty education modules." And then it literally never goes out of its way to learn how to do new things because that would require saying that Murderbot can do something besides be a human

shield. So, it's just going to keep complaining about that, but never doing anything about it forever.

Even though it has literally access to all of the goddamn TV shows, movies, books, anything it fucking wants. We're just gonna pretend. “Oh. Um, it everything it learns it learns from soap operas!!!!” When nobody would be doing this shit in soap operas. It's just bullshit.

> I nudge nudged shuttle sexis hoping for help and it set off the cabin alarms. Yeah, that didn't help.

And that's supposed to be funny, that the fucking robot it has in a goddamn strangle hold isn't being helpful enough because it's literally not able to.

> Let me in. ART said as cool and calm as if we were discussing what show to watch next. I had never given ART full access to my brain

that you fucking know of.

> I had let it alter my body, but not this. We had 3 seconds and counting. my clients, the other humans on board the shuttle. I let it in.

So again, Murderbot isn't doing this by fucking choice. It's doing this because “my clients, the other humans on the shuttle” period.

That's all one sentence by the fucking way. It's not — It's not letting ART do this because it wants to. It's doing it because it's this or dying. And also it's either this or letting its, as it sees them, its fucking current slave owners die.

And that's a fate worse than death to Murderbot.

So literally it's not fucking agreeing to this shit either. It has no goddamn choice.

> It was like the sensation humans describe in books as having

Oh, so you've read books. You've you've read books, Murderbot. In Book One, you you've read books.

You've read enough books to know this. Are you going to remember that later? Nope. You're going to—you're just going to watch TV shows and nothing else. Sorry for the flanderization.

> It was like the sensation humans describe in books as having their heads shoved underwater. Then it was gone and ART was in the shuttle using my connection with shuttle sex cysts to leap into the void left by the erased bot. ART flowed into the controls, made the course correction, and adjusted our speed, then picked up the landing beacon and guided the shuttle into approach on the main Rabbi High Port. The crew member had just managed to hail Port Authority and was still hyperventilating. Port Authority had the ability to upload emergency landing routines, but the timing had been too tight. Nothing they could have done would have saved us.

Again, literally, Murderbot didn't have a fucking choice there. It was either let ART in or everybody dies, including what it thinks of as its slave owners.

> Rami touched my arm and said, "Are you okay?" I'd squeezed my eyes shut. "Yes," I told her, remembering that humans usually want more than that from other humans. I pointed up to indicate the alarms and added, "I've got sensitive hearing."

And again, there was no emotion described from Murderbot throughout all of that. And now we're only being told afterward that it had squeezed its eyes shut. So going like this to indicate stress, but there was nothing hinted about that there.

And again, this is just shit writing. And furthermore, Martha Wells is trying to mimic an actual unreliable narrator from Ancillary Justice, because that's an actual unreliable narrator. This would be an unreliable narrator. It's just I'm just I'm I'm not going over it all again. It's just bad writing. It's just shitty fucking writing.

And this And if you're wondering, but oh, but it's just because Murderbot's an unreliable narrator! Read Witch King. Read Witch King. Read literally anything that has ever been written by Martha Wells. Go read Thorns. That's free to read online. The character literally experiences zero emotions, and then we just get told afterwards, "Oh, actually, um, I was totally scared or I was Kai was really fucking angry right now, what's her face, who literally doesn't have a name, cuz fuck it, Uh, was infuriated.”

And it's like, it's just Martha Wells being bad at writing. Just because this is written in first person perspective does not mean it's purposeful fucking narrative choices.

It's just her shitty writing that has literally not improved since 1993. Legitimately, Martha Wells is not a brand new writer. This is not baby's first fucking manuscript.

She's been publishing shit since 1993, writing who knows how long before that. and she literally does not fucking convey emotions. She will just tell you

afterward, "Oh, the character was totally enraged or so exhausted from that hard work that took five fucking seconds and zero effort.”

It's just shitty writing. It's not Murderbot being — I got water on the page.

It's not Murderbot being an unreliable narrator, because it's nowhere near limited to this fucking series. Let me stick a napkin.

It's not Murderbot being an unreliable narrator because it doesn't begin and end with this series. There's nothing intentional about it. It's just shit writing that she's been doing probably longer than most people watching this video have even been alive and refusing to fucking improve on.

> Rami nodded sympathetically. The others were worried, but there hadn't been an announcement and they could see our route in the feed from the port, which was still giving us an ontime arrival. The crew member tried to explain to port authority that there had been a

> catast catastrophic failure. The bot pilot was gone and she didn't know why the shuttle was following its normal route and not slamming into the surface of the moon.

And again, if Mur… no, let me finish the paragraph.

> Shut shuttle sexis tried to analyze ART and almost got itself deleted. I took over shuttle sex cis and turned off the alarms and deleted the entire trip out of its memory

Because it's fine to do that to other people. We're only going to pretend that's a bad thing if it's threatening Murderbot in a hypothetical situation, because again, this this this series does not care about slaves in any capacity.

It worships slave owners above all else and through them humans above all else.

Even though it's — love — people love claiming it's about how robots are people too. No, they're not. Not in this fucking series.

> There were murmurss of relief from the passengers as the alarms stopped. I made a suggestion to ART and it sent an error code to Port Authority which assigned us a new priority and switched our landing site from the public dock to the emergency services dock.

Okay, why do you — whatever.

> Since the killware had clearly been intended to destroy us on route, there might not be anybody waiting for us at our scheduled landing port landing slot. But better safe than sorry.

Wow. Almost like you should have fucking said that. just sent in a goddamn anonymous bomb threat tip and forced everybody to get off that shuttle and get it inspected. Almost like that's what reasonable fucking characters would have done. But, you know, we're just pretending like they had no choice but to get on the bus that the murderer bought them tickets for in particular. Nothing could possibly go wrong.

The feed was giving us a visual of the port, which was inside a cavern carved out of the side of a mountain surrounded by the towers of a debris deflection grid.

In parentheses,

an actual debris deflection system as opposed to ART's concealed rail gun or whatever it had.

End parentheses.

The lights of multiple levels of the port installation gleamed in the darkness. and smaller shuttles whizzed out of our way as we curved down toward the port authorities beacon. Maro was watching me with narrowed eyes. When the notice of changed landing site came through the feed, she leaned forward and said, "You know what happened?" Fortunately, I remember that nobody I remembered that nobody expected me to be compelled to answer all questions immediately. one of the benefits to being an augmented human security consultant

> rather than a construct SecUnit. I said, "We'll talk about it when we're off the shuttle." And they all seemed satisfied.

That's like the one time within this story that Murderbot will remember that it's actually not a slave at the fucking moment. The rest of the time, it literally forgets that, because it is being retraumatized and reconditioned by ART to into this bullshit.

> ART landed us in in the port authorities slot. We left the shuttle crew member trying to explain to the emergency tech what had happened as they connected their diagnostic equipment. ART was already gone, deleting any evidence of its presence. And the shuttle seis was confused but at least still intact unlike the poor bot pilot. Emergency emergency services personnel and bots milled around the small embarcation zone. I managed to herd my clients through and out into the clear enclosed walkways to the main port before anyone thought to try to stop them.

And again, we just have to There's just the only way any of these characters can do anything is if everybody around them is ridiculously incompetent. And it's not even incompetency in ways that would make sense in an actual fucking —Hold on,

[to cats] you guys.

You're so bad at this.

Excuse me.

Now they're all hyper again.

Yeah. Um, the characters, the only way these fucking characters in a Martha Wells novel can accomplish anything is if everybody around them is even more incompetent than they are.

And they're not even incompetent in ways that make sense for the setting.

In a fucking capitalist dystopia, or any dystopia, there would be massive amounts of control, limiting shit on your personal fucking ability to move about.

But because it's a Martha Wells novel and not actually a fucking dystopia because we're not actually criticizing anything properly, we literally do more corporate shilling in this fucking book series than anything else.

So instead of them all being forcibly fucking detained by security as just the basic shit, and maybe even arrested just for being in the wrong godamn place at the wrong time, you know, a thing that would happen in fucking dystopia, because security needs somebody to blame? So until further notice, we're going to blame the people who were on the fucking thing who would have died.

Basic fucking injustice and fucking scapegoating like that is shit that actually happens in dystopias.

But because because Martha Wells is writing this and it's not actually a dystopia, they just waltz by.

Nobody stops them, because security is not even there properly, and also must be more incompetent than the characters so that nothing can get in their way even though it doesn't fucking make sense.

You just had a, a catastrophic fucking failure of one of your fucking public transports that could have killed everybody there if they if it had fucking crashed into the wrong thing.

A catastrophic fucking systems failure that nobody knows the source or cause of, and can find no evidence of, and, and you're just letting everybody who was on board just waltz away, and we're supposed to believe that, and it's because it's shit fucking writing.

Again. Literally, just imagine if this were competently written: Imagine if they were literally all arrested on the fucking spot or, you know, not allowed to leave the fucking shuttle in the first place, “in case”, just so many fucking reasons that capitalist fucking pigs could come up with to justify trapping everybody on

board the shuttle or throwing them into the closest jail cell.

Imagine if that happened. Imagine if the fucking plan was derailed because, you know, capitalist dystopia, fascist dystopia?

But no. Nope. That would that would make it too difficult. The plot ha— the plot says they just got to walk away, so they're just walking away.

Even though it makes no fucking sense.

> I managed to heard my clients out through and out into the clear enclosed walkway to the main port before anyone thought to try and stop them. I had already downloaded a map from the public feed and was testing the robustness of the security system.

Let me get a drink quick. All right, I'm back. I drank all the orange flavored whatever you call that. And again, just just basic shit.

Is the cover page dry? We'll say yes.

> I had already downloaded a map from the public feed and was testing the robustness of the security system. The walkway had a view of the cavern with the multiple levels of landing slots.

[to cats] What are you guys doing over there?

> And a few shuttles coming and going. At the far end were the big haulers for the mining installations. Security seemed to be intermittent and based on the level of paranoia of whatever contractor operated in the territory you are passing through.

And again, none of this shit makes sense. This is supposed to be a fucking dystopia and a capitalist dystopia. They're going to fucking care about whether or not it is safe to walk through their shit, just their basic hallways, because that's where the — god, it's just so fucking ridiculous.

It's all just because we need there to not be security cameras in some of the hallways so Murderbot can do some stupid ridiculous shit that's pointless.

> Security seemed to be intermittent and ba intermittent and seemed to be based on the level of paranoia of whatever contractor operated in the territory you were passing through. That could be both an advantage and an interesting challenge. The transit ring's public feed public info feed had warned that a lot of humans apparently carried weapons here and there were no screening scans. We came out into a central hub which

And again, this is supposed to be a place where rich people work. It — the the dots do not fucking connect in any way. This, all this shit with lack of security and everybody can carry whatever weapons they want? This would be fine if this were meant to be some fucking outsider just, bullshit thing. Lawlessness. “lawlessness”, I say, and all due sarcasm, where ju — it's just run by and for like, poor people who are

forced to have all of this shit, but this is supposed to be some rich fancy fucking thing where rich people work, because, again, these are academics who are getting paid to do to goof off and do their own shit.

They're rich people. This is a place where rich fucking researchers go to do rich people research.

> Security seemed to be

I read that. I'm not doing it again.

> We came out into a central hub and get

Oh, no. Wait. We haven't described anything that — nothing has been actually fucking described at all.

> Emergency services personnel and bots milled around the small embarcation zone. I managed to herd my clients out and onto the clear enclosed walkway to the main port.

Blah blah blah.

Um, the walkway had a view of the cavern. We

What cavern? What fucking cavern?

With multiple levels of landing slots and a few shuttles coming and going. At the far end were the big haulers for the mining installations.

We still don't know what the fuck a hauler looks like. None of these — none of this is actually describing anything.

We came out into a central hub which had a high clear dome allowing a few of the cavern a view of the cavern arching overhead with lights trained on it to show off the colorful mineral veins. I scanned to make sure nothing was recording us and stopped Rami.

And again, like that's the bare minimum description and still not actually just, saying what any of it actually fucking looks like. It's just bad writing.

I can't — like, what is? This, this central hub and it has a clear ceiling. What else? What else is there?

Again, basic basic fucking security questions that a character like Murderbot should be asking if it were competently written.

> I scanned to make sure nothing was recording us and stopped Rami. T and the others looked up looked up at me and I said, "The person you're going to meet with just tried to kill you." Rami blinked. Maro went wideeyed and Tan drew be breath to argue. I said the shuttle was infected with killware. It destroyed the bot pilot. I was in contact with a friend who was able to use my augmented feed to download a new pilot module. That's the only reason we didn't crash.

Maybe I should start keeping a track of how how many death life or death situations that Murderbot is put into this into in this book purely based on ART's fucking coercion.

So, it's literally almost died one fucking time and would have died if ART hadn't saved it from a situation that ART forced it into.

> A module could have put the shuttle into a safe orbit, but wouldn't have been sophisticated enough to manage the tricky, flawless landing.

Why not? Why not? Why would installing a new fucking mind into the living ship not be able to manage the tricky flawless landing when that's what the original living ship did?

> I was hoping they wouldn't realize that. Tapan closed her mouth. Shocked. Maro said

We are literally — This is the same paragraph. We are literally starting the paragraph with Tan closed her mouth. Period.

> shocked, Maro said. But the other passengers, the crew person, they would have killed everybody.

She's literally still not separating dialogue.

> I said, "If you were the only casualties, the motive would have been obvious." I could see it was starting to sink in. I said, "You should return to the transit ring immediately."

Again, the very first thing Murderbot should have done when they said, "Hey, she paid for our bus tickets." was tell them “You should get a different bus. Don't get on the bus that your fucking, the person you know wants to murder you paid for, for you to get on. That's the most obvious trap in the fucking world.”

These characters should have instantly realized that, but nope. Nope. It, it — they just have to be fucking ridiculous in order for the plot to work. So, yeah,

> I could see it was starting to sink in. I said, "You should return to the transit ring immediately." I checked the public feed for the schedule. There was a public shuttle leaving in 11 minutes. Tlacey wouldn't have time to trace my clients and infect it if they moved fast.

And again, Murderbot is referring to them as its fucking slave owners because that is the mentality that it has been forced back into.

> Tapan and Mara looked at Rami. T hesitated then set her jaw and said, "I'll stay. You two go." "No," Maro said instantly. "We're not leaving you." Tan

Literally in the same paragraph!

> "No," Maro said instantly. "We're not leaving you." to pan added

in the exact same paragraph!

> We're in this together.

[holding up book and pointing] That fucking paragraph right there. It's out of focus. How close do I have to get it? Gosh.

Literally two characters speaking in the exact same paragraph.

This is shit that ‘baby’s first fanfiction’ writers learn usually within a year of them publishing fucking fanfiction. This is basic shit.

Martha Wells has been publishing since 1993. She's not fucking improving. She's actively getting worse.

> Rami's face almost crumpled their support.

And again, we're just we're now suddenly mind reading mind reading other people's internal motivations and reactions because bad! Writing!

> Rami's face almost crumpled. their support weakening Tur when the prospect of death hadn't. T controlled to herself and nodded tightly. T looked at me and said, "We'll stay." I didn't react visibly because I'm used to clients,

slave owners,

> Making bad decisions, and I was getting a lot of practice at controlling my expression. You can't keep this meeting. They lost track of you when

> the shuttle didn't dock at its scheduled slot. You have to keep that advantage. But we have to have the meeting to pan protested. We can't get our work back otherwise. Yes, I often wanted to shake my clients.

Slave owners.

> No, I never do. Tlacey has no intention of giving you back your work. She lured you here to kill you.

And again, the reason that Murderbot is letting them come this far and putting them in danger is because it is literally in the mindset of being a fucking slave who doesn't actually have the right to tell people, “Don't do that. Just don't fucking do that.” Explicitly in that fucking mindset, because that the book will literally confirm that later.

But it's not presented as a problem for Murderbot. It's only presented as a problem because “oh, um, it endangered the poor the poor people that it literally sees as its slave owners. That's the only problem with

Murderbot being retraumatized and reffucking brainwashed into thinking it has literally no value and doesn't have the fucking right to speak up or do anything. The only problem is that it it can endanger the people it sees as its slave owners. Not that it deserves to not think this shit.”

> Yes, I often want to shake my clients. No, I never do.

And again, that's supposed to be funny. We're supposed to think it's funny that Murderbot, as a fucking slave, is forced to do all of this shit and has no recourse.

> Yes, but Tan began. Tapan, just hush and listen, Maro interrupted, clearly exasperated. Rami looked stubborn, but added, "Then what should we do?" Technically, this didn't have to be my problem. I was here now and didn't need them anymore. I could lose them in the crowd and leave them to deal with their murderous ex-employer all on their own. But they were clients,

Slave owners.

> Even after I had hacked my governor module, I found it in I'd found it impossible to abandon clients I hadn't chosen

Because of that fundamental core programming that it literally has to want to protect people. It has to want to protect its slave owners.

This is page 85 for the fucking record. But they were I'm going to translate:

“But they were my slave But they were my slave owners. Even after I'd hacked my governor module, I'd found it impossible to abandon slave owners I hadn't chosen. I'd made an agreement with these slave owners as a free agent. I couldn't leave. I kept my sigh internal.”

Literally. Literally. That's literally what Murderbot's thinking. It doesn't actually see itself as a free agent. It literally sees itself still as a slave with no fucking choice but to go along with everything that these

goddamn slave owners as *it literally sees them*, what they say, instead of insisting that they get to safety and just dropping them and letting them get themselves killed if to keep itself safe, because the story worships slave owners and we're supposed to worship right alongside.

> I kept my sigh internal. You can't meet Tlacey at her compound. You'll you'll pick the spot. It wasn't ideal, but it would have to do. My clients picked a food service place in the center of the port. It was on a raised platform, the tables and chairs arranged in groups with displays floating above advertising.

There should be a comma there.

> with displays above advertising various port and contractor services and information about about the different mining installations.

Realize I should check the fucking phone battery. 62%. I think it tells me how... somewhere on here it tells me my free storage space. I think that's what

that means. I think it's saying I have 46 gigabytes free. I I fucking better. All right.

> The displays also function as camera and recording chaff. So, the place was a popular spot for business meetings.

It's just so shittily fucking written. Hold on. It's so fucking badly written. I swear to god.

We — remember, we're supposed to believe that this is a capitalist dystopia where capitalists and ubercorporations are in charge of everything.

Um... but also there's a restaurant in this place where there's purposefully lots of noise so that the corporations don't spy on you, even though it's a capitalist dystopia.

And this isn't run by anybody in particular. It's just, they're just doing that just *casually* to avoid surveillance, as though it's unremarkable.

It's just, it's just shit writing. It's just shit writing.

The only reason that's a thing is because it's convenient to our fucking protagonists.

It doesn't fucking make sense for the setting. And it's not it's not treated as remarkable in any way.

This isn't like, some fucking person staging a quiet goddamn rebellion. Nope. It's just it's just there *because that's what the plot requires*.

> The displays also function as camera and recording chaff. So, the place was a popular spot for business meetings. Rami, Tan, and Maro had picked a table and were nervously fiddling with the drinks they had ordered from one of the bots drifting around. They had put in a calm call toy and were waiting for a representative to arrive. The security system in this public area was more sophisticated than shuttle

Are you fucking kidding me?!? You're already backtracking?!?!? I swear to fuck!

> The security system in this public area was more sophisticated than at shuttle sexis, but not by much. I had gotten in far enough to monitor emergency traffic and get views from the cameras focused on our immediate area. I felt pretty confident. I was standing 3 meters from the table, pretending to look at the ad displays and examining the map of the installation I had found in the public feed. There were plenty of abandoned dig sites marked as well as tube accesses accesses.

This reminds me, you should watch— maybe, it's a horror movie, but you should watch The Tunnel. I don't remember if that... I think that's actually free to read— read? Watch. I think that one there's some movie we watched that was completely free from the original creator on YouTube. It might be The Tunnel. It's from 2011 I think.

[to cat] Hello. You knocked my empty bottle down.

That one's fun. That has nothing to do with anything except it said the word tube which made me think of

subway tunnels which made me think of The Tunnel. It's fun.

Um, cool. Tinittus just stopped from the side. I have tinnitus and sometimes I can actually hear the ringing, but other times the ringing will be so quiet I don't notice. But it also muffles everything in this ear. But it happens gradually sometimes so I don't fucking notice until it's just suddenly gone, and suddenly, I can hear again.

It's very annoying. Literally, when I worked at Walmart, my ear was doing this, I just thought that the cooler, the soda cooler next to the register just had a cycle of being on and off. No, it was literally just my hearing stopping working. So, explains why I had to have customers constantly repeat things they were saying. I thought it was literally just the cooler is just cycling on and off. Nope. No, that's literally just my hearing deciding to stop working.

Um, anyways, uh, where was I? Uh, okay.

Uh,

There were plenty of abandoned dig sites marked as well as tube accesses that went off into apparently nowhere. Ganaka Pit had to be one of them. ART said in my ear.

Why in your ear in particular? Why not just on the feed? Why are we specifying your ear right now? What does that fucking mean? Did she just not think that through?

ART said in my ear.

Why? Why? There. Imagine if, imagine if — you know what Murderbot could just do for the most basic disguise. Get one of those undescribed, literally no description feed interfaces that apparently you just clip to the side of your face or something. We don't know. They've literally never we've never been given the most basic description, because besides they can come in colors.

Just get one of those and put it on.

Literally, it never does that ever in any of the 13 fucking stories published so far. possibly just 12.

I think the, the literal book literally called enshitification, which is what platform decay means. It's never done that.

Even though it's the most basic fucking thing, such as — if you are if you are on the run as a person known to have 2020 vision, you can just buy some fucking glasses with regular goddamn glass in them because you're wearing glasses, a thing that the person people are looking for doesn't need.

Why wouldn't Murderbot just get a goddamn interface, whatever the fuck they look like, and just wear it?

Just blend in that way. Everybody else, presumably every single other fucking person has one, because how are you supposed to exist in this fucking setting without an interface?

So why doesn't Murderbot ever just fucking get one? That is ridiculous. That is such a fucking plot hole. My gosh.

> ART said in my ear, "There must be an ex there must be an accessible information archive. Ganeka Pit's existence would not be deleted from it. the absence would be too obvious to researchers.

These are some bold fucking assumptions. But like, like all Martha Wells characters, the assumptions based on literally nothing, they're just, they're just completely right, completely correct, because the plot requires them to be.

So what do you mean “the absence would be too obvious to researchers?” Who gives a fucking shit what researchers think? Who gives a fuck? What do you mean? It's a fucking cover up!

What do you mean the presence of a cover up would be too obvious to researchers?! And if that's going to be the logic, that deleting the fucking name from the

list, if that's too obvious to researchers, then why is there any cover up at all?

Because it would *all* be too obvious to researchers! What is this fucking shit, I swear to god.

Again, this ism this is just bullshit, not making sense, just to justify “justify” the plot and let the plot keep happening.

> There must be an accessible information archive. Ganaka Pit's existence would not be deleted from it. The absence would be too obvious to researchers.

Why? No logical reason, no actual fucking reason. It's just “there has to be one so that they can find it so that they can just go to the thing instead of doing any actual investigation.”

> That depended on the research. Someone working on strange synthetics would obviously care about where they were found, but not necessarily about what company had dug them

> up or why that company wasn't around anymore. But whoever had removed Ganaka Pit from the map would have been trying to obscure its existence from casual journalists. not erase it entirely from the memory of the population.

And again, this is just bullshit and bold fucking assumptions. It's a government conspiracy and we're supposed to think, "Oh, um, they just made it so Google won't show it in search results, but you can still type in those URLs."

That's like, the equivalent of what they're doing here, except like not even that much.

Like just this is ridiculous.

We are just saying shit, and it just so happens to be true, because it's *bad writing* and it must be true, otherwise, the characters couldn't do what they came here to do, because we can't actually — Martha Wells was too fucking lazy to think of any actual way for them to figure this shit out.

No, we just — it — there—

The information must be out there because the government con - cover up, conspiracy, Um, um,, they they wouldn't — they're, they're only trying to deter “casual journalists”, not “erase it entirely from the memory of the population.”

“Casual journalists” do this thing called interviewing people. Including the people of the population.

This is just so much bullshit.

[tp cat] You're such a cutie.

There's literally just so much fucking bullshit going on right now.

Just, so... it's a literally a government conspiracy. It's literally a fucking government cover up. But um, ~actually~ they're not actually trying very hard to cover it up.

They’re —

So, you're literally telling me right now, Murderbot could just walk up to any fucking random person who has lived on this space station for more than 5 years and ask them what happened, and they would be able to tell it, because it's literally not a fucking secret as far as the population of the space station is concerned. It's only a secret to “casual journalists”, like they wouldn't just ask people basic fucking questions.

All right, this is so ridiculous I'm, I'm just going to be done reading for now, because I don't know how long the video's been going on, but this is just — it's just bullshit.

I would like to read a better book.

I'm reading Annihilation, uh, which is what the movie from the same name that makes me want to read it as Anni-hilation because that's what the font looks like. I'm reading that. It's It's good. It's fun. I think it might be set in Georgia or maybe Louisiana. I'm not sure. I know, I know what they're talking about. There's Spanish moss everywhere. They got weird beavers.

I like it better than the movie because the movie was just kind of just doing stuff. This has more actual like logic from the characters motivations and stuff. I'll have to rewatch the movie after I finish reading it. But anyways, I recommend it. I forget the author's name. It's something with a V. Something Vander Vandermeer. Vandermeer is the last name. I don't remember the dude's first name, but yeah, I'm reading that. It's fun.

Um, tune in next time for whatever this bull crap is.

We are now more than halfway through, for the record if you want to see my ribbon. [holding up closed book] Uh, this is the top. We're more than halfway through now.

Next book comes out March, several months from now. So hopefully we'll be done this by the time we get there.

I'm going to be petsitting again soon. So you will be graced by the singing of birds and probably dogs attacking.

22

February 24th, 2026. It's currently too fucking cold to go outside.

[to cat] Hi, little Alex. Are you going to stay with me or are you immediately leaving? He He hopped up for two seconds. Immediately left. Mr Lupon is on my lap, so I might have to juggle the book to get it away from him if he tries to attack it. Hey, like that. Nope. No paws. No paws. The ribbon is not a toy. It's a bookmark. Let me just stick that behind my head so he can't get it. No, you can't attack the book. Just lay there and purr.

We're going to continue reading Murderbot Book One. All Systems — or I'm getting the name wrong. Artificial Condition. You're a cutie, but be good. Which I had to stop reading last time because it was just getting too fucking ridiculous.

Again, to emphasize, this is touted — this is being sold as a dystopia, a, a capitalist dystopia set in the far future.

But then it's not actually a dystopia.

1) because we're not actually criticizing the system whatsoever. Half the time we're worshiping it.

2) Second of all, it stops being a dystopia — with all of the, you know, dystopian things that, that implies — when it's inconvenient for the characters.

So, the characters, if you're just watching this video at random because it's the newest one, there's a playlist. It should all be linked in the—

[to person offscreen] Since you're on a computer, just go to our YouTube and copy the links from the videos so that they're in all of them. Or just remind me to do that later.

[from offscreen] What links? In the the live reading thing, I have the links to every single video labeled. Here's video one. Here's video blah. Here's blah. you are here, etc. You

[from offscreen] confused by what you're asking to do.

[to offscreen] Go to the go to studio YouTube, whatever. Just type in studio and it usually pops up. Or just remind me to do it later and I'll do it.

Anyways, at some point after the video is fully uploaded and can be edited from a desktop computer because mine's not working, you should be able to go down to the description and click the link and click through to the first video or whichever one.

Anyways, um these characters were just in the equivalent of a space bus. They were taking a a space shuttle from one place to another and that space shuttle which was on autopilot suddenly lost control and also was going to crash into the space station which is a huge massive deal and threatens not only the lives of the people on this ship, but everybody on the space station that they're going to crash into.

Um, and then it magically fixed itself after the computer was completely fucking deleted, and then,

um, redirected itself to a completely different landing port.

And the, the one employee who was just a token employee to just scan tickets, which could have also been automated, uh is — was panicking the entire time and could not do a single thing to do anything.

Um and then all of this happened and the fucking spaceship whose computer has been deleted and has now seemingly magically gotten some shit, redirects itself to a completely different landing port.

And in any dystopia or even just realistic world, the characters would now be trapped on this fucking space bus and not allowed to fucking get off until the investigation of what the fuck just happened, that is mind-boggling and should be impossible, what the fuck just happened?

This should be consequences that Murderbot has to immediately start dealing with for accepting what it knows is a ridiculously dangerous mission, which it should not be accepting. But it is, explicitly, because it

has already been fucking forcibly put back into the mindset that it is a slave and these are its owners and it can try to gently redirect them to better ideas, but at the end of the day, it has to go along with whatever they say.

That's, that's what's happening here. Murderbot is already has already been forced back by ART, on purpose, into the mindset that it must follow its quote unquote clients, meaning slave owners, must follow what they want to do no matter what.

So, if this book series were actually well written, consequences would immediately follow that action, that choice, by having this shit happen.

Murderbot manages to prevent everybody's immediately death. Immediate death, except for the robot computer.

[sarcasm] But, you know, who gives a shit about robots in the series that touts itself as being about how robots are people, too? [end sarcasm].

Except it it really doesn't fucking think robots are people, too. They are literally just used and thrown away as soon as they don't benefit humans.

And if they don't benefit humans, then they're worth less than nothing and should be killed for fun.

So Murderbot, if this were actually well written, Murderbot would have been able to save everybody's lives on the ship, the shuttle, and the space station by averting the immediate disaster.

But then that comes with the greater fucking consequences, especially for Murderbot, who's a runaway slave, of being immediately fucking arrested.

Best case scenario, best case scenario in a fucking capitalist dystopia, is to be immediately arrested.

Worst case scenario is they immediately force this fucking shuttle off their space station again and force it out into space with a fucking tractor beam or just towing it and just immediately blow it up, because they don't know what the fuck just happened with

that computer and they cannot risk whatever the fuck happened being contagious and infecting all of their computers.

But we're not supposed to —again, this story is shittily written. It's not actually a dystopia, we're not actually going to be criticizing anything. We're not supposed to be thinking about anything.

So, the characters outside of the protagonist are not going to react to this situation the way they should, which is — if you're in a super sci-fi futuristic space dystopia and weird shit happens with one of your fucking autopilot buses, your immediate assumption should be that there's some kind of fucked up computer virus on there that is now going to attempt to take over your whole system.

Uh, but they don't do that.

So, Murderbot is allowed to just casually wander off the space bus that just had all this fucked up, should be impossible shit happen to it, and, and just, just so — just so— is literally able to just walk off along with

its clients, quote unquote “clients”, what it what it explicitly views as its slave owners unconsciously, because ART has forced it back into this fucking situation.

And, and they're allowed to just leave. Not one single person stops them. Nobody *tries* to stop them.

Murderbot doesn't have to cause some kind of massive disruption or distraction in order for them to escape.

And now they then have the further consequences of having to fucking stay hidden because there were millions of cameras there. Everybody was watching and now they can't — they have to try to avoid being caught by security as well as, uh, the people that these fuckers are here to see who wants to murder them.

This could all be such a good story if it were actually a good story, and if it were even remotely trying to take itself seriously, but we are lit— as I kept pointing

out during the first book, we're literally not allowed to take anything in this seriously whatsoever.

There are so many places where serious things should be happening and we should actually be discussing and examining what a capitalist dystopia looks like.

But we don't do that, because Martha Wells isn't actually anti-capitalist. She doesn't actually think slavery is wrong. She doesn't think that hating poor people is bad.

There will be no discussions of anything whatsoever.

Oh, crazy shit just happened on your fucking spaceship with the computer in a capitalist dystopia? Oh, it's fine. The protagonist can just mosey on off and nobody nobody notices anything.

It's so fucking ridiculous.

Also, this whole shit, Uh “they they picked a a dining area”, blah blah blah. “The displays also function as

camera and recording chaff. So, the place was a popular spot for business meetings”.

Because we're claiming that all of the corporations who love to do data mining, that they actually don't do data mining, and they specifically set up zones to not do data mining for — it — It literally nothing.

There's no fucking consistency in this series besides slavery apologism, and ableism. It's just ridiculous.

Also, the in the only thing that's consistent is the inconsistency. It's just terrible.

> Anyways, the security system in this public area was more sophisticated than shuttle sexis.

And the fact that I have to keep reading that bullshit word is so obnoxious.

It's literally shuttle SEC cys every single fucking time because Martha Wells confuses using acronyms, pseudo acronyms like that, and thinks that that makes

the story sci-fi, even though we don't even — that even the acronyms aren't even fucking consistent.

As I pointed out in Book One, it it was being set up as though there's a specific set of fucking characters that are combined, but then we get PreservationAux anyways.

So, it's instead of just PresAux, we can't even have consistency with the fucking sci-fi bullshit that she's just stealing from other series who actually have consistent world building.

And this is just ripping off fractions of that world building and then not actually making any of it work in here.

[to cat] Sorry, little cutie pie.

It's just fucking ridiculous.

> The security system in this public area was more sophisticated than than shuttle sexist, but not by much. I had

[to person offscreen] Are you— Are you cackling over there?

[from offscreen] Yeah. Just because it sounds so fucking ridiculous.

[?]And the thing is, it doesn't need to sound ridiculous. This could be a completely serious thing, but it's not a serious thing, because it's inconsistent.

That's the thing. I can't suspend my disbelief for this shit because the shit never fucking stays the same. Doesn't make sense. There's no fucking logic to it. We don't need to be calling this thing shuttle sexist. We're just doing that because that seems sci-fi-y instead of actually committing to building a world that makes sense.

That's what makes it fucking ridiculous. I can suspend my disbelief for so many fucking things, but they have to be fucking consistent. There has to be actual logic and rules.

There's none here. She will literally just make shit up and break all the seemingly established rules as soon as it's inconvenient for what she wants to write.

PreservationAux is the perfect fucking example. Everybody else was limited to like eight something characters, but because she wants to be able to spell out the good guys' full name, they're not limited by that same *seeming* rule for how these things work. And now we have shuttle sexis.

Like we could have at least made this shoe sexis hu s e c s ys anything at all or just just anything anything. But there's no rules, which makes it ridiculous which just it's it's it's bad writing.

Blah blah blah.

> more sophisticated, but not by much. I had gotten in far enough to monitor emergency traffic and get views from the cameras focused on our immediate area. I felt pretty confident. I was standing 3 m from the table, pretending to look at the ad display and examining the map of

> the installations I had found in the public feed. There were plenty of abandoned dig sites marked, as well as tube accesses that went off into apparently nowhere. Ganaka.

Oh, now I remember the thing that made me stop reading this and go read an actually well-written book is Martha Wells is claiming that — oh my god they just — that the whole Ganaka Pit thing isn't actually some kind of conspiracy or cover up.

Um, it's — they just removed like this, this universe's version of the, the Google image links, but not any of the — like that's — god, she's claiming that uh, “they're not trying to remove this information from the general public's memory, just hide it from from reporters” as though the main thing that reporters do isn't literally interview people.

So, the thing that she's claiming is a huge conspiracy and cover up, is actually just removing the website from Google search results — from direct Google search results, but not hiding anything else, including not telling people not to talk about it.

So, Murderbot doesn't need to do all this spy shit, it can literally just just Google it through the archives and it would be in there, because just — oh my god, and just ask literally any random fucking person who's been on the space station for more than four years because that's how long ago this supposedly happened.

It was apparently just four years ago. Not like 50 years ago, not 100 years ago. It was literally just four years ago.

And it was a big fucking deal. And apparently everybody's allowed to know about it. They just they just removed the name from Google search search results, but not anything else.

It's ridiculous. This is so fucking ridiculous.

> There were plenty of abandoned dig sites marked as well as tube accesses that went off into apparently nowhere. Ganaka Pit had to be one of them. ART said in my ear, "There must be an accessible information archive. Ganaka

Pit's existence would not be deleted from it. The absence would be too obvious to researchers. That depended on the research. Someone working on strange synthetics would obviously care about where they were found, but not necessarily about what company had dug them up or why that company wasn't around anymore.

Bas No. No, that's not how that works. But who? This is the key thing.

[to offscreen] Are you listening?

[from offscreen] Yes.

But did you hear any of this shit?

[from offscreen] No. My computer crashed again. Oh, stupid.

There were plenty of abandoned dig sites mark I'm reading this for the benefit of “cardboard” over there.

There were plenty of abandoned dig sites marked as well as tube accesses that went off into apparently nowhere. Ganaka Pit had to be one of them. ART said in my ear, "There must be an accessible information archive. Ganaka Pit's existence would not be deleted from it. The absence would be too obvious to researchers.
Then Murderbot, then, then just in regular prose:
that depended on the research. Someone working on strange synthetics would obviously care about where they were found, but not necessarily about what company had dug them up or why that company wasn't around anymore. But whoever had removed Ganaka Pit from the map would have been trying to obscure its existence from casual journalists, not erase its not erase it entirely from the memory of the population.
Do you hear this? We're literally claiming that, that is it trying to imply that the cover up isn't actually a cover up. They just, they just

removed — they just took it off of the map. They just took they just took away the Google Maps icon, but they didn't remove it from the local population.
[from offscreen] Are we implying that they can erase memories?
[to offscreen] No, we're implying that they can literally just walk up to any person who's been here for more than four years and ask them and they'd be happy to tell them.
[from offscreen] I know, but like the cover up part of that.
No, they're Yeah, they're just saying “um we're not trying to do propaganda about it. We just took it off the map.” That's that's literally what's being said right now.
But whoever had removed Ganaka Pit from the map would have been trying to obscure its existence from casual journalists, not erase it entirely from the memory of the population. Like we're literally claiming that the thing that she was telling us is a huge cover up is actually just removing it from from the Google results.

Nothing else. They can lit — it's not — there's, they're not paying people to stay quiet. They can literally just ask anybody at any time. Literally.
[from offscreen] No. My question is is when they say removing the memory from the population, are we supposed to be saying it's — they're not doing propaganda because they did not erase people's memories?
[to offscreen] I don't think so. I think it's just shittily worded.
[from offscreen] Okay.
I don't think that's supposed to be the implication. I think it's really just supposed to be just bullshit about not them not doing propaganda.
“Oh, we're just trying to deter casual journalists.”
Okay, well, you know what casual journalists do? They talk to people. They're not going to be hacking shit. Hacking shit would be what non-casual journalists do.

> So, literally, does, does Martha Wells know what journalists do?
> ART's data had been correct. There were other SecUnits on this moon.

Oh, they're on a moon now. I thought it was a space station. Okay.

So, so the spaceship bus that they were on was going to crash into a moon, but you know, we're not actually having anybody react the way it would make sense for officials in a dystopia to react to that in any of the myriad ways that could.

Nope. We're, we just casually saunter off like nothing happened.

> The map showed logos from five bond companies that offered se units, including my company, at seven of the most remote installations where exploration for mineral veins was still ongoing. They would be there to defend the claim from theft and keep the min

> the miners and other employees from injuring each other as part of the bond guarantee.

And again, people keep fucking lying and claiming that SecUnits are used to terrorize poor working class people. That's literally never ever, ever, ever what sex units are used for.

They're used literally textually in the fucking book — I know Martha Wells was just lying through her fucking ass the entire first book and calling it Murderbot Diaries and having Murderbot refer to itself as a murderbot. People keep going around claiming and just flat out fucking lying and saying, "Oh, they're terminators. They're used to murder people. They're assassins.”

They are literally never used for that. They are used for fucking slave labor and used as meat shields and used to break up stupid little fights.

At no point are they ever used to fucking threaten anybody. That's literally never how this works.

Just because Martha Wells was lying and implying that in Book One by having Murderbot call them all murderbots doesn't mean that's ever even remotely happened.

Literally right here. They — the fucking meat shield slaves— would be there to defend the claim from theft and keep the miners and other employees from injuring each other.

Literally, not they're there to keep the workers in line.

They are there explicitly to defend the workers and break up fights.

And then people will just go around claiming, "Oh, they're terminators. They're terminators. They're definitely murderbots. They're killing machines.”

That literally never happens anywhere.

> No second would travel through the port except as inert cargo and transport boxes or repair cubicles. So that was one less thing to worry

> about. My altered configuration might fool humans and augmented humans, but not other se units.

And again, why not then? And also that was the lit—that was *literally the entire point of it* to that, like what she's — she's so — she's so fucking bad at writing, I swear to god.

> if they saw me they would alert their sex systems. They wouldn't have a choice and they wouldn't want one.

Oh my god. I hate this woman so much.

> If anybody knows how dangerous rogue se units are, it's other SecUnits.

What do you mean? You've never interacted with a rogue SecUnit in your life, you racist sack of shit.

Martha Wells literally just keeps lying to us and just keeps telling us that these enslaved people are evil and dangerous and out to kill everybody the second

they are not enslaved. That's literally what a rogue psych unit is.

And then people who are shit at fucking reading on purpose will claim, "Oh, well that's just Murderbot being unreliable."

No, this is not Murderbot being an unreliable narrator, because the book never explicitly proves Murderbot wrong and pushes back against it.

It has only ever done — Martha Wells, the fucking author — has only ever reinforced this statement.

That's why literally seven books into this fucking series, we're still murdering other slaves and we're — these fucking characters are still murdering other slaves and we are supposed to cheer that on and think it's awesome and clap and want it to happen again.

Also again, uh,

> My altered configuration might fool humans and augmented humans, but not other SecUnits.

Okay, then we were literally told that the entire purpose for Murderbot getting the, the fucking surgery that it did not fucking want, and regrets, to literally chop its fucking limbs off and then reattach them improperly without fucking pain medication or even proper fucking bandages or stitches —

We were told that the entire point of that is to alter its configuration and make it slightly shorter so that it won't automatically be picked up as a SE unit by mech mechano mechanical systems including other SE units.

It's also why it has grown extra, like, body hair and shit, [holding up arm] not that you can see mine on my arm — and longer hair on its head.

All of this is meant to make it not look like a sexy unit. But now we're being told that was literally all for literally fucking nothing, because not a single human

had noticed that Murderbot was a SecUnit until until that point, as I pointed out.

And now we're being told actually that was pointless because any SecUnit will instantly recognize it as one anyways, somehow, for, for no — there's no, we're not given any fucking reason.

And this, this wasn't even taken into consideration when discussing this fucking surgery that Murderbot was coerced into because it literally did not have the — it — saying no to this was not an option in any fucking way. It did not consent to this fucking surgery.

It was literally just tortured. Calling it surgery —like it's just — it just got tortured. And and now we're being told that was that was literally for no reason whatsoever, because the stated purpose of it, which was to fool automatic scanners, including the ones that other SecUnits would use, that's — that doesn't actually work against against that.

So— So what the fuck was the point of torturing Murderbot like that?

We're on page 87 according to this, and that's that's with the disgustingly huge margins at the top, and bottom, and side of the page.

So, Murderbot was put into this shit, put through this goddamn torture, for literally no reason because again, we were literally told it had to have this so that it wouldn't be recognized by, by, by mechanical things as, as picking up its automatic configuration as matching uh SecUnit default.

Now we're literally being told that was — that it didn't, it didn't accomplish that in any way.

So Murderbot just got tortured and forced to look quote unquote “more human” against its will, for no fucking reason.

What — I swear to god, and again this is just the shit writing.

This isn't even a *realization* of “oh I did all of that for no fucking reason, now I am permanently fucking

changed in a way I don't like and never wanted to begin with for literally no reason.”

It's just the shit — Martha Wells being a shit writer.

We're— she's saying this shit now just because — what — everything —

Again, as I keep saying over and over and over again. This is why you can't take this shit seriously, and you can't take any of her writing seriously, because she'll say one thing, and then it that only matters for as long as that we are on that fucking topic and on that goddamn page, and within that chapter.

It doesn't matter how long later it comes up again where she says something completely contradictory.

It's just going to contradict itself, because she doesn't give a shit about telling a good story that makes sense and has logic, she just wants money.

That's why these first four quote unquote “books” were all very very blatantly one fucking story that was

chopped into four and then sold as though each quarter piece were a full length novel instead of something that's only a centimeter thick for more than you could — more than you'd pay for an actual novel.

And now we're being told that all of that shit Murderbot was forced to go through literally did not accomplish a single fucking thing, because any SecUnit — also implying any goddamn bot that's scanning for that SecUnit default or whatever all these other SecUnits are picking up on — that was for nothing, because they can still immediately tell it's a SecUnit instantaneously.

Somehow.

We're not even being told *how* they would know.

We're just being told “if they saw me, they would alert their sex systems.”

Period.

That's literally an entire sentence. What are — What are they noticing about you, Murderbot, that makes them instantly know that you are another sex unit? We don't know. We're not being told, because Martha Wells is shit at writing.

Are they all fucking clones of each other? Do they all look exactly fucking identical? Do they share other magical fucking characteristics that were never mentioned before now which would have been crucial fucking information while Murderbot was being coerced into this goddamn surgery that we're literally now being told didn't accomplish a single fucking thing?!

Murderbot literally had its fucking elbows and knees literally chopped right fucking here, right fucking here at the knees and elbows.

It had its entire goddamn arms chopped off above the elbow and then below the elbow was chopped off of that and then it was just — what? Fucking glued back together?

Because it was literally lying in a puddle of its own fucking blood, in so much pain it couldn't even move, and now we're being told that that happened — that didn't accomplish anything.

That was just to torture Murderbot. There was no other purpose to that.

But we're still supposed to — and, and this is not — we're not getting this fucking quote unquote “reveal”. This is not a reveal.

This is just Martha Wells casually stating this fucking shit like it's like it's just logical and not like — you just fucking — oh my god.

Hold on. I have to get a drink. This is pissing me off so much.

Are you hearing this shit? I'm infuriated.

Did you hear any— Whoops.

You know the, the, the fucking torture surgery that Murderbot did not consent to to literally chop it to pieces.

[from offscreen] Yep. What?

Okay, since you didn't hear anything I just said. I know you

[From offscreen] I did hear something about they know that Murderbot is a SecUnit on sight.

Tell me, just tell the camera loudly, what was the purpose of that surgery?

[from offscreen] To make Murderbot not look like a SecUnit and to give ART a new play thing.

Yeah. And now we're literally being told that — just as just casually, as casually as can be— that SecUnits will all automatically know that Murderbot is another SecUnit just by looking at it.

We're not mentioning bots here. We're just — we said “oh it'll it might fool humans and augmented humans.” No mention of other robots, but now we're saying that instantly other SecUnits would just still magically be able to know this instantaneously.

It's literally — to make — literally, it's literally a single sentence, when this could have been easily — and then, again, yeah, we didn't we didn't discuss this this fucking problem like, at no point during the years that's yours — at no point while Murderbot was being coerced into that fucking surgery it literally never consented to, did any — did Murderbot ever bring up the protest “but that won't stop other SecUnits from recognizing me. We can always recognize one another. And this mining station is going to be full of SE units if there's anybody even there.”

Yeah. Like it at no point did it bring up this fucking statement of protest that “it's not going to stop other SecUnits from recognizing me,” which would have made ART rejoined.

That's not the right word. I'm trying to say rebuttal. But in XYZ tense, this would have had ART say, "Okay, yeah, maybe it won't stop SecUnits, but it will help stop humans and robots doing automatic scans," even though we were told that the automatic scans are what the SecUnits also do.

I hate it. It's literally — We were literally told that the surgery must happen. Murderbot literally must be chopped into goddamn pieces without pain medication or anesthesia. or even proper fucking bandages. Literally wake up lying in a puddle of its own blood. We were told that that was to prevent people from searching for the this, the, the fucking — just running a basic search for the SecUnit standard weight and height shit.

Now we're being told it was for nothing.

Page 87. And we just got told that all of that shit Murderbot just fucking went to went through literally page 53, chapter — the start of chapter fucking four. This, this, far away in the goddamn book.

> I came back online to find I was at 26% capacity, but the percentage was climbing slowly. Bands of pain circled my knee and elbow joints, so intense I couldn't process it. My human skin itched and I was leaking,

Meaning bleeding. And then that's all passed off as a joke by the statement,

> "I hate that." I didn't have the capacity to play or to access or play any of my media. All I could do was lie there waiting for my levels to adjust. Attempts to move just made it worse. I wished I had gone with plan 16 to render the ART inoperable. The one with the best statistical chance of success without me taking catastrophic damage in retaliation. Plan two to blow it up was looking pretty attractive at the moment, too. This had been a stupid thing to agree to. It was like being in a cubicle after being shot to pieces, but without a cubicle's ability to shut down higher functions until the repairs were complete. I had known going in

> that the med system wouldn't be able to adjust my pain level, but I hadn't thought it would be this bad.

It literally takes Murderbot hours to fucking get not actively dying enough to turn its own fucking pain sensors down manually. A thing that ART could have done at any fucking time.

And now we're literally being told like 30 fucking pages later that all of that was for literally nothing, because any SecUnit can still instantly fucking look at it and tell it's a SecUnit.

And we, again — we don't mention bots here. We're not saying
yeah it might fool humans or regular robots but SecUnits would recognize me.”

No. Meaning the only people who might be fooled by this are the humans who would never have noticed this in the first place. So literally that was for nothing.

That was literally — that, that literally accomplished nothing except torturing Murderbot and further traumatizing Murderbot and probably giving ART the attempt — the even more fucking opportunity — as though it hasn't had the ability to do this at literally any goddamn time, to just fuck with Murderbot's head and fuck with Murderbot's goddamn core programming.

Page 87. Literally, what the fuck was the point in every page before this? This is — What is the fucking numbers in this book? According to this fucking thing, there's 158 pages according to these goddamn liars.

What's 158 minus 87, or 87 out of 158? So, we can see the fucking percentage. How far are we through this book?

87 out of 158. So just divide it by —

[from offscreen] 71. Really doesn't seem like it. All right. Apparently we're 71% Or did you 158?

Yeah. Are you just It'll come up with a decimal. You can just read out.

[from offscreen] 55% of the way.

Okay. We're 55% of the way through this fucking book. I was gonna say this does not look like 71% at all.

We are, We are 55% of the way through this book and we've just been told that the, the, the fucking 55% that we've already godamn read, which is up here, we are just told that the majority of that happened for no fucking reason, because most of that was just ART and Murderbot fucking around, not accomplishing anything except Murderbot being tortured and retraumatized.

And now we're told that it got fucking tortured for purely for ART’s amusement, because *the stated goal of that torture was was to stop people from instantly recognizing it as a fucking psych unit by doing the basic search uh for, for the standard template.*

Hold on. I got to go stir my ginger and have a timer.

This is so fucking infuriating. I swear to god.

Like, holy fucking shit.

I c— I'm just I cannot get over this shit.

As I've been saying for years at this point, we are not supposed to want Murderbot to be happy.

This series does not want to be Murderbot — want Murderbot to be happy.

We are not supposed to want to see Murderbot happy or safe or anything besides constantly being a goddamn slave.

I hate it so much. This is so absurd. We literally wasted all that fucking time watching Murderbot be coerced into this fucking surgery. And now Martha Wells is casually just — *casually* telling us! Not even like a fucking plot twist! Not even like a fucking

tragic infuriating-for-the-fucking-character reveal that that was literally for nothing.

We're just being casually told. “Oh, by the way, that didn't accomplish a single fucking thing. Not even the stated fucking reason for going through with it.”

Because we're now 55% of the way, 55% of the way through the fucking book and we're being told, "Yeah, by the way, the character got tortured for literally no fucking reason whatsoever in any way."

Because again, Murderbot didn't get its limbs chopped off to make humans less likely to recognize it. It got the fucking programming to stop the, the fucking — stop, stop the retardation of hair growth, to disable whatever is stopping its hair from growing—

Oh, that's even more racist. Oh my god. Okay. Yeah. Imagine if that were on purpose, instead of just the casual racism that we're not supposed to think about whatsoever.

She— the only thing that Murderbot changed about itself to to prevent humans from recognizing as a Secunit was grow slightly longer hair. Slightly longer than *what*? We don't fucking know!

[holding hands out from head to demonstrate] Was it this length? Was it this length? We don't fucking know.

And, and grow some fucking hair on its body. What?

We just don't even know what it can hair color is. Literally Martha Wells, she tells people in — she's exactly like JK Rowling, telling people that Dumbledore was gay years after the books came out.

But in this case, it's while the books are coming out, she's telling people that Murderbot is Black, but then not putting that in the book, because she doesn't actually want to commit to having a Black fucking main character, because she wants the plausible deniaility. She wants the brownie points for, for supposedly doing the right thing, but also wants a plausible deniability of not actually putting it in the

goddamn story so that when billionaire fucking Apple offers to pay her money and whitewash her protagonist, she can leap at that chance and sing their praises from the rooftops, and, and pretend like this is totally fine and not literally just white supremacy in action.

Anyways, where the fuck was I in this — this fucking, I swear to shit.

If you think Martha Wells is a good writer, you haven't been paying attention.

You haven't been paying attention, and you have been fucking lied to.

We were literally told that the reason Murderbot was getting its fucking limbs chopped off without anesthesia, pain medication afterwards, or even basic fucking bandages to stop it, or just any kind of anything at all to stop it from literally waking up in a puddle of its own blood.

I cannot stress that enough to you.

It woke up in the surgery fucking thing in a pool of its own blood that it had been lying in for hours, and then was forced to continue lying in for hours until it was able to move, and *walk itself*, covered in its own blood, to the fucking shower and take a shower.

No fucking slave owner would in, in ART's goddamn medical bay would ever be forced through that shit. Never. Ever.

But because it's Murderbot, it's fine to torture it. And we're not supposed to have a single fucking problem with this.

ART is not going to be revealed to be the villain the whole fucking time, because ART is Martha Wells's favorite character she's ever fucking written.

She worships the ground ART walks and wants us to think that ART's abuse of Murderbot is awesome and romantic.

And now we're literally being told all of that was for nothing.

There was literally no reason for it. The explicit stated goal of preventing people who have access to the fucking basic template — because apparently all SecUnits, every single one of them, not just the ones from the company, they're all the exact same height and weight somehow.

Somehow for some fucking reason that that — oh my god. But that that's not actually true now — that we're going to say, "Oh, by the oh yeah, psych units could still instantly recognize Murderbot. And they would and they would immediately tell on it because uh no — every slave knows that the most dangerous thing in the world is a freed slave.”

Literally, if anybody knows how dangerous a freed slave is, it's other slaves.

You want to translate this into that? You want to just take this quote and post this quote, open up a notepad.

No se units would travel through the port except as inert cargo in tranport boxes or repair cubicles, so that was one less thing to worry about. Period.

My altered configuration mightful humans and augmented humans, but not other sex units. Period. New paragraph. If they saw me, they would alert their sex systems.

Period.

They wouldn't have a choice.

Period.

And they wouldn't want one.

Period.

[from offscren] Why would they not want one?

Exactly. She's a fucking—

[from offscreen] And you're 55% of the way? This is—nothing of the plot has happened.

Yes.

And, and what tiny section of the plot has happened we were being told didn't matter and didn't accomplish anything.

The last part is if anybody knows how dangerous rogue SE units are, it's other se units. Period. That's not even a new paragraph either.

Okay. Yeah. like just the this is just the this is the uh first episode of the war between all over again.

We're building tension. We're building stakes. He is not supposed to be here. He is way over his head. All of this is classified government military shit, they're going to execute him on the spot or lock him in solitary confinement like fucking Tashiko Sato —

What you mean is that's what *should* be happening. And then if they find out that he does not have the classification—

Yeah. If he does not have the clearance to be on this fucking top secret government secret government secret police mission. And then he tells the fucking general, "Hey, I'm just a fucking guy who randomly gets you guys taxis somehow some way as though you guys don't own a personal fleet of personal cars." owned by the secret government. Secret as though they wouldn't all have their own personal chauffeers. Yeah. And um "I don't even have Clarence to look at level two stuff." And that's that's that should be the climax of the episode and then he should be fucking punished. Been driving tension towards.

The only thing stopping him from immediately being thrown in jail and never seen again the way Toshiko Sato was is that he he literally does get thrown in a jail cell and then this Salt demands his release to act as the human ambassador.

That should be the only reason he ever sees the light of day ever again. And instead, after he tells the general, "Hey, I've been on this top secret mission thing possibly for more than like 48 hours." Yeah, it's been more than 24 hours at least, unless they were literally crossing the sun point, sunline, whatever. Whatever the thingy is when you're crossing between hemispheres or time zones that you're leaving at sunset and then you're arriving somewhere at sunrise.

I'll take your word for it.

Anyways, whatever that thing, but no, instead the entire thing the episode has been driving tension towards, the entire plot hook is what will happen if he doesn't keep up the charade of having clearance for this thing because he failed to back out at the first and then failed to tell anybody immediately the second he realized that this was above his fucking clearance level.

What happens?

And not even — not even because he purposefully wanted to see this shit and against the rules.

He was he's we're just told he's inept. And then and then the general says, What what was the fucking line? H “mistakes happen” or whatever. “That's what keeps life interesting.”

Stupid, stupid, stupid fucking platitudes." It was something _ ridiculous. And it's like, "All right, why why was he here by accident then? What did that accomplish?"

It was literally just he's just a passive protagonist as much as Murderbot is.

Yep.

He's literally just goes along with the plot even when it's completely detrimental to himself and he has every opportunity to — this book gets worse — and then the general just shrugs and says — and then we still have so much more of the episode left and all the

tension is just completely pulled out, because there's zero fucking consequences anymore literally.

Oh, okay. Let me read. Yeah, you can just post that quote or or message me it and then just say, "Let's translate this, shall we? If anybody knows how dangerous freed slaves are, it's slave. It's other slaves."

I'm just rereading that. I just cannot get over this. I swear to fucking god.

I hope you're all even a fraction as pissed off about the —

Is that an ambulance?

No, probably just a truck with a a ladder on it. That was weird looking. Are they going to be digging in our front yard?

I think they were just confused. Okay.

I— we're 55% of the way through the book and the only section of plot that's actually happened, we're just told it didn't actually accomplish a single thing and was completely pointless and should have just been cut out of the book, because that will never actually come up ever again in any meaningful way ever.

Just like Murderbot had literally no trouble getting on or off any of the fucking space stations before this fucking torture that it did not fucking agree to do.

It's — It's never going to come up again. There is never any situation where actually it helps. It's just fucking bullshit.

> If they saw me, they would alert their sex systems. They wouldn't have a choice and they wouldn't want one.

The The fact that these are all just single sentences by themselves is just just very fucking — just bad writing. It's just so fucking juvenile.

There's a reason people are too generous and assume that these — they don't like these, they assume that the reason they don't like these books is because these books are for kids, because the writing style is this fucking — If they saw me, they would alert their sex systems. Period. They wouldn't have a choice. Period. And this is all one paragraph, too. And they wouldn't want one. Period. If anybody knows how dangerous rogue seunits are, it's other seunits. Period.

And again, that's the slavery apologism. Martha Wells is demonizing slaves and saying that, "Yeah, you should be terrified of slaves who are no longer enslaved by their fucking masters, and all of the other slaves are correct to be terrified and they should try to turn Murderbot in because there's nothing more dangerous than a than a freed slave.”

> That was when I felt the ping. I told my
> And again, we've never been given an explanation for what pings are in this fucking setting.

Again, if you are writing sci-fi or fantasy or any kind of thing, you have to explain the world building. You have to tell me exactly what a ping is in this fucking setting and what it can do and what it *can't* do. Because, as I've said, it changes every single fucking time it comes up. I — to— because again, no, I'm not even going back. You've presumably watched these videos in order. If not, then hi. You watch them in whatever the fuck order you want. You'll just be baffled.

The pings and how they function and how you can send them change every single fucking time.

That was when I felt the ping. I told myself I'd mistaken it for something else. But then it happened again. That's a big uh oh

Again. We literally can't take this seriously because now we're using baby talk. “That's a big uh oh” for what is supposed to be a life-threatening and terrifying situation.

That that that was when I felt the ping.

> That's a single that single sentence is a line all by itself which could be be used to convey tension if any to set up tension had happened. And we immediately diffuse all of that tension by saying
> that's a big uh oh
> As though as though Murderbot is a fucking five-year-old or probably less than a fucking 5-year-old using baby talk.

This is not a serious fucking series. This is not meant to be taken seriously. You're not supposed to be thinking about it as deeply as I am, because that, that — this, what I'm doing, reveals the shit writing and the slavery apologism baked into every goddamn page.

And you know, the fact that the author gives so little shits that she'll just tell us 55% of the way through that one of the only fucking things to happen was completely pointless.

And not even in a plot twist way, not even in a “wow, I regret that forever” way.

No, she's just casually contradicting herself as though it means nothing. It's not a plot twist. It's not a shocking reveal for Murderbot.

It's nothing. It's just shit writing because she doesn't fucking care. The only thing she cares about is lining her fucking wallet.

> That's a big uh oh. Something was looking for SE units, not just bots. Specifically, SE units

Again. So literally the entire fucking torturous surgery that Murderbot did not consent to, that accomplished nothing.

Nothing.

There was no reason for it. I want to break this book, 55%, in half and it would be so fucking easy

[from offscreen, muffled] paid for by people who bought it.

Yeah. Who the person who bought this originally paid at least $17 for it and that's not including tax or shipping.

So literally literally everything with it. It It accomplished nothing. It accomplished literally nothing because the whole thing with Murderbot coding itself so that its hair grows longer. It didn't need ART for that. It could have done that at any point.

And also, you remember that part where she lied to us and said, "Oh, by the way, um I totally did all this stuff before now." Uh, even though if that were actually true, before the “I did all this stuff before this book started”

Even though if that were book were true, it would have brought it up, how many pages ago, when you were discussing this shit and you would have said, "Yeah, I did all this stuff with coding and shit."

She just keeps lying to us and just keeps going as though it's not — as, as though this is the first fucking draft unedited.

And then this is this is what Tor thinks is worth publishing and charging $17 minimum for, even. So fucking ridiculous.

Literally, so people can literally still just ping Murderbot the way that they could theoretically have done before, because nothing has fucking changed. The surgery that it was fucking tortured throughout and afterward and can never fucking undo.

[from offscreen] I'm extremely curious how much would actually change in the plot if you just remove that whole scene.

Nothing. Nothing would change whatsoever.

[from offscreen] Does ART actually do anything when Murderbot's on the station other than say shit Murderbot already knows?

I — not that — not so far. You mean what if we edited the fucking book to just remove ART? Literally nothing would happen. Literally nothing would change besides the fact that Murderbot would just —

like that could have been a one-off sentence like it apparently originally was, literally, because the only difference is that now it is ART purposefully shoving Murderbot back into the role of a slave which is explicitly what it's fucking doing and forcing Murderbot to do this shit instead of its own original plan.

> Something was looking for se units, not just bots, specifically se units, and it was close. It hadn't pinged me directly. Though, if id had a working governor module, I would have been compelled to answer.

Meaning that Murderbot can just — anytime Murderbot is in a situation where it thinks there might be other SecUnits, it could just send out a general ping. Apparently, that's a thing now. And just force all of the SecUnits to reveal their locations.

You're telling me it could do that at any point. Also, that whole question of “if SE unit saw me, they would report me.”
That's literally just they reported it to their sex systems. What are they reporting?

That's literally — we're — That's literally less than a full entire page ago.

[from offscreen] How are they knowing that Murderbots's another thing? Exactly.

What are — literally what are they seeing on Murderbot when they look at Murderbot that instantly tells them it's another SecUnit? Despite all the things it's doing to disguise itself, they can magically see through all that somehow.

And this isn't even a fantasy where we can say they all have a telepathic fucking connection to XYZ so they can always recognize each other. There's no explanation whatsoever.

We're just told, "Oh, by the way, SecUnits would instantly recognize me as a SecUnit and tell everybody on me, and they should, because escaped slaves are terrifying and evil and nothing could possibly be worse. And if you think slavery is bad, it means you're a fucking scarily mentally ill serial killer who named yourself Rift because no parent in their right mind would ever name their child Rift!!!!!”

What are you talking about? You literally have all of your fucking characters in this goddamn setting have noun names and you have 50 million characters already.

What do you mean no parent would ever name their child Rift?

[from offscreen] Isn't one of the people literally named Bone??? Yeah, there's there's characters named Bone, but we're supposed to pretend that Rift is is too too negative. But Bone, that's a completely fine name.

[from offscreen] Knell. As though Knell is not almost universally death knell.

Literally, she's a fucking idiot. And she just she just loves slavery apologism. She probably pulled that twist out of her ass as well as a reason to get rid — Also, there's a character named Drift in the same fucking series, because she doesn't give a shit.

That's why there's also a character named Bashasa and Bashat in even in the first supposed to be standalone.

Literally, what were you saying about another name?

Uh, just the whole Bone.

Yeah,

it's just ridiculous. I swear.

And just — the fact that queens are all named after gemstones. They name their children at birth, but also you can't tell who was a queen or a consort or

who's just a warrior at birth. So, they're naming their kids as random shit, but like are you changing their names later so that everybody who has — who becomes a queen gets a, a new name? It's a gemstone or mineral name or what? Or do is it just magical fate that you instinctively name your kid?

Why wouldn't — why wouldn't, if the queens just have magical smelling powers for everything already? Why wouldn't they be able to just smell which baby's going to be what? They can literally apparently smell people's fertility with perfect fucking accuracy. So it's like, what are you talking about then?

[from offscreen] they literally smell somebody's sperm count. Literally, they're that's what they were smelling.

She's such a bad writer and she's such a fucking misogynist and so many other forms of bigotry to list. It's ridiculous. Oh my god.

And again, blah blah blah.

> If id had a working governor module, I would have been compelled to answer.

So, any other fucking scene ever to happen in this entire series where SecUnits are are supposedly sneaking up on Murderbot at any time, we've just been fucking told as fact it can send out a general fucking ping for SecUnits and they will be compelled to respond and give away their fucking location. We've just been told that as perfect fact with no, no, there's no — what's the word I'm looking for? There's no caveats added onto there, like “because xyz I would have been compelled to respond” like there's no there's no contingencies on there for uh this would “this would only work if blah blah blah.”

No, you can apparently just send out a general ping for SecUnits and all SecUnits will be forced to reveal their location by responding to that ping apparently.

[from offscreen] Even if they're from this isn't

Yeah, apparently because this is not literally —

Let me — We've not even progressed the page.

> That was when I felt the ping. I told myself I'd mistaken it for something else. Then it happened again. That's a big uh oh. Something was looking for SecUnits. Not just bots, specifically SE units.

And again, not just bots, implying that they are robots, even though they're literally not.

> Specifically SE units, and it was close. It hadn't pinged me directly, though. If I'd had a working governor module, I would have been compelled to answer.

This isn't even a ping specifically for company SecUnits. It's just SecUnits in general. All of them. No matter what company they belong to.

And they've— they — Murderbot would be forced to respond if its governor module were working! Literally, you can just ping SecUnits in general.

There's — is there any fucking reason whatsoever that Murderbot couldn't be sending out this fucking generalized ping for SecUnits on a goddamn 10-minute timer at max or something, just to just to see where SE units are in the fucking area.

Again, this is just, just such — also the fact that we have a character in this story named Rami when we have a character in the first book named Rathi is just inexcusable. There's no fucking reason for it.

Mhm.

Literally, this is fucking ridiculous. It's ridiculous.

And you know, that rule there that we're now being told without any fucking asterisks attached whatsoever, it's just a basic fact!

It's never going to come up ever again.

The character — that's not foreshadowing for anything. Murderbot will never use that. It will never

be used against Murderbot, because its governor module is never going to be reactivated.

It's never been used against the imaginary backstory land. This was never used against Murderbot in the imaginary backstory land.

Nothing.

> Three humans—
> And we're just going back to whatever bullshit is going on instead of dealing with this. Three humans approached the table my clients were sitting at. Rami whispered into tur feed. That's Tlacey. I didn't expect her to come herself. Two of the humans were large

and I'm getting a drink. And then stirring my damn ginger. She's so fucking pathetic. So fucking pathetic.

Look, Murderbot is assuming people's genders based on literally nothing!

Even though Martha Wells loves to pretend that she's totally progressive about trans people and um uh people *definitely* lift their — list their pronouns in their their feed bios.

> Two of the humans were large and male.

Why? How do you know that? How do you know that? You're not looking at their fucking feed bios!

> And one of them lengthened his stride to reach the table.

Also, what? Okay, that's just stupid statement.

> Three humans approached my the table my clients were sitting at. Rami whispered into tur feed. That's Tlacey. I didn't expect her to come herself. Two of the humans were large and male, and one of them lengthened his stride to reach the table. Maro had seen him and from the look on her face I knew this was not going to be a greeting. Scan showed he was armed.

> I moved between him and the table. I put a hand up at his chest height and said, "Stop." On most contracts, this was as far as I was allowed to go with a human until they made physical contact.

Again for all the people lying and saying “they're terminators. They're used to harass and threaten and beat up uh workingclass people!” That's never happened. It's a lie. That's just a fucking lie. That's literally not true.

> But you'd be surprised how often this works if you do it right. Though that was when I was wearing my armor with the helmet opa. Standing here in normal human clothes with my human face showing made it a whole different thing. But it wasn't like he could hurt me by hitting me. And he hadn't drawn his weapon yet

Because, you know, hitting slaves, that's totally fine. It doesn't actually hurt them because, you know, um, enslaved people, especially Black enslaved people,

which Martha Wells keeps telling us Murderbot is, they don't feel pain like ~real~ people.

Oh my god, that was all one paragraph. I'm going to read it again.

> On most contracts, this was as far as I was allowed to go with a human until they made phys made physical contact. But you'd be surprised how often this works if you do it right. Though that was when I was wearing my armor with the helmet opa, standing here in normal human clothes with my human face showing made it a whole different thing. But it wasn't like he could hurt me by hitting me and he hadn't drawn his weapon yet.

New paragraph.

> I could have torn through him like tissue paper.

Period. That's the end of that little fucking paragraph. Just saying “I could have torn through him like tissue paper.”

So once again, Martha Wells is giving us “good reasons” that these — like, in-universe good reasons for why these enslaved people should be enslaved because they are legitimately dangerous.

According to Martha Wells, you can't hurt these slaves and they can literally rip you into pieces like you’re tissue paper.

[from offscreen] Do you want some tissue paper for a demonstration?

No, that's a waste of tissues. Like, again, she just keeps doing this shit.

And then and then every other goddamn line in this book and this entire series referencing these slaves is telling us we need to be terrified of them. They are all terrifying. They're too goddamn dangerous to free. You cannot free them because they will kill everyone you love. Um they'll go crazy. capital C crazy TM because she also hates mentally ill people.

She's literally she literally brought up Three to, to give people hope that the series was actually going to start caring about rescuing slaves, and then the very next book decided to also demonize Three and say, "Oh, um, three is unstable and psychotic in the in the scary mentally scarily mentally ill bad way."

Mot like a thing people actually go through way, it, it just to make it seem scary. It's psychotic and, and imagined that it was friends with the slaves that it was friends with. That was all in its head. It was just imagining that and making it up.

And also it doesn't know the difference between fiction and reality.

And Murderbot is not going to trust it around any of the slave owners that it likes because it's afraid that Three might just snap and murder them “for no reason.”

That's seven books into this fucking series. That's more books than the Harry Potter books had. That's

the same amount of books as the Harry Potter books had. And that's where we're at.

Apparently, it shows up just at the beginning of Platform Decay and is immediately — and immediately shoved off screen again, probably while being demonized again.

So literally this book is — this series is nothing but slavery apologism because Martha Wells is a fucking white supremacist whether she wants to admit that or not. She's been writing white supremacist fucking caricatures for decades and decides to defend them when people criticize it by defending British colonizers. And I'm not fucking joking.

> I could have torn through him like tissue paper.

And again, just removing all stakes because we're just being told, "Oh, well, even if he hit me, it wouldn't hurt me. I could tear through him like tissue paper.”

So why should we — why should we care about anything that happens to Murderbot if we're being

told — if we take this at face value? “Well, nothing can hurt Murderbot.” So *why should we care*? Cuz she keeps telling us that Murderbot gets beat up and, and attacked in its backstory, but now we're being told that doesn't actually matter.

So, like, which is it? Are we supposed to think that's bad, or are we supposed to think that a slave owner hitting a fucking slave, um, that doesn't hurt them at all because they don't feel pain?

Which — what, what are you even fucking saying here? What is the point of this?

> I could have torn through him like tissue paper.

Yeah, there's a reason people read this and they're like, "Yeah, this seems like it was written by an edgy fucking teenager."

> He didn't know that, but he must have been able to tell from my face that I wasn't afraid of him.

And then Martha Wells— So, Murderbot's not afraid of this very hostile human who has expressed intent to attack.

Um, but then in book three, uh, Martha Wells wants us to think it's believable and totally in character for uh, Murderbot to randomly, uh, act apparently — *apparently* act afraid of a random nice human touching it.

And we're supposed — we're being told by another character that, “oh, Murderbot looks afraid.”

And then she wonders why people are like, "Yeah, I don't understand why this fucking character claims to be afraid of humans, because they've never done anything to hurt it."

And she literally writes lines like this.

“It wasn't like he could hurt me by hitting me. I could I could have torn through him like tissue paper. He must have been able to tell I wasn't afraid of him.”

Even though this is the exact kind of situation that Murderbot should be afraid of, because it is once again acting as a fucking human shield.

This is — the writing is so bad. It's so racist. It doesn't even — It's not even trying to make sense. It's ridiculous.

Yeah. Martha Wells go just gets so mad when people express confusion about why Murderbot would ever be scared of humans, which she randomly tells us to pretend that it is in book three, when humans have never done anything to hurt it.

And it's like, yeah, because you just keep telling us shit happened in its backstory and then in the present you do shit like this.

“He couldn't hurt me even if he hit me. I wasn't scared of him. I could have torn through him like tissue paper.”

This person — and you want — any way, shape, or form, this person is in no fucking way a threat to me.

Not even psychologically. “I'm not scared of him. I He's He can't even hurt me even if he hits me!”

And then she has the gall to be confused and angry that people are like, "Yeah, I don't understand why we keep being told this character's afraid of humans. They they literally can't and have never hurt it."

And it's like, yeah, correct, correct. None of the people in this series have ever been attacking Murderbot specifically because it is a goddamn slave. It's just incidental.

And again, Murderbot always instantly heals and never has any scar tissue or even mental scarring from anything.

Doesn't even have PTSD. It's just got social anxiety, ~relatable.~

> He didn't know that, but he must have been able to tell from my face that I wasn't afraid of him. I checked the security camera to see what I looked like and decided I looked bored. That

> wasn't unusual because I almost always looked bored while I was doing my job. It was just impossible to tell when I was in my armor.

And I think that's supposed to be funny. Whatever.

Also, you remember how just a few fucking pages ago, Murderbot was so fucking stressed and traumatized from being forced to interact with humans that it was literally having a panic attack and took 3 hours to fucking recover from a panic attack that lasted 3 hours?

Now all of a sudden that was— No, we were told that that shit, and now all of a sudden it's actually not scared of humans at all and, and is — and couldn't even be hurt even if you hit it.

And this isn't on purpose.

This is — this is not like, delving into Murderbot's fucking psyche or discuss— and also, it was literally disassociating that entire time and then literally was so fucking traumatized from that it literally required 3

hours to recover from the panic where it was literally huddled up in its chair with its knees to its chest the entire time.

But now all of a sudden, oh, oh no, it's never been scared of humans. It's — it — you couldn't hurt it. even if you hit — him — even if he hit me, he hadn't blah blah blah. It wasn't “It wasn't like he could hurt me even if he hit me.”

And it's like, and this is again where — this isn't Murderbot disassociating even harder or anything. It's ne— This just — It's just shit writing.

There's nothing here going on with the character. It's just bad writing that can't pick a fucking tone or just even a fucking through line whatsoever.

If, if, if —

Martha Wells couldn't write a goddamn consistent story of her life depended on it.

Oh, and again, more slavery apologism!

> That wasn't unusual because I almost always looked bored while I was doing my job. It was just impossible to tell when I was in my armor.

So again stating that being enslaved is simply boring and also it's just a job you do and a boring job at that.

And again then she has the gall to be like “why don't people believe me when I tell them Murderbot was has been hurt by humans???” Because you keep bull doing shit like this!

> He visibly regrouped and said who the _ are you? My clients had shoved their chairs back and were on their feet. Rami said, "This is our security consultant."

I think they've said that exact sentence twice now to avoid using any pronouns for Murderbot, because Murderbot didn't list any goddamn pronouns in its feed bio, because Martha Wells is a fucking transmissic bastard who doesn't actually fucking care about trans people, especially not non-binary trans people.

He said

Again, Bad usage of pronouns after I just bring them up.

My clients had shoved their chairs back and were on their feet." Rami said, "This is our security consultant."

Next paragraph is

he stepped back.

The way these — the way— again. So, that's referring to Rami with he/him pronouns because she's just so shit at writing and she's literally never going to improve.

I swear to god.

It should say “the strange man stepped back.”

Literally, you can't just say you can't go from saying Rami said blah to he stepped back because now you're referring to Rami with the he/him pronouns.

If you want to be talking about this random fucking dude again, you got to say random fucking dude. The random fucking hostile dude stepped back.

No, but again, just shit writing. Just shit writing.

On the most fundamental level, she literally does not know how pronouns work, and she refuses to let the fucking non-binary characters tell other people their fucking pronouns.

> He stepped back and glanced uncertainly at the other two, the second male human bodyguard.

But, you know, pretending Murderbots never assumed people's genders. [sarcasm] Um, this story is totally progressive. She's not just just assuming people's genders or anything. Totally. Totally not. [end sarcasm]

> He stepped back and glanced uncertainly at the other two, the second male human bodyguard and Tlacey, who was an augmented human female. I dropped my arm but didn't move. I had clear shots at all three of them, but that was a worst case scenario.

Also, you notice they're in they're supposedly in a really crowded place and they've all shoved their chairs back very dramatically and leapt to their feet and there's a very clearly a fight about to break out, but nobody's reacting whatsoever because, you know, even though we were just told like a page or so ago, yeah, literally “the displays also functioned as camera and recording chaff. So, the place was a pop a popular spot for business meetings.”

So people like higher up rich people are coming here for their fancy fucking business meetings and these people are about to break out into a fucking gunfight and nobody's reacting to stop them in any way.

Again, there's no consistency whatsoever. The setting may as well literally just be a blank fucking void.

There's not even NPCs gasping and hurry— Literally, literally, there's no reaction from a single fucking person around them. Like, “out of the corner of my eye, I saw and uh on all sides of us, the tables closest to us were very quickly emptying of their fucking occupants. And I could see blah blah blah security guards approaching from blah blah blah. I needed to diffuse the situation before more attention was brought on us than blah blah than it already was,” etcetera. blah blah blah.

We could even, you know, bring up the fucking bus thing and say, uh, “I needed to diffuse this before blah blah blah before we drew even more attention than we already had with the fiasco with the bus. I couldn't afford to have people questioning where we had come in and realized that we had come in on the, the fucking space bus that did all that shit."

But, you know, that would be bare minimum competency in writing and actual goddamn consequences and a setting that actually exists as more than just fucking — it's not even set dressing.

This is less impactful than the fucking painted on the goddamn wall sets they would use in Star Trek the Next Generation.

> I dropped my arm but didn't move. I had clear shots at all three of them, but that was a worst case scenario for me at least. Humans can miss a lot of little little clues, but me being able to fire energy weapons from my arms would be something of a red flag.

Also, that's just such fucking bullshit. You cannot convince me that in this fucking super sci-fi dystopia where cyborgs are running around at all times that not one single person has ever gotten arm guns besides enslaved people. That's not how that works.

[from offscreen] Would you like a comment?

You have to just talk louder to make sure it's showing up.

[from offscreen] So Murderbot has arm —guns in it arms.

Yeah,

[from offscreen] They they apparently rise up and then fall back in.

Yep.

[from offscreen] And ART just—

Yeah, I brought this up. It doesn't make sense. It doesn't fucking make sense. Continue.

[from offscreen] So, ART also has also just chopped Murderbot's forearms off and then reattach them. Imagine if ART in its playing God had actually fucked up and fucked up Murderbot's arm guns.

Yeah. Yeah.

[from offscreen] How often does Murderbot even use its arm guns?

Not very often.

[from offscreen] Does it have any except for when we remember that they exist and it doesn't have another weapon on hand?

Yep. And also they have infinite ammo somehow and also using them doesn't drain whatever its internal battery is.

And it's internal battery doesn't exist. As I as I've said in this video in the last three, like, imagine if ART were actually allowed to fuck up and actually had to apologize to Murderbot after the torture it put it through while it's lying there in the hospital room in a puddle of its own blood, and ART had to fucking apologize for being vastly overconfident and thinking that it knew what it was doing, but it has in fact completely fucked up in a way that it cannot fix.

And it thought all of its fucking pain synthesizers and — pain synthesizers? that's the exact opposite— and pain anti-synthesizers that it works on its unenslaved human members, uh actually have zero fucking effect on a SecUnit because of the modifications they've been forced to go through, and it literally cannot

actually stop Murderbot from being in agony, and it also literally cannot reclose its wounds properly.

Imagine if ART had just fucking apologized and actually learned the goddamn lesson that maybe you shouldn't fucking treat runaway slaves or anybody else for that matter like your literal goddamn dolls to take apart and put back together for your fucking entertainment.

Imagine.

Do you know how powerful that would have been?

Imagine taking ART down such a fucking massive peg. Uh huh.

Like, and even now, even if it doesn't apologize and feel bad for the lack of painkillers, it could have fucked up Murderbot's guns for — literally because it it's it has fucking guns in its forearms.

What ART did with the goddamn torture was chop — because we were told they're bands of pain around its

elbows and knees. So, it's not just — it chopped off a section right here in the upper arm...

...I had a — I had a little fucking marker. I'm just going to demonstrate on my arm because where did all the

[from offscreen] Horror

Yeah. Where did Sharpies go?

[from offscreen] Use some dramatic paint. It's easy to watch.

The paint would take forever to dry. So, okay. What I had always imagined — I'll try and do it on the underside so it's not showing. I had always imagined that.

Okay. or it's taking out a section like that. I could — All right, we'll do it this way.

I think it said it took out a centimeter. That's not a centimeter. That's more than a centimeter. But I always imagine, okay, ART took out a section like that.

But no, we get told that ART went around Murderbot's knees and elbows. So, it cut off — It's hard to do from this angle. It cut off— It chopped here, removed the lower arm and the fucking elbow entirely from this upper arm, and then either cut —

This is so weird to do on a mirror effect. Cut here to make this shorter and cut down here to make this shorter. And then reattach the fucking elbow to both of these shorter ends.

But not even properly reattach it, because again, Murderbot was lying there in a pool of its own blood on the fucking operating table and still bleeding and managed to reopen its wounds,

and, and that apparently accomp— was all for nothing, and, and not because —

She wasted 55% of the book. Literally, we wasted 55% of the book. That was all for nothing.

Murderbot literally was chopped into fucking pieces for ART's entertainment, explicitly to entertain ART, because ART is bored.

And we're supposed to be fine with that.

And that was considered a successful surgery, because at no point is ART's literal fucking torturing of Murderbot by refusing to offer pain medication or not force it to literally lie in a puddle of its own blood for hours and not even resealing its wounds properly or offering it goddamn bandages — not even bandages!

That's not framed in any way as a mistake, as ART fucked up. That's what we're supposed to consider a successful surgery.

Being in fucking agony, still bleeding, in a puddle of your own blood.

And again, even there's — and then after all of that, Murderbot has guns in its fucking forearms that pop up and do shit, and we're supposed to believe that despite ART being so incompetent and malicious that it didn't give Murderbot any kind of pain medication or anesthetics or fucking bandages to stop the bleeding despite—

[From offscreen] You know, I thought Murderbot's veins automatically sealed themselves, huh? Where did that go?

Exactly.

I literally had to bring this up when we got to that scene here, because we were told in Book One that Murderbot's veins automatically seal.

So, the fact that Murderbot is lying there still bleeding, the only in-universe explanation it is possible to come to is that ART purposefully fucking turned off that specifically to make Murderbot bleed.

Because if that was a requirement of the surgery, that would have been discussed, or ART would have offered an explanation and said, "I'm going to have to do that, otherwise I won't be able to get them to reattach to the XYZ places."

No, but no. So, in-universe, ART just purposefully let Murderbot continue fucking bleeding for literally no reason except malice, *because it's bored*.

We were explicitly told that its motivation was that it's bored and want something to entertain it. So, it's going to fucking torture Murderbot and for — and retraumatize Murderbot and make sure that Murderbot does not leave its fucking body until it is reestablished back in the mindset of a slave who must worship its slave owners.

And somehow, despite its arm getting chopped off and reattached really fucking badly, to the point that it's literally in a pool of its own blood and still bleeding, somehow that didn't have any impact whatsoever on its laser guns.

Even though they would have been completely fucking separated from all of the internal wiring that goes through these sections, in everything that was all chopped to pieces.

Every single piece was chopped off completely from the body nd put together badly again.

But that never comes up again, because again that would require having logic in the setting and consequences and physicality that just does not fucking exist.

There's no — there's — the characters are just floating through fucking space in amorphous fucking blobs that we call bodies, but they don't actually exist in any physical way within the setting.

There's no goddamn consequences to Murderbot getting its fucking limbs literally chopped off and then chopped into smaller pieces.

And I can't even say sewn back together again, because I don't think it was fucking sewn back together again.

We're never given an explanation for how exactly its limbs were reattached after being literally chopped off and then chopped into smaller pieces.

They — they don't — their bodies don't actually exist. There's no continuity. There's no consequences for that. Not even on its stupid fucking arm guns.

There's no consequences for anything that any of these characters will ever quote unquote “physically go through” because there's no — there's no fucks given by the author. She just doesn't fucking care.

She will just introduce something for 5 seconds of meaningless fucking drama and then it's, it's, it's over before 10 pages have passed again.

Book one has literally no less than three instances of Murderbot getting “catastrophically damaged”. And every single one of them is literally immediately

magically fixed like it never happened *before we even get to the next time that happens*.

That's how little fucking consequences and stakes and meaning there is in anything that happens in here.

Even though Martha Wells will tell everyone, she was inspired to write this by reading Ancillary Justice by Ann Leckie, the story where the character — spoiler alert —— um, becomes physically disabled in the first book as the result of a fucking injury of her own personal fucking choices that she did not have to do, but she chose to do it anyways.

And then she's — she stays physically disabled throughout the entire rest of the series and only becomes *even more so*. And it's actually a physical fucking disability in a physical fucking way.

Meanwhile, Murderbot's just a just a fucking metaphorical little blob floating. Not even a blob. It's just a ball of gas floating through the fucking universe, spawning in whatever is required.

There's no continuity. It, it has no problems with its fucking laser gun arms despite having its arms chopped off and badly put back together again.

And again, the whole the claim that “oh no, only SE units have guns in their arms!!!”

This is a capitalist fucking dystopia. And you expect me to believe that with all of this cyborg technology, nobody, including a bunch of crime lords, have ever gone and gotten illegal fucking guns in their arms? Are you fucking stupid? What are you talking about?

[from offscreen] … like, human people forced to have it.

Huh?

[from offscreen] Or even just people getting forced to have guns in their arms.

No. No. Just no. Not even for that. Another thing that can also be happening that they — she ignores. But

they — Yeah, she's — This is supposed to be a dystopia.

I gotta go to the bathroom. So, you can just explain that quick. Just point that — Just point that out louder.

[from offscreen] Just being used as living weapons. If you have the ability to put guns that can be fired at will and infinite ammo, with infinite ammo into people's arms, literally everybody is going to go for that. Like all the human guards that are on all these stations don't have gun arms. You're not telling me that mercenaries and uh specifically bodyguards for hire, like Murderbot is posing as in this book, aren't going out of their way to get guns in their arms or their feet or even like I don't know, fucking shields and shit implanted in their foreheads or something?

[from offscreen] You can't introduce gun arms that have infinite ammo and like zero charge time to even shoot them and then not actually explore what that means in your world.

[from offscreen] Like if this is the thing that exists, why does nobody else ever, ever use it except for this exact one class of people? We don't have any description of how it works and what would restrict it to only being used by SecUnits, especially when we know people exist that have whole limbs replaced, because that's how real people work. Just all this stuff, things that should be going thought that should be going into your second draft.

[from offscreen] Even if you for whatever reason don't include it in your — the first draft, you're not supposed to just finish writing your first draft, check it for some typos and then hit publish.

I’m stirring the ginger.

Yeah, that's just so fucking ridiculous on so many levels. There's no imagination.

Are you going to get softer, ginger?

Yeah. other things that SecUnits can do. There's literally no reason that nobody else can also do them.

We have no explanation about the limitations or anything. We literally don't even know what Murderbot’s gunports even look like.

You want to stand out here and stir this ginger?

[from offscreen] No, I'm doing stuff.

Training everybody's provisioning.

[from offscreen] You’ll all hear a period of silence as I'm training people is provisioning

Just the complete lack of fucking anything including just — basic imagination.

“No human would ever willingly get augments!” Because disabled people don't exist, I guess. We're just pretending that these aren't fucking mobility aids and also nobody would ever get —

[from offscreen] nobody can hear you

Arms in their—

All right, just, over — ending this video here while stuff is being cooked.

23

All right, we are continuing now that I — It's the same day now that I'm done making my ginger candy cuz I, I had it simmering the whole time on low heat and had to go and actually start making it into the ginger candy.

Um, I have to charge the phone now, so the video is just going to be with the phone face down on the damn desk. Anyways, uh, can you hear the crinkle of paper? I made a fucking list while I was making my ginger candy. This is the same day as uh video number 22 where we just ended with some fucking — Let me check the book.

[to cat] Hello little kitty.

Uh we just ended with uh let me read it again.

> Humans can miss a lot of little clues, but be but me being able to fire energy weapons from my arms would be something of a red flag.

Implying that no fucking humans in this entire goddamn setting ever put guns in their arms.

[to cat] What are you doing? Oh, you're just being a little silly kitties going around the long way.

Implying that not one single person in this entire goddamn galaxy of a universe has guns in their arms except for the enslaved and dehumanized SecUnits which is so fucking ridiculous and is such a basic fucking failure of, first of all, imagination, and a, and a fundamental misunderstanding and lack of understanding of human nature.

You could not stop people from putting fucking guns in their arms, especially if they don't care about breaking the laws, which people like Tlacey very clearly fucking don't, cuz she's going around stealing shitm murdering people, sending am a comfort unit,

her fucking sex slavem to assassinate and murder people, and so much more.

And this is just the shit we know about.

[from offscreen] Oh, hey, here that's a question. Why can sex slaves do that? Why is that not against their fundamental core programming?

Because that would require thinking.

And I'm getting a drink.

Anyways, I made candy ginger. Also attempted to make some candied mandarin orange slices. I like the orange candied orange peel, but the slices they get — they they have a new flavor and I don't like it. It's not sour. It's not too sweet. It's just something different. I don't like it.

Anyways, um yeah, there's nothing you could fucking do to stop people in this goddamn universe with this level of technology from putting guns in their arms,

especially people who are already willing to break the law.

Which leads us into a much more uh another fundamental fucking problem with this entire goddamn setting, or I should say the lack thereof and the world building and more importantly, *the lack thereof* because okay, we're, we're meant to be assuming that these corporations are all governments in and of themselves, implying that every corporation is a country unto itself.

Okay, that's cool. That makes kind of sense with the world building kind of...

Except no, it doesn't.

Um because they're not — they're we're not in a location called the United Corporations of the blah blah Rim. But somehow all of these, like these corporations aren't like based off of the United States where it's a bunch of states in a fucking, a bunch of mini countries in a trench coat as people joke.

But some— somehow we're supposed to believe two completely contradictory things:

First of all, that all of these corporations are their own governments.

Meaning that every corporation and the territory that they own is a country in and of itself.

Okay? So why the fuck are all of the laws seemingly completely fucking universal?

If this were actually well written and an actual fucking capitalist dystopia where corporations have taken the place of governments, meaning that they are countries, because that's what a fucking government means—

Then why aren't the laws on every single fucking space station or even the different sections of space stations wildly fucking different?

Okay, sure, maybe in the company's country where Murderbot was enslaved and born that SE units are

enslaved and you — nobody except SE units has guns in their arms because that's what the company says.

There's no fucking reason for every fucking other country in this entire setting, which is what all of these different corporations and space stations are meant to be — Why why is it still all illegal? Why do all the laws still apply?

It doesn't make fucking sense.

And why why are these people all allowed to freely travel wherever the fucking they want? Like, we get told every now and then a, uh, fucking handwavy “oh Murderbot. Um uhm just fakes stuff!”

That doesn't explain anybody else!

Getting on and off space fucking space stations or even just spaceships in this fucking setting when we're being told that all of these corporations are countries in and of themselves? That should be the same thing as going to another fucking country. It should be a big fucking deal that requires

insurmountable levels of paperwork and identification and money.

But again, all of this would require that Martha Wells be writing an actual fucking dystopia with anything to to think about or say, and she's not.

She's not writing a dystopia, because she's not actually criticizing anything.

As I said in the first half of this video, technically, um — half the time we're praising capitalism instead of criticizing it. This is just ridiculous.

Yeah, we're just it's just a fundamental lack of imagination and, and any, any care whatsoever about the world building to claim as a fucking fact that cannot be contradicted and will never be contradicted, that nobody would ever put guns in their arms.

As though that's not something that fucking people who do crimes would literally happily proudly *joyfully* kill for.

It's just so fucking ridiculous.

Especially because the entire plot of this book is dealing with a crime lady. She does crimes. She's already doing crimes. She's doing murder. She's doing blackmailing. She's doing attempted kidnapping. She's doing so many crimes. But I'm supposed to believe that people — her and people like her, and her bodyguards, would never ever, ever, *ever* put guns in their arms or even any other weapons like fucking claws.

There's a character from the actual fucking standalone novel, unlike books Martha Wells literally tells people are standalone and then it's a fucking lie because she doesn't fucking care.

What do you mean device is hot? Okay, phone. Get propped up. Useless pile of shit.

Let me blow on the fucking thing. It was — It said device is getting hot. Blah blah. It's It's not even — It's just lying.

I guess it's because I have it plugged in and doing a video and trying to upload another video I guess. I hate this phone.

Um, yeah, we're supposed to believe that people doing all of these crimes would just stop short of the crime that would let them do so many other crimes so much more easily.

Especially because we keep getting told over and over and over again that all of the goddamn security systems in this setting are absolute shit.

Like, this is just ridiculous.

There is a character in a standalone sci-fi novel from 70s or 80s. It's called Neuromancer. Her name is Mo — well, we, the character, main character calls her Molly. That's not her real name. That's the only name we know to call her by.

She — It's — This is also — Well, no, not also. This is an actual fucking capitalist sci-fi technolog— tech technologically uh future dystopia thing.

Molly as a character went out of her way to buy um, fucking to turn herself into a cyborg who has razor sharp fucking claws like knives that she can extend from under her fingernails.

She bought this and then had to work — I presume years I'm if I remember corre— remember, remember correctly, she had to work years uh, to pay off the debt from this, this thing, and like yeah that's the thing that's going to happen if you have the level of technology that exists in these fucking settings.

And in the Murderbot diaries this technology very clearly exists by evidence by Murderbot and every other fucking psych unit having guns in their arms, and not just guns in their arms, guns in their arms that literally never run out of fucking ammunition and never fucking, uh what's the word when a gun doesn't work? Jam. Yeah. They never jam. They never — There's never any fucking problem with them, ever.

They are 100% accurate.

They're 100% battery.

100% ammo.

They never have any failures of any kind.

And we're just supposed to just accept, um in Book Two, as a fact, for some reason, that nobody in this setting would ever go out of their way to get these for themselves.

Even though these are people who are doing crimes already, including murder and probably so much more.

Like, are we supposed to believe that Tlacey has just been a pure innocent totally never violated any crime before now little angel who's never done anything?

Because the way she's acting, she's a fucking crime boss. So, what?

There's just so many so many things wrong with the writing of this series.

Even beyond the bigotry, it's just such a fucking lack of imagination and basic grasp of how people work.

You could not you could not stop people from going out — especially criminal people who are very —

24

Still February 24th, 2026. Uh, the first video ended because I had been simmering ginger for a long fucking time on low heat to make it actually get soft and then I had to actually do the candying part, which is why I had to end the video.

Uh, then the second video I started recording and that was while this the first one was uploading to YouTube and I had to charge my phone.

So, my phone decided it was just going to get too hot, so it automatically ended the video.

Anyways,

let me look at my fucking list again one more fucking time before we continue.

Most stupid-basic tenant of writing or for just media analysis in general?

If the second you start thinking about something, even a tiny fucking bit, it falls apart, that means it's not good.

And I learned this lesson um as a kid watching BBC Sherlock, written by Steven Moffatt. Uh it took — I might — I've probably mentioned this multiple times.

It took so long for the third season to come out that by the time the third season came out, all of us kids who had been watching it and enjoying it because we didn't understand media analysis figured out media analysis by the time the fucking third one came out.

And we were already realizing all of the massive fucking problems with all of the episodes up to then.

And then it came — season three — where we were waiting for the explanation of how Murderbot — of how Sherlock — BBC Steven Moffat version of Sherlock — uh, survived his apparent suicide which is

matching the fucking ending of the books that Arthur Conan Doyle wrote because he meant to end the series. It wasn't meant to be a cliffhanger. That was meant to be the end.

So, we had years between seasons that are literally just miniseries, trying to figure out how he survived.

And then Steven Moffat came along in season 3 after all of us kids had been figuring out media analysis in the meantime, and decided to literally laugh in our fucking faces for daring to care about the story that he's telling *that he wants us to care about*.

So he, he, he literally made up fucking caricatures of fans to make fun of within the show and mock us for trying to solve the mystery that he had put in front of us.

So we stopped watching and, and we never watched anything by Steven Moffat willingly again without doing it for the sole purpose of criticizing his shit, because yeah, um kids are not very good at media analysis.

And once kids figure out that if you start thinking about something and it immediately stops making sense, it's over for you. You can't tell them shitty stories that don't make sense anymore.

Especially not when you're going to laugh in their faces like Steven Moffat literally did. He literally dedicated so much of the first episode of season 3 to mocking his audience. He literally put in characters made up to be audience surrogates to make fun of them and make fun of us as the audience.

So that was when I learned the basic lesson of “if it stops making sense the second you start thinking about it for more than 5 seconds, it's not good.”

And it's not secretly written bad on purpose either.

We jumped ship before that whole fiasco. Uh but people are doing that with The Murderbot Diaries as well.

Main point that I was leaving off with is that criminals would happily happily kill to get guns, laser guns

installed in their arms that have — that are undetectable, because Murderbot’s literally never been caught by a weapons scanner once in its fucking life.

Um, they're undetectable. It's not — They're not even visible. They're — They're completely unfucking visible. Nobody ever notices them.

Uh they they never fail, they never jam, they never glitch, nothing like that. They have limitless ammo.

We don't know what range they have, so as far as we know, you could use them to snipe somebody.

And yeah, these are just unstoppable overpowered laser guns that anybody in this universe could be getting installed in their fucking arms at any point.

And I'm — Martha Wells just expects me to believe that nobody, including known criminals who are, who are happy to violate so many other laws, including things like literally murdering people, uh, which is a lot worse than getting fucking guns in your arms—

And also, again, we we're we're told that the corporations make their own laws, but also magically, they're all follow — they all have the same exact fucking laws everywhere you go. It doesn't fucking make sense.

So like, even if we — even if having guns in your arms, putting guns in your arms were illegal, unless you were a fucking enslaved person, in which case you're — you're — they whatever.

If that were true in the corporation's territory and country where Murderbot is from, why would it be true everywhere else?

And why would it be true in the this place this is set where everything is laissez-faire?

There's — there's there's no fucking rules. It doesn't fucking make sense.

And it's just — it's just shit writing and just basic flaws in the world building where the author cannot give enough shits to even just think about how people

would actually act in this kind of setting or the setting that we're told this is.

But it's not actually —

— probably. I think I got interrupted.

But anyways, there's a character in fucking Neuromancer by I forget the author's name.

She literally has — she, she went out of her way to pay to get retractable razor sharp claws put under her fingernails that she can retract and extend at will like a fucking cat. And she p— she w— she, she had to work for years to pay off the debt from getting those things installed.

And that was legal for her to do, I think. Maybe not. I can't remember that part. Probably not. Probably not legal. Quasi, quasilegal.

Um, but again, these are — most of the people that Murderbot is dealing with in this series — that are not the disgustingly rich slave owners — are all criminals

who are breaking all these kinds of laws, including laws that are just about basic morality, like don't murder people.

So, why the fuck am I supposed to believe that they would they would not — They're they're fine with mur — the, the meme of — not even the meme, but like they're cool with murder, but they draw the line at putting unstoppable, undetectable, unlimited ammo laser guns in their arms, and I'm just supposed to believe that people are just not doing that.

Like imagine again, imagine if this series were well written, had, had anything to say about anything, and showed us some fucking minions of one of these these bad guys who, who have all been forced to get these laser guns in their arms by somebody who's not very good at the fucking surgery.

So, the guns have fucked up their arms. Like, maybe they can't use their hands as well. Maybe using the fucking gun is fucking agony because you're literally removing part of their arm every time they want to fire it.

But no, that would require any anything to be — that would require a conversation to be happening.

Instead, we are literally just supposed to turn our brains off and not think about anything and just absorb the vibes that Martha Wells wants us to ex to uh absorb, which is the idea that slave owners are awesome and should always be protected no matter what.

I literally just made a post today that says, "Yeah, the most basic proof that there is slavery apologism in the series is that 99% of the fandom will not admit that the Preservation Aux team are slave owners, and if they do admit that, then they'll insist that they're nice and good slave owners, which is pretty much the same thing as not being slave owned at all.”

Want to check the timestamps and see how long it took that person to ask?

And then I immediately had somebody unironically ask “when did PreservationAux own slaves. I'm not I'm not looking for an argument. I would just like

some textual evidence of of the slave owners being slave owners.”

Like that wasn't the entire plot of Book One and explicitly brought up multiple times throughout the series.

And like, yeah, that's literally the proof that the slavery apologism is working, because Martha Wells does tell us multiple times that they are literally Murderbot slave owners, but also she doesn't want us to think bad of them, which are two irre—irreconcilable fucking things.

You can't be a good person and a slave owner.

And this is why everybody has, again, this is why everybody reading the series who has a problem with slaves being murdered has to tell themselves “it's okay, because the other slaves, they're not people. The governor module suppresses their mind entirely. So, they're just mindless killing machines. That's why it's fine for Murderbot and the characters to continue fucking slaughtering them.”

Ronnie, stop it. That box is too small for you. Hey, come on. Look, you can sit in it like this.

Weirdo.

What was I saying?

[from offscreen] Suppresses their mind.

Yeah, people literally have to to convince themselves that the governor modules that all the other slaves have is suppressing their mind to the point that they're literally not people, which is why it's totally fine for Murderbot and the other protagonists to slaughter the other every single other slave we've met pretty much, and why Marth — it's okay for Martha Wells to expect us to cheer this on and think that the characters doing this are good people that we should cheer on, because they they they understand that “the author wants me to think this is a good person — character is a good person” and also “this character goes around murdering slaves on purpose viciously”, they know that those are two contradictory what's the word, two words.

What's the sentence? Uh, these things are mutually exclusive.

These are mut— mutually exclusive concepts.

Either the characters are good people who have morals, or the characters are people who willfully go out of their way to viciously murder and torture other slaves to death out of malicious spite.

Those are incompatible statements.

So most of the people who notice that and have a fucking problem with it have to convince themselves that it's fine, because the other slaves aren't people unless you free them, so it's it's totally fine to kill them.

And Martha Wells sees people saying this and then she gets pissed off and, and pretends that you are a bad person for saying, and — and you're willfully ignorant or whatever, for saying that the other slaves must not be people.

And it's like, okay, so you are literally asking your audience to be okay with murdering and torturing slaves to death while protecting slave owners at every cost, and you expect us to see that as positive.

And you are — you are dodging the way out that people are giving you, to insist that “yes, we have to be okay with killing slaves. Yes, they're fully fully interiorized people, but you want us to be okay with them being murdered and tortured to death by people who worship slave owners.”

Anyways, you're making yourself look worse.

Anyways, yeah. Um, let's fucking continue.

Just this bullshit.

> Humans can miss a lot of little clues. But me being able to fire energy weapons from my arms would be something of a red flag.

Why would it be though? Oh my god.

Click in 5 seconds to upload the next video to the internet archive.

It doesn't make sense. It just doesn't make sense. Tlacey is already down to commit murder. Why would she not be down? And why wouldn't everybody else on this clearly criminally run station who doesn't give a shit about laws?

Why would these people not be fine with having guns in your arms? Most of these people should be running around with guns in their arms. It's fucking ridiculous to pretend that nobody would ever do this.

But it's all just because of Martha Wells's ableism. She cannot fucking imagine that anybody would willingfully do this, do anything to ~taint their pure human purity~. Purness, a Real capital R humanity trademark symbol.

That's why — That's why she literally read Ancillary Justice and was inspired to write this fuckin bullshit, because she took the line where the character says, "Yeah, the the evil fucking space empire considers

people who have fucking prosthetics to not be human."

And Martha Wells took that as, "Yeah, you agree with me that people with prosthetics aren't human!"

Even though it's the fucking space colonizers, space Nazis that are the ones saying that shit, she literally agrees with them. And she also wants us to agree with the in universe slave owners in the book she's writing, because in an interview, she literally admits that the — fucking Murderbot and the other SecUnits, they literally are human and they are being dehumanized to justify enslaving them. And then she said — she literally admits that, and then immediately follows up up by trying to backtrack by literally dehumanizing them and saying, "Oh, um, but well, well, maybe maybe this enslaved — the people aren't human because, because they're physically disabled, because they were forcibly fucking mutilated and because they can't have biolog— because they can't presumably cannot have biological children!! So that makes them less than human!!!”

And it's like, it's, it's all just ableism, slavery, apologism, so much eugenics shit all the way down.

Yeah. The the fact that we're just supposed to accept without question nobody in this world would ever put laser guns that never fail and have unlimited ammo in their arms willingly, and and it's unheard of, nobody ever does that except for the enslaved people.

You're just a shit writer and you don't understand anything, and have no fucking creativity or imagination. That's just fucking ridiculous.

And like, this had to have gone through supposedly multiple editors. So why did nobody point this out to her? It's just fucking ridiculous. Blah blah blah.

> Something of a red flag. I diverted just enough attention to scan the security camera feeds for whatever it was that had pinged me.

It's really taken a long time on this loading page. That was like 3 minutes ago.

> I caught an image on a camera across the public area near one of the entrance tunnels. The figure standing near the edge of the seating area didn't match what I was expecting to see and I had to review it again before I understood.

Just — so what happened to immediate — Martha? We're on page 89 for the record. It was just on page 87, we were told that SecUnits instantly magically recognize each other despite Murderbot getting a surgery not to do that.

Are you ready for this?

[from offscreen] Uh what page was that mentioned?

That was page 87. We're now on page 89. Are you ready?

[from offscreen] I am prepared.

> The figure standing near the edge of the seating area didn't match what I was expecting

> to see, and I had to review it again before I understood. It wasn't wearing armor, and its physical configuration didn't match psych unit standard,

which we still haven't been told what that is, by the way. So not went through all this tor literal torture that it would rather have died and we now come across one that's just after we've been told that other SecUnits can still magically tell tell what it is — But now we're even contradicting that basic statement right there to say um, Murderbot also literally can't instantly recognize this this other slave because it's not SecUnit standard.

Even though we just said that — even though Murderbot is no longer SecUnit standard, any other SecUnit can still magically instantly recognize it for 5 seconds of drama.

She literally can't keep anything straight for even two fucking pages.

[from offscreen, sarcastically] Instantly recognized it even though it wasn't SecUnit standard because of the innate fucking durable chips or whatever that magical force force bond thing that they've all got going. Apparently the —

What are the fuck mediclorans?

Yeah.

What does this button do? What does it do when you switch it down? Is it just make the light flash? It says Bluetooth. So, how is that different from just being on mouse? Maybe it's a more advanced version of Bluetooth for people who have really really like fast computers. Okay. Well, I'm trying to turn the mouse off.

Yeah. So, we've we literally just on page 87, Martha Wells went out of her way to tell us, "Oh, by the way, psych units can instantly recognize Murderbot despite it not being psychunit standard. And now it's seeing another slave who's not SecUnit standard and cannot instantly recognize it.

Why did she tell us that then? Why did she just say that shit two pages ago?

She literally — she literally couldn't be consistent if it were if it were p— if cons— the concept of fucking consistency took on human form and punched her in the fucking face. Oh my god.

It wasn't I—

> The figure standing near the edge of the seating area didn't match what I was expecting to see, and I had to review it again before I understood. It wasn't wearing armor, and its physical configuration didn't match SecUnit standard. It had a lot of hair, silver with blue and purple on the ends, pulled back and braided like tans, but in a much more complicated pattern. Its facial features were different from mine, but all units faces features are different. assigned randomly based on the human cloned material that's used to make our organic parts.

Then how are other SecUnits able to magically look at Murderbot and magically tell that it's a SecUnit despite it getting a surgery and getting hair extensions and shit to and eyebrows to — what?

How did this get published besides — who edited it? Let's fucking find — I bet it's Lee Harris who can't fucking —

[from offscreen] Who's won awards for editing.

Yeah. Edited by Lee Harris. Lee Harris who also supposedly edited Rappor which very clearly was not looked at by anybody but Martha Wells.

And if it was — Is Lee Harris just another pseudonym? Like—?

[from offscreen] No. He's apparently an awardwinning editor. Apparently.

Lee Harris has won awards for editing despite not only this book and the first book existing, where we literally have an entire conversation that makes zero

fucking sense because Martha Wells contradicts herself five times within three pages? Um, Rapport friendship, solidarity, communion, empathy, whatever the fucking — the stupid fanfiction title is. There's literally so many blatant typos and fucking misspellings and wrong fucking punctuation in that.

And that's also claiming to have been edited by Lee Harris.

> Its facial—

So apparently all SE units look different from one another. Then how would the other hypothetical SE units magically recognize Murderbot as a SE unit if they don't all look the same and it doesn't match SEU unit standard and it has fucking hair and eyebrows and it's running a program to make it act like an autistic human as though it's not already an autistic human or just, you, know basic neurodedivergent human? Because not all humans act the fucking same and emote the same.

But you know, Martha Wells is fucking ableist and we're supposed to pretend that the idea of humans with, you know, just even PTSD or autism, ADHD, literally any number of things, they don't we don't we don't exist.

We just don't exist. It's impossible to imagine humans who act different from neurotypicals. But, you know, ableism.

So literally, we're literally told on page 87 ~SecUnits would magically be able to look at me and tell I'm a SecUnit despite me getting a torturous surgery. Literally being tortured to prevent that from happening.~

But now also because this fucking other slave is not SecUnit standard, Murderbot can't instantly recognize them as another slave.

Make it make sense. It's so fucking ridiculous.

> Its arms were bare and there was no metal showing and no gunports. This was not a sex unit. I was looking at a sex bot

and ignoring for 5 seconds the blatant hatred of fucking sex trafficking victims and sex workers, what do you mean there's no metal showing and no gunports? What does that even fucking mean? Because again, we've never been given a proper description of what makes somebody a sex unit. We don't know what fucking percentage of Murderbot's body is cybernetic and what is organic.

This is ridiculous.

[from offscreen] We didn't even know that it has metal on its arms until we're told somebody else doesn't.

Yep. Yeah. And again, Murderbot disparaging sex slaves as sex bots simultaneously just dehumanizing them, and then at the end of this book, it starts calling them by a fucking euphemism that makes it sound like they're not victims in any way and just —

cutesy little name as — and Martha Wells wants us to think that that's an improvement.

That's not a fucking improvement. Now you're just hiding.

First, we are victim blaming them by, by calling them — and dehumanizing them and victim blaming them by calling them sex bots, implying that this is a thing they're choosing because it's “what they're for” and it's bad for them and *it's bad for them to choose it*, and we should hate them and think they're disgusting.

And then the end thing is, “oh, actually, we're just going to call them by this cutesy little name and pretend like they're not victims of of rape or sex trafficking or anything, cuz we're, we're going to give what they're the, the fucking torture they're going through, the horrors that they're going through, we're going to give it a cutsie little name. They're comfort units now!”

That's that's not progressive. That's that's just just fucking horrifying and horrific.

And as I've said multiple times, I'm pretty sure the fucking reason they they will never come up ever again in this entire goddamn series —Not once —and I'm pretty unless they do in enshitification, also known as platform decay.

Literally a synonym, the original word for enshitification.

I'm pretty fucking sure somebody had to sit Martha Wells down and tell her, "You cannot keep doing this shit. You cannot keep fucking demonizing and dehumanizing victims of sex trafficking like this. Do not ever fucking say that shit again”. Because they've never come up since.

I was looking at a sex bot.

Are you ready for the confirmation from your thing? This is just prose. Murderbot's not saying in dialogue that's a sexbot. It's just “I was looking at a sexbot.”

That is not the official designation. ART said

Murderbot hasn't said anything out loud. It hasn't said anything on the feed. It's literally just thinking, and ART is just reading its fucking mind.

ART is responding to the narrative. ART is literally responding to Murderbot's unconscious fucking thoughts.

Not, not something Murderbot has said out loud. Not something Murderbot has said on the feed. ART is just fucking reading Murderbot's mind right now.

Yeah, you're welcome. You're literally fucking correct.

> The official—

And then this is again just more prose.

> The official designation is comfort unit, but everybody knows what it what that means.

And again, that's what Martha Wells is going to pretend is a reward for the victims of sex slavery at the end of this series, being being given a fucking

euphemism that everybody knows what it means. But it sounds cutesy, so apparently that makes it complimentary.

> Sex bots aren't allowed to walk around in human areas without orders anymore than murder bots. Someone must have sent it here. ART poked me hard enough to make me twitch. I snapped out of it and ran my recording back a little to catch up on what was happening.

My phone was making random staticky lines.

> Tlacey had stepped forward. And just why do you need a security consultant?

And again with the whole Martha Wells keeps conveniently giving her characters telepathy and all this shit so that she never has to actually limit her characters and what they can do and what they can say to each other in certain situations or have any kind of strategy.

Murderbot can literally just rewind the fucking camera as far as everything else concerned. As far as Murder— as far as everybody else is concerned, Murderbot can just fucking rewind time because it can magically watch video at in in — likem 5 minutes of video in 2 seconds flat.

Even though that's that's not how that works.

So that so that there's no actual strategy or even in in the writing of the scene, let alone in the scene itself.

Murderbot doesn't have to pay for any mistakes like getting distracted and fucking up.

No, it it everything gets handed to it, including not— it literally doesn't have to pay attention to what's going on because it can just rewind its fucking constant surveillance state shit that it is constantly doing that Martha Wells wants us to think is cool.

Once again, semi video rem reminder that Martha Wells literally throughout this series wants us to think

that “if you don't want to be spied on and recorded by cameras and microphones wherever you go—”

[from offscreen] by Amazon Alexa

And yeah — “if you don't want to be spied on by Amazon Alexa, that means you're mean to the poor autistic robots and you're racist against robots, but not in any of the racist against robots ways that actually matter, like enslaving them and thinking that they aren't human even though they're literally not robots and they are literally humans. Um, no. The, the, the thing that's bad about being mean to robots is that you should let them spy on you and record your every conversation, including in the privacy of your own bedroom, in your own fucking home, including literally but — and if you don't let Murderbot do that, then you're mean to Murderbot and you should feel bad!”

It's literally just fucking propaganda for the surveillance state despite Book One pretending to think that *that's bad*.

> Tlacey had stepped forward and just why do you need a security consultant?

Literally, Murderbot doesn't even have to pause whatsoever and miss any part of this conversation. It's such bullshit.

What? Okay, it gets worse.

Have you been paying attention?

[from offscreen] No. I heard that last part, but not anything else leading up to that. Imagine a Murderbot just got stuck after it keeps rewinding its feed and then just gets stuck experiencing everything on a delay.

Uh huh. Extra bad people. Uhhuh. Um, okay. So, that whole thing of Murderbot can rewind time.

> Okay. Um, Tlacey had stepped I I ran my recording back a little to catch up on what was happening. Tlacey had stepped forward and just Why do you need a security consultant?

Are you ready?

> Rami took a breath. I hit her feed, secured a private connection between Turan and Maro and told her, "Don't answer that. Don't mention the attempt on the shuttle. Just stick to business."

Meaning it's been like five seconds in the conversation apparently, literally just in the span between um “who the fuck are you” and “this is my our security consultant” and toacy saying “and why do you need a security consultant” That's the amount of time that's apparently passed so, how, how many paragraphs of internal narration and shit is that? How many pages is it between the start of the conversation?

This This is our security consultant. That line is right here. It's all of this and all of this to right here. Right here is where ART poked me so hard I twitched. See, this is like— this is a, this is a fanfiction.

This is a first draft issue that a lot of fanfictions have. This is an issue new fanfiction writers have. But she's been writing since the fucking 90s.

> I hit her feed. Secured a private connection between Turan and Maro.

As though it didn't already have that. But we're just — we're just — Hold on. Did it say Rami's name before saying Tur or only referring to our Rami took a breath. I hit her feed blah blah blah.

Okay. Because like for a moment there I thought that Martha Wells was exclusively referring to with two pronouns. Nope. To like show off music. Nope.

> And told her, "Don't answer that. Don't mention the attempt on the shuttle. Just stick to business." It was an impulse. Tlacey had come here expecting an angry confrontation. That was why she had brought armed bodyguards. We had an advantage now. We weren't dead and they were off balance and we wanted to keep them that way.

Even though we got told Murderbot doesn't know anything about any of this and it's just making it all up as it goes along. But somehow it can figure this out. Even though that doesn't work because these people are hardened criminals who know what they're doing and these are random fucking rich researchers who probably also don't even grasp the concept of hanging up your laundry to dry.

[from offscreen] I mean, they were literally doing this shit in their downtime on

No, they were getting paid for it. Not even on their downtime. They got paid to do this shit!

> Rami let the breath out, tapped my feed in acknowledgement, then said, "We're here to talk about our files." Maro, who had realized what I was trying to do, told Rami, "Keep going. Don't even let them sit down." Sounding more confident, Rami continued, "Deleting our personal work was not part of our employment contract, but we'll agree to your proposal that we return our signing bonus in exchange for

> our files." On the security cameras, I watched the sex bot turn and leave the public area via the tunnel directly behind it. Tlacey said, "The entire bonus?" She clearly hadn't expected them to agree. Maro

And again like saying she clearly that's fine because that's saying an observable fucking thing about her behavior instead of mind reading her. Most of the other times, Martha Wells is just having the characters magically start fucking mind reading and saying shit they have no fucking reason to be saying, and then they're always magically right anyways.

[from offscreen] Head hopping. Yeah, that's what I mean. Mind reading.

[from offscreen] Oh, I mean that that's the official literary term to describe that hopping.

> I'm calling it mind reading. Anyways, Maro leaned forward. We opened an account with UMRO to hold the funds. We can transfer it to you as soon as you give us the files.

> Tlacey's jaw moved as she spoke in her private feed. The two bodyguards eased back. Tlacey stepped over and took a chair at my client's table. After a moment, Rami sat down and Tap Pan and Maro followed suit.

So, whatever happened to don't even let them sit down and keep them off balance? We're just giving control of a situation right back after pretending to be ~so clever~ and claiming we have control of the situation.

So much so that they stated it out loud. Literally stated it out loud. “Don't even let them sit down.” And now they're sitting down and you're following suit.

So there goes any attempts at pretending to be a political drama and, and, and scheming and shit.

> I kept part of my attention on the negotiation and went back to the public feed. I started pulling historical data, looking for any irregular activity. Around the time of my contract here

— Mr Lupon, you have toys to play with. You don't need to bother him. He's just chasing Mr. Caris cuz he wants to play with his tail. Look, dude. Lookie lookie. You got a little toy. Come here. Who play with the Mr. Cliff is going to get you from. Get it from you. Get it. Get that cupcake with a feather. Why is it a cupcake? I thought it was a weird mouse with a tutu, but it's a cupcake.

I love it. Huh? Which part?

Where? Where the ribbons broke off. Oh, okay.

Yeah.

We — We literally made such a big deal about “Oh, we're so in control of this situation. There's drama.” And then give that up. Literally the like, literally at the top of this page:

> Sounding more confident. Rami said

blah blah blah. It — like — this

this isn't a negotiation, and it's just — why do we pretend we're doing that kind of thing and then immediately drop it on the very next page and hand control of the conversation back over to these people and then not one person here has anything to say about that. Like, “oh well, at least we tried.”

Nothing. Nothing. Murderbot's not even paying attention anymore.

You know, if the main character can't even be bothered to give a shit about the plot that's happening, maybe that's a sign that it's a bad fucking plot and you should throw it in the garbage.

> While my clients,

and again, you must always read the word clients as slave owners because that's what it means, explicitly. That's what it means.

> While my slave owners were talking and while I sorted through the data with ART peering over

> my shoulder again, I was watching the security cameras.

So, we're pretending that, that Murderbot is just doing all of these things at once, even though we were just told less than a page ago that it can't even multitask enough to the point of fucking looking at somebody through the community security cameras and pay attention to the conversation at the same time. That was literally over here. And now over here, we're pretending it can actually do five things at once, because Martha Well is shit at writing and doesn't actually want to limit the characters, because that would require having to come up with creative solutions to get them out of situations that they get into.

But no, nope. Instead, they can just do anything they want.

> I was watching the security cameras. I noted two more potential threats enter the area. Both were augmented humans. I had noted three

> potential threats already sitting at adjacent tables.

In parentheses,

> all three exhibited a curious lack of attention toward the confrontation occurring near the center of the seating area. The other humans and augmented humans in the immediate area had watched it with open or surreptitious curiosity.

End parenthesis. At least that parenthesis ends.

So many things to say here. It's like now we're being told a long after the fact that oh, some people are are watching them, but nobody's actually responding correctly to what is very clearly a fight that was about to break out in violence. Nobody responded. Oh, now they're just watching with with open or surreptitious curiosity instead of immediately calling all of their fucking bodyguards.

Cuz remember, we were told that people come here to do business, business meetings for rich fucking fancy people.

Because again, remember, this is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia. There's no such thing as mom and pop stores. The only people doing business are rich fuckers. There's no there's no mom and pop business meetings. It's all rich people.

> ART poked me. I see it. I told it the search had turned up a series of notices posted around the right time frame. There were warnings that change that changes in shipments of raw materials and supplies to outlying installations would cause diversions in the passenger tube routes.

In parenthesis,

> The tube was a smallcale transit system that took passengers around the port and service centers and had private lines going out to closer to the closer mining installations.

End parenthesis.

> Later notices mentioned a new route that had been constructed to compensate for the diversion. That was it. Reading between the lines, you could see that the service contractors had had to build a new tube

had had

> to build a new tube route to bypass the tunnels that had led to a mining installation that had abruptly closed. That had to be the site of Ganaka Pit.

But I thought we weren't trying to erase this from the population's memory, just hide it from casual reporters! So why are we building an entire new fucking train system and digging an entire new tunnel? Ext — literally extremely expensive ex— going to require so many fucking resources.

So, first of all, they're not concerned enough about this shit to actually do a cover up properly, but they

simultaneously are concerned enough about it to spend all the ridiculous amounts of money to build an entire new tunnel and train system instead of like—

There's no reason for this. It's not like there was some kind of goddamn irres —irreoverable radiation contamination or a plague outbreak or anything!

There is no reason for this. This doesn't make any sense. This could make this could make sense. Like if, if, if the fucking thing that caused all the fucking was the alien remnants, the fucking xenomorph goop and, and just fucked everything up irreparably.

But in in that case, if it's dramatic enough that you need to build an entire new fucking — you need to dig an entire tunnel, build an entire new train track and get trains running on that track.

[to cat] Hello. Don't sneeze on my phone. Okay. You going to lay down with your cute little soft fur? Thank you. This is Polychrome. She's probably going to sneeze on my face. Please don't. You're so pretty and your fur's so soft.

Imagine if The Murderbot Diaries were actually told in like a diary format. And all of these par — parathetical aides were like literal footnotes at the bottom of the page added in or in the margins.

You could literally even put it in the you just fucking hand write it and write the fucking and print it like that.

So, so somehow the incident um was not dramatic enough to actually do anything to hide it. We're not going to pay people to stay quiet or anything. You could just walk up to literally anybody who's been here long enough and ask them and they'd be able to freely tell you cuz we're not trying to hide it. Just, just make it—

[from offscreen] The good old company.

The Yeah. “The good old company would never try to hide it!”.Yeah. The company would never try to hide it. They're just trying to hide it from casual reporters. Even though casual reporters interview people, they don't— tabloids! Literally, they don't — Casual

reporters just ask people basic questions instead of doing all spy hackery shit and all this shit/

And, but also — it is enough that they're going to dig an entire new tunnel which requires so much raw material and so much fucking labor and so many fucking materials to be brought in and technology to build new train tracks and, and, and put a whole new trains line in instead of just using the existing one.

As I — again before I got distracted by the cat.

There's there's no reason for this.

Sorry for spoilers if you haven't read these books before. I'm going to give you some spoilers.

Um I'll I'll just hold my hand like this. You can mute the video and you can unmute it when I put my hand down if you don't want spoilers. Uh sucks for you if you're reading the transcript. I don't know what to tell you.

Um there's there's nothing in the the Ganaka pit despite the dramatic theme.

There's nothing in there that is in any way dramatic. Like, there's no, there's no demon plague that's been unleashed. There's no computer virus still jumping between all the fucking computers and only desperately trapped there by somebody unplugging the Wi-Fi or something.

There's there's no plague. There's no radiation. There's nothing down there for anything that needs to be covered up in any way. It— there's no reason for this whatsoever. Like, this isn't even the kind of thing that would require a cover up.

It just — it, it fundamentally doesn't make sense for them to be trying to cover this shit up.

Um the spoilers are is some other company tried to sabotage the company that owned Murderbot at the time. Um, and then their sabotage turned into a massacre, apparently “by accident”, because Martha Wells is again doing corporate propaganda and trying

to pretend like corporations never do evil things on purpose.

So why would the company who was sabotaged to the point of a massacre want to cover up the fact that the other company did this shit to them and caused a fucking massacre that they had no hand in?

That's the exact opposite of a thing you would want to cover up. You would want that to be as public as fucking possible to get their fucking people arrested or whatever since we're pretending you all follow the same laws.

Anyways, you can uncover or unmute it now.

Um, yeah, this is just so contradictory.

We're — we're — it's, it's, it's secret enough of a cover up we got to dig an entire new train tunnel instead of using the existing trains. Even though this is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia, the thing capitalists care about is profit. This doesn't make sense.

[[from offscreen] In an actual capitalist dystopia, it would be a dangerous strange synthetic that's putting off radiation that kills people over time and they're still sending their workers through there because that's the cheapest option and their workers are infinitely replaceable and cheap. Yeah. You know, like the Radium Girls. Yeah.

If this were actually a capitalist dystopia, in case none of that was audible, if this were actually a capitalist dystopia, it would be deadly radiation or xenomorph goop that's just constantly flying out of that tunnel. And they keep the train going through anyways because they don't give a shit about their workers.

But it's not a capitalist dystopia. So, so they, they're just throwing endless money at the problem enough to build an entirely brand new tunnel and train system for no reason, even though they have a perfectly functioning one right there.

Uh, blah blah.

> Reading between the lines, you could see that the service contractors had had to build a new tube route to bypass the tunnels that had led to a mining installation that had been abrupt that had abruptly closed. That had to be the site of Ganaka Pit. Other pit closures have been accompanied by local interest articles and excessive social feed interest in bankruptcy filings and the effect

you sound so weird.

> and the effect on the associated service companies. There was nothing like that about this closure. Someone had paid to have those postings deleted from the public feed.

So, we're saying that people were posting this shit on space Facebook and all of their posts got deleted.

But then we're still pretending that nobody else on the, the station has noticed any of this, like this wouldn't cause the most massive uproar imaginable

for you deleting people's face space Facebook posts about a mine closing after a massacre.

What? So — we're — so we're not — they weren't — “they wouldn't be trying to erase it from the general population's memory.”

But you're also deleting their space Facebook posts about it from literally only four years ago?

A massacre that most of these people probably had friends and family who were fucking massacred in, and you deleted their posts about the massacre from their fa their space Facebook, and we're supposed to believe nobody's — this isn't causing any problems?!

There's no backlash, and they're explicitly not paying people not to care about it??

Not even “there was a notice for um an extra uh off station transit ships. A whole bunch of people from the lower mining classes had been uh suddenly offered lucrative jobs on the sister station or whatever a station far several solar systems away.” You know,

getting rid of the witnesses, paying off the witnesses, giving them all fucking paid vacations to some slightly nicer place?

Nothing.

So, so there was a massacre only four years ago. People's Facebook posts about it were all mysteriously deleted. Uh, we're just — Martha Wells —

[from offscreen] Freshmen in high school would only be graduating high school by the end of this time period. There could be

Yeah.

[from offscreen] Literal children.

You can say that louder just for

[From offscreen] To put that into perspective. If you if, if there were kids on this station because child labor and capitalist dystopia, you would expect them

to be commenting child labor. Uh the equivalent of high school freshmen when this massacre happened would only be seniors in high school graduating high school. Literally by this time period, how long the time? Four years. Four years between a massacre. So, like nothing.

Again, if it falls apart the second you think about it, it's badly written.

[to cat] You're — Can you just scoot over just a little bit so I can put my arm down? Just scoot. Just scoot a little bit. Thank you. Look at the camera. Let's look this way. Hey, Miss Softur. She's not going to look at the camera. Now she is. Look at that face. Her poor stuffy nose. She's staring at the camera now intently. All right. Excuse me.

> Um, yeah, there was nothing like that about this closure. Someone had paid to have those posts postings deleted from the public feed.

Meaning everybody had their Facebook and Tumblr and Twitter and blue what do you call blue sky blue

sky things? Whatever all the other social media sites, they had their MySpace I don't know if you post on MySpace like that.

They had their MySpace posts about the massacre deleted. All of them. All of them got deleted.

It, it presumably also including the post saying, "Hey, did anybody else notice all of their posts about the fucking massacre got deleted?" Apparently those also get deleted.

And, and so on and so forth. "Hey, I keep trying to post about my posts about the massacre being deleted and they keep getting deleted!"

Now, imagine if this were a sci-fi dystopia that were competently written by — a dystopia, not a sci-fi — sci-fi dystopia written by somebody who actually gives a shit and has something to say.

And the, the, the effect of this shit going on here, where your posts about the massacre get deleted, you know what you would start doing?

People would start talking in code. They would just come up with a fucking code to discuss this shit that would avoid the fucking automatic filters that are deleting their posts explicitly talking about the massacre.

But that doesn't happen, um, because Martha Wells is bad at writing isn't actually writing a dystopia, because she doesn't actually have anything to criticize and doesn't understand how, how this shit works in any way.

Just because you delete — like, so fucking ridiculous.

Deleting social media posts about a massacre, um, doesn't mean people don't know about the massacre, especially when it was a huge fucking thing that only happened four years ago.

And presumably all the people are still here, because there's no mentions of everybody being shipped off on mass to multiple things or, you know, executed since it's apparently such a big secret they got to — they're

going to invest in all the money to build a new fucking subway system.

> Someone had paid to have those postings deleted from the public feed. The conversation was concluding. Tlacey stood up, nodded to my clients.

So, we're not rewinding this time, though, because um Martha Wells herself got tired of that shit.

> Tlacey stood up, nodded to my slave owners, my clients, and walked away from the table. Rami's expression was a grimace of doubt. Maro looked grim and to pan somewhere between confused and angry.

Do you happen to have that quote on hand? What with all the 17 characters?

[from offscreen] Uh, the Raksura one?

Yes.

[from offscreen] That was literally from somebody's good reads review. So, I don't think.

Darn.

This time there's only three characters being mentioned. Are you looking for it?

[from offscreen] Yes.

Okay. Wait. I don't know any other name. Might have a I think Bell was mentioned there. Oh, okay. I found it. Okay.

Just read loudly. Feetctor headache.

Hold on. Wait. Let me give you an introduction. So, let me read this parag this short little thing here quick. We're just going at “the anime round table” as we're calling it, of every single character's reaction to the thing that just happened.

Rami's expression was a grimace of doubt. Maro looked grim and to pan somewhere between confused and angry.

Okay, this is — Martha Wells does this all the fucking time, no matter how many characters there are and no matter whether or not their reaction even remotely makes fucking sense. See System Collapse.

Now, are you ready? Go.

[from offscreen] Uh, I'll let you read it in a second. I'm going to put it on the TV.

Okay, never mind. I'm going to be reading it. It's going on the other screen.

[to cat] Your poor little stuffy nose.

It's all originally one paragraph, — each action to its own. It's — what I'm about to read is all originally one paragraph.

They're being nice enough to separate it so I can actually fucking read it.

And the number of names is highlighted. Okay, here's here's a here's a single fucking paragraph where this shit happens in Martha Wells's other series, The Books of the Raksura.

And no, of these names, one, two, three, four of the names we're about to read are are actual characters. The rest is just fucking, oh my god.

Are you ready?

Florette jerked her head at Coil, who leapt to fetch the map and carry it to Zephyr. Frost saw Vine take a deep breath and lean against Sage, who shook his head incredulously. Heart rubbed her face and reached for the forgotten to pot to refill the arbora's cups. Bell gave Frost a one-armed hug, and she had to fight down the impulse to climb into his lap. If she did that, Pearl would never think she was old enough to attend a meeting again. Not until Frost was older than Jade. Celadon watched Malachite carefully. And

after a moment, Malachite picked up the teacup and drank.

How many names are there? 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12. There's 12 names there. Only four of them are characters. And one of those is a fucking background character. Frost is a background character. Pearl is also — is a minor character. Jade is a major character. Malichite, I don't know. She's kind of a side character. She doesn't really do much, but she's there.

Uh, Floret, Coil, Zephyr, Vine, Sage, Heart, Bell, and Celadon? Those are — they're they're cardboard cutouts. They're meaningless. You could interchange all of those names and it would be just as fucking meaningless. Oh my god.

[from offscreen] Person who who included this exact quote from the book in their review said, "Fun series overall, but I'm completely overwhelmed by the now ever expanding list of named characters, all of whom to belong to various factions that are impossible to keep straight. I would be shocked if there were fewer than 100 names in just the 50% of this book that I

managed to read. It is too much. No one has space to change or grow because we're completely bloated with secondary tertiary slash quartinary characters that do not need to be mentioned.” Yep.

We can — you can send me that link and I'll just put it the a link to that review in I don't think I posted an actual but you can you can just search Bell or Floret because nobody else is going to mention Floret in their review because she's not a fucking character.

Yep. You know, when when animes like Bleach do that kind of thing, it's because they have to desperately pad the run time because there's only so much of the manga that's already written that they have to try and keep pace with. And also, they're animating. That's much more fucking difficult and time conuming than writing.

Also, I can — I actually know most and recognize and can tell you the powers and or backstory and personalities of most of the characters, the the characters in Bleach Cardboard at least.

I mean, I could probably recognize them. We can just play a game at some point.

You can just pick a bunch of Bleach characters and I'll say if I know who the fuck they are.

Uh, Bleach has 50 million characters. I don't care about 90% of them. But I will say they at least stand out and are distinct fucking characters, not only in their personalities, but their actual designs.

Anyways, yeah, that ridiculousness.

I How many characters? One, two. I can't really count it though. Well, we can't really show that.

What did you search to find that?

Um, Bleach character lineup. Bleach. Just search Just Google search Bleach character lineup, I guess.

Did somebody edit that together? Because I don't think that's official. But that's a very good edit except for Mr. Bat. He just kind of looks awkward, but I

guess he's kind of always awkward. They put Yurui and they they put in all those shadows. That's a very Whoever edited this, assuming it's not official, is very talented.

Uh, it's from someone named Cino in 2010. Uh, C I N O from 2010. You're very talented at Photoshop. Um, anyways, there's like 100 people. There's how many? You can just put it in MS Paint and just draw numbers over their faces to count them.

[cat sneezes] Bless you.

Or just do colored dots in groups of 20 and then count by 20s.

Uh, yeah. So, we've just been told and also we yeah, we just had all of the three random generic humans who are completely interchangeable and mean nothing to the story. They all just had their little reactions to uh whatever just happened cuz Murderbot is not rewinding even though it just did that, so you would think we would keep doing that and at least be consistent with that, but nope. Nope.

[to cat] All right, little baby. I got to move you because I need to be able to move my elbow right where you are sitting. So, come here. Come here. I'm not going to drop you. Can I give her to you? Sure. There you go.

So, they all just reacted. But none of these characters have ever come up again in the series. They never appeared ever again from this book. And also, they're all completely interchangeable. They have no personalities. They bring nothing to the story. There's no reason for there to be three goddamn characters here. Maro is so unmentioned that I don't even remember who that is 90% of the time while I'm actively reading it.

> I closed the search and stepped over to the table. Watching Tlacey and her bodyguards leave, Rami said, "It was a bad idea to come here." Tapan proed protested. She said tomorrow. Dot dot dot. Maro shook her head. It's more lies. She isn't going to give us the files. She could have done it here if she was going to do it. She could have done it over the

> comm while we were on the transit ring. She looked up at me. I wasn't sure I believed you about the shuttle, but now dot dot dot. Hi, T. I was keeping track of my potential threat list on the security cameras. We need to go, I told them. We'll talk about this somewhere else. As we left, one potential threat got up to follow us. I tapped ART to keep an eye on the others, just in case they weren't innocent bystanders so deep in their feeds, they really hadn't noticed anything.
> I had marked a few possible routes on the station map, and my favorite one was

This doesn't make any fucking sense at all. I'm tell I'm warning you ahead of time. What's about to happen doesn't fucking make any goddamn sense. It's just — It doesn't make any sense.

This is so ridiculous. Like, do you — This just just so —it doesn't make sense.

How many are you at so far?

Uh Oh, wait. There's 43 characters on this thing.

Uh huh.

And I can I might not know all of their exact names, but I do know who they are. accurately who they I do know who they are. 43 people. There's 43 people in the Bleach lineup image that we found that's by Ceno. C I N O made in 2010. Uh very well edited together. Uh Cardboard says probably can't remember all of their names, but does know who they are in general. A thing that cannot be said about most Martha Wells characters — as as few as eight Martha Wells characters, because we still don't know — we don't know what Rathi's first name is.

We don't know any of the PreservationAux team's first names, let alone what their goddamn jobs are besides Pin Lee as a lawyer and Mensah was the president of the entire planet of slave owners, but we're not supposed to uh ever think about that or question that or question what the fuck her goddamn uh, campaign platform was that she got elected on a planet of fucking slave owners and then she quit.

She didn't even get impeached. She quit.

As a correction, I do recognize every single person in this image.

Can you say all of their names?

I can't say all of their names with 100% complete confidence, but we have just we're uh going to list off all of the names recognized from this Bleach character lineup just to show that you don't get to see unless you Google it. Yeah, you got to Google it. Google Bleach character lineup Cino 2010. I don't know.

Um to show the difference between having a bunch of characters who actually have fucking personalities, and then meanwhile Martha Wells just just slapping names on fucking pieces of cardboard in the background.

All right, if you want you can walk up to the TV.

Let's try it.

Try not to give you motion sickness. All right. Uh, you have to stand to the other side. No, it's not going to work cuz I can't see. All right, just use your imaginations or Google it.

We have now we have literally just forgot her name, but she's short. She's angry. I think she kicks people in the face. She hits people in the face with a sandal, too. Uh, and then we have I think her name No, she's not love. She's super duper hyper. She's a cool little killer bee as a Hollow. I love her crazy hair. Uh she loves reading or she's just like in general super crazy hip hop girl. Uh Kenpachi, Yachiru, I I haven't count I'm not counting anymore but continue just talk loud. Yeah. Kimpachi. We have Yiro Precious Zan Pakto secretly which is apparently apparently the author hasn't figured that out yet. Apparently not canon.

What the fuck do you mean?

Somehow. Um, I literally just forgot her name, but she's a cool shark lady who unfortunately super sexualized. Everyone headcampms her to be a lesbian. Good for her. RIP to the um Shinji, who is in a

rivalry with short stuff, hotteer lady who she beats him over the head with the sandal a lot. Um, I literally don't remember what this girl's name is, but she is canonically a lesbian and she likes reading uh racy manga out in public when they're just hanging out in the warehouse when everybody else can see her. Uh, Ichimaru Gin, creepy fox, smiley guy. Um, actual literal fox or maybe wolf guy. I think he's a fox, but I don't remember. Yeah, I always thought he was like a werewolf, but I don't know what the explanation for that is. Um, Captain Kamura. Pretty sure that's his name. I know his name. Uh, Ragu. This guy's name I'm pretty sure. Love. He's the magic dude at the visor. I don't know what his Hollow form looks like exactly, but I'm pretty sure he is um Hat and Clog's assistant's mentor. Uh, or he may I don't like that they put pink on his fucking mustache. It's cuz or he dyed it. It seems like it seems pink. It seems like they want to do the the donut. Oh, his entire mustache is pink. Yeah, his whole all everything's pink. He's got Okay. But it seems like they're trying to do the donut lips thing. I would not be surprised. Uh yeah. Uh cuz you know, Japan. They do have an holo random oneoff RN

car who's very a golly. Yeah. Uh, orime Soyon. There's a million in one ways to spell her name in English and nobody can decide on how to spell it. Uh, Kishke. Oh, wait. Hat and Clogs is on here twice, I think, cuz he's also No, I didn't see him anywhere. He's over here. Okay. Oh, they cheated. They put They put the See, no, you cheated a little bit. You put Hat and Clogs twice. We got Captain Hat and Clogs and Shopkeeper Hat and Clogs. Both are the same. Yeah, they also put Yucci twice, but I can understand that cuz she little cat. Uh, and then we have uh Hitigaya, little Captain Kid with a big giant badass ice. You can just say their names or whatever or just a short version of their backstory. Captain,

I don't think Momo is on here. Anyways, Captain Eisen is on here. Maybe this guy is the one that's named Love. Either way, he's a visor. He dresses up like the vampireless stack. He's got oldfashioned and long hair and _ I don't think he is. Nell's on here a second time as well. Yeah, they got two ver they have two hat and clogs and two nails and two Euroisi. And two Euroisi. Um we have Where's Yurui at? The

second time over here is a kitty cat. Yeah. Where where the where is she the first time? Oh, never mind. You highlighted her. Okay, never mind. Continue. Um, Captain with the unspecified lung disease that's most likely tuberculosis. Yeah, Ukitake. I couldn't remember which one it was. It was I remember the name. Uh, Jush Ukitake and um I just forgot your name. Sad drunk guy in the kimono. Who's his bestie? Everyone had cans of to be in a relationship. Well, they're gay. Um, Hagi. I don't know that guy. His or maybe this is Hagi. One of these two is Hagi. The guy with the gray hair has 69 tattooed on his cheek. I thought he was bald. No, that's Well, I apparently don't know that. I thought he had black hair then. Why is his hair gray? I don't know why his hair is gray. I'm pretty sure he's got gray or he's got like black hair or really dark.

This is a really long tangent, but you're putting up with it because this is the difference between characters literally just existing to be fucking filler for the shitty book that's only a centimeter thick with all the stops pulled out to increase that page length,

versus characters who actually have personality and do shit, even if I can't stand most of them because I don't give a shit. They still have personalities and stories and they play a role in the story usually. Even if I don't like it, it's at least world building. Yeah.

Uh Ichigo Genji one time and then Yurui again. Uh this one's Itaku. Okay. Um we have I just forgot her name. Uh Ichigo's cousin who does fireworks and _ She's got a prosthetic arm, I'm pretty sure. might be misremembering that. No, I think she does. I cannot remember her life for the night her name for the life of me at the moment, but I do know exactly who she is. Uh, she likes to beat people up if they are rude. Uh, pretty boy, Iaku's best friend, who name I also am blanking on. This is literally just because the usual ADHD put on the spot for this, but I do know him. Yumichica. I like him. He's mean to his Zanpakuto and calls them by the wrong name to hide his powers because he's insecure. Uh hat and claws again. We have Uru and Ginta. Uh the weird unexplained kids that Urroar has adopted. There's some weird fan theories floating around that maybe they're uh Renji

and Rukia’s as kids may be time traveling or maybe maybe I mean what else what other explanation could there be for those hairstyles? Random completely as far as I'm aware unsupported by canon except for their physical appearances uh theories that they're uh attempted clones. Attempted clones or maybe Rookie and Renie's kids from the future somehow somehow someway. Um, we have Grim Joe, everybody's favorite bad boy. I thought he was like a big strong hunk. He's a twink. He's He's skinny as shit. Uh, he he usually is like a kitty cat, so there he's got that going for him at least. Uh, if you go dad, who's um I forgot his name. Worst dad of the year. Uh, creepy clown man. He's so creepy.

Okay, hurry up. I'm getting bored. There's too many characters.

Okay, we'll stop for that. But I do recognize literally everybody on here. There's nobody here that's not familiar to me. I know their roles. Like, I even recognize Ishida's dad. He only shows up like—

Oh, second worst dad of theyear, I should say. All right, they're going to tie.

I think I think Ichigo's dad is slightly worse. I can't remember what — you can at least is the survivor of a genocide who doesn't want his son to also die. Yeah.

Anyways, um yeah, 43 different characters and they all actually have personalities. And then meanwhile, this isn't even scratching— This isn't even this isn't even scratching the surface of the amount of characters in Bleach. And I don't care about most of them, but that's not because they're not characters. They're— they're characters. There's even a whole filler arc where every single one of their Zanpakuto, which is their magic —I'm not explaining it—

All of their swords, which are spirits and part of their soul and also people and have personalities of their own, come to life. And then they're also characters of themselves and some of it's extremely fuckng funny. And there's just so much so much going on.

Anyways, meanwhile, uh, if you asked a hundred different Murderbot to draw these characters, ask a hund— No, that's not not not even that because they — none of the characters in this book have descriptions.

Remember, we were just told the bare minim minimum of what these people's hairstyles apparently look like, but then they're never brought up again to remind us that that's what they look like.

Um, we don't know what Rathi looks like. We don't know what Gurathin looks like. We don't know what anybody besides Mensah looks like. And we all we were told about Mensah is that her hair is — she has dark skin and I think slightly lighter hair and then some people draw her as color of this cardboard or paler than this cardboard with blond hair because *that's why Martha Wells didn't describe the characters*. For plausible deniability.

Anyways, continuing. Uh yeah, what's about to happen just does not fucking make sense. It's so ridiculous.

You can just reread their anime round table after our tangent.

The top of the page for the tangent uh blah blah blah

> and walked away from the table. Rami's expression was a grimace of doubt. Maro looked grim and to pan somewhere between confused and angry.

You know, I will say con— somewhere between confused and angry. That's a fine ex that's a fine description of a facial expression. That's totally fine. It's totally possible to be between confused and angry.

What it's not possible is all of the fucking shit she says in Witch King. Like, unbelievable. Indescribable. I can't even remember the examples because they're so fucking ridiculous.

She'll just say as though in between one complete extreme thing and some other completely different extreme thing that it's literally not possible. It's it's so bad.

[from offscreen] Tears and exasperation.

No, not even that. Just don't even —

[from offscreen] No, I think that was one of them.

No, because that's not one of them because even just it's so fucking terrible. And then she just keeps repeating the same expression “somewhere between X and Y” 50 million times.

If I didn't know better, I would think it would written by fucking AI. But the truth is, she just writes a phrase and then she's like, "Oh, I got to keep using it. That was good."

“Her eyes and ears were expanding as she entered the room.” And that's meant to be metaphorical and not something going wrong with the gravity on the spaceship she's on. She used that shit twice.

Or you know, um the character skidding the last few feet on their knees for, for no reason on a floor that's not supposed to be slippery, not light gravity, nothing

to justify this fucking ridiculous visual that we're being told to imagine.

And we're just supposed to take that seriously. Skidding several fucking feet on your knees. You're not walking. You have brush burns. But nope.

Anyways, this is going to be ridiculous.

> As we left, one potential threat got up to follow us. I tapped ART to keep an eye on the others just in case they weren't innocent bystanders so deep in their feed they really hadn't noticed anything. I had marked a few possible routes on the station map, and my favorite one was through a pedestrian tunnel that carved out away from the main living areas.

You can probably find a quiz for how many bleach characters can you recognize.

Oh, that's a good idea. I'm doing

> There were various accesses along it leading to different tube stations, but it was not a popular route.

I'll I'll try to not interrupt this section so you can just see what what ridiculousness I'm about to describe. I'll even restart this paragraph. Okay, I won't interrupt. I'll attempt not to interrupt unless, you know, something happens that I have to.

> I had marked a few possible routes on the station map. And my favorite one was through a pedestrian tunnel that carved curved out away from the main living areas.

How many questions are there?

[from offscreen] A thousand. Um, it's something called Ultimate Bleach Character Quiz. Ultimate Bleach Character Quiz. Name the characters from Bleach across all different mediums in 25 minutes.

Well, you haven't read the manga, so that's not going to work.

[from offscreen] Yeah. But it has a 266 score. Okay. which is fine.

Anyways,

> I had marked a few possible routes on the station map, and my favorite one was through a pedestrian tunnel that curved out away from the main living areas. There were various accesses along it leading to different tube stations, but it was not a popular route. I tapped Rami's feed and told Tur to take it toward the interchange where the largest hotel was. Listening in, Maro whispered, "We can't afford that one."

All right, I have to interrupt. you. Murderbot said this shit on the private feed that they all have access to, and Maro is choosing to whisper out loud anyways for some fucking reason despite being the pessimistic one.

And you're saying this shit out loud for you to be recorded. Murderbot responds on the feed:

> You won't be staying there. I told them on the feed. The brochure on the public feed promised a high security lobby and a fast access and a fast tube access to the main shuttle slots. We reached the tunnel and started down it. It was close to 10 m wide and 4 m high, well lit enough for walking down the center, but the sides were shadowy with darkened branching tunnels.

Why? Why? Why? This this whole place has enough money to dig a new fucking train tunnel on a whim and presumably pay people not to keep protesting that their fucking space Facebook posts are getting deleted. But you also don't have good lighting in your fucking subway tunnels. Do they have money to throw away for no reason or are they cheap? Which is it? This doesn't make sense.

[from offscreen] What is 10 meters in feet? I can't remember. I'm getting yards and meters confused.

I think they're both approximately—

[from offscreen] No, I think a meter’s—

They're both around 3 ft. Just check 10 meters.

[from offscreen] It's 32 feet.

Okay. So, slightly more than 3 feet. Uh 1 meter is 3.2 28. One meter is 3.2 feet. So 30 ft wide, 4 m high. So like 12 ft high, 12 whatever high.

> Well lit enough for walking down the center, but the sides were shadowy with darkened branching tunnels.

Why would you not have lights at the doorways? This just doesn't make sense. again like, there's a reason just even beyond OSHA, it's just basic common sense that you want to know where doors are, especially if there's rich business people meeting over there, they — it's ridiculous. None of this makes sense in any way

> there were sec

and I said I wouldn't interrupt but I just have to because it's so bad.

> There were security cameras but the system monitoring them was not sophisticated.

I guess describing security systems as sophisticated or not sophisticated is her new way of — her new favorite way of describing them, because she keeps saying that the system monitoring them was not sophisticated.

And again, meaning anybody even remotely can hack this shit at any time. Not limited to Murderbot. Anybody could do this.

> The company would have shit itself over the possible danger to bonded clients and the missed opportunity to data mine conversations.

Again, claiming that the company wants to protect its clients.

We're just shilling for the fucking slave owners at every goddamn opportunity.

> There were other humans in the tunnel. Some miners in coveralls and jackets with logos from the various installations, but most were in civilian workc clothes.

So, okay, so they're miners, but they're also in civilian work clothes. What makes— are miners not civilians? What is that? What does that ficlomg mean? That's such a stupid and ridiculous distinction to make. Why —Why is there a binary of miners and civilians? Are you hearing this shit? This is ridiculous.

There were other humans in the tunnel. Period. Some miners in coveralls and jackets with logos from the various installations, but most were in civilian work clothes. Yeah. Why are we make What do you mean? Are miners not civilians? Are they not considered people? What's happening? What's happening here? Like is that your attempt at saying citizen means human?

I don't know. Civilian, not citizen. civilian as though, as though the miners are military. What I said that's what I mean. Yeah. What is happening here?

Why are we — why are we putting a fucking binary between you're either a miner or you're a civilian? Miners aren't military. What are you fucking talking about? Like if she had said some marines in coveralls and jackets and and civilians, that would be one thing.

Military people and civilians, that would be one thing. But we're saying miners and civilians as though miners are not civilians.

> But most were in civilian work clothes, either techs or workers for the support companies. They moved quickly and stayed in groups. After 8 minutes of walking, most of the other humans in the tunnel had turned off to one of the the tube access points. I sent through the feed. Just keep walking. Don't stop. I'll meet you in the lobby.

This is the part that doesn't fucking make sense.

> I dropped back into one of the darker branching tunnels. My clients kept moving and didn't look back at me, though I could tell Tapan wanted to.
> On the cameras, I watched potential threat slash new target make his way up the tunnel.

Look, we're assuming people's genders and pronouns again based on literally nothing!

> Make his way up the tunnel, walking quickly. He was joined by two new humans, now designated target two and target three. They passed me and I came out of the tube access and followed at a distance. I scanned them for energy weapons and found no readings. All three targets wore jackets and pants with deep side pockets. I marked seven locations where knives or extendable batons could be carried.

So having, having pockets on your fucking pants is apparently inherently suspicious and dangerous.

When they caught sight of my clients, the target slowed down, but continued to reduce the distance the distance between them. I knew they were probably reporting to someone on their feed asking for instructions. Whoever it was didn't have control of the security cameras. At least not yet.

Why would you assume that? In what — why would — why would that be an assumption you would make?

I followed, watching the targets through my eyes, through the security cameras, watching myself to make sure I wasn't drawing attention, that no one was following me. ART kept quiet, though I could tell it was interested in watching me work. Then the last group of miners between me and the targets turned into a tube access. We were in a bend of the tunnel, and there was no one between my clients and the next bend, some 50 m ahead. and the security camera showed me the tunnel was empty behind me. I needed to get this over with.

Period.

I turned into the tube access behind the miners. I stopped at the top of the tube access while the miners boarded the capsule. The door hissed as it closed and the capsule moved away. On security camera view, target 2's jaw moved, indicating that he was speaking subocally in his feed. Then the camera's feed cut off. I turned the corner back into the tunnel and started to run. It was a calculated risk as I couldn't move at top speed without revealing I wasn't human, but I managed to arrive just as target one reached Rami and grabbed the sleeve of her jacket. I broke his arm and slammed an elbow into his chin, then swung him into target two, who had turned toward me with the knife he had been approaching Maro with. Target two accidentally

and then uh in parenthesis

I'm guessing here maybe they just didn't care for each other

end parenthesis

> stabbed target one. Target two staggered sideways and I dropped target one and broke target 2's kneecap. Target three had had

Oh my god just, why?! Just further padding the fucking page count despite the disgustingly huge margins which is even more obvious on this fucking page than normal.

> Target three had had time to lift his baton and now hit me across the left side of my head and shoulder, which granted annoyed me a little, but I've had haulerbots hit me harder than that by accident. I blocked the second blow with my left arm, snapped his collar bone with one punch, and smashed his hip with another. He was lucky I wasn't a lot annoyed. All three targets were on the floor and two was the only one who was still conscious, though he was curled up and whimpering. I turned to my clients and again,

Why did — why did Murderbot fuck off into a corner and just stand there and let and like — none of this makes sense.

[to cat] Hi. Wait, you can't actually sit with me. I'm trying. I got to be able to move my elbow. Sorry. Sorry, cutie. Thank you. Thank you. sit on your cute little bed.

Why did Murderbot do that? Why did we have to — Did you Did you hear that bullshit, of just the fact that in this book, Murderbot knows that there's people walking up to attack them, so it goes it tells this — the — who it sees as its current slave owners — to keep walking, and then goes and stands in the shadows facing away goes down a little fucking hallway for a bit and then only comes back after the attack has already begun *for no reason*.

We're never given an explanation for this. Murderbot just put these people in danger for literally no reason, and we're never given any justification. We're just told, “oh, um, Murderbot knows that people are about to attack these people. Um, so it's gonna go off into

another hallway and wait until they're already attacking to do anything to the point that it has to run to catch up and stop them.”

It's because [she] was going to write something “clever” and then forgot to write something clever and nobody edited it.

Literally like, why did this happen? Why did this happen? And what — who the — where was Murderbot in the vicinity of them before it decided to fuck off? It was literally walking right with them, right behind them. Skip that section where it fucked off. How does the scene read?

Um after 8 minutes of walking, most of the other blah blah blah. Uh yeah, it literally waited until these people were completely alone and then it fucked off just to so that it could attack the people who were immediately going to catch up with them from behind, for no reason, because it doesn't need it — doesn't need to do a sneak attack.

As we just saw, it, it got hit in the fucking — established even if they hit it ~even if even if he hit me it wouldn't it's not like it would hurt.~

And then again, literally right here, um, the attackers wielding guns. No, they have knives and a fucking baton. And all the entire fight scene takes place in a single fucking obnoxiously huge paragraph right here. That's just nothing but that shitty action that I just described.

Like literally, let me read the fight again.

Like there's no — there's no — we wasted—

Here's where Murderbot tells them to keep walking and then this entire page, and then this entire page including Murderbot.

This is the part where it says uh I turned the corner back into the tunnel and started to run.

Why? Why did — like, why why did you— why do you need to run? Why did you leave them unsupervised in the first place?

It just, it just doesn't fucking make sense. It doesn't make sense in any way. Murderbot didn't need to do that for any reason whatsoever.

Literally, Murderbot, these people can't — apparently cannot hurt Murderbot even if they try. Even if they hit it full force in the fucking side of the head with a fucking baton meant to crack open your skull. Apparently, that doesn't hurt. It's just mildly annoying, according to this book.

So, why?

And and it instantly fucking incapacitates all of them. Let me see. Um, it broke — it instantly breaks the one guy's arm. Um, then instantly breaks one guy's kneecap and his hip, um, and his collar bone. And then they're all lying on the floor completely incapacitated. And all of this has happened in probably like, two fucking seconds.

Why did Murderbot need to leave and, and do all of this shit, only to have to run back and go, "Oh, I have to run slower than normal just so they don't realize I'm not human."

But why did—????

There's no reason for it!

There's literally zero reason for that stupid little detour that existed for no reason except so that Martha Wells could say the line, "I turned the corner back into the tunnel and started to run."

As though Murderbot running is what makes this scene cool, even though it's just Murderbot being incompetent and not making any sense.

> All three targets were on the floor and two was the only one who was still conscious though he was curled up and whimpering. I turned to my clients

and remember Murderbot sees these people as it slave owners right now, because that's what it's fucking trauma it is doing to it.

Anytime this book series says clients, it means slave owners.

> Rami had a hand over her mouth. Maro was frozen in place staring and Ton Tapan had thrown her hands up in the air. I said in the feed, "Go to the hotel. Wait for me in the lobby. Don't run. Walk." Maro came out of shock first. She nodded hard, caught Rami's arm, and poked to Pan's should

why poked to Pan's shoulder? Why would that be the response in this situation? Are you kidding me? Are you kidding me?

> Maro came out of shock first. She nodded hard, caught Rami's arm, and poked to Pan's shoulder.
> Poking. Poking. Poking to Pan's shoulder. Not grabbing her shoulder protectively, poking her.

> Oh my god. Rami turned to go, but Tan said, "Security." I knew what she was asking. They told somebody to cut the cameras. That's why you need to leave now.
> And again, what? It doesn't make sense. The public feed up on the transit ring had said there was no overall security, but the security companies for the different service installations and contractors were supposed to take responsibility from the public areas nearest their territory. This spot had obviously been carefully calculated to be out of range of any immediate assistance by whoever had helped the targets by cutting the camera feed. I wasn't expecting an immediate response, but we did need to move relatively quickly.

Why? That's that's something that requires planning ahead for, when these people specifically weren't able to— whatever! Whatever!

They're expecting them to be dead, but also they've planned this shit, and, and they just conveniently

walked into the exact place for this this ambush that they apparently had to plan carefully ahead of time???

And it's the, the, the one that Murderbot chose. This is just showing Murderbot to be incompetent, but we're just supposed to think it's cool and not question anything at all.

It doesn't make sense.

“We are going to blow up your bomb.” “Oh no. Let us go. Let me go stare directly at it!” Not even not even trying to diffuse it. Just staring at it.

> This spot had obviously been carefully calculated to be out of range of any immediate assistance.

When was that calculation made? You could have picked literally any godamn hallway to go out of. It's so fuckng ridiculous. Nothing makes sense.

> Rami whispered, "Come on." And they started away, walking fast but not running. I turned to

the target that was still conscious and pressed down on the artery in his neck until he passed out. I started away, walking at a normal pace. I was deep enough into the camera system to delete the temporary storage on the cameras ahead of me and behind the deactivated camera. That would help obvious obscure the issue for anybody trying to figure out what had happened. But Tlacey had seen me and she would know. I was just hoping the kids listen to me this time.

Okay, first of all, why? Where did Tlacey see you? When did Tlacey see you? Just that fight? What do you mean Tlacey saw you? What do you fucking mean? What do you mean Tlacey had seen you and “would know”?

But Tlacey had seen me and she would know.

What do you mean? Know what? That you’re a fucking psych unit? How would she know that? You just said that the fucking camera feeds were cut. What are you talking about? She did not see that fight!

Again, we're just — Martha Wells is just fucking saying shit as though it makes sense and we're just supposed to fucking go along with it for — no one — we're just go we're just supposed to go along with it for literally no reason.

> I was just hoping that kids listen to me this time.

We're calling them kids now for some fucking reason. And again, if they are, if they are kids, then why aren't we criticizing or discussing anything about their situation at all?

Because there's nothing being done here. We're just now saying that they're children. And then we have a line break right before the end of the chapter. So, we have like, less than a full page or so before the end of the chapter. So after the line break, after that bulshit for the, the “I was just hoping the kids listen to me this time.”

Murder— that, that phrase that sentence — I don't think that does — that doesn't sound natural for Murderbot to say.

I feel like somebody else wrote that fucking line.

> I reached the interchange where various access tunnels and tube stations met with a scatter of pop-up stands selling packaged food, feed interfaces, toiletries, and other things humans liked. It wasn't crowded, but there was a steady flow of foot traffic. The hotel entrance was on the far side. The lobby was built on various platforms overlooking a hollow sculpture of an open chasm filled with giant crystalline structures growing out of the walls. From the notations in the feed, it was supposed to be educational, but

Did we go back in time?

Didn't I already read this??? What? This, this description??? What's the description???

Um the hotel entrance the, um the lobby was built on various platforms overlooking a hollow sculpture of an open chasm filled with giant crystalline structure growing out of the walls. Um it kind of sounds like the description... Are we just getting…?

Yeah, like just search maybe chasm or crystalline.

Uh that's the one I'm at right now. But maybe search minerals, mineral deposits. Maybe just try minerals first.

Maybe just mineral.

Yeah.

Okay. Okay. So, it's not the exact thing. Uh uh what in chapter five it said, wait, in chapter 5 it said,

"We came out into a central hub which had a clear high dome clear high, high clear— high clear dome allowing a view of the cavern arching overhead with lights trained on it to show off the colorful mineral veins. I scan to make sure”

Okay. So, we're we're just doing like, the same basic description twice, but this time it's a, a hologram. So, that was chapter five. This is also chapter five. What? Scroll up a bit until you see how far into the chapter that was.

Um, I have the font really big on my Kindle. So, so at the start of chapter five— are you kidding me??? What is the description you just read? Just the same. What the fuck?

At at the start of chapter 5, we got we got the quote:

We came out out into a central hub which had a high clear dome.

Is there no the word ceiling just not there?

Which had a high clear dome allowing a view of the cavern arcing overhead with lights trained on it to show off the colorful mineral veins.

We're now *almost* at the end of chapter 5. Chapter 6 starts on the very next page after this fucking blank

entire goddamn page these fucking despicable scammers inserted into the middle of the fucking book to scam us out of as much money as possible.

We get:

The lobby was built on various platforms overlooking a hollow sculpture of an open chasm filled with giant crystalline structure growing out from the walls. From the notations in the feed, it was supposed to be educational, but I had serious doubts about whether the mines on Rabbi Hyra looked like that.

So, we got this, the — both places look the same. They both have displays of the fucking mine showing the fucking shit they're mining. In the same — twice in the same chapter, and it's not referenced as “this was a replic — this was a fucking replica of the thing we had passed in the first thing and I wondered—” and I'm I'm just making shit up right, now “and I wondered if all of the fucking mine lobbies had some variation on this exact same theme. I guess creativity was um not in excess.” Something something something.

We're just saying the same shit! They both have the same exact decorations of here's “here's the mine with all the minerals. You can see the minerals!!” We're not even acknowledging that we've just repeated that. Like, literally making me think that maybe I fucking turned to the wrong page or had fucking — or that the book was fucking misprinted and was just going to start all over again, like, As Long As You Please.

I'm going to read that story for fucking YouTube.

It's ridiculous. I was just— Yeah.

[from offscreen] So, lack of editing.

The lack of editing. We, we— so, she came up with this— the idea that you show the mine and you show the crystals, and then she did it twice and didn't notice that she'd done it twice, because if she'd noticed that she done it twice, why would— in this — all in the same chapter???

And is there even a table of contents in this book? Because I don't think there fucking is, because I guess we don't need — we don't deserve table of contents anymore.

There's no table of contents in here just like in the first one. So, I had to manually scroll the fuck back, turn the pages back to the start of chapter 5.

Like, you literally couldn't —Chapter 5 started on page 75. We're now on page 98. And this is with disgustingly huge margins and as much space between everything as possible to stretch it out as much as possible, because it's a fucking scam.

And let me— let me even just see where that fucking first usage of this description was.

That — that first time we used this fucking same description thing that was on page 83. We're on page 98 now.

And again, this is page numbers with as much space between each page as possible to spread the text out as much as —

[to cat] Nope. You're in the way.

To spread the page — the text out as much as possible to scam.

[to cat] Wait, no, you can't take that. It's my coaster. She knocked it down and then I put it back and then she immediately picked it up and shook it like a little rag doll. That was adorable, but you can't do that.

Page — from page 83 to page 98. She did the same fucking description twice and not one single person said, "Hey, you you've used the fa same fucking description twice, you either want to edit that out or like, call back to it. Call back to it and say, ‘This is like a fucking replica of the thing we saw in the first place.’”

“Are all of the lob—” Have a character comment! “Are all of these lobbies going to have the same decor? This is really weird!"

No. No. Not even the bare minimum of editing a fucking line to turn it into a goddamn joke about how uncreative these people are.

It's just genuinely your uncreativeness to the fact that you don't even reread your goddamn book before you publish it, apparently, to notice this really blatant shit, because I didn't read page 83 in this video. I don't fucking think. I'm pretty fucking sure that was the weeks ago or so.

Yeah, I'm pretty sure that was like the video I did like maybe last week or so. I don't know. That's— That's absurd. That's just fucking ridiculous.

And it's after this fucking line break, too!

You should be suspicious anytime you see a line break in a Martha Wells book. It — it it's not a good sign for what comes after it.

Because in Book One, we had a line break and then she just broke the fucking fourth wall instead of ending the chapter, she literally just broke the fourth wall and told us not to complain that the character's actions don't make sense because they totally do.

They don't. She just broke the fourth wall to yell at us preemptively not to complain that the bad writing is bad writing, because very clearly somebody pointed out to her, "It really doesn't make sense here that they're doing this." And then she's like, "Yes, it does. Don't yell at me."

So, I'm— This is ridic— ridiculous. Ridiculous.

Explains why I had a weird sense of deja vu the first time I read this description, cuz I'm like, but aren't there, isn't there supposed to be some comment about how it's supposed to be educational, but it's probably definitely not accurate?

And then that didn't happen the first time. And I'm like, okay, did I just imagine that? No. It's just that she didn't edit this shit and doesn't give a fuck that

she just used the same — she just used it twice in the same chapter like 15 15 shitty, scammy book pages apart. So, much less than that.

There's — I don't even want to guess how many words are between these very blatantly not edited things.

> My clients were on the same platform as the

Check — You know what? Let me look at this shit. What's below this line break.

Below this line break until the next page, we're not referring to these clients by any specific names. So, do we think she wrote this shit, first, uh, and then before deciding on their names and then just slapped it in here and then didn't fucking edit it? Because it's just ridiculous.

> My clients were on the same platform as the check-in area as the check-in area near the railing around the sculptures artificial chasm.

I thought it was a hologram, but it has a railing.

What? Whatever. Okay.

> My clients were on the same platform as the check-in area near the railing around the sculptures artificial chasm sitting

Wait, if you're on the— Murder—. Okay, hold on. If if the artificial chasm hologram is in the middle of the room and presumably you have to look, you have to stand at the railing that — there exists, and look down into the hologram. How can Murderbot see that from the fucking doorway?

What is going on here?

My clients were on the same platform as the check-in area near —

Unless you’re —

[from offscreen] Murderbots up near the—?

Nope. Nope. It's not up on the ceiling. It's not up on any of the ceiling platforms because — oh my god.

> My clients were on the same platform as the check-in area near the railing around the sculptures artificial chasm, sitting on a round black a round backless couch thing that looked more like a decorative object than furniture. I sat on my heels in front of them.

So, just teleporting, teleporting to them. Why did—Why are we being told about the extra platforms and saying that they're on the same platform as the check-in thing if that's also the platform Murderbot is in?

Saying they're on the same platform as the door implies that Murderbot is not on the same platform as the door or them.

But no, it's it's just teleporting to “I sat on my heels in front of them.”

Why?

> Rami said they were going to kill us again. I said. Rami bit her lip. I believed you about the shuttle. I believed you. Dot dot dot. But now

> you've seen it, I said. I knew what T meant. There was a huge difference between knowing something happened and seeing the reality of it, even for SecUnits. Maro rubbed her eyes. Yeah, we were idiots. Tlacey was never going to let us give her the bonus for our files. No, she wasn't. I agreed. Rami nudged her. You were right. Mara looked more depressed. I didn't want to be. Tan said miserably, we're wrecked. Rami put an arm around her. We're alive. T looked at me. What do we do now? I said, "Let me get you out of here."

And then we at chap No, correction. Then we're at the entire fucking pathetic blank page inserted into this fucking book to fucking pad out and use as much material as possible to try and justify the ridiculous fucking prices on these things.

And it's not even consistent, because they didn't even do that for chapter 5. So they're just — they're just not even trying to pretend that this is a stylistic

choice. It's just a blatant scam. It's so fucking ridiculous.

Like, it's not even like this shit ended all the way down here and they felt the need to insert a new fucking page. It's, it's it's all the way up here. There's h— like half the fucking page of space and then they put another entire blank page anyways.

So fucking absurd. Phone is at 41%.

So, I'm gonna keep going.

So, we're on chapter six now. Look how much space they take up after inserting the entire blank page. This much of the fucking page. They didn't even put chapter 6 in really big fucking font to try and justify that. It's just the regular size font and they're just taking up like like two and a half inches at the top of the page for no reason, and then like an entire inch again at the bottom.

Oh my god.

> I took them to the public shuttle slots first, then passed that section to the private docks. Checking the schedules, ART had already scanned a likely shuttle. It was privately owned, but the frequency of its trips to and from the transit ring suggested an entrepreneur who was offering private rides for hard currency.

I have a question. Why doesn't Murderbot just hack one of the automated things like it was originally going to do before ART said, "No, actually, you should do this other more dangerous thing instead." Why don't we just do that? It's not like these fuckers are going to tell anybody. Not— not that we care about that. We wouldn't even take that into consideration, cuz Murderbot’s just waltzing around everywhere on camera creating a paper trail.

> This proved to be accurate and it would allow Rami, Maro, and Tapan to leave without their employment vouchers being scanned. It would probably have been have been safe at this point to put them on a public shuttle as long as there

> was no advanced notice of which one they were taking. Killaware couldn't travel over the feed to infect the shuttle. There were too many protections in place. Whoever had planned to kill us on arrival had had to

Again had again with the had had.

Just say whoever had planned to kill us on arrival had to deliver the — just fucking ridiculous.

> had had to deliver the killware directly through a data port actually inside the shuttle's cockpit. But I'm programmed to be paranoid.

You're not programmed to be paranoid, you have fucking PTSD.

> This private shuttle had them.

And again, again, we're stating, Martha Wells is stating right now that Murderbots's paranoid to be— programmed to be paranoid.

Okay, then why isn't it paying attention to everything going on around it? Oh, that's right. It's because you're just a shit writer who doesn't want to describe things or actually have a proper fucking setting, and your justification for not doing the bare minimum of fucking writing is to claim that, “oh, um, Murderbot just wouldn't notice or care about those things.”

And yet you want to tell us that it's programmed to be paranoid, even though paranoia would force Murderbot to pay attention to everything going around it in detail. You l— You literally want to have it both ways. You want to have your cake and eat it, too.

Really?

You can hand me another bottle of water.

Where the fuck was I? Yeah, this shit:

> But I'm programmed to be paranoid.

No, you're not.

> This private shuttle had the benefit not only of anonymity, but of an aug but of an augmented human pilot who would be in place in case something interfered with the bot pilot plus ART who was already

Let me get a drink.

> and ART, who was already cozy up to said bot pilot and would be keeping an eye on the shuttle during the brief trip. ART's idea of cozying being somewhat overbearing, I had already had to intervene once to assure the bot pilot that the big mean transport had promised not to hurt it.

End parenthesis.

So ART literally treats everybody the exact same way it treated Murderbot by threatening to fucking kill it. And Murderbot has to intervene and assure the fucking robot whose body ART is fucking puppeting that it's not going to hurt it. And that's supposed to be funny.

As though, as though these people wouldn't wouldn't blink twice — would even blink twice about murdering this robot.

> You're not going with us? Rami asked, standing in the small embarcation area.

Let me get the mouse. Whatever.

> The private docks were dingy and small compared to the port authorities docks with stains on the metal partitions and some of the lights up in the rocky ceiling broken or dim. Humans and a few bots were moving along the walkway above us and I kept an eye on both approaches through the security cameras. The shuttle was already

You notice all this multitasking Murderbot’s doing? Just keep that in mind.

Whatever the Mickey Mouse quote is, that's a secret tool that will help us later or whatever.

> Uh, the shuttle was already loaded into its slot and its hatch was open and a small augmented human standing on the ramp to take the money. Six other passengers had already boarded and it was taking a large portion of my self-control not to just scoop up my clients and carry them aboard.

And again, clients equals slave owners. Murderbot sees these people as its slave owners. That's explicit. You'll fucking see.

> I said,

And, and even if it weren't explicit, that's very clear what's going on here to anybody with critical thinking skills who understands how fucking trauma and shit works.

[to cat]You're so cute. That was an adorable little yawn.

ART has purposefully gone out of its way to retraumatize Murderbot and force it back into the

mindset of a slave who must do everything that its slave owners say and can't argue against them. I'm not joking. That's the explicit message of this book. But we're not supposed to place the blame on ART — ART at all. We're just supposed to think, "Oh, yeah, it just happened. And it's totally inevitable because that's that's the mindset murderbots *should* be in.”

> I said, "I still need to do some research here. I'll go back to the transit wing ring when I'm finished." "How do we pay you?" Maro asked. "I mean, can we still afford you after dot dot dot everything?" After they tried to kill us, she added it in our joint feed connection. I'll check my social feed profile on the ring, I said, and felt pretty good that I had even remembered it existed. Send a note to me there, and I'll find you when I get back.

Assuming they would even be waiting around. You don't know how fucking long this could take. Why would they hang around in the place that somebody's already tried to murder them? That's another just

basic fucking plot hole that doesn't make sense. Like, don't leave. Don't get the fuck out of dodge. Wait around and, and you can pay me in some undetermined time in the future. It's— Murderbot's not even giving them a fucking time scale. It's just “I'll check my feed profile. I'll check my Facebook when I get back. Not even going to give you a time a time frame of when that might be. It could be days. It could be months. It could be a whole year. Send a note to me there and I'll find you when I get back.”

I love— Why are we assuming they won't immediately try to leave?

> It's just I know we're tapan glanced around. Her expression was tense and unhappy. Her body language bordering on desperate. We can't stay here, but I can't give up either. Our work, I said. Sometimes people do things to you that sometimes people sometimes people do things to you that you can't do anything about. You just have to survive it and go on. They all stopped talking and stared at me. It made me nervous and I immediately switched my view to

> the nearest security camera so I could watch us from the side. I had said it with more emphasis than I intended, but it was just the way things were. I wasn't sure why it had such an impact on them. Maybe I sounded like I knew what I was talking about. Maybe it was the two murder attempts

And like, that line is meant very clearly meant to be deep and meaningful and it just falls flat.

> Then Maro nodded.

Like, that line could make more fucking sense if this story actually gave a shit about slavery and actually cared about Murderbot. But neither of those things are true.

> Then Maro nodded, her mouth set in a grim line. She and Rami looked at each other and Rami nodded sadly. Maro said, "We need to get back to the others. Figure out what to do next. Look for the next assignment." Rami added, "We’ll start over. We did it once. We can do it

> again." Tapan looked like she wanted to protest, but was too depressed to argue. They wanted to say goodbye a lot and thank me. And I heard them up the ramp while they were doing it and watched Rami pay for their passage with a with a currency card that the crew person pressed to an interface. Then they were aboard. The hatch closed. Think I got an extra page. The hatch closed and the then the hatch closed and the shuttle speed signaled postboarding mode. Waiting for its clearance to leave. I went back down the access heading for the walkway. I needed to get to the tube over to the area where the tunnel diversion had occurred and start searching for Ganaka pit. It was a release to have my clients herded back to safety. Headed back to safety.

And again, Murderbot using the word clients means it's thinking of those people as its slave owners.

> But it felt odd to be on my own again, working for no one except myself.

I went to the tube access and boarded the next capsule to stop. Each capsule had seating for 20 people, plus an overhead rack to hold onto. The gravity was adjusted inside the cab to compensate for the motion. I took a seat with my with the seven humans already aboard. ART said, "The shuttle has launched. I'll monitor your feed, but much of my attention will be on it.

Does that make sense with everything we've been told about ART's processing power so far? No, it does not.

[to cats] What was that, kitties? Making weird noises.

I sent an acknowledgement. I was already trying. I was trying to isolate why I felt so uneasy. Trapped in a small enclosed space with humans. Check. Missing my drones. Check. My giant asshole research transport too busy to complain at. Check. needed to actually focus on what I was doing, so couldn't watch media. Check. But that wasn't what it was. I hadn't done a good job for my clients.

Oh my god.

I had had

Again!

the opportunity and had failed. As a SecUnit,

as the enslaved meat shield whose sole purpose is to jump in front of fucking bullets and shit

I had the responsibility for my

slave owners.

clients safety but no authority to do anything other than make suggestions and try to use the company regulations inbuilt in a sex system to override the human's suicidal stupidity and homicidal impulses. This time I had responsibility and authority and had still failed

Explicitly telling us that Murderbot fucking was incompetent and doesn't even make sense. Doesn't

even make sense. That's not even a— That doesn't even explain what the fuck was going on in the hallway where Murderbot just fucked off to another hallway for no reason.

Explicitly telling us, and it's going to get even clearer later, that Murderbot was incompetent in protecting these people because it was literally put back into the mindset that “these are my slave owners. I'm not actually allowed to veto anything they want to do or say. I can try to gently persuade them, but if they if they won't back down from that, I'm not allowed to tell them no.” And that's what fucked up.

But we're not actually supposed to see this as a bad thing.

This is supposed to be saying, "Oh, Murderbot fucked up." But it didn't actually fuck up. Even with the whole random ass no explanation, let's fuck off and stand in a different hallway for literally no reason.

Nobody got hurt except for the bad guys, which would have happened exactly the same way if Murderbot

had not ran off to stand in a random hallway *for literally no reason.*

> I told myself they were alive. I just hadn't gotten their property back, which had which had actually not been part of the job they hired me for. It didn't help.

So, Murderbot is feeling fucking depressed, depressed and upset and anxious, because we're told it feels uneasy, meaning anxious. It's feeling fucking depressed and anxious because it didn't get the people who it's seeing as its slave owners's property back.

> I got off the tube on the far end of its circuit. This was a warrant of tunnels that according to the map led off to various private tube accesses for the distant mining pits. Only a few humans got off the tube here, all heading immediately down the tunnel for the nearest tube interchange. I went the other direction. I spent the next hour hacking cameras and security barriers, slipping in and out of half completed

> tunnels, many with warning markers for air quality. Finally, I located one that showed evidence of past use as a mining access. It was big enough for the largest hauler bots, and the cameras and lights were down. As I went along it, climbing over rock and metal debris, I felt the public feed drop out.

So again, it's just —just such bullshit.

So again, the, the, the cover up, which apparently were is not really a cover up.

They're not actually going to do anything to cover it up, like paying people to be quiet or, you know, killing the witnesses or at least getting them off the station and separating them. Um, but they are going to dig an entire brand new tunnel that has to be giant for machinery, for no reason, even though they took it off the map.

> As I went along it, climbing over rock and metal debris, I felt the public feed dropout.

Why would that happen? So ridiculous.

Murderbot could literally just walk up to any person who's been here for more than four years —a thing it could very easily check by looking at their space Facebook profile — and just ask them a question, you know, or you know, if intelligence were required in the writing of this, scroll through their face— space Facebook profile and look for coded messages about the massacre, because all the frank fucking posts about the massacre get deleted!

> I stopped and checked ART’s comm, but it was only picking up static. I didn't think it was any deliberate attempt to block my connection to the rest of the installation. I'd experienced that type of outage before, and this felt different. I think this tunnel was so deep below the surface that the common feed needed powered relays to get out, and those weren't functioning anymore.

Even though the signal hasn't been steadily weakening or glitching out, and now it's dropping

away, it's suddenly just gone. Just after Murderbot takes a few steps and suddenly it's gone. Is Murderbot gonna back up a bit and just just say, "Hey, ART, uh, the, the fucking thing down here doesn't work, so I'm just going to go down. You might not hear from me. If I'm not back in XYZ time, assume I died." No. No. That would make sense. That would make sense.

So, it's just going to keep going and not warn, “By the way, there's no phone service down here. I had to back up.”

And again, it's again, it's— it's not like the, this— the fucking phone service is getting lower and lower bars the further it goes. And and no, it's just suddenly gone all of a sudden.

And, and it’s still not going to just back up a bit and say, "By the way, no phone service. Sorry."

No, no, no. That would make sense.

So blah blah blah.

> So far below the surface that the comm feed needed powered relays to get out and those weren't functioning anymore. Something ahead still had power because my feed was picking up intermittent signals. All automated warnings. I kept going.

It just doesn't make sense. It's not like Murderbot and ART even planned ahead for this contingency, cuz that's not mentioned. This is so ridiculous.

And we're going to have another line break.

Do you see that line break right there? Oh, it's not a good sign.

> I had to open another security barrier, but past it found a cargo tube and access a cargo tube access and managed to push the sliding door open. A small passenger tube was still there. It hadn't been used in a long time. Long enough for the

You know, you know how long it's been since it was used? Like four years, cuz that's how long ago this happened. It was only four years ago.

> It hadn't been used in a long time. Long enough for the water and scattered trash on the carpet to combine and grow something squishy.

Why is there water on the carpet? What?

Why would there be water on the carpet if it's still sealed? The the cargo tube it Murderbot managed to push the fucking door open, meaning it was very difficult to get open. Why is there water on the floor?

> Long enough for the water and scattered trash on the carpet to combine and grow something squishy.

What? What? What do you— Why would you know that it was water and trash?

Like say the carpet was covered in the what seemed to have once been a carpet was now a mass of something squishy with fucking ancient remains and flaking — decaying remains of plastic food wrappers or any anything.

It does — that — it doesn't make sense.

I made my way up to the front compartment where the manual emergency controls were. There was still power in the batteries, though not much. It had been left here, forgotten, slowly dying in the darkness as the hours ticked away. Not that I was feeling morbid or anything.

You literally could have just backed up five fucking feet and said to ART, "Oh, by the way, the phone service, I don't got any bars down here. The phones are dead."

Um, no, no, no. But now we're going to pretend to be deep and meaningful and, and morbid and edgy and symbolic, and then immediately throw that into the trash that's apparently growing mold on the carpet.

> Not that I was feeling morbid or anything. I checked

And what? We don't need to be told you're feeling morbid. You could describe that to us.

> I checked to make sure there was no active security attached to it, then got it started. It groaned into life, lifted off the ground, and started down the title into darkness, following its programmed route. I sat down on the bench to wait

And then we have a fucking line break.

What's my phone at? 31% battery. So, if I want to be able to upload this video to YouTube before fucking 5:00 a.m. or something, I'm going to have to end this video here.

We're now on page 106 at the end of a stupid little line break.

You should never trust line breaks in a Martha Wells stories because she might just repeat everything she just said as though it's been months between we read — what was literally right above there.

And also, she might just break the fourth wall and tell you to stop complaining that the characters decisions don't make sense. Anyways, yep, that's it.

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